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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY—JUNE,

1872.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. VIII

JANUARY—JUNE.

JAMAIS VIEIL
SANS PEUR
SANS REPROCHE

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PREFACE.

THERE was a time when the *Gentleman's Magazine* fought a single-handed battle with nearly all the second and third rate wits of the town. Those were envious days. The oldest of the magazines had hopelessly distanced all competitors. Hard blows were given and taken. I call to mind with a smile some of my prefatory thunders when Dr. Johnson used occasionally to read over his manuscript to me at the Mitre. I am glad to think that, despite the Attorney-General's example, it is no longer the fashion to condemn opponents in the exaggerated language of those days when even critics on my own staff denounced opponents as buffoons, knaves. impostors, and fools. As for myself, the wits and critics of both town and country have grown so generous and complimentary towards my veteran publication during these four years of its modern garb that I think the editorial heart has grown a little tender. Challenged upon the merits of my magazine, I have lost the impulse to strike out on the moment. Accustomed to so much praise, I feel constrained to consider judicially an adverse verdict. A critical rebuff is often useful, both to editor and author.

Ought the *Gentleman's Magazine* to have changed with the changing times? Some four years ago I spoke to my readers on this subject as I speak to them now. and I was congratulated all round upon the new aspect and the novel programme of the publication. Among the first to hail with welcome this "old friend with a new face" was my young contemporary the *Guardian*. Why do I refer to this incident? Because by the usage of one hundred and forty years I claim the privilege to be personal in closing up my periodical volumes, and furthermore because within these three months the *Guardian* has changed his mind and has bewailed the altered character of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* He mourns over the sparsity of my classical quotations. He grieves to be reminded month by month that my periodical is not now that same "record of antiquity, architecture, literature, art, poetry, and history" which erst he knew. And he is sad because it is no longer a register of births, deaths, and marriages. "When," he says, "we open the gay cover of the modern-looking magazine, filled with sporting, racing, theatrical and dramatic articles, we find the effort to read it under the old title too much, and merely noting that the time-honoured name of SYLVANUS URBAN looks strange in its present company, pass on silently."

As I have said, I am in no mood to quarrel with a chance word or two of seeming disparagement. If my youthful friend the modern *Guardian* has once and again his *mauvais quart d'heure*, thinking of those phases of the past which can never come back, what must be the feelings of SYLVANUS URBAN, with all his recollections of the things which have wholly and irrevocably vanished? "*Quantum mutatus!*" our friend cries out, in his spasm of retrospective agony; and "*Quantum mutatus!*" I echo, mournfully enough.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!

The ghosts of the dead immortals whose names have been written on these pages rise before me. I forget for the moment all my deeply-rooted regard for the things and the people and the work of to-day; and my thoughts run back still farther, to a date only a little earlier than that which was impressed upon the title-page of Vol. I. of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* It was but eighteen years anterior to my first words when a new publication, famous for all time as the *Guardian*, appeared in the world of letters. While the mood is upon me, I will ask my friend to sigh with me also for those memorable days when the *Guardian* was published every morning, now with an essay by Sir Richard Steele, now with a paper by Addison, and sometimes with a pungent letter by Pope, a bright and philosophical contribution by Berkeley, or a stop-gap epistle the workmanship of the hapless Budgell.

But these are only visions and recollections. This is not 1731, nor 1713. I will not retort upon my critic of 1872 and say that when I bethink myself of Addison and Steele, of Berkeley and Pope, I find the effort to read the modern pages of the *Guardian* "too much" and "pass on silently." I have learned to read my *Guardian* and my *Spectator*, as I find them in this degenerate age, with a good heart, and I try to do my part in the spirit of the hour, following humbly the example set me by the great men of the time of Queen Anne and of the Georgian era, who were wont to put their hand to the labour before them, never stopping in the heat of the day to look back. It is enough for me that neither my many readers nor any considerable number of those who look to a monthly magazine for a few hours' intellectual recreation would care for a continuation of those particular "records of antiquity, architecture, literature, art, poetry, and history" which delighted some earlier generations; nor perhaps are there a dozen men and women to be found who would appreciate a monthly register of births, deaths, and marriages. Some enterprising editors and publishers have made the test. Picking up the garments I laid aside, they vainly attempted to set up shop with them; but the imposition was detected and punished.

And why should I trouble with frequent quotations from the dead languages the busiest race of readers for whom editor ever catered? That which, a hundred years ago, was to a select audience a pleasant reminder of a familiar thought, may seem an impertinence under the wholly altered conditions of the reading world. I take up Vol. I. of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and I find that its aim was to be a monthly chronicle "of all the pieces of wit, humour, or intelligence daily offered to the public in newspapers," whereof in the year 1731, as the preface states, "no less than two hundred half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many are printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms." That *rôle*, I think all my friends will agree, is no longer open to me. I turn to Vol. L., and the *Gentleman's* is very strong in parliamentary debates, biographical memoirs, and antiquarian researches. Never to be forgotten in the history of the House of Commons are those debates as reported by Dr. Johnson in the columns of this periodical; but I must not continue to fill my pages with summaries of speeches. If a great statesman or wit dies to-morrow, his biography will be done full justice to next morning in a million broad sheets; and archæology has its special organs, with which it does not appear to be my duty to compete. Here, again, is Vol. C., and I look to the preface to see if I may get a hint of the spirit in which this new series should be conducted. A king of Great Britain and Ireland had died in the previous year, and thus was one of my best writers inspired to refer to the event:—"It has been the melancholy duty of the editors to record in these pages the death of George the Fourth, perhaps the most accomplished monarch that ever sat on the throne of these realms, under whose sway the empire acquired the most brilliant glory in war, and experienced perfect tranquillity and happiness in peace." That was, no doubt, a well-considered and diplomatic reference to the principal catastrophe of the year; but somehow it does not help me, and I am thrown back upon my impulse of four years ago to work wholly according to the spirit of this intensely modern age, which, after all, has its good points, and is well worth studying and working for.

The volume which I close with these remarks I venture to believe fulfils the promise of my first preface to this new series. The *Guardian* professes to dislike sporting and theatrical articles, but my young friend should learn that this kind of clerical affectation is not in keeping with these latter days, when a parson may be good and true and popular, and still ride to hounds and go to the play. Even Stiggins himself, wherever he may be, has modified his style, and I am sure the *Guardian* is overdoing his part when he turns up the whites of his eyes and elevates his hands in pious horror at "Sporting, racing, theatrical, and dramatic articles." But that is his business; mine is to please and instruct and to go with the times. With modest deference to the wise, and grateful acknowledgment to the true and the generous, I look back upon the work of my contributors during the past six months and feel assured that this last link is not unworthy of those others which reach back in a long unbroken line to the days of Dettingen and Fontenoy. I have seen our Albert Edward Prince of Wales, with his royal mother, on his way to St. Paul's, and the joy bells of thanksgiving carried my memory back to the eve of my first publication, when another Prince of Wales going into the City stopped at the door of the Rose, near Temple Bar, to drink a toast to the success of the war against Spain. The peaceful demonstration of Thanksgiving Day is more to my taste than the warlike jangle of bells and bugles in 1739. I am quite content to be a labourer in the modern field; my only hope is that my friends of 1872 may be as contented with the result of my work as their forefathers were "when George the Third was King."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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THE
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JANUARY, 1872.

SATANELLA.

A STORY OF PUNCHESTOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK MARE.

"SHE'LL make a chaser anny-how !"

The speaker was a rough-looking man in a frieze coat, with wide mouth, short nose, and grey, honest Irish eyes, that twinkled with humour on occasions, though clouded for the present by disappointment, not to say disgust, and with some reason. In his hand he held a broken strap, with broad and dingy buckle ; at his feet, detached from shafts and wheels, lay the body of an ungainly vehicle, neither gig, dog-cart, nor outside car, but something of each, battered and splintered in a dozen places, while "fore-aninst" him, as he called it, winced and fretted a young black mare, snorting, trembling, fractious, and terrified, with ears laid back, tail tucked down to her strong cowering quarters, and an obvious determination on the slightest alarm to kick herself clear of everything once more.

At her head stood a ragged urchin of fourteen ; although her eyes showed wild and red above the shabby blinkers, she rubbed her nose against the lad's waistcoat, and seemed to consider him the only friend she had left in the world,

"Get on her back, Patsy," said the man. "Faix, she's a well-lepped wan, an' we'll take a hate out of her at Punchestown with the blessin' !—Augh ! See now, here's the young Captain ! Ye're welcome, Captain ! It's meself was proud when I seen how ye cleaned them out last week on 'Garryowen.' Ye'll come in, and welcome, Captain. Go on in front now, and I'll show you the way !"

So, while a slim, blue-eyed, young gentleman, with curled moustache, accompanied his entertainer into the house, Patsy took the mare to the stable, where he accoutred her in an ancient saddle, pulpy, weather-stained, with stirrups of most unequal length, proceeding thereafter to force a rusty snaffle into her mouth, with the tightest possible nose-band and a faded green and white front. These arrangements completed, he surveyed the whole, grinning and well-pleased.

That the new-comer could only be a subaltern of Light Dragoons was obvious from his trim equestrian appearance, his sleek, well-cropped head, the easy sit of his garments, also, perhaps, from an air of imperturbable good-humour and self-confidence, equal to any occasion that might present itself, social, moral, or physical.

Proof against "dandies of punch" and such hospitable provocatives, he soon deserted the parlour for the stable.

"And how is the mare coming on?" said he, standing in the doorway of that animal's dwelling, which she shared with a little cropped Jack-ass, a Kerry cow, and a litter of pigs. "I always said she could gallop a bit, and they're the right sort to stay. But can she jump?"

"The beautifullest ever ye see!" replied her enthusiastic owner. "She'll go whereiver a cat could follow a rat. If there's a harse in Connemara that 'ud change on the sharp edge of a razor, there's the wan that can do't! Kick, stick, *and* plasther! It's in their breed; and like th' ould mare before her, so long as you'd hould her, it's my belief she'd stay in the air!"

The object of these praises had now emerged from her stall, and a very likely animal she looked, poor and angular indeed, with a loose neck and somewhat long ears, but in her lengthy frame, and large clean limbs, affording promise for the future of great beauty, no less than extraordinary power and speed. Her head was exceedingly characteristic, lean and taper, showing every vein and articulation beneath the glossy skin, with a wide scarlet nostril and flashing eye, suggestive of courage and resolution, not without a considerable leavening of temper. There are horses and women too, that stick at nothing. To a bold rider, the former are invaluable, because with these it is possible to keep their mettle under control.

"Hurry now, Patsy!" said the owner, as that little personage, diving for the stirrup, which he missed, looked imploringly to his full-grown companions for a "leg up."

But it was not in the nature of our young officer, by name John Walters, known in his regiment as "Daisy," to behold an empty saddle of any kind without longing to fill it. He had altered the stirrups, cocked up his left leg for a lift, and lit fairly in his seat, before the astonished filly could make any more vigorous protest than a lurch of her great strong back and whisk of her long tail.

"Begorra! ye'll get it now!" said her owner, half to himself, half to the Kerry cow, on which discreet animal he thought it prudent to rivet his attention, distrusting alike the docility of his own filly, and the Englishman's equestrian skill.

Over the rough paved yard, through the stone gap by the peat-stack, not the little cropped Jack-ass himself could have behaved more soberly. But where the spring flowers were peeping in the turf enclosure beyond, and the upright bank blazed in its golden glory of gorse-bloom, the devilry of many ancestors seemed to pass with the keen mountain-air into the filly's mettle. Her first plunge of hilarity and insubordination would have unseated half the rough-riders that ever mishandled a charger in the school.

Once—twice, she reached forward, with long, powerful plunges, shaking her ears, and dashing wildly at her bridle, till she got rein enough to stick her nose in the air, and break away at speed.

A snaffle, with or without a nose-band, is scarcely the instrument by which a violent animal can be brought on its haunches at short notice; but Daisy was a consummate horseman, firm of seat and cool of temper, with a head that never failed him, even when debarred from the proper use of his hands.

He could guide the mare, though incapable of controlling her. So he sent her at the highest place in the fence before him, and, fast as she was going, the active filly changed her stride on the bank with the accuracy of a goat, landing lightly beyond, to scour away once more like a frightened deer.

"You *can* jump!" said he, as she threw up the head, that had been in its right place hardly an instant, while she steadied herself for the leap; "and I believe you're a flyer. But, by Jove, you're a rum one to steer!"

She was quite out of his hand again, and laid herself down to her work with the vigour of a steam-engine. The daisy-sprinkled turf fleeted like falling water beneath those long, smooth, sweeping strides.

They were careering over an open upland country, always slightly on the rise, till it grew to a bleak brown mountain far away under the western sky. The enclosures were small; but notwithstanding the many formidable banks and ditches with which it was intersected, the whole landscape wore that appearance of space and freedom so peculiar to Irish scenery, so pleasing to the sportsman's eye. "It looked like galloping," as they say, though no horse without great jumping powers could have gone two fields.

It took a long Irish mile, at racing pace, to bring the mare to her bridle, and nothing but her unusual activity saved the rider from half a dozen rattling falls during his perilous experiment. She bent her neck at last, and gave to her bit in a potato-ground. Nor, if he had resolved to buy her for the sake of her speed and stamina while she was running away with him, did he like her less, we may be sure, when they arrived at that mutual understanding, which links together so mysteriously the intelligences of the horse and its rider.

Turning homewards, the pair seemed equally pleased with each other. She played gaily with the snaffle now, answering hand and heel cheerfully, desirous only of being ridden at the largest fences, a fancy in which he indulged her, nothing loth. Trotting up to four feet and a half of stone wall, round her own stable-yard, she slipped over it without an effort, and her owner, a discerning person enough, added fifty to her price on the spot.

"She's a good sort," said the soldier, patting her reeking neck, as he slid to the ground;" but she's uncommon bad to steer when her monkey's up! Sound, you say, and rising four year old? I wonder how she's bred?"

Such a question could not but entail a voluminous reply. Never, it appeared, in one strain, had been united the qualities of so many illustrious ancestors. Her pedigree seemed enriched by "all the blood of all the Howards," and her great-great-great-grandam was "Camilla by Trentham, out of Phantom, sister to Magistrate!"

"An' now ye've bought her, Captain," said our friend in frieze; "ye've taken the best iver I bred, an' the best iver I seen. Av' I'd let her out o' my sight wanst at Ballinasloe, the Lord Liftinint 'ud have been on her back, while I'm tellin' ye, an' him leadin' the hunt, up in Meath, or about the Fairy House and Kilrue. The spade wasn't soldered yet that would dig a ditch to hould her, and when them sort's tired, Captain, begorra! the very breeches 'ud be wore to rags betwixt your knees! You trust *her*, and you trust *me!* Wait till I tell ye. Now, there's only wan thing on this mortial earth she won't do for ye!"

"And what's that?" asked the other, well pleased.

"She'll not back a bill!" was the answer; "but if iver she schames with ye, renaging* or such like, by this book, I'll be ashamed to look a harse or so much as a Jack-ass in the face again!"

---

* Refusing.

So the mare was sent for; and Patsy, with a stud reduced to the donkey and the Kerry cow, shed bitter tears when she went away.

CHAPTER II.

MISS DOUGLAS.

It is time to explain how the young black mare became linked with the fate of certain persons, whose fortunes and doings, good or bad, are related in this story.

To that end the scene must be shifted, and laid in London—London, on a mild February morning, when even South Audley Street and its tributaries seemed to exhale a balmy fragrance from the breath of spring.

In one of these, a window stood open on the drawing-room floor—so wide open that the baker, resting his burden on the area railings below, sniffed the perfume of hyacinths bursting their bulbs, and beat time with floury shoes to the notes of a wild and plaintive melody, wailing from the pianoforte within.

Though a delicate little breakfast-service had not yet been removed from its spider-legged table, the performer at the instrument was already hatted and habited for a ride. Her whole heart, nevertheless, seemed to be in the tips of her fingers while she played, drawing from the keys such sighs of piteous plaint, such sobs of sweet seductive sorrow, as ravished the soul of the baker below, creating a strong desire to scale the window-sill, and peep into the room. Could he have executed such a feat, this is what he would have seen.

A woman of twenty-five, tall, slim-waisted, with a wealth of blue-black hair, all made fast and coiled away beneath her riding-hat in shining folds, massive as a three-inch cable. A woman of graceful gestures, undulating like the serpent; of a shapely figure, denoting rather the graces of action than the beauty of repose; lithe, self-reliant, full of latent energy, betraying in every movement an inborn pride, tameless though kept down, and incurable as Lucifer's before his fall.

The white hands moving so deftly over the keys were strong and nervous, with large blue veins and taper fingers; such hands as denote a vigorous nature and a resolute will—such hands as strike without pity, and hold with tenacious grasp—such hands as many a lofty head has bowed its pride to kiss, and thought no shame.

Lower and lower, she bent over them while she played—softer and softer sank and swelled, and died away, the sad suggestive notes, bursting at last into a peal and crash of harmony, through which there came a short quick gasp for breath like a sob. Then she shut the pianoforte with a bang, and walked to the glass over the fire-place.

It reflected a strangely-fascinating face, so irregular of features that women sometimes called it "positively plain;" but on which the other sex felt neither better nor wiser men when they looked. The cheek-bones, chin, and jaws, were prominent; the eye-brows, though arched, too thick for feminine beauty, the mouth too firm, in spite of its broad white teeth, and dark shade pencilled on the upper lip, in spite even of its saucy curl and bright bewildering smile.

But when she lifted her flashing eyes, fringed in their long black lashes, there was no more to be said. They seemed to blaze and soften, shine and swim, all in one glance that went straight to a man's heart, and made him wince with a thrill akin to pain.

Pale women protested she had too much colour, and vowed she painted; but no cosmetics ever yet concocted could have imitated her deep rich tints, glowing like those of the black-browed beauties one sees in Southern Europe, as if the blood ran crimson beneath her skin—as if she, too, had caught warmth and vitality from their generous climate and their sunny, smiling skies. When she blushed, it was like the glory of noonday; and she blushed now, while there came a trampling of hoofs in the street, a ring at the door-bell.

The colour faded from her brow, nevertheless, before a man's step dwelt heavily on the staircase, and her visitor was ushered into the room as "General St. Josephs."

"You are early, General," said she, giving him her hand with royal condescension; "early, but welcome, and—and—the horses will be round in five minutes. Have you had any breakfast? I am afraid my coffee is quite cold." General St. Josephs knew what it was to starve in the Crimea and broil in the Mutiny; had been shot at very often by guns of various calibres; had brought into discipline one of the worst-drilled regiments in the service; and was a distinguished officer, past forty years of age. What made his heart beat, and his hands turn cold? Why did the blood rush to his temples, while she gave him greeting?

"Don't hurry, pray!" said he;" I can wait as long as you like. I'd wait the whole day for you, if that was all!"

He spoke in a husky voice, as if his lips were dry. Perhaps that was the reason she seemed not to hear.

Throwing the window wide open, she looked down the street. Taking more of that thoroughfare than was convenient by advancing lengthways, with many plunges and lashings out, and whiskings of her long square tail, a black mare with a side-saddle was gradually approaching the door. The groom who led her seemed not a little relieved when he got her to stand by the kerb-stone, patting her nose and whispering many expletives suggestive of composure and docility.

This attendant, though gloved, booted, and belted for a ride, felt obviously that one such charge as he had taken in hand was enough. He meant to fetch his own horse from the stable, as soon as his mistress was in the saddle.

A staid person, out of livery, came to the door, looking up and down the street, with the weary air of a man who resides chiefly in his pantry. He condescended to remark, however, that "Miss Douglas was a-comin' down, and the mare's coat had a polish on her, same as if she'd been varnished!"

While the groom winked in reply, Miss Douglas appeared on the pavement; and the baker, delivering loaves three doors off, turned round to wonder and approve.

"May I put you up?" said the General, meekly, almost timidly.

How different the tone, and yet it was the same voice that had heretofore rung out so firm and clear in stress of mortal danger, with its stirring order—

"The Light Brigade will advance!"

"No, thank you," said Miss Douglas coldly; "Tiger Tim does the heavy business. Now, Tim—one—two—three!"

"Three" landed her lightly in the saddle, and the black mare stood like a sheep. One turn of her foot, one kick of her habit—Miss Douglas was established where she looked her best, felt her best, and liked best to be in the world.

So she patted the black mare's neck, a caress her favourite acknowledged with such a bound as might have unseated Bellerophon; and followed by Tim, on a good-looking chesnut, rode off with her admiring General to the Park.

Who *is* Miss Douglas? This was the question everybody asked, and answered too, for that matter, but not satisfactorily. Blanche Douglas, such was the misnomer of this black-browed lady, had been in London for two years, yet given no account of her antecedents, shown no vouchers for her identity. To cross-question her, was not a pleasant undertaking, as certain venturous ladies found to their cost. They called her "The Black Douglas," indeed, out of spite, till a feminine wit and genius of the brightest lustre gave her the nickname of "Satanella;" and as Satanella she was henceforth known in all societies.

After that, people seemed more re-assured, and discovered, or possibly invented for her, such histories as they considered satisfactory to themselves. She was the orphan, some said, of a speculative naval officer, who had married the cousin of a peer. Her father was drowned off Teneriffe; her mother died of a broken heart. The girl was brought up in a west-country school till she came of age; she had a thousand a year, and lived near South Audley Street with her aunt, a person of weak intellect, like many old women of both sexes. She was oddish herself, and rather bad style; but there was no harm in her.

This was the good-natured version. The ill-natured one was the above travestied. The father had cut his throat; the mother ran away from him, and went mad; and the west-country school was a French convent. The aunt and the thousand a year were equally fabulous. She was loud, bold, horsy, more than queer, and where the money came from that kept the little house near South Audley Street and enabled her to carry on, Goodness only knew!

Still she held her own, and all the old men fell in love with her. "My admirers," she told Mrs. Cullender, who told me, "are romantic—very, and rheumatic also, *à faire pleurer*. The combination, my dear, is touching, but exceedingly inconvenient."

Mrs. Cullender further affirms that old Buxton would have married and made her a peeress, had she but held up her finger, and declares she saw Counsellor Cramp go down on his knees to her, falling forward on his hands, however, before he could get up again, and thus finishing his declaration, as it were, on all fours.

But she would have none of these, inclining rather to men of firmer mould, and captivating especially the gallant defenders of their country by sea and land. Admirals are all susceptible more or less, and fickle as the winds they record in their log-books. So she scarcely allowed them to count in her score; but at one time she had seven general-officers on the list, with colonels and majors in proportion.

Her last conquest was St. Josephs—a handsome man, and a proud, cold, reserved, deep-hearted, veiling under an icy demeanour a temper sensitive as a girl's. How many women would have delighted to lead such a captive up and down the Ride, and show him off as the keeper shows off his bear in its chain! How many would have paraded their sovereignty over this stern and quiet veteran, till their own hearts were gone, and they longed to change places with their victim, to serve where they had thought only to command!

In February London begins to awake out of its winter sleep. Some of the great houses have already got their blinds up, and their doorsteps cleaned. Well-known faces are hurrying about the streets, and a few equestrians spot the ride, like early flies crawling over a window-pane. The black mare lashed out at one of these with a violence that brought his heart into the soldier's mouth, executing thereafter some half-dozen long and dangerous plunges. Miss Douglas sat perfectly still, giving the animal plenty of rein; then administered one severe cut with a stiff riding-whip, that left its mark on the smooth shining skin; and having thus asserted herself, made much of her favourite, as if she loved it all the better for its wilfulness.

"I wish you wouldn't ride that brute!" said the General tenderly. "She'll get out of your hand some of these days, and then there'll be a smash!"

"Not ride her!" answered Miss Douglas, opening her black eyes wide. "Not ride my own beautiful pet! General, I should deserve never to get into a side-saddle again!"

"For the sake of your friends," urged the other, drawing very close with a pressure of the leg to his own horse's side; "for the sake of those who care for you; for—for—*my*—sake—Miss Douglas!"

His hand was almost on the mare's neck, his head bent towards its rider. If a man of his age can look "spoony," the General was at that moment a fit subject for ridicule to every Cornet in the Service.

Laughing rather scornfully, with a turn of her wrist she put a couple of yards between them.

"Not even for *your* sake, General, will I give up my darling. Do you think I have no heart?"

His brow clouded. He looked very stern and sad, but gulped down whatever he was going to say, and asked instead, "Why are you so fond of that mare? She's handsome enough, no doubt, and can go fast; but still, she is not the least what I call a lady's horse."

"That's my secret," answered Miss Douglas playfully; "wouldn't you give the world to know?"

She had a very winning way, when she chose, all the more taking from its contrast to her ordinary manner. He felt its influence now.

"I believe I would give *you* the world if I had it, and not even ask for your secret, in exchange," was his reply. "One more turn, Miss Douglas, I entreat you (for she was edging away as if for home). It is not near luncheon-time, and I was going to say—Miss Douglas—I was going to say——"

"Don't say it now!" she exclaimed, with a shake of her bridle that brought the mare in two bounds close to the footway. "I *must* go and speak to him! I declare she knows him again. He's got a new umbrella. There he is!"

"Who?"

"Why! Daisy!"

"D—n Daisy!" said the General, and rode moodily out of the Park.

CHAPTER III.

DAISY.

Mr. Walters piqued himself on his *sang-froid*. If the *fractus orbis* had gone, as he would have expressed it, "to blue smash," "*impavidum ferient ruinæ*," he would have contemplated the predicament from a ludicrous rather than a perplexing point of view. Nevertheless, his eye grew brighter, and the colour deepened on his cheek, when Miss Douglas halted to lean over the rails, and shake hands with him.

He was very fond of the black mare, you see, and believed firmly in her superiority to her kind.

"Oh! Daisy! I'm so glad to see you!" said Miss Douglas. "I never thought you'd be in London this open weather. I'm so much obliged to you, you're the kindest person in the world, and—and—isn't she looking well?"

"You're *both* looking well," answered Daisy gallantly; "I thought I couldn't miss you if I walked up this side of the row and down the other."

"Oh! Daisy! You didn't come on purpose!" exclaimed the lady, with rather a forced laugh, and symptoms of a blush.

For answer, I am sorry to say, this young gentleman executed a solemn wink. The age of chivalry may or may not be on the wane, but woman-worshippers of to-day adopt a free-and-easy manner in expressing their adoration, little flattering to the shrines at which they bow.

"Did you really want to see me?" continued Miss Douglas? "and why couldn't you call? I'd have ridden with you this morning if I'd known you were in town."

"Got no quad," answered the laconic Daisy.

"And yet you lent me your mare!" said she. "Indeed, I can't think of keeping her; I'll return her at once. Oh! Daisy! You unselfish——"

"Unselfish what?"

"Goose!" replied the lady. "Now, when will you have her back? She's as quiet again as she used to be, and I do believe there isn't such another beauty in the world."

"That's why I gave her to *you*," answered Daisy. "It's no question of lending; she's yours, just as much as this umbrella's mine. Beauty; I should think she *was* a beauty. I don't pay compliments, or I'd say—there's a pair of you! Now, look here, Miss Douglas, I might ask you to lend her to me for a month, perhaps, if I saw my way into a real good thing. I don't think I ever told you how I came to buy that mare, or what a clipper she is!"

"Tell me *now!*" said Miss Douglas eagerly. "Let's move on; people stare so if one stops. You can speak the truth walking, I suppose, as well as standing still."

"It's truth I'm telling you!" he answered, with a laugh. "I heard of that mare up in Roscommon when she was two years old. I was a year and a half trying to buy her; but I got her at last, for I'm not an impatient fellow, you know, and I never lose sight of a thing I fancy I should like."

"Watch and wait!" said the lady.

"Yes, I watched and I waited," he continued, "till at last they gave me a ride. She'd had a good deal of fun with a sort of go-cart they tried to put her in; and when I saw her I think her owner was a little out of conceit with his venture. She was very poor and starved-looking,—not half the mare she is now; but she ran away with me for nearly two miles, and I found she *could—just!* So I bargained, and jawed, and bothered, though I gave a hatful of money for her all the same. When I got her home to barracks, I had her regularly broke and bitted; but she never was easy to ride, and she never will be!"

For all comment, Miss Douglas drew the curb-rein through her fingers, while the mare bent willingly and gently to her hand.

"Oh! I know they all go pleasant with *you!*" said Daisy. "Men and horses, you've the knack of bringing them to their bridles in a day. Well, I hunted her that season in Meath and Kildare; but somehow we never dropped into a run. At last one morning, late in the season, we turned out a deer in the Dublin country, and took him in exactly twenty-seven minutes. *Then* this child knew what its plaything was made of. Didn't I, old girl?"

He patted the mare's neck, and her rider, whose eyes brightened with interest, laid her hand on exactly the same spot when his was withdrawn.

"You found her as good as she looks," said Miss Douglas. "Oh! Daisy! in that grass country it must have felt like being in heaven!"

"I don't know about that," said the light dragoon; "but we were not very far off, sometimes, on the tops of those banks. However, I found nothing could touch her in jumping, or come near her for pace. Not a horse was within a mile of us for the last ten minutes; so I took her down to The Curragh—and—Miss Douglas, can you—*can* you keep a secret?"

"Of course I can," replied the lady. "What a question, Daisy, as if I wasn't much more like a man than a woman!"

His face assumed an expression of solemnity befitting the communication he had to impart. His voice sank to a whisper, and he looked stealthily around, as if fearful of being overheard.

"We tried her at seven pound against Robber-Chief, four Irish miles over a steeple-chase course. She gave the Chief seven pound, her year, and a beating. Why, it makes her as good as The Lamb!"

Notwithstanding the gravity of such a topic, Miss Douglas laughed outright.

"How *like* you, Daisy, to run away with an idea. It does *not* make her as good as The Lamb, because you once told me yourself that Robber-Chief never runs kindly in a trial. You see I don't forget things. But all the same, I dare say she's as good again, the darling, and I'm sure she's twice as good-looking!"

"Now, don't you see, Miss Douglas," proceeded Daisy, "I've been thinking you and I might do a good stroke of business if we stood in together. My idea is this. I enter her at Punchestown for the Great United Service Handicap. I send her down to be trained on the quiet at a place I know of, not fifteen miles from where we're standing now. Nobody can guess how she's bred, nor what she is. They mean to put crushing weights on all the public runners. She'll be very well in, I should say, at about eleven stone ten. I'll ride her myself, for I know the course, and I'm used to that country. If we win, you must have half the stakes, and you can back her, besides, for as much as you please. What do you say to it?"

"I like the idea *immensely!*" answered Miss Douglas. "Only I don't quite understand about the weights and that—— But Daisy, are you *sure* it isn't dangerous? I mean for *you*. I've heard of such horrible accidents at those Irish steeple-chases."

"I tell you she *can't* fall," answered this sanguine young sportsman; "and I hope I'm not likely to tumble off *her!*"

Miss Douglas hesitated. "Couldn't I——" she said shily; "couldn't I ride her in her gallops myself?"

He laughed; but his face clouded over the next moment.

"I ought not to have asked you," said he; "it seems so selfish to take away your favourite; but the truth is, Miss Douglas, I'm so awfully hard up that, unless I can land a good stake, it's all U—P with me!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" exclaimed Miss Douglas; "why didn't you——" Here she checked herself, and continued in rather a hard voice, "Of course, if you're in a fix, it must be got out of, with as little delay as possible. So take the mare, by all means; and another time, Daisy—— Well, another time don't be so shy of asking your friend's advice. If I'd been your brother-officer, for instance, should I have seemed such a bad person to consult?"

"By Jove, you're a trump!" he exclaimed impulsively, adding, in qualification of this outspoken sentiment, "I mean, you've so good a heart, you ought to have been a man!"

She coloured with pleasure; but her face turned very grave and sad, while she replied, "I wish I had been! Don't you know what Tennyson says? Never mind, you don't read Tennyson very often, I dare say!"

"I can't make out what fellows *mean* in poetry," answered Daisy. "But I like a good song, if it's in English; and I like best of all to hear *you* play!"

"Now, what on earth has that to do with it?" she asked impatiently. "We are talking about the mare. Send round for her to-morrow morning, and you can enter her at once. Has she got a name?"

"It used to be The Dark Ladye," he answered, smiling rather mischievously, "out of compliment to *you*. But I've changed it now."

"I ought to be very much flattered. And to what?"

"To Satanella."

She bit her lip, and tried to look vexed; but she couldn't be angry with Daisy, so laughed heartily as she waved him a good-bye, and cantered home.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LUSHINGTON.

With all her independence of spirit, it cannot be supposed that Miss Douglas went to and fro in the world of London without a chaperon. On women, an immunity from supervision, and what we may call the freedom of the city, is conferred by matrimony alone. This franchise seems irrespective of age. A virgin of fifty gathers confidence under the wing of a bride nineteen years old, shooting her arrows with the more precision that she feels so safe behind the shield of that tender, inexperienced matron. Why are these things so? Why do we dine at nightfall, go to bed at sunrise, and get up at noon? Why do we herd together in narrow staircases and inconvenient rooms at the hottest season of the year? If people bore us, why do we ask them to dinner? and suffer fools gladly, without ourselves being wise? I wonder if we shall ever know.

Blanche Douglas accordingly, with more courage, resolution, and *savoir faire* than nine *men* out of every ten, had placed herself under the tutelage of Mrs. Francis Lushington, a lady with a convenient husband, who, like the celebrated courtier, was never *in* the way nor *out of* the way. She talked about "Frank," as she called him, every ten minutes; but somehow they were seldom seen together, except once a week at afternoon church.

That gentleman himself must either have been the steadiest of mortals, or the most cunning; his wife inclined to think him the latter.

Mrs. Lushington knew everybody, and went everywhere. There was no particular reason why she should have attained popularity; but society had taken her up, and seemed in no hurry to set her down again.

She was a little fair person, with pretty features and a soft pleading voice, very much dressed, very much painted; as good a foil as could be imagined to such a woman as Blanche Douglas.

They were sitting together in the dining-room of the latter about half-past two p.m. There never was such a lady for going out to luncheon as Mrs. Lushington. If you were asked to that pleasant meal at any house within a mile of Hyde Park Corner, it would have been a bad bet to take five to one about not meeting her. She was like a nice little luncheon herself. Not much of her; but what there was light, delicate, palatable, with a good deal of garnish.

"And which is it to be, dear?" asked this lady of her hostess, finishing her glass of sherry with considerable enjoyment. "I know I shall have to congratulate one of them soon, and to send you a wedding-present; but it's no use talking about it, till I know which——"

"Do you think it a wise thing to marry, Clara?" said the other in reply, fixing her black eyes solemnly on her friend's face.

Mrs. Lushington pondered. "There's a good deal to be said on both sides," she answered; "and I haven't quite made up my mind what I should do if I were you. With me, you know, it was different. If I hadn't made a convenience of Frank, I should have been nursing my dreadful old aunt still. You are very independent as you are, and do no end of mischief. But, my dear, you won't last for ever. That's where we fair women have the pull. And then you've so many to choose from. Yes; I think if I were *you*, I *would!*"

"And—— You'll laugh at me, Clara, I feel," said Miss Douglas. "Do you think it's a good plan to marry a man one don't care for; I mean, who rather bores one than otherwise?"

"I did, dear," was the reply; "but I don't know that I've found it answer."

"It must be dreadful to see him all day long, and have to study his fancies. Breakfast with him, perhaps, every morning at nine o'clock."

"Frank would go without breakfast often enough, if he couldn't make his own tea, and insisted on such early hours. No, dear, there are worse things than that. We have to be in the country when they want to shoot, and in the spring, too, sometimes, if they're fond of hunting. But, on the other hand, we married women have certain advantages. We can keep more flirtations going at once than you. Though, to be sure, I don't fancy the General would stand much of *that!* If ever I saw a white Othello, it's St. Josephs."

"St. Josephs! Do you think I want to marry St. Josephs?"

Could the General have overheard the tone in which his name was spoken, surely his honest heart would have felt very sore and sad.

"Well, he wants to marry *you!*" was the reply; "and, upon my word, dear, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced you couldn't do better. He is rich enough, rather good-looking, and seems to know his own mind. What would you have?"

"My dear, I *couldn't!*"

"State your objections."

"Well, in the first place, he's *very* fond of me."

"That shows good taste; but it needn't stand in the way, for you may be sure it won't last."

"But it *will* last, Clara, because I cannot care for *him* in return. My dear, if you knew what a brute I feel sometimes, when he goes away, looking so proud and unhappy, without ever saying an impatient word. Then I'm sorry for him, I own; but it's no use, and I only wish he would take up with somebody else. Don't you think you could help me? Clara, *would* you mind? It's uphill work, I know; but you've plenty of others, and it wouldn't tire you, as it does *me!*"

Miss Douglas looked so pitiful, and so much in earnest, that her friend laughed outright.

"I think I should like it very much," replied the latter, "though I've hardly room for another on the list. But if it's not to be the General, Blanche, we return to the previous question. Who is it?"

"I don't think I shall ever marry at all," answered the young lady, with a smothered sigh. "If I were a man, I certainly wouldn't; and why wasn't I a man? Why can't we be independent, go where we like, do what we like, and for that matter, choose the people we like?"

"Then you *would* choose somebody?"

"I didn't say so. No, Clara; the sort of person I should fancy would be sure never to care for me. His character must be so entirely different from mine, and though they say, contrasts generally agree, black and white, after all, only make a feeble kind of grey."

"Whatever you do, dear," expostulated Mrs. Lushington, "don't go and fall in love with a boy! Of all follies on earth, that pays the worst. They are never the same two days together, and not one of them but thinks more of the horse he bought last Monday at Tattersall's than the woman he 'spooned,' as they call it, last Saturday night at the opera."

Miss Douglas winced.

"I cannot agree with you," said she, stooping to pick up her handkerchief; "I think men grow worse rather than better, the more they live in the world. I like people to be fresh, and earnest, and hopeful. Perhaps it is because I am none of these myself, that I rather appreciate boys."

Mrs. Lushington clapped her hands. "The very thing!" she exclaimed. "He's made on purpose for you. You ought to know Daisy!"

Miss Douglas drew herself up. "I *do* know Mr. Walters," she answered coldly; "if you mean *him*. I believe he is called Daisy in his regiment and by his very particular friends."

"You know him! and you didn't tell *me!*" replied the other gaily. "Never mind. Then, of course, you're devoted to him. I am; we all are. He's so cheery, so imperturbable, and what I like him best for, is, that he has no more heart than—than—well, than I have myself. There!"

Miss Douglas was on her guard now. The appropriative faculty, strong in feminine nature as the maternal instinct, and somewhat akin to it, was fully aroused. Only in London, no doubt, would it have been possible for two such intimates to be ignorant of each other's predilections; but even here it struck Blanche there was something suspicious in her friend's astonishment, something not quite sincere in her enthusiasm and her praise.

So she became exceedingly polite and affectionate, as a fencer goes through a series of courteous salutes, while proposing to himself the honour of running his adversary through the brisket.

"You make yourself out worse than you are, Clara," said she, "it's lucky I know you so well. Indeed, you mustn't go yet. You always run away before I've said half my say. You'll be sure to come again very soon though. Promise, dear. What a love of a carriage!"

It was, indeed, a very pretty Victoria that stopped at the door,—fragile, costly, delicate, like a piece of porcelain on wheels,—and very pretty Mrs. Lushington looked therein, as she drove away.

She had turned the corner of the street some minutes before Miss Douglas left the window. Passing a mirror, that lady caught the reflection of her own face, and stopped, smiling, but not in mirth.

"They may well call you Satanella," she said; "and yet I could have been so good—so good!"

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE MILL.

She was iron-sinewed and satin-skinned,
  Ribbed like a drum, and limbed like a deer,
Fierce as the fire, and fleet as the wind,
  There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear;
  Rich lords had vexed me in vain to part,
  For their gold and silver, with Britomart.*

"It describes your mare exactly, and how the gifted, ill-fated author would have liked a ride on such a flyer as Satanella."

The speaker's voice shook, and the cigar quivered between his lips while they pronounced that ill-omened name.

"She's better than common, General," was the reply. "Just look at *her crest*. They're the right sort, when they train on like that!"

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* From "The Romance of Britomart," not the least stirring of those spirited verses called "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes," composed by the late A. Lindsey Gordon, and published at Melbourne, Australia, 1870.

General St. Josephs and Daisy Walters were standing on a breezy upland common, commanding one of the fairest landscapes in England, backed by a curtain of dusky smoke from the great metropolis, skirting two-thirds of the horizon. There was heather at their feet; and a sportsman set down in that spot from the skies might have expected to flush a black-cock rather than to hail a Hansom cab at only two hours' distance from its regular stand in Pall Mall.

The black mare, stripped for a gallop, stood ten yards off in the glow of a morning sun. That Daisy meant to give her "a spin" was obvious from the texture of his nether garments, and the stiff silver-mounted whip in his hand.

He had met St. Josephs the night before in the smoking-room of a military club, and, entertaining a profound respect for that veteran, had taken him into his counsels concerning the preparations and performances of the black mare. Daisy was prudent, but not cunning. The elder man's experience, he considered, might be useful, and so asked frankly for his advice.

The General cared as little for steeplechasing as for marbles or prisoners'-base, but in the present instance felt a morbid attraction towards the younger officer and his venture, because he associated the black mare with certain rides that dwelt strangely on his memory, and of which he treasured every incident with painful accuracy, sometimes almost wishing they had never been.

There is a disease, from which, like smallpox, immunity can only be purchased by taking it as often as possible in its mildest form. To contract it sooner or later seems the lot of humanity, and St. Josephs had been no exception to the general rule that ordains men and women shall inflict on each other certain injuries and annoyances, none the less vexatious because flagrantly imaginary and unreal.

The General had loved in his youth, more than once it may be, with the ardour and tenacity of his character; but these follies were now things of the past. In some out-of-the way corner, perhaps, he preserved a knot of ribbon, a scrap of writing, or a photograph with its hair dressed as before the flood. He could lay his hand on such memorials, no doubt; but he never looked at them now, just as he ignored certain sights and sounds, voices, tones, perfumes, that made him wince like a finger on a raw wound. To save his life, he would not have admitted that the breath of a fresh spring morning depressed his spirits more than a sirocco, that he would rather listen to the pipes of a Highland regiment in a mess-room than to a certain strain of Donizetti, the softest, the saddest, the sweetest of that gifted composer—softer, sweeter, sadder to him, that it was an echo from the past.

Among the advantages of growing old, of which there are more than people usually imagine, none is greater than the repose of mind which comes with advancing years—from fatigue, indeed, rather than satisfaction, but still repose.

It is not for the young to bask in the sun, to sit over the fire, to look forward to dinner as the pleasantest part of the day. These must be always in action, even in their dreams; but at and after middle age comes the pleasure of the ruminating animals, the quiet comfort of content. An elderly gentleman, whose liver has outlasted his heart, is not so much to be pitied after all.

Yet must he take exceeding care not to leave go of the rock he clings to, like an oyster, that he may drift back into the fatal flood of sentiment he ought to have baffled, once for all. If he does, assuredly his last state will be worse than his first. Very sweet will be the taste of the well-remembered dram, not so intoxicating as of yore to the seasoned brain; but none the less a stimulant of the senses, a restorative for the frame. Clutching the cup to drain perennial youth, he will empty it to the dregs, till the old sot reels, and the grey hairs fall dishonoured in the dust.

If follies perpetrated for women could be counted like runs in a cricket-match, I do believe the men above forty would get the score.

"Let me see her gallop," said the General, with a wistful look at the mare, "and I will tell you what I think."

He too was a fine horseman; but he sighed to reflect he could no longer vault on horseback like Daisy, nor embody himself at once with the animal he bestrode, as did that young and supple light dragoon.

"I never saw a better," said the old officer to himself, as the young one, sitting close into his saddle, set the mare going at three-quarter speed. "And if she's only half as good as her rider, the Irishmen will have a job to keep the stakes on their side of the Channel this time! Ah, well. It's no use, we can't hold our own with the young ones, and I suppose we ought not to wish we could!"

The General fell into a very common mistake. We are apt to think women set a high price on the qualities we value in each other, forgetting that as their opinions are chiefly reflected from our own, it is to be talked about, no matter why, that constitutes merit in their eyes. What do they care for a light hand, a firm seat, a vigorous frame, or a keen intellect, except in so far as these confer notoriety on their possessor? To be celebrated is enough. If for his virtues, well. If for his vices, better. Even the meekest of them have a strong notion of improving a sinner, and incline to the black sheep rather than all the white innocents of the fold.

In the meantime, Daisy felt thoroughly in his element, enjoying it as a duck enjoys immersion in the gutter. Free goer as she was, the mare possessed also an elasticity rare even amongst animals of the highest class; but which, when he has once felt it, no horseman can mistrust or mistake. As Daisy tightened his hold on her head, and increased her speed, he experienced in all its force that exquisite sense of motion which, I imagine, is the peculiar pleasure enjoyed by the birds of the air.

Round the common they came, and past the General once more, diverging from their previous direction so as to bring into the track such a fence as they would have to encounter in their Irish contest. It was a high and perpendicular bank, narrow at the top, with a grip on the taking off, and a wide ditch on the landing side. Anything but a tempting obstacle to face at great speed. Though she had gone three miles very fast, the mare seemed fresh and full of vigour, pulling, indeed, so hard that Daisy needed all his skill to control and keep her in his hand. Approaching the leap, he urged her with voice and limbs. They came at it, racing pace.

"Oh, you tailor!" muttered the General, holding his breath, in fear of a hideous fall. "I'm wrong!" he added, the next moment. "Beautifully done, and beautifully ridden!"

Even at her utmost speed, the mare sprang upright into the air, like a deer, kicked the farther face of the bank with such lightning quickness that the stroke was almost imperceptible; and, flying far beyond the ditch, seemed rather to have gained than lost ground in this interruption to her stride.

Away she went again! Over two more fences, done at the same headlong pace, round the corner of a high black hedge, down into the hollow, up the opposite rise, and so back into the straight, where Daisy, smiling pleasantly, and much heightened in colour, executed an imaginary finish, with his hands down.

"I've not seen such a goer for years," observed the General, as her jockey dismounted, and two stable lads scraped a little lather from the mare. "But she seems to take a deal of riding; and I think she is almost *too* free at her fences, even for a steeple-chaser."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so," was the answer. "*That's* where we shall win. When I had her first she was rather cautious; but I hurried and bustled her till I got her temper up, and she puts on the steam now as if she was going to jump into next week. I believe she'd do the great double at Punchestown in her stride!"

The older man shook his head. "She has capital forelegs," said he; "but I saw just such another break its neck last year at Lincoln. When they're so free you must catch hold like grim death; for, by Jove, if they overjump themselves at that pace, they're not much use when they get up again!"

"That *would* be hard lines," said Daisy, lighting a cigar. "It's the only good thing I ever had in my life, and it must *not* boil over. If you come to *that*, I'd rather she broke *my* neck than hers. If anything went wrong with Satanella I could never face Blanche Douglas again!"

"Blanche Douglas!" The General winced. It was not his habit to call young ladies by their Christian names; and to talk familiarly of this one seemed a desecration indeed.

"I should hope Miss Douglas will never ride that animal now," said he, looking very stiff and haughty—"throaty," Daisy called it, in describing the scene afterwards.

"Not ride her?" replied the young gentleman. "You can't know much of Satanella, General, if you suppose she wouldn't ride anything—ah, or do anything, if you only told her *not!* She's a trump of a girl, I admit; but, my eyes, she's a rum one! Why, if there wasn't a law or something against it, I'm blessed if I don't think she'd ride at Punchestown herself—boots and breeches—silk jacket—make all the running, and win as she liked! That's her form, General, you may take my word for it!"

St. Josephs positively stood aghast. Could he believe his ears? Silk jacket! Boots and breeches! And this was the woman he delighted to honour. To have annihilated his flippant young acquaintance on the spot would have given him intense satisfaction; but he was obliged to content himself with contemptuous silence and sundry glances of scorn. His displeasure, however, seemed quite lost on Daisy, who conversed freely all the way back to town, and took leave of his indignant senior with unimpaired affability when they arrived.

CHAPTER VI.

CUTTING FOR PARTNERS.

"THEN you'll—ask a man?"

"I'll ask a man."

The first speaker was Miss Douglas, the second Mrs. Lushington. These ladies, having agreed to go to the play together, the former at once secured adjoining stalls, for herself, her admirer, her friend, and her friend's admirer. Only in such little parties of four can the modern drama be appreciated or enjoyed.

Miss Douglas had long promised General St. Josephs that she would accompany him to the performance of a popular farce called "Uncle Jack," whereof the humour consisted in an abstraction by "Boots" of a certain traveller's garments at his hotel, and consequent engagement of this denuded wayfarer to the lady of his affections. The General would have walked barefoot to Canterbury for the delight of taking Miss Douglas to the play; and after many miss fires, a night was at length fixed for that treat, of course under the supervision of a chaperon.

Like others who follow "will-o'-the-wisps," St. Josephs was getting deeper into the mire at every step. Day by day this dark bewitching woman occupied more of his thoughts, wound herself tighter round his weary heart. Now for the first time since she died he could bear to recall the memory of the blue-eyed girl he was to have married long ago. Now he felt truly thankful to have baffled the widow at Simla, and behaved like "a monster," as she said, to the foreign countess who used to ride with him in the Park.

Hitherto he was persuaded his best affections had been thrown away, all the nobility of his character wasted and misunderstood. At last he had found the four-leaved shamrock. He cared not how low he stooped to pluck it, so he might wear it in his breast.

For one of his age and standing, such an attachment has its ridiculous as well as its pitiful side. He laughed in his grizzled moustache to find how particular he was growing about the freshness of his gloves and the fit of his coat. When he rode he lengthened his stirrups, and brought his horse more on its haunches. He even adopted the indispensable flower in his button-hole; but could never keep it there, because of his large circle of child-friends, to whom he denied nothing, and who regularly despoiled him of any possession that took their fancy. There was one little gipsy, a flirt, three years of age, who could, and would, have coaxed him out of a keepsake from Miss Douglas herself.

Nobody, I suppose, is insane enough to imagine a man feels happier for being in love. There were moments when St. Josephs positively hated himself, and everybody else. Moments of vexation, longing, and a bitter sense of ill-usage, akin to rage, but for the leavening of sadness that toned it down to grief. He knew from theory and practice how to manage a woman, just as he knew how to bridle and ride a horse. Alas! that each bends only to the careless ease o conscious mastery. He could have controlled the Satanella on four legs almost as well as reckless Daisy. He had no influence whatever over her namesake on two.

Most of us possess the faculty of looking on those affairs in which we are deeply interested, from the outside, as it were, and with the eyes of an unbiassed spectator. Such impartial perception, however, while it increases our self-reproach, seems in no way to affect our conduct. General St. Josephs cursed himself for an old fool twenty times a day, but none the more for that did he strive or wish to put from him the folly he deplored.

It was provoking, degrading, to know that, in presence of Miss Douglas he appeared at his very worst; that when he rode out with her, he was either idiotically simple, or morosely preoccupied; that when he called at her house, he could neither find topics for conversation, nor excuses to go away; that in every society, others, whom he rated as his inferiors, must have seemed infinitely pleasanter, wiser, better informed, and more agreeable; and that he, professedly a man of experience, and a man of the world, lost his head, like a raw boy, at the first word she addressed him, without succeeding in convincing her that he had lost his heart. Then he vowed to rebel—to wean himself by degrees—to break the whole thing off at once—to go out of town, leaving no address—to assert his independence, show he could live without her, and never see her again. But when she asked him to take her to the play, he said he should be delighted, and *was*.

Among the many strange functions of society few seem more unaccountable than its tendency to select a theatre as the *rendezvous* of sincere affection. Of all places, there is none, I should imagine, where people are more *en evidence*—particularly in the stalls, a part of the house specially affected, it would seem, as affording no protection to front or rear. Every gesture is marked, every whisper overheard, and even if you might speak aloud, which you mustn't, during the performances, you could hardly impart to a lady tender truths or falsehoods, as the case may be, while surrounded by a mob of people who have paid money with the view of keeping eyes and ears wide open till they obtain its worth.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all these drawbacks to confidential communication, no sooner does a fair angler of the present day feel that, in fisherman's language, she "has got a bite," than straightway she carries her prey off to a minor theatre, where by some inexplicable method of her own, she proceeds to secure the gudgeon on its hook.

St. Josephs got himself up with extreme care on the evening in question. He was no faded *petit maître*, no wrinkled dandy, curled, padded, girthed, and tottering in polished boots towards his grave. On the contrary, he had the wisdom to grow old gracefully, as far as dress and deportment were concerned, rather advancing than putting back the hand of Time. Yet to-night he *did* regret the lines on his worn face, the bald place at the crown of his head. Ten years, he thought, rather bitterly, only give him back ten years, and he could have held his own with the best of them! She might have cared for him ten years ago. Could she care for him now? Yes, surely she must, he loved her so!

"Your brougham is at the door, sir," said his servant, once a soldier, too, a person of calm temperament and a certain grim humour, whose private opinion it was that his master had of late been conducting himself like an old fool.

The General got into his carriage with an abstracted air, and was driven off to dine, nervously and without appetite, at the Senior United.

How flabby seemed the fish, how tasteless the cutlets, how insufferably prosy the conversation of an old comrade at the next table—a jovial veteran, who loved highly-seasoned stories, and could drink still the *quantum* he was pleased to call his "Whack of Port." Never before had this worthy's discourse seemed so idiotic, his stomach so obtrusive, his chuckles so fatuous and inane. What did he mean by talking about "fellows of *our* age" to St. Josephs, who was seven years his junior in the Army List, and five in his baptismal register? Why couldn't he eat without wheezing, laugh without coughing, and why, oh! why could he not give a comrade greeting without slapping him on the back? St. Josephs, drinking scalding coffee before the other arrived at cheese, felt his sense of approaching relief damped by remorse for the reserve and coldness with which he treated his old, tried friend. Something whispered to him, even then, how the jolly gormandising red face would turn to him, true and hearty, when all the love of all the women in London had faded and grown cold.

Nevertheless, at the door of the theatre his pulses leapt with delight. So well timed was his arrival, that Mrs. Lushington and Miss Douglas were getting out of their carriage when his own stopped. Pleased, eager as a boy, he entered the house with Satanella on his arm, placing himself between that lady and her friend, while he arranged shawls, foot-stools, scent-bottles, and procured for them programmes of the entertainment; chary, indeed, of information, but smelling strong of musk.

Need I say that he addressed himself first to Mrs. Lushington? or that, perceiving a vacant stall on the other side of Miss Douglas, his spirit sank while he wondered when and how it would be filled?

Satanella seemed tired and abstracted, "Uncle Jack's" jokes fell pointless on her ear. When St. Josephs could at last think of something to say, she bent her head kindly enough, but persistently refused to accept or understand his tender allusions, interesting herself then, and then only, in the business of the stage. In sheer self-defence, the General felt obliged to do the same.

The house roared with laughter. A celebrated low comedian was running up and down before the foot lights in shirt and drawers. The scene represented a bed-room at an inn. The actor rang his bell, tripped over his coal-scuttle, finally upset his water-jug. Everybody went into convulsions, and St. Josephs found himself thinking of the immortal Pickwick, who "envied the facility with which the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus were amused." Turning to his tormentor, he observed the place by her side no longer vacant, and its occupant was —Daisy!

Mischievous Mrs. Lushington had "asked a man," you see, and this was the man she asked.

Captious, jealous, sensitive, because he really cared for her, St. Josephs' vexation seemed out of all proportion to its cause. He felt it would have relieved him intensely to "have it out" with Miss Douglas—to scold her, take her to task, reproach her roundly—and for what? *She* had never asked Daisy to come; *she* had not kept a seat for him at her elbow. From her flushed cheek, her bright smile, it could not but be inferred that this was an unexpected meeting—a delightful surprise.

Calm and imperturbable, Daisy settled himself as if he were sitting by his grandmother. Not till he had smoothed his moustache, buttoned his gloves, and adjusted his glasses, did he find time to inform Miss Douglas "that he knew she would be here, but did not think she could have got away from dinner so soon; that the house was hot, the stalls were uncomfortable, and this thing was not half bad fun if you'd never seen it before." The General, cursing him for "a cub," wondered she could find anything in such conversation to provoke a smile on that proud, beautiful face.

What was it she whispered behind her fan?—the fan he loved to hold because of the fragrance it seemed to breathe from *her*. He scarcely knew whether to be relieved or irritated when he overheard certain questions as to the progress of the black mare. It vexed him to think these two should have a common interest, should find it so engrossing, should talk about it so low. Why couldn't they attend to the farce they had come on purpose to see?

Mrs. Lushington, although she must have been surfeited with that unmeaning and rather tiresome admiration which such ladies find floating in abundance on the surface of London society, was yet ready at all times to accept fresh homage, add another captive to the net she dragged so diligently through smooth and troubled waters alike. Till the suggestion came from her friend, it had never occurred to her that the General was worth capturing. She began now in the usual way.

"What a number of pretty women!" she whispered. "Don't you think so, General? I haven't seen as much beauty under one roof since Lady Scavenger's ball."

Abstracted though he was, her companion had those habits of society which of all others seem to be second nature, so he answered:—

"There are only *two* pretty women in the house as far as I see, and they asked me to come to the play with them to-night."

She had a fascinating way of looking down and up again, very quick, with a glance, half shy, half funny, but altogether deadly. Even her preoccupied neighbour felt its influence, while she replied:—

"You say so because you think all women are vain, and like to be flattered, and have no heart. It only shows how little you know us. Do you mean to tell me," she added, in a lighter tone, "*that's* not a pretty girl, in the second row there, with a *mauve* ribbon through her hair?"

She *was* pretty, and he thought so; but St. Josephs, being an old soldier in more senses than one, observed sententiously—

"Wants colouring—too pale—too sandy, and I should say freckled by daylight."

"We all know you admire dark beauties," retorted the lady, "or you wouldn't be here now."

"*You're* not a dark beauty," returned the ready General; "and I knew you were coming too."

"That '*too*' spoils it all," said she, with another of her killing glances. "Hush! you needn't say any more. If you won't talk to *her*, at least attend to the stage."

Satanella meanwhile was perusing Daisy's profile as he sat beside her, and wondering whether anybody was ever half so good-looking and so unconscious of his personal advantages. Not in the slightest degree embarrassed by this examination, Mr. Walters expressed his entire approval of the farce as it proceeded, laughing heartily at its "situations," and even nudging Miss Douglas with his elbow, that she might not miss the broadest of the fun. Was there another man in the house who could have accepted so calmly such an enviable situation? and did she like him more or less for this strange insensibility to her charms? The question must be answered by ladies who are weary of slaughter, and satiated with victory.

"Will she win, Daisy?" hazarded Miss Douglas at last, in a low whisper, such as would have vibrated through the General's whole frame, but only caused Daisy to request she would "speak up." Repeating her question, she added a tender hope that "it was all right, and that her darling (meaning the black mare) would pull him through."

"If she don't," replied Daisy, "there's no more to be said. I must leave the regiment. 'Soldier Bill' gets the troop; and I am simply chawed up."

"Oh, Daisy," she exclaimed earnestly, "how much would it take to set you straight?"

Mr. Walters worked an imaginary sum on the gloved fingers of his right hand, carried over a balance of liabilities to his left, looked as grave as he could, and replied, briefly, "Two thou— would tide me over. It would take *three* to pull me through."

Her face fell, and the rich colour faded in her cheek. He did not notice her vexation; for the crisis of the farce had now arrived, and the stage was crowded with all its *dramatis personæ*, tumbling each other about in the intensely humorous dilemma of a hunt for the traveller's clothes; but he *did* remark how grave and sorrowful was her "Good night," while she took the General's proffered arm with an alacrity extremely gratifying to that love-stricken veteran. She had never before seemed so womanly, so tender, so confiding. St. Josephs, pressing her elbow very cautiously against his beating heart, almost fancied the pressure returned. He was sure her hand clung longer than usual in his clasp when the time came to say "Good-bye."

In spite of a headache and certain angry twinges of rheumatism, this gallant officer had never felt so happy in his life.

CHAPTER VII.

GETTING ON.

Outside the theatre the pavement was dry, the air seemed frosty, and the moon shone bright and cold. With head down, hands in pockets, and a large cigar in his mouth, Daisy meditated gravely enough on the untoward changes a lowered temperature might produce in his own fortunes. Hard ground would put a stop to Satanella's gallops, and the horses trained in Ireland—where it seldom freezes—would have an unspeakable advantage. Thinking of the black mare somehow reminded him of Miss Douglas, and, pacing thoughtfully along Pall Mall, he recalled their first meeting, tracing through many an hour of sunshine and lamplight the links that had riveted their intimacy and made them fast friends.

It was almost two years ago—though it seemed like yesterday—that, driving the regimental coach to Ascot, he had stopped his team with considerable risk at an awkward turn on the heath, to make room for her pony-carriage; a courtesy soon followed by an introduction in the enclosure, not without many thanks and acknowledgments from the fair charioteer and her companion. He could remember how she kept him talking till it was too late to back Judæus for the Cup, and recalled his own vexation when that gallant animal galloped freely in, to the delight of the chosen people.

He had not forgotten how she asked him to call on her in London, nor how he went riding with her in the morning, meeting her at balls and parties by night, inaugurating a pic-nic at Hampton Court for her especial benefit, while always esteeming her the nicest girl out, and the best horsewoman in the world. He would have liked her to be his sister, or his sister-in-law; but of marrying her himself, the idea never entered Daisy's head. Thinking of her now, with her rich beauty, and her bright black hair, he neither sighed nor smiled. He was calculating how he could "put her on" for a good stake, and send her back their mutual favourite none the worse in limbs or temper for the great race he hoped to win!

All light dragoons are not equally susceptible, and Mr. Walters was a difficult subject, partly from his active habits of mind and body, partly from the energy with which he threw himself into the business of the moment whatever it might be.

Satanella's work, her shoeing, her food, her water, were such engrossing topics now, that, but for her connection with the mare, the lady from whom that animal took its name would have had no chance of occupying a place in his thoughts. He had got back to the probability of frost, and the possibility of making a tan-gallop, when he turned out of St. James's Street into one of those pleasant haunts where men congregate after nightfall to smoke and talk, accosting each other with the easy good-fellowship that springs from community of tastes, and generous dinners washed down with rosy wine.

Notwithstanding the time of year, a member in his shirt-sleeves was sprawling over the billiard-table, a dozen more were sprinkled about the room. Acclamations, less loud than earnest, greeted Daisy's entrance, and tumblers of cunning drinks were raised to bearded lips, in mute but hearty welcome.

"You young beggar, you've made me miss my stroke!" exclaimed the billiard-player, failing egregiously to score an obvious and easy hazard. "Daisy, you're always in the way, and you're always welcome. But what are you doing out of the Shires in such weather as this?"

"Daisy never cared a hang for *hunting*," said a tall, stout man on the sofa. "He's only one of your galloping Brummagem sportsmen, always amongst the hounds. How many couple have you scored now, this season—tell the truth, my boy—off your own bat?"

"More than you have of foxes, counting those that were fairly killed," answered Daisy calmly. "And that is not saying much. Seriously, Jack, something must be done about those hounds of yours. I'm told they've got so slow you have to meet at half-past ten, and never get home till after dark. I suppose if once you began to draft, there would be nothing left in the kennel but the terrier!"

"You be hanged!" answered the big man, laughing. "You conceited young devil, you think you're entitled to give an opinion because you're not afraid to ride. And, after all, you can't half do that unless the places are flagged out for you in the fences! If you cared two straws about the *real* sport, you wouldn't be in London now."

"How can I hunt without horses?" replied Daisy, burying his fair young face in an enormous beaker. "*All* hounds are not like yours, you know. Thick shoes and gaiters make a capital mount in some countries; but if I *am* to put on boots and breeches I want to go faster than a Paddy driving a pig. That's why I've never been to pay *you* a visit."

"D—— your impudence!" was all the other could find breath to retort, adding, after a pause of admiration, "What a beggar it is to chaff! But I won't let you off all the same. Come to me directly after Northampton. It's right in your way home."

"Nothing I should like better," answered Daisy. "But it can't be done. I'm due at Punchestown on the seventeenth, and I ought to be in Ireland at least a fortnight before the races."

"At Punchestown!" exclaimed half a dozen voices. "There's something up! You've got a good thing, cut and dried. It's no use, Daisy! Tell us all about it!"

Walters turned from one to another with an expression of innocent surprise. He looked as if he had never heard of a steeple-chase in his life.

"I don't know what you fellows call 'a good thing,'" said he. When I drop into one, I'll put you all on, you may be sure. No. I must be at Punchestown simply because I've got to ride there."

"I'm sorry for the nag," observed the billiard-player, who had finished (and lost) his game. "What is it?"

"She's a mare none of you ever heard of," answered Daisy. "They call her Satanella. She can gallop a little, I think."

"Is she going for this new handicap?" asked a shrill voice out of a cloud of tobacco smoke in the corner.

"It's her best chance, if she ever comes to the post," replied Daisy. "They're crushing weights, though, and the course is over four miles."

"Back her, me boy! And I'll stand in with ye!" exclaimed an Irish peer, handsome in spite of years, jovial in spite of gout, good-hearted in spite of fashion, and good-humoured in spite of everything. "Is she an Irish-bred one? Roscommon, did ye say? Ah, now, back her for a monkey, and I'll go ye halves! We'll let them see how we do't in Kildare!"

Daisy would have liked nothing better; but people do not lay "monkeys" on steeple-chases at one o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless curiosity had been excited about Satanella, and his cross-examination continued.

"Is she thoroughbred?" asked a cornet of the household cavalry, whose simple creed for man and beast, or rather horse and woman, was summed up in these two articles—blood and good looks.

"Throughbred?" repeated Daisy, thoughtfully. "Her sire is, I'm sure, and she's out of a 'Connemara mare,' as they say in Ireland, whatever that may be."

"*I know*," observed the peer, with a wink. "Ah, ye divil, ye've got your lesson perfect annyhow."

"Do you want to back her?" asked a tall, thin man, who had hitherto kept silence, drawing at the same time a very business-like betting book from his breast-pocket.

"You ought to lay long odds," answered Daisy. "The race will fill well. There are sure to be a lot of starters, and no end of falls. Hang it! I suppose I am bound to have something on. I'll tell you what. I'll take twelve to one in hundreds—there!"

"I'll lay you ten," said the other.

"Done!" replied Daisy. "A thousand to a hundred. And he entered it methodically in his book, looking round, pencil in mouth, to know "if anybody would do it again?"

"I'll lay you eight to one in ponies." Daisy nodded, and put down the name of the billiard-player. "And I in tens!" exclaimed another. "And I don't mind laying you seven!" screamed a shrill voice from the corner, "if you'll have it in fifties. Whereat Daisy shook his head, but accepted the offer nevertheless, ere he shut up his book, observing calmly that "he was full now, and must have something more to drink."

"And who does this mare belong to?" asked a man who had just come in. "It's a queer game, steeple-chasing, even with gentlemen up. I like to know something about owners before I back my little fancy, for or against."

"Well, she's more mine than anybody else's," answered Daisy, buttoning his overcoat to depart. "There's only one thing certain about her, and that is—she'll start if she's alive, and she'll win if she *can!*"

With these words he disappeared through the swing-doors into the empty street, walking leisurely homeward, with the contented step of one who has done a good day's work, and earned his repose.

In Piccadilly he met a drunken woman; in Curzon Street, a single policeman; by Audley Square a libertine cat darted swiftly and noiselessly across his path. Working steadily northward, he perceived another passenger on the opposite side of the way. Passing under a lamp, this figure, in spite of hat pushed down and collar pulled up, proved to be none other than St. Josephs, wrapped in a brown study, and proceeding as slowly as if it was the hottest night in June.

"Now what can *he* be up to?" thought Daisy, deeming it unnecessary to cross over at so late an hour for polite salutation. "Ought to have had his nose under the blankets long ago. It must be something *very* good to take an old duffer like that out in an east wind at two in the morning. Might have sown his wild oats by this time, one would think! Well, it's no business of mine, only I hope he wears flannel next his skin, and won't catch cold. It would almost serve him right, too, if he did!"

Sticking his hands in his pockets, Daisy shook his head in virtuous disapproval of his senior, never dreaming that a man of the General's age could be fool enough to pace a wind-swept street under a lady's window for an hour after she had retired to bed.

(To be continued.)

IN SOLITUDE.

'TIS the weary West wind sighing
In the lonely willow-tree,
Willow bare, whose leaves are lying
Dying, dying, dying, dying,
On the winter lea;
Sweet the melancholy moan
Of its murmuring undertone,
Lingering in that tree so lone,
Sad as it may be.
'Tis the weary West wind sighing
In the lonely willow-tree,
Willow bare, whose leaves are lying
Dying, dying, dying, dying,
On the winter lea.

Making melody for Sorrow
In her solitary hour,
Who a charm will often borrow
For the anguish of the morrow,
From a simple flower,
Sigh, O sigh, thou Western wind,
Solace of the lonely mind,
Fellowship in thee I find,
Spirit-soothing power.
'Tis the weary West wind sighing
In the lonely willow-tree,
Willow bare, whose leaves are lying,
Dying, dying, dying, dying,
On the winter lea.

EDWARD CAPERN.

November 1, 1871.

THE YEAR'S CROQUET.

THE Croquet season of 1871 calls for more than ordinary notice: it has not only been brilliant in the number of public matches played and in the style of play shown; but it was also conspicuous for two remarkable events, viz.: the settlement of the laws and the amalgamation of the All England and National Clubs.

The laws, it will be remembered, were for years a sort of chaos, one lawn being guided by one set, another lawn by another, so that what was permitted on A.'s ground was forbidden on B.'s, and so forth.

In 1868 a remedy was suggested, viz.: the promotion of a large central club which, like the Marylebone Club at cricket, might be looked up to and respected as an authority. The club was formed and a set of laws was agreed to; but, owing to the jealousy of implement makers, the laws of the "All England Club" were only partly adopted. Unfortunately after this, a split took place in the "All England" camp, resulting in the promotion of the "National," and these two clubs refused to use each others' rules. Confusion was now as much confounded as ever, when the happy thought occurred to some one to call a meeting of delegates from all the principal croquet clubs and to agree to use the code settled by them. This was done, and the conference code was used in match play in 1870. The copyright was handed over to the "All England" and "National" clubs, with power to modify. A season's experience of course laid bare the weak spots in the original conference code, and early in the year 1871 a committee, appointed by the two clubs, met to revise the laws, which are now the authority in the croquet world.

The committee in their preface state that they were guided throughout by a desire to make as few alterations as possible, and that beyond admitting several additional laws and a few verbal amendments, they have left the old code much as they found it.

The points chiefly in dispute since the passing of the first conference code were the law as to pegging out, and the dead boundary law. On other rules there seems now to be a general agreement.

The pegging out law permits a player, if he gets the opportunity, to peg out an adverse ball that is a rover. This is considered by many players a bad rule, the principal argument against it being, that if one player has got his balls round and so by good play put himself in an advantageous position, he ought not by one chance shot to be deprived of his advantage; at all events, not until his adversary by similar good play has also got his balls round. Those who take this view would therefore allow only rovers to peg out rovers. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind, that among good players the attack is far too strong for the defence, and that, but for the pegging-out law, a player with the balls well placed for a break will frequently go all round, first with one ball and then with the other, while his opponent has only the chance of one or two stray shots, which it frequently happens it is not the right game to play for. But the pegging-out law compels the player with the break to decline making the last hoop in his first round, and thus renders it much more difficult for him to finish the game at the next break. This frequently leads to much finessing at the last hoop, often gives the player who is out of the break the chances of one or two shots, which he would not otherwise have had, and sustains his hope to the very last. With regard to the law as it now stands, the committee observe that a large majority at the first conference voted for its retention; and therefore the committee felt that no alteration ought to be made by them, unless a very strong case could be shown for it.

The dead boundary law, about which a great fuss has been made, tends to limit the attack. Under the old system a player desiring to combine with his partner at the extremity of the ground, was unable to gain any advantage thereby, owing to the fact that his adversary had only to take off as hard as he could, and if his ball transgressed the boundary it was brought back and placed close to the balls that had finessed. This coarse and unscientific system was due to the artificial limit of the ground; and a proper rule would be, that a player going, say ten yards beyond the boundary, should not take a shot at the balls to which he had gone, at a less distance than ten yards from them. This, however, would be impracticable, except on the boundless prairie; and the dead boundary law was therefore devised to meet the difficulty. The dead boundary was at first admitted into the code as a provisional law; being recommended for trial. The season's experience caused the committee to believe that in introducing it as a substantive law, they were seconding the wishes of the majority of players. The law amounts to this, if in taking croquet the player sends his own ball, or the ball croqueted, off the boundary, he loses the remainder of his turn. This compels judgment of strength in taking off to a distant ball, and hence strengthens the attack, as the player taking off is afraid to play so hard as to go quite close to the distant ball, lest he should, by playing a little too hard, overrun the boundary.

One other point in the revised code demands attention, viz., the wording of Rule I., which takes away all restriction as to the mode in which the mallet shall be held, and as to the attitude and position of the striker. This led to the adoption of what is called the *cue stroke—i. e.*, using the handle as a cue by kneeling on the ground and making a bridge with the left hand. It is singular that this stroke was nowhere forbidden by the first conference code; but until the rule was re-worded no one seems to have noticed the fact. The cue stroke was so much abused, being constantly made use of when a perfectly clear shot could be got without it, that it fell into disrepute. It is now generally barred in matches, and we hope next year to see it expressly barred in the code.

Shortly after the settlement of the laws, it was found that the National offshoot was unable to carry on its affairs satisfactorily on its then basis, and after some deliberation it was resolved to re-unite, if practicable, with the parent stem. This amalgamation was effected in March, the All-England Club meeting the proposals of the late National in a most friendly way. The National then ceased to exist; but the non-contents, after recording this fact on their minutes, thought proper to re-constitute themselves, and to revert to the name of National.

It is not necessary for us to dilate on the exquisite good taste of this proceeding, nor on its fairness to the club which had already absorbed the National, debts and all, nor on the charming moral obliquity which led to the suggestion that, as "Grand National" was not the same title as "National," the addition of the word "Grand" completely disposed of all objections. We might observe, that "Grand All England" is not the same title as "All England;" and the new club would have had as much right, in pretending to a status which it does not possess, to assume the last as the first-mentioned name.

The main result of the amalgamation was to strengthen the All-England Club by the addition to its ranks of a number of members of the defunct club, and to give the All England the undisputed chieftainship of the game, except, of course, in the eyes of a small section of the members of the newly-established club.

The acquisition by the All-England Club, in 1870, of its fine practice-ground at Wimbledon, has also contributed to its position as the leading club. The ground was opened in June, 1870, and in the same month the first great championship meeting was held. This event, open to all comers, brought together, as had been expected, a large array of croquet talent. Twenty-four competitors entered for the honour of the championship, which includes the possession for twelve months of the fifty guinea champion silver cup. After much fine play the cup was taken by Mr. Peel, who had previously distinguished himself by winning other considerable prizes. In 1871, the All-Comers match was won by Mr. Lillie, there being nineteen competitors, and he then had the privilege of playing Mr. Peel for the championship. Mr. Peel was again victorious, and thus holds the cup for a second year. Should he win it again next year, it will become his property; and as he will be sure to find in the All Comers winner a first-rate antagonist, the match for the championship next season will be unusually exciting.

The other great feature of the 1871 season was the establishment, at Wimbledon, of a ladies' championship, and the possession of a silver tea service, on conditions similar to those on which the champion cup is held. The winner was Mrs. Walsh, who played with great nerve and steadiness, and who would be found a formidable competitor by even the best gentlemen players.

We must now say a few words of the other public matches played in 1871, and open to all comers.

At the National meeting held at Oxford in May, the winner was Mr. Law. At the Cheltenham meeting, in June, Miss Bazette was the successful lady, and Mr. Law again the successful gentleman player. The handicap at the Aldershot meeting in July drew a good entry; here Mr. Lillie (the All-England all comers winner) took the first place. At this meeting, Mr. Black, a young player, but one who bids fair to hold the first rank, performed the feat of making 137 points in playing for the break prize. The setting and hoops were rather easy, and the ground not full-sized, and three balls were allowed to help; but even with these pulls in his favour, the score is a wonderfully good one, and such as could only be made by a most accomplished player. At the West of England Tournament, held at Torquay in July and August, the open prize for ladies was won by Miss C. M. Morris, and that for gentlemen by Mr. Mackenzie. In Scotland, the Scotch Championship meeting, held at Moffat in September, brought out Mr. Macfie, who now, for the second year, is champion of Scotland. His strongest opponent was Mr. Lillie, who ran second. The South of England open handicap was won by

Major Lane, he having to meet several very strong players and to give considerable odds to weaker ones. The match was played, in August, on the ground of the Sussex County Club, at the Pavilion, Brighton.

This concludes the *résumé* of the principal events of the year. Before closing the subject of croquet, we will draw attention to the growing popularity of handicaps at croquet, which enable players of various strengths to contend for the same prizes. The system adopted is as follows:—A handicapper, who has a good knowledge of the strength of the players, must be appointed. He has to arrange the competitors in classes, the first class giving a bisque to the second, two bisques to the third, and so on. Similarly, the second class gives a bisque to the third, and two bisques to the fourth; the third gives one bisque to the fourth, and so all the way down the list. A bisque, which is the handicap recommended in the conference laws, is an extra stroke, which may be taken at any time during the game by the weaker player when, in the ordinary course of events, his turn is over. The bisque confers all the advantages of an extra turn, except that the player taking it cannot roquet the same ball twice in the same turn without making an intermediate point.

It will be observed that, on the whole, even in the handicaps the old hands have had the best of it in public play, all the winners, we believe, with the exception of Mr. Mackenzie, having previously been successful at large meetings. But at the same time it must be admitted that there has been considerable talent shown by several rising players, and hence we may expect to see a great deal of first-class croquet exhibited next year by both past and coming candidates for public honours.

"CAVENDISH."

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

X.—VANBURGH AND FARQUHAR.

AS we descend the stream of our national dramatic literature, it is not uninteresting to notice the gradual change that ensues in the socialities and conventional language of the *dramatis personæ ;* each era becoming more restrictive and precise in its habits, manners, and deportment; more select and chaste in language; more guarded and covert in its terms and expressions:—these shifted again into suggestions and inuendos. Dryden thought the morality and language of Beaumont and Fletcher somewhat too strong for his own age:—Dryden's squeamishness, to be sure, is edifying enough, when we call to mind his own gross alteration of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida." Etheredge was somewhat stronger than Wycherley, and Wycherley ruder than Congreve. But I find in all this refining upon terms and suggestions, that the principle itself had undergone very slight change. The body was still there, the fashion of the dress only was modernised. The earlier dramatists certainly made no compromise with terms,—possibly they had none to make;—they called "a spade a spade;" and consequently there is no misunderstanding their meaning. Even the two successors to Congreve, who form the subject of the present Essay, gave themselves the licence of considerable outspeaking freedom, but their tone of conventional morality, as regards the sexual contract, was certainly subdued, if not altogether changed. The daring lawlessness of the previous age was mitigated by the mild censorship and even milder example of Addison and Steele, and their school. Since the days of those eminent men, the language of society has run into fastidiousness; for certainly, in many unobjectionable and even pure essays in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, terms are used that one would hesitate to read aloud in a mixed society of the present day. All this refinement is laudable where it becomes a recognised principle, and is acted upon with conscience and consistency; hateful only when it serves as a stalking-horse for cant and hypocrisy. They can have but an unsteady principle, and but a ricketty consistency, who shall denounce dramatic reading, on the score of its immorality, and yet shall tolerate some modern novels, which are legitimate and pure in dialect only:—but what shall we say of that mortal who to the world shall anathematise dramatic lectures, dramatic readings, and theatrical representations; and yet will have a play read to an assembled party in his own house? Well may Molière make Mons. Tartuffe say:—"Ce n'est pas pécher, que pécher en silence."

Sir John Vanburgh, or Vanbrugh (for his name has been spelt both ways), is said to have descended from Dutch, or Netherland ancestors; but whether he was born in England or in France has been a question of biographical controversy. On the one hand, his birth-place is said to have been Chester, because his father resided there some time; and on the other, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" has endeavoured to prove, from a passage in one of his letters (which may be taken in an equivocal sense), that he was born *in the Bastille!*

As however there is no necessity at this juncture to sift the question of his "birth, parentage, and education; life, death, and behaviour;" but the products of his literary talent and genius, I refer all curious tendencies in the former direction to the biographies of him that have been alluded to.

Vanburgh, like Wycherley, finished his education in France; and upon his return home entered the army as an ensign. During the period of his military service, it appears that he sketched the plots of his two comedies, "The Provoked Wife," and "The Relapse." The latter was first finished, and was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, where it was completely successful: and "The Provoked Wife" made its first appearance during the following year at the Duke's Theatre (as it was called) in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and with equal, if not increased approbation. "The Relapse" is a delightful play to read; its spirit is sustained without effort to the end; and although the characters are somewhat farcical, yet are they more so than many an anomaly we all and each of us meet in every day life? Lord Foppington, for instance, is a delicious coxcomb; but that man must be deaf, blind and insensible, who cannot in his own experience verify a Lord Foppington in absurdity, conceit, and stolid selfishness. This character is perhaps a reflex of the Sir Fopling Flutter of Etheredge; more so however in the externals than in the inner structure of the specimen. All fops, at first sight, appear alike,—like sheep, soldiers, and Turks. Hazlitt, with his fine tact, has truly discriminated the two characters — Foppington and Fopling Flutter.

"Upon the whole (he says), Sir Fopling is the more natural grotesque of the two. His soul is more in his dress; he is a more disinterested coxcomb. With Sir Fopling, I should say, dress was his religion;—with Lord Foppington it was his profession." Hazlitt continues:—

> The lord is an ostentatious, strutting, vain-glorious blockhead; the knight (Sir Fopling) is an unaffected, self-complacent serious admirer of his equipage and person. For instance, what they severally say on the subject of contemplating themselves in the glass is a proof of this. Sir Fopling thinks a looking-glass in the room "the best company in the world," it is another self to him. [And what an admirable piece of unconscious wit is that!] Lord Foppington merely considers the glass as necessary to adjust his appearance, that he may make a figure in company. The finery of the one (Foppington) has an imposing air of grandeur about it, and is studied for effect; the other (Fopling) is really in love with a laced suit, and is hand-and-glove with the newest-cut fashion. He really thinks his tailor or peruke-maker the greatest man in the world, while the lord treats them familiarly as necessary appendages of his person. Still, this coxcomb nobleman's effeminacy and mock-heroic vanity are admirably depicted, and held up to unrivalled ridicule; and his courtship of Miss Hoyden is excellent in all its stages, and ends oracularly.

His last speech, in which he resigns the lady to his brother Tom, who has out-diplomatised him, in revenge for his unbrotherly desertion of him in his necessity, is a choice specimen of self-sufficiency and coxcombry, and is a vivid and accurate reflection of the class of character to which he belongs. He says:—

> Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront.

Then, turning to his brother—

> Dear Tom, since things are thus fallen out, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb. You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality—stap my vitals!

The inanity of the character, certainly, is sustained throughout with an unflagging wing. His conversation with Amanda upon her country life, and literary relaxation, is rich, verging upon the caricature, and yet I could quote a living counterpart.

> *Lord Fop.* For Gad's sake, Madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long under the fatigue of a country life?
>
> *Amanda.* My life has been very far from that, my lord; it has been a very quiet one.
>
> *Fop.* Why, that's the fatigue I speak of, Madam. For 'tis impossible to be quiet without thinking; now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.
>
> *Aman.* Does not your lordship love reading, then?
>
> *Fop.* Oh! passionately, Madam; but I nevar think when I read.

Aman. Why, can your lordship read without thinking ?

Fop. O Lard !—Can your ladyship pray without devotion ?

Aman. Well, I must own, I think books the best entertainment in the world.

Fop. I am so much of your ladyship's mind, Madam, that I have a private gallery, where I walk sometimes, furnished with nothing but books and looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded 'em and ranged 'em so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world to walk and look upon 'em.

An observation that passes upon this poor fool, between Amanda and her husband, assumes an air of philosophical benevolence, by its sympathy and dramatic contrast. She says, "It moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass." Loveless, her husband, replies, "No; there you are wrong, Amanda, you should never bestow your pity on those who take pains for your contempt. Pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature." "Besides," rejoins her cousin, Berinthia, "the town would be robbed of one of its chiefest diversions, if it should become a crime to laugh at a fool."

Miss Hoyden, the rich country heiress, is a strapping sample of boisterous nature; too much of a family resemblance, perhaps, to Miss Prue, in Congreve's "Love for Love," and not very distant in consanguinity from Wycherley's "Country Wife." Hoyden, however, is a fine, primitive piece of mother earth—buxom, bouncing, joyous, and good-tempered. Her father, Sir Tunbelly (who is one of Squire Western's genus), keeps her in seclusion; she therefore thinks of nothing else but scaling the walls, and "skyming" off with a husband. Her first introduction to our notice is an excellent dash of stage effect. When her lover, Tom Fashion, comes down to the family mansion to court her, her father, not having been apprised of his visit, roars out, "Let loose the greyhound, and lock up Hoyden!" It is also quite true to nature that a wild and ignorant country girl should prefer wealth and finery to mere personal accomplishments; she therefore transfers herself with ludicrous facility from Tom to his brother, the lord, with his fine house and furniture, coaches and horses. Both Congreve and Vanburgh have most humourously preserved the rebellious instinct in the two characters. When Miss Prue is becoming restive, and, to borrow the coachman's metaphor, has "kicked over the trace," her nurse, who is her keeper, threatens her with the rod. Her answer is, "Fiddle of a rod! I'll have a husband!" Hoyden, too, with the same headstrong purpose, declares, "It's well they've got me a husband; or, ecod, I'd marry the baker."

In the characters of Loveless, and his wife Amanda, who visit

London after a residence in the country, Vanburgh has, to an extent, redeemed the married female from a charge of opprobrium that had long been heaped upon the class by his predecessors. Amanda is good, and good from principle. She is not a dragon of virtue, but unostentatiously correct, and unconquerable when most severely assailed. Loveless unequivocally loves, and even worships his wife; but having formerly been a libertine, a revisit to the scenes of his licentiousness brings back upon him the full tide of his early habits and recollections: hence the title of the play—"The Relapse;" and this was the simple inference that Vanburgh intended to draw. It is wise, even in the strongest minded, not to dabble with temptation.

Berinthia, the cousin of Amanda, and who intrigues with her husband, is a clever, but heartless character. Her intrigue is of the worst complexion, because it arises from mere personal vanity, and trumpery love of conquest—no matter at whose expense, or at the destruction of whose peace of mind.

"The Provoked Wife," to my own feelings and taste, is a nauseous production. Sir John Brute, the chief person, is a monster-curiosity, and fit only for a museum. There are anomalies in the world, it is true, and Sir John Brute is one: he is an awful hog. His wife is a natural character, and tells her own tale clearly and well. The other characters, Belinda (her niece), Constant, Heartfree, and Lady Fanciful, are little better than common stock from the dramatic warehouse. The play is considerably licentious, and yet the spirit of its moral is less revolting, from the tone of unselfishness and an unconsciously developed tone of justice towards the party against whom the question is always begged, a frankness and liberality of sentiment that one may look for in vain in the heartless and passionless intrigueries of Congreve. The whole story of "The Provoked Wife" is demonstrated in the first page of the first scene, and a hopeful development it is! The Brute, Sir John, is discovered alone. "What cloying meat is love, when matrimony is the sauce to it! Two years' marriage has debauched my five senses. Everything I see, everything I hear, everything I feel, everything I smell, and everything I taste, methinks has 'wife' in it. No boy was ever so weary of his tutor, no girl of her bib, no nun of doing penance, as I am of being married. Sure, there is a secret curse entailed upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one thing I loathe on earth beyond her—that is fighting. Would my courage came up to but a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, though even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes—Ugh!"

[ENTER *Lady Brute.*]

Lady Brute. Do you dine at home, to-day, Sir John?

Sir John. Why do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself?

Lady B. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir J. If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justified in most things they say or do.

Lady B. I'm sorry I've said anything to displease you.

Sir J. Sorrow for things past is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady B. My inquiry was only that I might have provided what you liked.

Sir J. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I liked yesterday I don't like to-day; and what I like to-day 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

Lady B. But if I had asked you what you liked?

Sir J. Why, then, there would be more asking about it than the thing is worth.

Lady B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir J. Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

Lady B. Whate'er my talent is, I am sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir J. If women were to have their wills, the world would be finely governed.

Lady B. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise. You married me for love.

Sir J. And you me for money. So, you have your reward, and I have mine.

Lady B. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir J. A parson.

Lady B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir J. He has married me! [*Exit.*]

And now for the moral in the play. When he is gone Lady Brute says: "The devil's in the fellow, I think! I was told before I married him that thus 'twould be; but I thought I had charms enough to govern him, and that where *there was an estate* a woman must needs be happy; so my vanity has deceived me, and my ambition has made me uneasy. But there's some comfort still; if one would be revenged of him, there are good times; a woman may have a gallant, and a separate maintenance, too. The surly puppy! Yet he's a fool for't: for hitherto he has been no monster; but who knows how far he may provoke me? *I never loved him*, yet I have been ever true to him; and that in spite of all the attacks of art and nature upon a poor weak woman's heart in favour of an 'assiduous' lover."

Vanburgh paid a courtesy to the female sex in making Sir John Brute, the tyrant, and ill-user of his wife, a coward; and in the winding up of the plot justice is amply administered in his not having the courage to challenge Constant, whom he believes to have been seducing his wife from her allegiance. Constant of course vindicates Lady Brute, and offers her husband the fashionable restitution; which he declines, and leaves the scene.

"The Confederacy" is considered the most entertaining of Vanburgh's comedies, on account of its bustle, quick-shifting scenes, and trickery, cheatery, and swindling. A more hopeless crew of unprincipled riff-raff surely never were assembled in any single list of *dramatis personæ.* Not one individual has the least claim upon our respect, nor is it looked for or required; not one even upon our interest, beyond the amusement of watching their escapes from their rascally slip-shod contrivances; and, really, these are sustained with considerable humour. First, there are the two old usurers, Gripe and Money-trap—fellows who can dare, forsooth, to fall in love with each other's wives; their wives, Clarissa and Araminta, remorseless spendthrifts, who turn the folly of their liege lords to ample account. Then there is Dick Amlet, the hero of the play, and who being the offspring of a vendor of false hair, false teeth, cosmetics, &c., &c., is ashamed of, and disclaims his mother, and passes himself off for a colonel to Corinna, an heiress, and daughter of old Gripe. Amlet and his servant and brother adventurer, Brass, with Flippanta, the maid servant, are the active people in the piece. There is no decided originality in any of these characters, but they are all exceedingly clever refusions of foregone materials. There is one look in the character of Corinna that again reminds us of Miss Prue, also of Hoyden; and these are reflections of Peggy, or Mrs. Pinchwife, in Wycherley's "Country Wife." To use a slang phrase, she is not such an "out-and-outer" as Peggy, or Miss Prue; and she is more calculating than, and consequently not so primitive as, Hoyden; neither is she so hearty and good-tempered.

Hazlitt says, the two usurers' wives "keep up the ball between them; for their conversation is like that of kept mistresses." It is so; and hence the correct judgment of the author; for they *are* "kept mistresses," in principle, who have had the benefit of the marriage service. The whole comedy, indeed, is a master-piece of contrivance, spirit, and effrontery. Of all the actors in our day, Wrench would have been the man to have played Dick Amlet. No man could better personate a Brummagem gentleman than Wrench. The cool, solid stare with which he would propose a swindle to a man's face, as if it were a casual remark about the weather, and his intrepidity when detected, as though he had committed a misapprehension, or at most a blunder, could scarcely have been surpassed. With what ruthless and unfilial villany would he have stolen the diamond necklace from his mother's strong box; her son never comes near her but when he has not a farthing in the world; and when he wanted money, would have gone on his knee to receive her blessing. Every scene is admirable of its kind, and infinitely amusing. The most skilful scenes in the play, both for their contrivance and the writing, are those between Flippanta, the servant, and Money-trap, and Brass, and Gripe, wherein they extort money from them to support the exigencies of each friend's wife, with whom they are intriguing: also the scene between Gripe and Brass, who is detected in endeavouring to sell the necklace that Clarissa had pawned to Amlet's mother, and which Dick had stolen. But my own favourite scene is the one between Amlet and his accomplice, Brass, in Gripe's house; where, as soon as the confederate finds that his master's plot is ripe, that is, to marry him to the usurer's daughter, he turns round on him, and begins to make his own conditions for the services he himself has performed. At the least hint of shuffling or evasion from Amlet, he threatens to blow up his scheme; and makes his terms by talking loud, so that the whole house may hear him. This is the scene. After the company have left the room, Dick Amlet, with filial reverence observes: "I wish my old hobbling mother haven't been blabbing here something she shouldn't do." [He is alarmed lest she should have owned him to the Gripes for her son.]

Brass. Fear nothing, all's safe on that side yet. But how speaks young mistress's epistle? Soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So, you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't!

Brass. Why then—ceremony aside. [Putting on his hat.] You and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah, Brass, what are you going to do? Wo't ruin me?

Brass. Look'ee, Dick, few words: you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass betwixt you and me in this business?

Dick. Death and furies! What a time dost take to talk on't!

Brass. Good words, or I betray you:—They have already heard of *one Mr. Amlet* in the house.

Dick. [Aside.] Here's a son of a Devil!

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true: your footman sometimes, which I am enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess. When we were schoolfellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-prentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins, too, you still kept me under. . . . . Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for once upon a time when I was sentenced to be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine: however, I cannot consent that you should at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in the humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark'ee Brass; if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ay, the plague take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know 'em; others we mistrust, because we do know them; and for *one* of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand: if not [raising his voice] look ye, Dick Amlet—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion! [Aside.] The dog will ruin me. Say, what is't will content thee?

Brass. Oh, ho!

Dick. But how cans't thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So now thou art satisfied; all is fixed.

Brass. It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah! you Jew!

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. [Raising his voice.] Dick Amlet, I insist.

Dick. [Aside.] Ah! the cormorant! well, 'tis thine: thou'lt never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding suit.

Dick. Well!

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brass. Not yet—a silver-hilted sword.

Dick. Well, thou shalt have that too. Now thou hast everything.

Brass. Heaven forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance. I wouldn't forget all these favours for the world: a sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. [Aside.] The unconscionable rogue! Well—I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all—

Brass. I'm a man of honour, and restore; and so, the treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [Takes off his hat.]

"The Journey to London" was left unfinished by Vanburgh, and completed (almost indeed rewritten) by Colley Cibber, and produced, as it has always been performed, under the title of "The Provoked Husband." Colley Cibber's free and unmannered style harmonised well with Vanburgh's no-style. Cibber also altered the names of the *dramatis personæ.* Lord Townly was originally Lord Loverule; and Sir Francis Headpiece is now Sir Francis Wronghead.

With regard to the mechanism of writing, in the ordinary term of style, Vanburgh holds no rank among our authors. He evidently had no care about the structure of his language, and it is frequently inelegant—even at times false. His *forte* lay in a constant flow of mirth, good humour, invention of situation, and humourous painting. Hazlitt says: "He was more like Molière in genius than Wycherley, who professedly imitated him;" but, with all deference to our admirable critic, and whom I do "delight to honour," Vanburgh appears to me to stand at a long remove from Molière. In the first place, he did not possess the polished wit of that fine spirit; he does not throw himself into that reckless abandonment of the ludicrous, running into rich caricature, and tom-foolery. No one knew better than Molière where to draw the extreme verge of farce-humour. Vanburgh is also inferior to him in polish of style; and Molière was imbued with a finer sentiment and taste; with sentiment, indeed, Vanburgh makes but tame work: he is only good when he is in action, and about some piece of roguery. He conjures up difficulties of situation, that he may display his ingenuity in rescuing his characters from their perplexity. There is very little mosaic-work, either in his plots, or in his characters; and consequently both have an air of freedom and of nature: for in the one the situations are frequently sudden and unpremeditated; and the others blurt out their peculiarities as if by an accidental impulse of the mind: in short, he had more nature than art; and although it may be said that Congreve had more art than nature, it is paying no slight compliment to that art in him, when we reflect upon the masterly development in some of his characters; which are so many demonstrations of psychological anatomy. Vanburgh possessed a thorough feeling for dramatic situation; it was his element, and he sported in it, "dolphin-like." He seizes in a moment a point from certain positions of his characters, and turns it to rich advantage. Vanburgh is all *movement;* Congreve is all mechanical elegance and complication; the one (Vanburgh) is not deeply concerned about the means and contrivance of his situations, provided the ends be attained; the other (Congreve) appears to make the end a minor consideration, provided the means be artistically worked out and displayed. To Vanburgh we turn for animal spirits; to Congreve for polished wit, and shrewd analysis of character, with a barrister-like keenness in exposing the ugly tendencies and motives of human nature, rather than its worthy and noble aspirations.

To recur, for a minute, to the subject with which the present essay was commenced, viz., the "indecency" in the dramatic writings of this period; it is amusing to notice the unconsciousness of the authors, and of society in general, as to the tendency and effect of the terms and suggestions with which their productions teem; when we find Vanburgh, for instance, replying to the charge made against him (whether he did so from simplicity, or impudence, it is difficult to say), that he really was *not aware* of the indecencies imputed to him, and that he could very well fancy a virtuous woman laying his "plays by the side of her Bible!" and when we find a staid religious man like Earle, the Bishop of Salisbury, writing verses on the death of Beaumont, and complimenting both him and Fletcher on their "total freedom from indecency," we are positively mystified. Leigh Hunt, in an edition of the plays of Wycherley and Congreve, Vanburgh and Farquhar, evidently consigns over Vanburgh upon the charge above named: with amusing inconsistency, however, he begs the question in favour of his brethren, the *poets* (Beaumont and Fletcher), and says that it was "the beautifying effect of poetry on their minds that they abstained from lavishing this species of intensity on the public." What that public appetite must have been, if the "beautifying effect of poetry" mitigated the tendencies of the twin dramatists, it were scarcely possible to imagine; but surely Leigh Hunt would not maintain that Vanburgh is so gross, either in his plots, his language, terms, or suggestions, as Beaumont and Fletcher. I mean not to extenuate, and certainly not to promote, indecency; but we may well consider with lenity the habits and manners of that age, when the probability is apparent that our successors will be equally restrictive with regard to some of the finest efforts of the imagination of our own day.

So little is known of the biography of Vanburgh, that we have no record of the source whence he studied the science of architecture, and in which he attained to such eminence that he was one of the most esteemed artists of his day. It is said that his adherence to the Whig party in politics occasioned his being engaged to build the mansion at Blenheim. This circumstance, too, accounts for the ridicule and lampoonery with which he was assailed by the then out-of-place party. Swift, with his merciless contempt, talks of his "mouse-trap and goose-pie houses;" he describes people looking about Whitehall for his house, and—

At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.

And Evans's epitaph upon him, which we all remember, and which will stick like birdlime to his memory, was the heaviest blow levelled at his taste and judgment in design :—

Under this stone, reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanburgh's house of clay :
Lie heavy on him, earth ! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee.

In the teeth of these critics, however, I would suggest that the architect of Blenheim and Castle Howard was no despicable archi-*poet*; and, moreover, that some originality, with genius, are displayed in the several designs of St. John's, Westminster (although it has been likened to an elephant on its back); in that of St. Mary Woolnoth's by the old Post Office; the principal church at Greenwich, and that at Limehouse. There is a solemnity of character in them all, I grant, which may be construed into heaviness; but there is a bold and massive feature in the details of the eastern ends of those elevations that impresses me with respect for his taste and invention; and at all events, if they do not rank in the highest grade of design, they claim the merit of not being the nine-hundredth servile copies of the Parthenon, the Temple of the Winds, and of Neptune, &c. I have the less hesitation in giving my uneducated opinion upon a question of this nature, from having once had the pleasure of being confirmed in it by Charles Lamb, who spoke of Vanburgh's church designs with much respect; and Lamb had a fine judgment, and a poetical discrimination in all works of art.

In short, that man was no ordinary genius who should construct the noblest mansions and write the most popular dramas of his day —either one being a work of high achievement.

We are now to talk of the fine and noble-minded, and, in every sense, the honourable Farquhar—one in the shining list of geniuses that adorns the biographical page of the sister kingdom. Farquhar was born in Londonderry in 1678, and he finished his education in

Trinity College, Dublin. His first essay in life was in the profession of an actor, but neither his voice nor his self-assurance favouring him, he was presented by Lord Orrery with a commission in his own regiment. It is somewhat remarkable that four of the dramatists who have been included in the present series of essays should all have been military men: Steele, Wycherley, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, were all captains.

To Wilks, the actor, the world is indebted for some of the gayest and most delightful comedies in the language; for he never ceased urging his friend Farquhar to turn his attention to that class of writing, till he produced his first play of "Love and a Bottle," and that was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, successfully, in 1698; consequently, the author was under twenty years of age when he wrote it. The play opens with all the characteristic vivacity of an Irishman, and a young Irishman. Roebuck, the hero, announces that he has not one farthing in his pocket:—"If I have one penny to buy a halter withal in my present necessity, may I be hanged; though I am reduced to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very soon, if robbery or theft will purchase the gallows. But hold—can't I rob honourably by turning soldier?" Here a crippled soldier begs of him, of whom he inquires how long he bore arms. "Five years, an't please you, sir."

> *Roebuck.* And how long has that honourable crutch borne you?
>
> *Cripple.* Fifteen, sir.
>
> *Roe.* Very pretty! Five years a soldier and fifteen a beggar. . . . Thy condition, fellow, is preferable to mine. The merciful bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful country, has given thee a debenture in thy broken leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful maintenance than I from all my limbs in perfection. Pr'ythee, friend, why wouldst thou beg of me? Dost think I am rich?
>
> *Crip.* No, sir; and therefore I believe you charitable. Your warm fellows are so much above the sense of our misery, that they can't pity us.

The truth and the sarcasm in that last speech are well paired; and it is the writing of a young as well as charitable heart.

"The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee," was his next piece in succession; and the sequel to it, "Sir Harry Wildair" (its title being named after the hero of the former play), followed the "Constant Couple." The character of Wildair appears to me to be one of the most naturally buoyant pieces of delineation that ever was written—buoyant without inanity; reckless, wanton, careless, irrepressibly vivacious and outpouring, without being obstreperous and oppressive, and all the while totally free from a tinge of vulgarity in the composition.

Farquhar's gentlemen are Irish gentlemen—frank, generous, eloquent, witty, and with a cordial word of gallantry always at command. Wildair, though an extreme specimen of a man of fashion and gallantry, is nevertheless a thoroughly *manly* man. Moreover, although his career is marked by a breathless course of intrigue and libertinism, one does not feel that sense of disgust, as at some other heroes of the same class; and the reason of this is, that he is not wholly selfish in his pleasures; neither does he insist upon them at the exclusive expense and detriment of another; but it has just been said that Farquhar's gentlemen *are* gentlemen, and this conduct is the distinguishing characteristic of the order.

The scenes between Wildair and Angelica in the "Constant Couple," before their marriage, give one an extraordinary insight into the manners of that age; and still more extraordinary is the connection between her and her mother, Lady Darling, who is avowedly a disreputable person.

Colonel Standard, who figures in both plays, is a specimen of a generous, straightforward, unsuspicious soldier; but the woman he marries in the second play (Lady Lurewell), is truly a revolting piece of humanity—monstrous, if it ever did exist. She is a sort of counterpart to Olivia in Wycherley's "Plain Dealer," yet not steeped in such an in-grain dye of diabolism; for Olivia's wickedness is so splay-footed and hideous, as to be all but laughable. Lady Lurewell is not without a motive for her revenge. She seeks to abuse and betray *every* man who comes within her orbit, because *one* man acted dishonestly by her. Justice, however, is vindicated in the sequel: "She soweth the wind, and she reapeth the whirlwind."

There is a remarkably fine scene between her and Wildair, whose married happiness she seeks to poison by telling him of his wife's infidelities before her marriage, while he, knowing her envious motive, tantalises her, and at length stops his ears. This scene appears to me a reflex of Farquhar's own generous disposition; for, in writing, as in personal intercourse, the real disposition will betray itself—even hypocrisy, although Milton says it will deceive even the angels, and is seen only by the Omnipotent. Farquhar's was an open and demonstrative nature; he "wore his heart upon his sleeve," and the "daws pecked at it." The scene alluded to is the second in the fourth act of "Sir Harry Wildair," and would be, perhaps, thought somewhat long to quote. Hazlitt goes so far as to say that "it is not surpassed in modern comedy," in which "methinks the 'critic' doth profess too much."

"The Inconstant, or the Way to Win Him," was Farquhar's next comedy; and although founded upon Fletcher's "Wild Goose Chase," yet all that is Farquhar's own is a decided improvement upon former productions.

The scene in the infamous house of Lamorce (and there are few representations on the stage that make a more powerful appeal to the feelings) is said to be the picture of an actual event that occurred in Paris.

The character of young Mirabel, the hero, is, I think, the least estimable of Farquhar's gallants. He is not so gay and airy a man as Wildair; and certainly is not the man in whom to place the least confidence; for he is an utterly selfish as well as an insolent rake. Wildair's sensuality appears rather the result of uncontrollable animal spirits and thoughtlessness, than of unfeeling calculation for his own enjoyment. Neither of the characters, indeed, is a hypocrite; there is a lawless defiance of moral and *reciprocal* justice in both men; but Mirabel is the more insolent, and is scarcely to be surpassed for coarse and threadbare selfishness: he woos, and will accept Oriana upon any terms but those of making her his lawful wife; while she is mean enough repeatedly to endure the gross irresponsibility of his proposals; and at the last he only marries her because, in the disguise of his page, she rescues him from being murdered by the ruffians in the house of Lamorce. A keener satire upon the principles of the mere libertine it were difficult to quote. Wildair, moreover, is always the well-bred man; his raileries and his sarcasms are as polished as they are keen and well-tempered. Mirabel's wit-encounters with his mistress are rude, and not untinctured with malice. To my own feeling, his whole character is so disagreeable, that I never heartily rejoice in his escape from the bravoes; I think he should have been a *little* stabbed.

The companion of Mirabel, Duretête, is an original, and, to a certain extent, a natural creation; so modest, or rather so awkward and shame-faced, that he cannot encounter a woman; and yet, like all such bashful persons, will utter the boldest impudences; as your cowards, from surprise and want of self-possession, rush into acts of bravery. The scene in which his mistress, Bizarre, revenges herself upon him for an ungallant speech against the sex, that she has overheard, by making him dance against *his* will to please *her*, is an amusing and overcharged piece of eccentricity, and, if performed with spirit, always tells well upon the stage. Her speech to him, in the triumph of conquest, is characteristic of the woman, but at the same time it has a smack of the dragoon in it. The offensive words she had overheard were addressed to Mirabel: "Marry! No, no, I'm a man of more honour!" After fooling him then to the top of his bent, and to her own satisfaction, she says:

> Sit down, Sir. And now tell me what's your business with me: what's your errand? Quick! quick! despatch! Odso, it may be you are some gentleman's servant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison—
>
> *Duretête.* 'Sdeath, Madam! do I look like a carrier? I came to wait on you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.
>
> *Bizarre.* Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, howe'er your expressions may turn it to a compliment: your visit, Sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot—"*Marry! No, no, I'm a man of more honour!*" Where's your honour, where's your courage now? Ads my life, Sir, I've a great mind to kick you! Go! go to your fellow rake now; rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon; but I must have you to know, Sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel; my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest; and, for the rest, let them talk what they will; for, when I please, I'll be *what* I please, in spite of you and all mankind; and so, my dear "man of *honour*," if you be tired, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you!

These two people, after the scene just quoted, marry! Both Oriana and her friend Bizarre, however, are samples of the headstrong wilfulness of women in driving on to their purpose, where they have fixed their inclinations, even "through ill report" and revolting obstacles. Oriana's answer to her brother Dugard's advice, to beware of Mirabel, on account of his licentious principles, is but the counterpart of a speech that I knew made to a parent under similar circumstances of worldly advantage:—"You may make what inquiries you like about him; but if he turn out to be Jack Ketch, I'll have him!"

The whole play of the "Inconstant" is varied, and well sustained, with scenes of amusing and exciting interest. There are the disguises of the lovers to outwit each other; the scenes between Bizarre and Duretête; and that laughable one in which young Mirabel thrashes his father, who has disguised himself as a Spaniard, is one of the pleasantest:—

> Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? [Thwacks him.] That a person three score and three would run about in a fool's coat to disgrace himself and family. [Thwacks him.] Why, you impudent villain, do you think I'll suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, [Thwacks him] my worthy father, [Thwacks him] my *dear* father! [Thwacks him infernally.] 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to my *grand*-father this minute.

As a farther instance of the free manners and disregard of appearances in the characters that moved in good society during the age of Farquhar, it were sufficient simply to allude to what would now be an outrage of all propriety in management. At the close of the play, among the chief persons who compose what is called the "Tableau," the author has introduced the atrocious woman, Lamorce, the suborner of murder, the companion of the bravoes, merely that Mr. Mirabel may draw a flourishing comparison and a moral from her conduct and that of the lady on whom he is so condescendingly about to bestow his hand!

"The Recruiting Officer" was written while the author was on a recruiting expedition in Shropshire. The scene is laid in that county, and the principal characters were all recognised at the time as dwellers round the Wrekin. It is a sprightly production, with no zealous pretension to merit, either in plot, character, or dialogue; and with as little to either delicacy of situation or language. The opening scene, with the sergeant (Kite) surrounded by the gazing bumpkins, who, with all their pretensions to shrewdness, are as ignorant as waggon-horses, gives a cheerful promise of a fair harvest of out-door hilarity and good humour. The humbugging of the half-witted clowns by the kidnapping sergeant, who a few years before was himself a grinning clod-hopper, with the talky-talk about glory, and loyalty, and patriotism, reminds one of the scene in that admirable novel of "Barnaby Rudge," and possibly this may have given the hint to Charles Dickens, whose recruiting officer is describing a military life, and, among other undeniable temptations, assures his audience that—

> It was all drinking, except there were frequent intervals of eating and love-making. A battle was the finest thing in the world—when your side won it—and Englishmen always did that. "Supposing you should be killed, Sir?" said a timid voice in one corner. "Well, Sir, supposing you should be," said the sergeant, "What then? Your country loves you, Sir; His Majesty King George III. loves you; your memory is honoured, revered, respected; everybody's *fond* of you, and grateful to you; your name's wrote down at full length in a great book in the War Office. We must all die, gentlemen, some time or another—eh?" The timid voice *coughed*, and said no more.

Farquhar's play opens with a scene of Shrewsbury market, and Sergeant Kite delivering his oration to the mob in these florid terms:—

> If any gentlemen soldiers or others have a mind to serve Her Majesty, and pull down the French King: if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife; let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of "The Raven" in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour. Besides, I don't beat up for *common* soldiers; no, I enlist only Grenadiers, gentlemen.

Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap. This is the cap of honour; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high, was born to be a great man. [To *Coster Pearmain.*] Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap on your head?

Pear. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Pear. Are you sure there's no conjuration in't? No gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Pear. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [Going to put it on.] It smells woundily of brimstone. Pray, Sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the bed of honour.

Pear. Pray, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! Bigger by half than the great bed of Ware. Ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Pear. My wife and I would do well to lie in it. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! Ay, so sound, that they never wake.

Pear. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? then I find, brother—

Pear. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet Look'ee, Sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling d'ye see: if I've a mind to list, why so; if not; why, 'tis not so: therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I an't disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no bothering me, faith.

Then there's Tummas Appletree's gawky exclamation when they are shown the picture upon the gold coin:—

The wonderful works of natur'! But what's this written about? Here's a posy, I believe; Ca-ro-lus. What's that Sergeant?

Kite. Oh, Carolus! Why Carolus is Latin for Queen Anne—that's all.

Leigh Hunt pronounces the "Recruiting Officer" to be one of the "*very* best of Farquhar's plays. In everything connected with it," he says, "he was fortunate; for he went only upon grounds of truth and observation, and his own impulses." The "impulses" of his own kind nature are no doubt diffused over the whole production; and these, in themselves, are sufficient to redeem it from the detractions of the critic, and the austerities of the precisian: but Mr. Hunt would scarcely place it upon a level with the "Inconstant," or the "Beaux' Stratagem," whether for plot, character, or writing. Silvia, the heroine's womanly solicitude for the protection of the peasant girl Rose, is excessively touching and beautiful; although not demonstrated according to the principles of modern propriety; nevertheless, her motives and her conduct are natural, and lovely too, as indeed are all the *kind* impulses of nature.

"The Beaux' Stratagem" was the last and crowning act of poor Farquhar's life. He died in his *thirtieth* year, and while the piece was being rehearsed for representation. It was fortunate for his fame, in every view, that his expiring effort should have proved, in all its points, his most successful one; for the "Beaux' Stratagem" has retained possession of the stage to the present day, and it is always attractive when there is a company of performers worthy to sustain its delightful variety of characters. That of Archer, the hero of the piece, is a refined version of the author's former gallants. He is gay, without boisterousness, rallying and impudent, without a tinge of coarseness; and, that which is best of all, his love-making and his intrigues have no participation in that absorbing indifference to others that distinguish the gallants of his immediate predecessors, and even of his own contemporaries. In alluding so frequently to this feature in the dramas of that period, it is almost impossible to corroborate my opinion by illustration, on account of the present aspect of manners and morals: those of my readers, therefore, who are familiar with this class of dramatic writing will understand and justify my position.

The characters of Sullen and Mrs. Sullen have partly their originals in Sir John and Lady Brute, in Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife;" but they are sterling refusions of their prototypes. Sir John Brute is a sample of unmitigated bestiality, such as must have been a monster in any age; whereas, many of us could verify counterparts to Sullen: at the same time, the fellow does maintain *some* terms of decency with his wife—although scarcely enough to swear by. He is a sodden sot, and hates her only because he feels that she is superior to him—and that motive is grounded in human nature. But Sullen respects the broad rules of society in his deportment towards her. He does not *beat* her; he does not outrage her—in public; he is *only* "Sullen," and goes to bed drunk every night; he is even a person of etiquette, and resents a breach of its laws—where it suits his convenience to observe them. When he is reeling home, in his usual condition, Sir Charles Freeman says to him:—

> I presume you won't see your wife to-night; she'll be gone to bed. You don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?
>
> *Sul.* What! not lie with my wife! Why, do you take me for an *atheist?*
>
> *Sir Chas.* If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lie from her.
>
> *Sul.* I think so too, friend; but I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the *law.*

Sir John Brute would torment his wife from mere active malignity: Sullen is more passive—even stupid in his hatred. He jumps at the proposal for a separation; but he will not restore her own fortune. "Fortune! why, I have no quarrel at her *fortune;* I only hate the woman, and none but the woman shall go." Finer gentlemen than Squire Sullen have, in our own day, deserted their wives, and retained their wives' fortunes.

Mrs. Sullen advances no common claims upon our sympathy. She is not a fancy character, got up to create a sensation, and establish a false principle in ethics: she is a natural, warm-hearted, and kind-natured woman, who made a fatal mistake (for her own peace) in the man she married. Her only fault was (and she paid dearly for it) that she did not marry for *love*, but because her husband's fortune would match well with her own. The best feature in Mrs. Sullen's character is, that she is transparent: her husband's sulkiness and silence have made her proportionately unreserved and confiding. The intercourse between her and her sister-in-law, Dorinda, is charming, by reason of its mutual trustingness and sincerity. Her honest and affectionate confession, when Dorinda (who knows her temperament, and unfortunate position with her husband) gently warns her against herself on account of the impression that Archer has produced on her mind, is almost pathetic from the circumstance of that very position. She says:—

> You mistake me, sister. It happens with us, as among men; the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards; and there's a reason for it: those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course. Though, to confess the truth, I do love that fellow—yet, lookee sister, I have no supernatural gifts; I can't *swear* I could resist the temptation; though I can safely *promise* to *avoid* it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

Her description of her brute coming home is celebrated, and it is one of the best passages in the play. She says:—

> O, sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot; one that's always *musing* but never *thinks*. There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see, but take this by the way. He came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces. After his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap. O matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed; and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose! Oh the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!

Scrub, the servant, is a favourite character in this play; a choice compound of half sense, shrewdness, and wakefulness to his own little interests. His surmise regarding the profession of Aimwell, that his mistresses have commissioned him to discover, is a happy illustration of folly and conceit. He says :—

> Some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank, some say one thing, some another ; but for my own part, *I* believe he's a Jesuit.
>
> *Dorinda.* A Jesuit ! Why a Jesuit ?
>
> *Scrub.* Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French.
>
> *Mrs. Sul.* His footman !
>
> *Scrub.* Ay, he and the Count's footman were jabbering French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond : and I believe *they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.*

This is the famous passage that is instanced to show Farquhar's knowledge of vulgar nature.

Little Cherry, the innkeeper's daughter, is also a deserved favourite in the play. In a scene of vice (for her father's hostelry is a "house of call" for highwaymen) she maintains an honest heart. Her quickness in discovering the real condition of Archer (who personates the footman to his companion, Aimwell ; and who, having flirted with her, has turned her head, so that she falls seriously in love with him) is worthy of a diplomatist. She offers him two thousand pounds (her own property) if he will marry her instantly. This step not being precisely the one Mr. Archer intended to take, he hums and haws :—

> Two thousand pounds, you say ?—h'm !
>
> *Cherry.* And better. [*He pauses.*] Then you won't marry me ?
>
> *Arch.* I—a—*would* marry you—but——
>
> *Cherry.* O, sweet sir, I'm your humble servant ; you're fairly caught ! Would you persuade me that any gentleman who could bear the scandal of wearing a livery would refuse two thousand pounds ? No, no, no, Sir. But I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you.

This appears to me a clever scene to have written.

I have spoken of the improvement with regard to the tone of gallantry in this play ; I mean, in the parties having some consideration for others at the time they are making their own arrangements. This, the only panacea for keeping society *really* moral and healthy, was Farquhar's recipe for his own rule of conduct. In a candid portrait of himself, which he sent to a lady, he concludes : "The greatest proof of my affection that a lady may expect, is this : I would run any hazard to make us both happy ; but would not, for any transitory pleasure, make either of us miserable."

The chief characters in the "Beaux' Stratagem" are all considerate and honourable. Archer, in the sequel, does not forget to provide for little Cherry, who would have befriended him; and Aimwell will not marry Dorinda under his assumed title, having taken that of his brother: he releases her from her contract, and states himself to be a needy man; and the whole party dry up poor Mrs. Sullen's tears. No wonder that the play has been so great a favourite; for it reads quite as well as it acts. It has life, movement, wit, humour, sweet nature, and sweet temper from beginning to end.

Farquhar's personal character appears to have been a transcript—or, perhaps, I should say the better characters in his plays seem to have been the reflexes of his own nature. He committed himself in gallantries and worldly imprudencies, but he never forfeited his own self-respect by a meanness; and he never lost the respect of his friends. The reason of this I believe to have been that he was perfectly unselfish. One circumstance connected with his marriage proves him to have been a man as delicate in honour as in forbearance. His wife (who, it is said, first fell in love with him), in order to induce him to offer her his hand, misrepresented the state of her worldly possessions and expectations. When he discovered the deception he never relaxed in his affection towards her, and never even upbraided her with one word. No wonder that such a man could represent human nature in its most attractive form—that of gentleness and generosity. His "Fellows About Town" are more distinguished by the *romance* of their adventures than by self-seeking and sordid cheatery. They can be roysterers without being mean; and the pathway to their success (whether in world-fortune or in love-fortune) does not lie over Swindle Common. There are exceptions, as have before been instanced; but in the main they may be said to triumph quite as much by their sincerity and inconsequence as by their dash and intrepidity. They surmount the obstacles and stumbling-blocks that intercept their career by the instinctive feeling that they are irresistible as assailants—manœuvre, subterfuge, and chicanery are their "forlorn hope" only when the woman's heart does not surrender at the first onset. When they attack in mask and in disguise, whether as footmen or "servants-of-all-work," no one can fail to recognise their aristocracy of nature; they are not like the gentlemen of some modern dramatists, who are only in their native element while they *are* personating lackeys, and cannot get rid of the flunkey-slough when they return to the character they pretend to.

Farquhar's heroes are doubtless sometimes sad rogues, and they have much to answer for; but we rarely hate, or even despise them. They are mostly good fellows in their "heart of hearts." They make love with earnestness, and hence the natural air of their triumphs.

Farquhar's style is exactly what it should be for a *dramatic* style—sprightly, easy, conversational, and spontaneous; indeed, I do not recall an instance of effort, or premeditation in language, throughout all his writings—I mean, of course, in any sustained scene; therefore the performers said they had the least difficulty in committing his dialogues to memory. His wit, too, flows out of, and is part and parcel of, his discourse, and not hitched in, as from a common-place book; we have no traps for jests, no trains laid to fire equivoques. In short, he was a *delightful* writer, and one to whom I should sooner recur for relaxation and entertainment—and without after-cloying and disgust—than to any of the school of which he may be said to be the last.

CHRISTMAS.

> In the desert a fountain is springing,
> In the wild waste there still is a tree.
>
> —*Byron.*
>
> Change lays not his hand upon truth.
>
> —*Swinburne.*

I.

"And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

WITH incense, and myrrh, and sweet spices,
Frankincense and sacredest oil
In ivory, chased with devices
Cut quaint and in serpentine coil;
Heads bare and held down to the bosom,
Brows massive with wisdom and bronzed,
Beards white as the white may in blossom,
And borne to the breast and beyond,
Came the Wise of the East, bending lowly
On staffs, with their garments girt round
With girdles of hair, to the Holy
Child Christ, in their sandals. The sound
Of song and thanksgiving ascended—
Deep night! Yet some shepherds afar
Heard a wail with the worshipping blended,
And they then knew the sign of the star.

II.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives."

What song sang the twelve with the Saviour
When had finished the Sacrament wine?
Were they bowed and subdued in behaviour
Or bold as made bold with a sign?
Were the hairy breasts strong and defiant?
Were the naked arms brawny and strong?
Were the bearded lips lifted reliant,
Thrust forth and full sturdy with song?

What sang they? What sweet song of Zion
With Christ in their midst like a crown?
While here sat Saint Peter, the lion;
And there, like a lamb, with head down,
Sat Saint John with his silken and raven
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes
Lifting up to the faces unshaven
Like a sensitive child's in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen swinging
Their nets full of hope to the sea?
Or low, like the ripple-wave, singing
Sea songs on their loved Galilee?
Were they sad with foreshadow of sorrows,
Like the birds that sing low when the breeze
Is tip-toe with a tale of to-morrow's;
Of earthquakes and sinking of seas?

III.

"And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

What song is well sung not of sorrow?
What triumph well won without pain?
What virtue shall be and not borrow
Bright lustre from many a stain?
What birth has there been without travail?
What battle well won without blood?
What good shall earth see without evil
Ingarnered as chaff with the good?

Lo! the Cross set in rocks by the Roman
And nourished by blood of the Lamb,
And watered by tears of the woman,
Has flourished, has spread like a palm
And put forth in the frosts, and far regions
Of snows in the North and South sands;
Where never the tramp of his legions
Was heard, or reached forth his red hands.

Be thankful: the price and the payment,
The birth, the privations and scorn
And the cross, and the parting of raiment
Are finished: the star brought us morn:
Look starward, stand far and unearthy,
Free-souled as a banner unfurled.
Be worthy, O brother! be worthy,
For a God was the price of the world.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SCIENCE IN 1871.

SCIENTIFICALLY regarded, 1871 has been an average year. There has been no brilliant achievement or discovery—nothing striking enough to lay a strong hold on popular attention. We had some banter about "psychic force," and a reinvigorated controversy upon what by common consent is called Darwinism: military engineering, from an obvious cause, made an impulsive stride, and more than ordinary attention was directed to geographical and submarine exploration. Our summary will indicate the foremost among the many unostentatious works that have been compassed or are progressing in other departments of investigation; and under all these the current of abstruse and technical research has run, as is its wont, in paths which only the few can follow, and which must be utterly dark to the multitude.

Again following the order which we gave to our remarks last year (commencing with distant celestial subjects, and passing to those relating to our solar system, then treating of matters atmospheric, terrestrial, and subterranean, and afterwards glancing at matters mechanical and utilitarian), we touch upon sideral astronomy only to note that the survey of the southern heavens is still engaging the attention of astronomers below the equator, that the observations upon the changing nebula in the constellation Argo are now regarded as doubtful, and that another small nebula in our northern skies is suspected to have a motion which would indicate that it is far nearer to our system than such bodies are usually supposed to be. From the distant realms of space three minute and hitherto unknown comets have visited us. They were respectively discovered in April, June, and November,—the first by M. Winnecke, of Carlsruhe, and the other two by M. Tempel, of Milan. Two other comets, well known to astronomers, have also been in sight. One of these ("Encke's") and the first of the new ones, were observed spectroscopically by Dr. Huggins, and their light showed them to be of carbonaceous constitution, like that of some previous comets similarly analysed. The same observer has examined the spectrum of the planet Uranus, and found, among other interesting facts, that hydrogen is a principal component of its atmosphere. Jupiter has been an object of curious inquiry concerning the figuration of his belts, which have been suspected to exhibit changes synchronous with those that are manifested by the spots on the sun. Little planets to the number of five were discovered up to the time of our writing, and these raised the known members of the system filling the gap between Mars and Jupiter to the number of 117. The astronomical nations of the world are busy with preparations for the transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc in 1874, the rare phenomenon that furnishes the best estimate of the sun's distance, which is the unit of nearly every celestial measure. Britain is foremost with her preparations: instruments and observatories to fit out five expeditions are in readiness, all but certain telescopes for photographing the phenomenon, the money (£5,000) for which was only asked and obtained from the Treasury during the past summer.

The corona seen in total eclipses of the sun has been the subject of much speculation. It will be remembered that expeditions went to various stations about the Mediterranean last Christmas to view the eclipse then and there visible, with this especial study in view. But bad weather was almost the rule, and the results were few and inconclusive. It happened, however, that two important photographs of the corona were secured—one at Cadiz, the other in Sicily—a thousand miles apart—and these pictures, by the similarity of the coronal contour which they exhibited, proved that nearly the whole of that object is solar, and not, as was previously suspected, mainly atmospheric, like a halo or misty "glory" such as we sometimes see about the moon. Fragmentary observations of other kinds were also secured: a spectroscopic glimpse was caught of that stratum of metallic elements, raised by fervent heat to the vapourous condition, which lies between the sun's hydrogen atmosphere and his light-giving surface; and a verification was obtained of a previous conclusion that the coronal light has for its source some element allied to the metal iron, or even some unrecognised form or condition of that metal itself. Another eclipse happening on the 12th of December, 1871, an expedition started for India from England on the 24th of October, with instruments and plans of operation specially prepared to solve what questions still remain concerning the nature of this vast solar appendage. The eclipse was visible in India, Ceylon, Java, and Northern Australia, and at all these places observers were stationed, and their schemes of observation were arranged for concerted action in order that all points depending upon the distant separation of observers might be made strictly comparable.

In the department of meteoric astronomy we have to note that a curious chain of speculations has been put forth by M. Meunier, the aim of which is to show that the meteorites that reach our earth are really the fragments of a body that once revolved like another moon about this globe. M. Meunier's extensive study of meteoritic fragments enables him, as he believes, to point out the particular strata of the demolished planet to which the various fragments belonged; and he suggests that the disruptive process to which they are due is exemplified in its earlier stages upon the moon, whose crust exhibits large numbers of cracks hundreds of miles long and about a mile wide; and even upon the earth, which is also fissured in all directions, though its chasms are filled up with sedimentary deposits, of which there are none on the moon. This planetary origin of meteorites was taken for granted by Sir William Thomson when he suggested that life came to the earth by germ-bearing meteors—an infelicitous conception so far as its ostensible object was concerned, inasmuch as it only shifted the mystery of life-source from one point of time and space to another. Some masses of meteoric iron of astounding magnitude have been collected by a Swedish expedition from the shores of Greenland. One of these aërolites weighs 21 tons, and has a maximum sectional area of 42 square feet. From their location among basaltic rocks, it is inferred that they fell and imbedded themselves in the molten basalt during an eruption in the Miocene period.

Meteorology has more devotees than any other observing science, and vast are the amounts of data relating to local atmospheric conditions that are yearly accumulated, and of which, probably, only a small percentage will ever be made available. Numerous meteorological observatories exist where they are not needed, while in many isolated places such institutions would furnish information of high value. Steps are being taken to secure the advantages of a mid-ocean station by establishing an observatory on one of the Azores Islands, and it is hoped that it will be connected by submarine telegraph with Europe and America. A Portuguese physicist is at the head of this undertaking. An observatory, too, is to be established on the summit of the Puy de Dôme in Central France. America is organising a telegraphic weather and storm-warning system analogous to ours; and our office has extended its utilitarian labours by publishing (in the *Shipping Gazette*) daily charts of the direction and force of the wind at a number of stations about the coast of the British Isles. The low temperature of the spring and early summer was a fact extensively observed on the Continent, without, however, receiving any physical explanation, though previous instances of such abnormal colds were found to have been recorded. Some relation between changes of atmospheric temperature and the spottiness of the sun has been indicated by a comparison made by Her Majesty's astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope. Apparently "the same cause which leads to an excess of mean annual temperature leads equally to a dissipation of solar spots." The problems of meteorology appear to be presented at the Cape in a simpler form than in England, and it is believed that important results would follow from a long course of uninterrupted registration of instrumental indications, such as is now pursued in many observatories.

Foremost among matters of geographical interest we have to report the success, so far as they have gone, of two polar expeditions—one German, the other American. The former, under Messrs. Payer and Weyprecht, may be regarded as a continuation of that one the results of which we touched upon last year. As is now generally known, the 1869-70 explorations revealed the existence of vast "fiords" running into the interior of East Greenland, which fiords, by the way, our countryman, Mr. Lamont, contemplates exploring as a private enterprise. This year the Germans have pushed their way to the east of Spitzbergen as high as to within eleven latitude degrees of the pole, and there they found, if report speaks truly, the iceless polar sea that has been the subject of so much geographical speculation. The American expedition left Brooklyn on June 29, in the ship *Polaris*, under the command of Mr. Hall—who, though styled a captain, is by profession an engraver. He is equipped for an absence of two years and a half, but a depôt has been established, and arrangements made for conveying to him such supplies as may be necessary for a more protracted exploration. His programme is somewhat pretentious, for it includes subjects of inquiry in astronomy, magnetism, meteorology, and natural history, for the prosecution of which instructions were prepared by leading American professors in each branch. Ill-luck and mutiny were prophesied to this expedition, on account of the alleged unfitness of its chief—vainly, let us hope, though already the ice-master has abandoned his post, because he could not work with his fellows. By the last advices this expedition had reached Vpernavik. And the famous Lambert expedition? Poor M. Lambert fell a victim to the siege of Paris, but his cloak has descended upon one whose name is almost identical with his (M. Gustave Ambert), and who, having obtained the needful funds, hopes really to start in March next for Cromsoe, whence he intends to push on to the pole by the Kara Sea and Nova Zembla. Some day there will be a gathering of nations on the veritable pole itself, and Britain will be absent: so much the worse for Britain's reputation.

Africa has an equal hold with the Arctic regions upon our interest; but we have little to report from that quarter. Sir Samuel Baker is believed to be still at his Upper Nile exploration; but there have been no tidings of him since our last report. Nor has there been any satisfactory intelligence concerning Livingstone; his friends—and who would not be his friend?—anxiously await the return of an American gentleman, Mr. Stanley, who left the coast as a private explorer in February last, intending, if possible, to communicate with the traveller. In Northern Africa we have received an acquisition to our knowledge of the topography and physical structure of the Atlas Mountains, the result of an exploration by Dr. Hooker, of Kew Gardens. From Asia we have received important information concerning the great Thibetian plateau, from British and Afghan explorers; and Captain Burton has visited a tract of country east of Damascus, never before trodden by European feet. During the dawning year a party of English surveyors will complete the topography of the whole of the Holy Land west of the Jordan; while an American party will survey the regions to the east of the famous river. From America we have reports of two expeditions, with geological inquiries in view, to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast—one under Professor Marsh, the other under Professor Hayden, both of which have been highly successful; important fossil collections having been obtained by both parties, including, *inter alia*, the remains of a huge pterodactyl, a flying reptile, whose bones "indicate an expanse of wings not less than 20 feet;" and interesting observations of the geysers and boiling springs of the Yellow Stone River regions were made by the latter party. The little-known regions of Arigona and Southern Nevada have been traversed by Lieutenant Wheeler, and the famous canons of the Colorado and the Green River have been further explored by Major Powell. Extensive dredging operations along the Pacific Coast and across the Gulf Stream current have been commenced by Professor Agassiz: it is anticipated that the results of this study of the physics and natural history of the deep sea will be more important than any that have yet been secured. The Baltic has been dredged, and its surface and under-currents observed by a German ship, the *Pomerania;* and Dr. Carpenter's autumn labours in the Mediterranean resulted in a demonstratinn of the positive existence of an outflowing under-current through the Straits of Gibraltar, concerning which there has been much disputation. Proposals have been made to the Admiralty for a four years' dredging enterprise, and it is said that the authorities look with favour upon the scheme. From Italy there are rumours of submarine explorations, we presume in the

Mediterranean, in which photography is to play a part, an apparatus having been devised for taking light pictures of the "world below the sea."

New minerals, a dozen at least, have been discovered in various parts of the earth: mountains have been put under the magnifier, for a microscopic study of some of our British rocks and minerals has been advantageously made by Mr. J. A. Phillips; a long dispute has been carried on as to whether the oldest-known fossil, Eozoon Canadense, is really of organic character; and the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has brought forth some interesting matters relating to the geology of the mountain penetrated, while proposals for temperature and other experiments in the tunnel have been made by French and Italian savans.

And here it appears proper to chronicle the appearance of the report of the Royal Commission appointed some five years ago to inquire into our coal supply and its probable duration. The essence of this report is that the grand aggregate of our available coal is 146,480 millions of tons, a quantity which would last nearly 1,300 years if our rate of consumption remained as at present: but our consumption increases enormously year by year, and, computing the duration of our supply by taking into account the ratio of this increase, it is found that we shall exhaust our store in 110 years. This period, however, may be considerably extended by more economical mining and by the invention of means for getting coal from greater depths than 4,000 feet, which is about the limit workable with present means. To these points attention will doubtless be directed. In relation to this subject we record the invention of some coal-cutting machinery by Mr. George Simpson, in which the motive power is kept stationary while the tools move with the advancing cutting. Miners' lamps, too, have received a fair share of inventive attention; several improvements for adding to their safety and increasing their illuminating power having been projected during the year; a safety apparatus for preventing shaft accidents has also been devised by a Barrow-in-Furness firm.

Among the unabstruse achievements of the chemist's laboratory, we have to note that hopeful experiments have been made with the view of obtaining malt without the tedious course of germination, the malting being effected by steeping the grain in a dilute acid solution; and that an inodorous disinfectant, new to the public (chloride of aluminium), has appeared under the name of "chloralum," which, however, turns out to be an old substance put into a new light. Under the name of carboxygen a source of brilliant illumination has attained some notoriety: as may be implied from the name, its brightness is obtained by feeding a hydrocarbon flame with oxygenated air. Among the researches begotten of French necessities, some investigations by Dr. Sée, upon the minimum food required by an adult man, possess an obvious interest. It was found that 970 grammes (about 2 lb.) of solid food per diem must be about the lowest sustaining limit, and of this total, 100 grammes ought to be meat and 50 butter or lard. The highly nutritive properties of cacao were experimentally demonstrated by another investigator. A curious chemical discovery relates to the solvent power of ammonia upon certain metals; the metal sodium having been actually dissolved by that liquid, and a solution obtained possessing an intense blue colour and high tinctorial power. The colours of autumnal foliage have been found, by the researches of Mr. Sorby with his spectrum microscope, to arise from the existence of distinct yellow and red pigments, and not from the action of light upon the green colouring matter of leaves, as had previously been supposed.

Electrical science has been advanced by some interesting discoveries by Mr. C. F. Varley in connection with the passage of electric currents through the atmosphere in its normal and rarified conditions, discoveries which may throw light upon some bewildering atmospheric phenomena, ball-lighting and the aurora polaris to wit. A new source of electricity, at present more curious than practically valuable, was found in the summer by Mr. St. Clair Gray, of Glasgow, who discovered that a strong and remarkably constant current was generated by the mutual action of phosphorus and sulphur suspended in sticks in a solution of caustic potash. Electric illumination for light-houses, hitherto so expensive, promises to be cheapened considerably by a method, proposed by a French engineer, of making the light intermittent; the quantity of electricity required for a light flashing every two seconds being only one 10,000th part of that required for a constant light, while such a flashing light would be as effective as a continuous one. It is suggested that this system may be used for railway signalling. To the host of electrical inventions bearing the name of Wheatstone several have been added within our term. Foremost is a system of sympathetic clocks, all, though they are widely separated, made to indicate precisely the same time, by the passage of magneto-electric currents through them, which currents impel the seconds' wheels, and hence the trains, of all the clocks synchronously; and, what is most novel, drive the wheels continuously and without the jerk-and-stop action common to all ordinary pendulum and balance clocks. Then he has devised a magnetic counter for recording the revolutions or oscillations of any part of a machine or the number of visitors passing into a building, &c. Lastly, he has invented a thermo-electric instrument for measuring the evaporation of water, and thus indicating the hygrometric condition of the air. An automatic ship's rudder working by electro-magnetism, and actually controlled by the ship's compass, is a curiosity that one would rather see in a show (and it was shown at the Naples Exhibition) than trust to in a sea voyage; yet the invention deserves passing mention for its ingenuity. More to our notion of a practical steering apparatus is the electric check-string applied to modern broughams, by which orders to Jehu, on the box, are signalled by means of a handle conveniently placed within the carriage.

We so closely identify motive power with coal and steam that we can hardly yet bring our minds to consider possible substitutes. But there is no good reason why we should regard the steam engine as unsurpassable. The ammonia engine appears upon the horizon as a motive power that may, sooner or later, take a high place in moving the machinery of the world. In this engine ammonia vapour takes the place of steam, with high advantages in respect of economy and safety, since a given amount of heat will produce a pressure of ammonia vapour four times as great as of water vapour. This engine has been actually employed to drive street cars in America. Then, as a substitute for coal for steam-generating, Messrs. Varley and Rochussen have proposed to burn an oxidisable metal, zinc for instance, which will evaporate four times as much water, weight for weight, as coal, while the resulting oxide may be reconverted into the metal and used again. Another project for saving a portion of the vast quantities of fuel consumed by marine engines consists in making these engines to work partly by high pressure steam. "Compound engines," as these are called, have been applied to numerous vessels during the past year, and their economy has been fully demonstrated. In the matter of railways, we remark the extensive adoption of the narrow gauge system which was inaugurated by Mr. Fairlie in the little Festiniog line. In India, Egypt, Russia, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, lines have been projected or completed having gauges varying little from 3 feet 6 inches. It appears probable that if our existing home lines to a certain extent preclude the extensive employment of any other gauge than the usual one, there will yet be a change in our system of railway engineering consequent upon the manifested advantages of railways of simple and light, and therefore inexpensive, construction. For short feeding lines these light, surface railways may be introduced with great advantages. A number of new railway breaks have lately been introduced; some worked by ordinary hand power, others by simple hydraulic machinery, and others, again, by steam power furnished by the locomotive. The exultations following the completion of that unparalleled achievement of railway engineering, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, will be so fresh in the mind that we need do no more here than concisely state that the tunnel, which was first conceived by M. Medail just thirty years ago, was commenced on August 15, 1857, from the Italian side at Bardonnechia, and from the French side at Fourneaux; that all surveys for direction and levels of the boring were completed in the winter of 1858; that the borings were commenced from both sides on January 25, 1863, and that the workmen met in the centre and shook hands on the 26th of December, 1870; that the total length of the tunnel is 13,365 yards, and the greatest height of the Alps over it is 5,307 feet: and, lastly, that the cost was in round numbers £2,400,000.

Since the battle field is the only thorough testing ground for weapons and military schemes, it was natural that all possible information should be gleaned concerning these subjects from the Franco-Prussian war. The fortifications of Paris were happily unassailed, and so far a great experiment was untried. The arms of the combatting nations were compared by their effects, and while the French artillery showed itself to be lamentably inefficient as compared with that opposed to it, the French small arm, the Chassepot, proved itself a far more effective weapon in every respect than the Prussian needle-gun. The on-looking nations were quick to apply the lessons which the campaign taught in this matter. We forthwith began experiments with mitrailleurs; and the advisability of increasing the calibre of heavy guns having been abundantly certified, a new field-piece was adopted, with a bore of 3·6 inches and a powder charge of 3 lb. The controversy concerning muzzle and breech loading artillery has been set at rest with us for the present by the decision of a testing committee in favour of the former system; and as regards the material construction of guns, a steel barrel strengthened with wrought iron coils has been decided upon as the best structure as yet devised. This will be recognised as the form employed by Colonel Fraser for his 35-ton gun—the triumph of the year in this department of engineering—from the 11·6 in. muzzle of which a projectile of 700 lb. weight is thrown. The recoil of guns, converted by Captain Moncrieff into a useful motion, has been made to expend itself harmlessly by means of a hydraulic buffer invented by Colonel Clerk, R.A.

Out of the many miscellaneous engineering and mechanical matters that claim mention we can only allude to a few. Firstly, there was an important controversy upon the effect of cold in facilitating the rupture of iron, in which those whose experiments showed a negative effect appeared to have the best of the argument—in spite of powerful testimony to the contrary derived from ordinary experience. Secondly, we chronicle the invention of a wonderful drill, consisting of a jet of sand whose cutting effects are at first view marvellous, but at second view obvious enough. Thirdly, a new process for purifying iron from sulphur and phosphorus, by the application of iodine to the crude metal, has attracted considerable notice. Fourthly, a process of high merit for making artificial stone from a magnesium salt in conjunction with mineral substances has been devised by M. Sorel, a French chemist. Fifthly, we remark that the International Exhibition, though it brought to sight many interesting inventions and devices, scarcely contained a single novelty.

An attempt was made during the year to frame a science out of what has hitherto been called spiritualism; but with slight success. Mr. Crookes published some experiments tending to prove the existence of a "psychic force," which experiments were severely handled in many quarters, most severely by the *Quarterly Review* in an article, attributed to Dr. Carpenter, which referred the psychic manifestations to unconscious muscular action, and commented strongly upon the scientific character of the experimenters and witnesses. Mr. Crookes's best friends could wish that he had devised experiments of more exact character than those which were possible with an accordion in a cage under a table and a lever with a doubtfully located fulcrum.

A Royal Commission on the Advancement of Science has sat during the year and presented one report—its first—embodying recommendations concerning the organisation of the Geological Survey of Britain, the School of Mines, the Royal College of Chemistry and the School of Naval Architecture. Colonel Strange, one of its members, and the most powerful of pleaders for State aid to science, read an exhaustive paper on this subject before the Royal United Service Institution in the summer, in which he strongly advocated the establishment of a Permanent Commission for advising the Government upon all scientific questions.

J. Carpenter.

PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.

VI.—MR. CHIPPENDALE.

IT is often objected that those who are always extolling the departed glories of the stage, are dealing with some fanciful standard, and that this excellence is like the softness, colouring, and picturesqueness which time gives to an old abbey. This perpetual encomium of the days of "Old Farren," or of those of Garrick, is considered exaggerated, if not wholly unfounded, and acting is supposed to reach a tolerably average level in all generations. Fortunately, we are not without means of making the comparison, and there is an actor or two who still exhibit tokens of the old school of playing. These, of course, are comparatively faint and attenuated. Just as it is said that an imported workman loses his cunning by association, and soon comes down to nearly the same level as his fellows, so it becomes difficult for the solitary representative of a particular dramatic school to avoid what may without offence be called, corruption. Foremost of these too rare waifs and strays must be placed a name—perhaps not so familiar to the crowd as that of Buckstone, or "Toole," but to the judicious, and those who relish real humour,—that of Chippendale.

Now a curious and perhaps little thought of phenomenon in the old exploded school of acting was that of altering and fashioning the human face divine. The mere practising intellectual expression—of representing refined and deep-seated turns of emotion or character—of being thrown upon the unassisted aid of eye, mouth, and gesture, for representing interior and almost impalpable thought, led to an earnestness and exertion which, by repetition, left physical traces on the face or figure. The men and women who played in pieces of Congreve, Sheridan, Colman, or Murphy, would have found themselves helpless as it were without this aid. There was nothing to go on but the *characters*—no absurdities of dress—no "sensation" of scenery; face, voice, and gesture had to be developed and elaborated; the face above all. Mere verbal "quips," such as we find overflowing in Mr. Robertson's pieces, merely tickle the ear, like a pun or the answer to a riddle. But a sentence, which in itself had no special force, but which was meant to express the *character* of the speaker, required a flavour, a colour, to produce any effect. One of the grand facial arts used to be the anticipation of the very words by a slowly gathering look; an anticipatory glimmer of the meaning; and the face, thus exercised, gradually acquired a permanent air of sagacity and piquancy—it became the seat of a cloud of indistinct humours. Hence the charm of the old theatrical pictures and portraits by Zoffany and others which arrest and charm us. We see the difference when we turn to the vacant, meaningless features of our present comedians who figure in popular *cartes-de-visite.* There is a set of little French lithographs which belong to the day of Louis Philippe, representing Grasset and some others of the humourists of the Palais Royal: and these little etchings—for they are no more—sly faces, grimly humorous—almost fascinate. Every dimple and freckle has a meaning and suggestion. A cloud of droll situations *in posse* float about them. The dramatic, in short, is there.

Now Chippendale has this first grand requisite—gnarled walnutty features, quick penetrating eyes, expression in the lean shoulders and in the walk. Age has of course impaired these gifts, but the old power is still strong—in fact, stronger than it was before. Modern histrionic agility, those "gymnastics" of voice and figure which are necessary to rouse flagging attention, are sure to decay; but true dramatic feeling never grows old. Nay, in those delightful, elaborately drawn, yet most natural old men which figure in so many of the old pieces, he is almost perfect. In Sir Anthony Absolute he is the living character itself. He has the proper leanness and wiriness, or conveys that idea; his voice the husky thinness. The old court suit fits him as if it were the dress in which he daily walks up the Haymarket. We, of course, have been merry enough on the well-known "heavy father" of such pieces; and our comic writers have over and over again used up allusions to the "I'll disinherit you, you young dog!" "You shall marry her directly!" and the like. But this conventional figure is a mere vulgarity. It is invariably stuffed out of shape to convey corpulency; the voice is pitched in a roaring stentorian key; the cheeks are fat and red; and a great stick thumps and bangs the floor. This is the stage old man belonging to our present school, which, on outside accessories, must be ticketted "Old Man" for vulgar ears and eyes. How different the Sir Anthony of Mr. Chippendale need not be insisted on; and, not quite so needless to insist on, *it was a hundred times as effective.* In his case it was the impetuous, testy father, fretted and *really worried* at being crossed in his darling plan; at his wits' end what to do; now scolding and threatening, now soothing—nervous, irritable; his whole heart on his scheme, and feeling that he was powerless and would be beaten in the contest. This treatment secures sympathy. But if we took an ordinary reputable actor of such parts, we know how it would and must be treated to produce effect. The result would be a ridiculous, vociferous old pantaloon, at whose speeches and perplexities we laugh, and for whom we have no sympathy. True comedy is always based on a mixture of this emotion; for human character, in even its queerest turns, is not a ridiculous spectacle, and always commands a respect and interest. Where it fails in this on the stage, it is no longer dramatic, but falls into another category—that of the mime and tumbling.

Not to himself altogether does Mr. Chippendale, or any artist like him, owe this excellence: it is to the pieces in which he has practised. He is often compelled by the exigencies of duty to take this official part in thin, poor pieces. Then he does his best—but there is nothing to be done—as in that overrated comedy, "New Men and Old Acres." There he became a cardboard profile—cut out, as it were, with a pair of scissors. He was feeble, tame. On his back seemed to be written "Observe, this is the *old man* of the piece." But where there is a play of senile emotion—something after the ancient pattern, as in that foreign play, "David Garrick"—he lights all up. There were passages in his Mr. Ingot of a surprising spirit. There is another class of piece, broader and coarser in texture, in which he is admirable—as in Uncle Foozle. Uncle Foozle is domesticated in the family of a newly-married young pair, which has been invaded by a mother-in-law. The latter feels that he is the chief enemy to the consolidation of her power, and struggles hard to eject him. The old man's chuckling indifference to her attacks—his almost selfish enjoyment of his comforts, his casehardness, his senile imperviousness to all hints—are worked out in the most mirth-moving manner.

It is not *what* he says, but the *way* he says it; his very *bearing* conveys the whole plot of the piece. Long may this worthy and excellent actor flourish. By his aid we can understand "Elia's" pleasant recollections of "some of the old actors." Above all, always may he continue with the company in which he now finds himself, and not imitate the foolish desertion of another light of that establishment. There would be no place for him in those "scratch" bands got together for the hastily-opened, hastily-closed new theatres. But there is no need of such caution: for he is well valued where he is, both in front of, and behind, the curtain.

VII.—MR. FARREN.

Mr. Farren, worthy son of a father of genius, deserves a remarkable place when we reckon up the meagre roll of British players. There is always something satisfactory in his playing: and though we may make objections, and come away dissatisfied with his conception of the character, we admit always that the acting has been *good.* Latterly he has been allotted some thin, watery parts, more formations of thin jelly than marked organisms, with nothing rich or substantial in them which the actor can feed on and convert into his own flesh or juices. Such was a character allotted to him in Mr. James Albery's "Two Thorns,"—and with another in the recently produced "Apple Blossoms." In the dearth of a broad and coherent character it was almost amusing to see how conscientiously the player laboured to give effect by concentrating his exertion on detached passages, so that he could at least get dramatic expression out of a remark which conveyed, for instance, astonishment or anger. It was curious to see how scrappy and unsatisfactory even this legitimate exertion left the rest of the part. It was as though the owner of a handsomely decorated apartment were to think of freshing up the gilding, or the vivid reds: leaving the rest faded. If here we turn to, say one of Goldsmith's characters, and the player finds a luxuriance which furnishes him with something new and fresh every time that he plays it, it is indeed like one of Bach's "preludes" to a musician, compared with that other's—bach only in the termination of his name—"Grande Duchesse." It was very different when he came to play in "Fernande," where all his great gifts being matched by character, true passion arising naturally, and situations of extraordinary interest and power, his acting took quite another tone; it gave the impression as of extract from real life. Nothing could be finer than his scene with Clotilde, and his struggle with her which ends in his thrusting her into the closet. And it is in parts like this, belonging to what may be called a French school, where *finesse* of inflection and conversational sarcasm are active parts of the story, that Mr. Farren's great strength lies. *He acts with his face*—that is, allows it to speak for him and anticipate his words: shows doubt, surprise, sly intelligence and secret amusement passing over it. And if we consider it a moment, this is a high element of interest: for seeing, in a certain situation of moment these anticipatory revelations, we are left in doubt for a few moments as to whether his character will allow his speech or actions to correspond. Mr. Farren is certainly the only airy comedian of the

English stage who is a finished follower of the French school in these points—he has the dried, sharp, intelligent French face, with the mobile features; a sort of amiably sardonic look, if we may use the expression, with that general air of attention to life and all going on, with too a quiet criticism within his own mind, and a rather severe judgment. Not only with his face does he act, but with his shoulders and arms. He has also that admirable elocution in which Charles Lamb so delighted, that bringing out the point of a telling sentence, due sharpness and emphasis, and that colouring it with the proper tone and inflexion. All this may seem almost too elaborate a panegyric on Mr. Farren and might surprise him, as much as Mr. Ruskin's raptures did Turner: but we are dealing collectively with this good actor in a bit of him here, another bit there, and from a different play. He has never had fair opportunities—he is one of the Ishmaelites—too good to rest the sole of his foot in one place for long together: obliged to pack up and begone, as the manager, he himself a brief lodger, has gone before him. He has come from the St. James's Theatre, where the Vezins have taken possession, and amid whose vociferous roulades there would be no place for his chastened utterances. Yet, it must be confessed, he is unappreciated more or less. He is ranked high, but scarcely admired. Part of this must be placed to the account of his rather cold and "dissective" style being above the vulgar appreciation; partly to his being put to act in characters beyond his line; and partly to the account of some natural faults of his own. It is repeated by the critics—who, like the travelling solo singers find it convenient to repeat the one hackneyed song on every occasion—that Mr. Farren's "old men" are unrivalled, recalling his father, &c. On the contrary, these impersonations are singularly weak and artificial. He forces his testiness and acerbity, and he has not in his throat the unctuous hoarseness which the true veterans of the stage cultivate. He has neither the voice nor the energy for such part. There is an old actor at Dublin, Mr. Granby, who was trained in the Drury Lane school, whose "Paul Pry" old man was worth a dozen of his: it was racy, unctuous, choleric, apoplectic, and corpulent. Mr. Farren was more a sour schoolmaster than an old officer. There is a great defect too—an over consciousness, which arises from that habit of pointing his sayings, which makes his dialogue so smart and lively where he has to assume an airy character and pleasant innocence. This imparts a stiffness and a "lumbering" movement. This is seen in a charming little piece called, I think, "The Secret Agent," and in which Mr. Farren takes the leading character, which is of a highly dramatic order. Indeed, it is instructive to take this piece, which is a French one, and place it beside any of our average native dramas, and nothing could show better the wrong "tack" on which we are going; and this, too, at the risk of a wearisome iteration of the conventional praise of what is indeed the only existing school of writing and acting. The *motif* here is a simple French Priest, full of a rustic confidence which brings him fearlessly into the presence of the Minister of Police and other functionaries, who by some delusion take him for a "secret agent." Some events fall out very *apropos*, but very naturally, for this theory, and he is formally recognised, and able to exert his interest for his family. I venture to say there is nothing in the whole range of the drama more elegant or more dexterous than the management of this little plot; or one that gives more intellectual pleasure; for the most genuine elements of dramatic enjoyment are present; the most agreeable and natural mental mystification, which we follow as curiously as we would such a thing in real life. There is the charming simplicity of a good and honest nature, such as is told of the Abbé, unconsciously the object of the *malentendu*, and as unconsciously helping to carry it forward; there is the mystification of the less honourable agents; our pleasure at the substantial character of the advantages gained by the chief personage. Now the charm and interest of such a character depends entirely on the most perfect air of ignorance at the imbroglio going on about it. The more simple the *bonhomie* the more engaging will it be; in fact, the whole drama and situation, *is* in the character; the others are mere figures. Now here Farren is out of place—it was a laborious business—he was thinking of "pointing" the good "things" of the part, as he would do some of the artificial sentiments of "The School for Scandal." He seemed to be impressing the situation on the audience, and really showed by a sort of "fussiness" that he knew what was the true state of affairs. This "easiness" and airiness, which is so charming in the French actors; this gliding over the part, as though no one were listening or looking, is the highest style of comedy acting. But all this comes of the vagabond state of the profession—this running from one house to the other—just as a servant changes his place; and though this be an unsavoury comparison, yet ever the test of a good servant is his staying long in one place. But on the stage a house closes abruptly and the players are discharged, and instantly take service at another house; the condition of that service is to do whatever work they may be put to, especially in the "new play" that is coming out. And so actors of the quality of Mr. Farren have to play old men or young men indifferently; the choleric or amiable, as they shall be required. It has come to this, indeed, that there are only two theatres in London where there is a standing company—the Haymarket and the little Prince of Wales's. The former can really boast of some sound, steady, weighty acting, such as that of Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Buckstone (bating of course the decay for age), Mr. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. Everill. The Prince of Wales's is unrivalled in what may be called the Robertsonian drama, though there are signs of tameness owing to the limited scope of these dramas. There has lately been some talk of a State theatre by Mr. Tom Taylor and his friends, and the law of such speculations seems to be always a fresh start with anything bran new. Better would it be to take and remodel something already existing: and nothing could be more suited than the Haymarket Theatre. It has the old prestige of legitimacy and handsome associations, a good situation; it is constructed on the model of Garrick's Drury Lane, and is excellently adapted for the drama pure and simple. I could fancy a model company assembled here. I would have Mr. Chippendale, were it only for his capital Sir Anthony Absolute; Mr. Farren, Miss Herbert, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin: Mr. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Phelps, perhaps Mr. Rowe, Miss Amy Sedgwick, and others of the same stamp. A safe guide for exclusion would be any grotesque gifts, which help the actor to stand alone, and be entirely independent of others. For a true actor is one who takes his part in exhibiting a play, not one who uses a play to exhibit himself, and without going through the invidious task of specifying names, the reader by applying this test can readily supply the names of those who could find no scope for their talents at such a house.

To return to Mr. Farren. It is a real entertainment to see this gentleman in pieces of the French school, and his playing in the "Happy Pair" with Miss Herbert was, and though the piece is a *réchauffé* of one that has appeared in various shapes, and has sprung from the genial mother of all, the French stage, it is of a class that is always elegant and entertaining. Here it is to be impressed, that the rather artificial emphasis and accentuation, which belongs to the old comedy, brings excellent effect, for it seems a mistake to suppose that the new every-day delivery customary off the stage is sufficient. This is the shallowest view, and it is a rock on which many of the "young gentlemen" and ladies of the stage make shipwreck. It should be remembered that a play is an arbitrary selection of the most effective bits both of action as well as of speech brought together within a brief time, all the "dead level" of life being, as it were, cut away, and only the essential—the "extractum," left. As a series of events are crowded into the space of a couple of hours, so must there be the same economy of speech and sentiments, and each speech as far as meaning goes ought to convey what half a dozen sentences would do in real life: a great help to this enrichment of words and multiplying the meaning is this exaggeration of emphasis. Nothing can be more concentrated or more a challenge to attention than this manner of Mr. Farren's, for he produces the effect of incessant variety, that variety of expression and trifling emotion which is so excellent in comedy. Having spoken thus freely of this excellent actor's merits and demerits, it remains only to be said, that he is beyond question one of the half dozen on the British stage who is entitled to the name of actor in its legitimate sense, and to a high place even among these. When he has the opportunity of expending his powers on characters not so thin and watery as those of Captain Penryn, and the married gentleman played in "Two Thorns," there will be a vein of power developed that will surprise our time.

A CHRISTMAS IN THE CANADIAN BUSH;

OR, MY FIRST MOOSE.

BEFORE starting last autumn for a trip to Canada, where I hoped to get up a few hunting excursions after the red-deer and moose of the country, I remember well the difficulty I experienced in obtaining good and reliable information from brother devotees of the rifle as to the *modus operandi* best calculated to ensure success in such expeditions; and I then and there determined that, should fortune favour me, I would on my return frame a concise account of any hunt I might undertake, in the hope that it might prove not only interesting, but perhaps useful as well to those whom chance or inclination might dispose to follow in my steps. Warnings innumerable I received, it is true, as to frost-bite, untrustworthiness of Indians, the difficulties of transport and dangers of travelling in the intense frosts of a Canadian winter; but really practical hints as to what to take and what not to take—what to wear, and how to organise the hunt—were few and far between; and very different would have been my preparations could I have then been told what I have since learnt from that best of all teachers in sporting matters, actual experience in the field.

I am induced to offer the above remarks to a certain extent as an apology for introducing into an account of a mere sporting incident details on such points as are only of interest to the intending hunter, but which it is necessary he should be well up in if he would come successfully out of his hunt, and which I myself should have been glad to have met with in print before leaving on my tour. Having said thus much by way of preface, I cannot, I think, do better than betake myself at once to my note-book, and endeavour to drill into shape the many jottings in pen and pencil that disfigure the leaves of that much prized, but most disreputable looking, of *vade mecums*.

During the months of October and November my comrade and myself had made one or two expeditions from Ottawa after the ordinary red-deer of Canada, with more or less success; but all operations after the main object of our ambition, the mighty moose, had of necessity been postponed until the advent of that indispensable ally, the snow. Whether the huge bush fires that raged during the recent summer in the neighbourhood of Ottawa had so singed Father Winter as to drive him altogether out of his reckoning I know not, but it was not until the third week in December that he shook himself together, and allotted us the necessary three feet of snow (the minimum depth for moose hunting), combined with a frost that looked like lasting, and promised bright skies and still weather for our peregrinations in the remote fastnesses of the bush. After one or two delusive falls, however, the snow came down in right earnest at last. Every wheeled vehicle disappeared from the streets as if by magic; fur caps, fur coats, fur gloves, frozen moustachios, and red nose-tips were the order of the day, and we lost not an hour in taking the hint and preparing for our projected hunt. Happily for us, we had been furnished from home with letters to an English gentleman long resident in Canada, a keen and enthusiastic sportsman himself, and one who never tired or flagged in his efforts to ensure sport for those who were lucky enough to number themselves among his friends. Let those who will profess themselves indifferent to the advantages of carrying out letters of introduction to a strange land, saying that their movements are hampered thereby, that the letters are only sometimes of use and always a trouble, with many other equally unsatisfactory reasons: for my part I do not hesitate to say that in Canada, of all the countries I have yet visited, to obtain sport you must obtain introductions, and those good ones, or give up any idea of returning with the satisfactory reflection that your work has been done well. It is not necessary to look far for a reason for this: every year desultory shooting in the neighbourhood of accessible places is becoming more common in the Dominion, and every year the facilities for real sport are necessarily more restricted: the deer are driven also from their accustomed haunts, not only by man but from time to time by the vast summer fires, those dread scourges of a Canadian forest, taking up fresh ground more and more difficult to get at, and, what is of greater importance still, more difficult to get trustworthy information about. The residents only, and the Indians who have been from season to season in their pay as guides and hunters can put the stranger in the right road, and by far the majority of the utter failures experienced by hunting parties from home are due to the want of knowledge where to seek game on the part of the disappointed "gunners." The Indians, knowing nothing of their employers for the nonce, and looking upon them only as reservoirs whence dollars may be drawn, will not take them to the good hunting grounds when it pays them as well (or even better, as involving more time, consequently more pay) to do the reverse; and thus the hunters grumble, and the Indians pocket their wages, and lay the want of success to the credit of the fires.

Under the able guidance of our experienced friend, however, we had little to fear from these pitfalls, and to him we repaired in the first instance, with the comfortable reliance that everything would be done to ensure our "getting blood"—and done, too, in the right way. At once his chief-hunter and factotum, an Iroquois half-breed, named Eustache, was summoned, and told on peril of his future prospects to get news of fresh ground where moose had been seen, and report on it forthwith. Of course the fellow knew of the necessary spot, and became eloquent on its transcendent merits as a hunting ground. It lay, he told us in a jargon of his own—part English, part French, and a good deal "hand and eye"—about one hundred miles to the north and west of Ottawa, and had barely been reached as yet by the lumberers, while road there was none and moose there were many. A lake some fifteen miles in length was in this district, named, as near as I could ever make out (for it had no written appellation), Lake Gimeaux; and at its nearer end a "shanty" was in occupation by some far-away lumberers, but not a hut existed on its shores, and all inland the mighty moose roamed as he pleased through maple forests and interminable bush, making his "yard" amid the pathless wastes of snow, and only awaiting the coming of him (Eustache) to fall before our unerring rifles. Then, too, the venerable grandfather and chief of our eloquent guide had his camp "somewhere" in that region—Eustache, clearly, was not blind to the advantage of a family distribution of our dollars—and to him Heaven had given a son swift of foot and sure of eye, a mighty hunter to whom distance was as nothing and fatigue unknown. With these as allies, the forest should re-echo to the crack of our breech-loaders; he (Eustache) should have more meat than he could eat; and the "Boss" (that is, myself) should return laden with horns and skins. Hoping far more than we believed, we next proceeded to open communications with a large owner of forest in whose employment were the lumberers aforesaid, and who had a depôt of supplies and so forth called the Farm, situated at the end of civilisation on the road we were about to follow. This gentleman, who was personally known to our friend, received our application with true Canadian hospitality and generosity, providing us with a letter to all and every of his *employés* whom we might meet in our wanderings, enjoining them to put all they had at our disposal, and assist us in every way in their power—an injunction they carried out, one and all, in a spirit that has earned them our warmest gratitude.

So far, all was well. The next question was the means of transport to and from our hunting ground. As far as the Farm we thought we should find the road "broken," as it is termed when sleighs have passed to and fro over the snow; but beyond that all was uncertainty (the most delightful element, by the way, that can enter into an undertaking of the sort we were upon); and we should have to trust to the Indian traineaux, or small sledges dragged by hand, for the conveyance of our kit, and to our adroitness on the indispensable snow-shoes for the conveyance of ourselves. We decided, then, upon contracting for two "cutter" sleighs, capable of carrying two persons each besides the driver, and drawn each by two sturdy little animals, quite up to doing their forty or fifty miles a day over the snow; and for these we agreed to pay the sum of 45 dollars *on our return*, it being a proviso that one sleigh, driver, and pair of nags should remain at the Farm during the time we were up in the bush, as a means of keeping open our communication with the town, and to ensure our being able to get back in case of accident, illness, or other casualty. A most excellent arrangement this afterwards turned out to be.

Nothing left to do now but to pack tents, get in stores, look carefully to the rifles, have one last good dinner and glass of incomparable toddy with our prince of hosts, and we should be ready to face the road; with the glorious prospect before us of fourteen days and nights under canvas, with the thermometer playfully ranging from 10° to 30° below zero, Fahrenheit, and not a soul to interfere with our wanderings from the "last shanty" to the North Pole. As I write, I almost feel again the keen anxiety with which I looked forward to the start, and sorry indeed should I be to think that it will never again fall to my lot to make one on a similar expedition. A run across the Atlantic, say by the Allan line of steamers, is a mere affair of ten days, and one is landed in Quebec; then, ho! for Ottawa and the big forests of the North, the utter stillness of the snow-clad bush stretching away on every hand to the unknown distance, and all the delights of a winter's hunt! But this will never do—the space allotted me here is somewhat more circumscribed than my hunting grounds over there, and we are not yet even in the sleighs; besides, too, it will not do to start yet, after my protestation as to useful hints, without a word or two as to our equipment for the trip upon which we were about to enter.

First, then, as to tents. Some say, If possible, do not go under canvas at all, but find out some deserted shanty or log hut, and camp there—excellent advice but for this one drawback: that you must, in that case, suit your hunting to your camping, instead of the reverse as, of course, should be the rule; and, again, the facility afforded one by tents in shifting ground makes them, in my opinion, indispensable. We were furnished with a small marquee tent, with second top, and fitted with a block tin stove and telescopic chimney, roomy enough for two men, and tolerably warm in the immediate proximity of the stove when the latter was heated to a red heat. Our second tent was a lean-to for the Indians, capable of accommodating six men, but entirely open to the air on one side; this exposed side, however, faced the huge log fire such as is seen nowhere out of the Canadian bush, and the result was a warmer and better sleeping berth than our own. The hunter must provide blankets at the rate of from four to six for each Indian, and it is always well to have some spare ones, as a scout or stray Indian *may* turn up, and could only live through the night else by robbing the others of some of theirs. Provisions should consist mainly of pork, biscuit, tea, sugar, and tobacco for the men. In laying them in, it is well to remember that every pound weight saved is so much to the good when once out of the sleighs; at the same time an Indian must be quite unstinted in his food and tea if he is to work well and make himself "generally useful." Half a pound of pork per man per day is a low estimate, but will, of course, suffice if the hunter meets with game; three large captain's biscuits per man per day will disappear to a moral, while the supply of tea should be unlimited—a large kettle of the same being always kept over the fire ready for use at all hours of the day and most hours of the night.

Luxuries may be added according to space and a man's powers of roughing it. I never went out without one or more small cases of curry powder that I brought with me from home, and a few pounds of rice and a stray half dozen of onions squeezed in here and there, wherever there was room. Marmalade, sardines, and pickles take up not much space, but are just as well left out. A few bottles of rum are indispensable, I think, but the fewer the better, and these should be carefully kept concealed from the Indians, or it would be a bold man who answered for the consequences. N.B. A bottle of rum rolled up in a thick boating jersey makes an excellent pillow at night—as far, that is, as preserving the rum goes. One should not forget, either, a few common wooden pipes and brass match-boxes; the Indians are pleased with them, and they are infinitely better than presents of powder.

As to rifles, a small volume might be written on the respective merits of single or double, light or heavy, small bore or heavy conical ball, &c., &c.; but on one point there is no dissentient voice. Let the rifle be what it may in other respects, it must be a breech-loader. To struggle with a "puzzle-loader" on snow-shoes, and the thermometer at "30° below," pulling off two or three gloves to get at a cap, and dropping ten before you could hold one, would be a rash undertaking indeed. In other respects, a rifle that is good in one country, I have always held, is good in another, and I would say: let each man please himself, and "hold straight." It is as well to discard the solid leather gun-case on starting for the bush; you cannot carry your own rifle in travelling, and you increase the weight unnecessarily by taking the leather case, whereas, by the adoption of a good waterproof case lined with thick flannel for the rifle, a small bag for cleaner, nipple wrench and spare springs, turnscrew, and odds and ends—not omitting a little bottle of oil, and another containing ready-loaded cartridges sufficient to last you the trip—you may almost ignore your battery as contributing to weight at all. I wore constantly a small-sized "six-shooter" and sheath knife, and the argument that I never had occasion to use the former, and might therefore have dispensed with it, I do not think holds water; as the presence of a charmer of that nature I have elsewhere found a preventive of disagreeables, which I look upon as in every way more desirable than a cure. I think now I have run through the list; for as to axes, hatchets, ropes, &c., &c., they all go under the general term of tent equipage, and, with the kettle and frying pans, pass unnoticed—unless forgotten.

I must not dwell long on the incidents of the road, full of novelty as they were to one who was for the first time going into the bush during the depth of a Canadian winter. Wrapped from head to foot in furs, and with vast pipes filled with that best of tobaccos, Virginia leaf, my comrade and myself started about midday on the 21st of December, for an easy drive to the Quio village, distant about thirty-five miles from Ottawa, and were followed by the second sleigh containing our "head-keeper" Eustache, and his brother-in-law Joe; the latter to officiate as cook and camp-watcher. Five hours' drive brought us to the hospitable door of Mrs. Bene, widow, who provided us with a welcome dinner of exceedingly weak tea and of preternaturally tough beef, the invariable meal of the country inns out here. This worthy woman was no less loquacious than hospitable, and had barely recovered her equilibrium from the rude shock she had sustained in the advent of H.R.H. Prince

Arthur and suite, who had honoured her with a visit the preceding year while engaged in a similar pursuit to our own. She had entertained the Prince, and was determined that it should be no fault of hers if any guest left without being thoroughly *au fait* as to what His Royal Highness ate, said, did, and possibly thought on that auspicious occasion. His bed was an object of peculiar veneration, which it certainly deserved, as it was the only one in Canada long enough for a tall man to sleep in at full length. Off again soon after daylight, with a drive of forty miles before us over an execrable road to Mr. G——'s farm, where we were to spend our last night under a roof. It was bitterly cold driving; the thermometer marking 10° below zero, Fahrenheit; and before we had gone three miles my moustache froze so tight to my beard that it was a work of some difficulty to squeeze the inevitable pipe in between my lips—but I got used enough to this by that day week. The road lay over wide tracks of open country, marked by snake fences visible here and there through the snow, and at times plunged abruptly down through ravines and huge pine forests, through whose heavily laden snow-covered branches the sun bright overhead failed to penetrate in the remotest degree. In this broken ground shooting the hills became the exciting feature of the drive. At a hand gallop our little pair of nags dashed down the steepest declines, shaving the stems of the lofty pines and more treacherous stumps that everywhere bordered the track, and avoiding them as it seemed at times almost by a miracle. Once down, it was the invariable custom to pull up on the level and watch the descent of No. 2 sleigh, the occupants of which had waited on the top to see how it fared with us, to ensure a clear run for themselves. No sooner were we halted, than, with a volley of shouts and verbal directions from the driver, amid a cloud of snow, dry and light as dust, and swaying to and fro among the pinestumps, and around the awkward corners, came No. 2 on our tracks, escaping the same apparently inevitable smash by the same seeming miracle; then once more reunited, we were away again till another juvenile precipice entailed a repetition of the performance. With many hairbreadth escapes, but luckily no accident, we reached the Farm about dusk—having had a long and wearisome halt in the middle of the day amid a crowd of lumberers and teamsters, more drunk than sober, who were going up country with the last supplies of the year. Arriving at the Farm, utterly unexpected, our letter ensured us at once a most kind and cheery reception: the toughest of all tough beef was cooked on the spot, and a draught of capital milk supplied the place of the everlasting tea. Then my comrade and I turned in on the top of the same bed—

there was but one—and putting our mocassins under the stove, and piling every rug and cloak we possessed on to ourselves, slept till near daybreak the sleep of the weary. Again on the road with the first streak of day and an unknown distance before us to traverse to the "shanty" on the Lake, where the sleighs were to leave us and we were to take to the traineaux and snow-shoes. The frost had increased greatly in intensity, and the cold of the day before was a mere bagatelle to this. On the large thermometer at the Farm the mercury stood at 18° below zero, and there was every prospect of the frost increasing yet further—the weather continuing, happily, perfectly still, and the sun bright and clear overhead. This day's drive was a repetition of the last, but through a wilder country, and over, if possible, a more desperately bad road: we were also anything but certain of our way, as here we had only the track used by the lumber-men to bring down their timber to the Farm, and to take up their stores in return; but with only one divergence from the right path, our driver being a real good man in the bush, we struck the shore of the Lake about two p.m., and an hour after had reached the "shanty" we were in quest of.

I do not think the most phlegmatic of mortals could be otherwise than astonished and interested on being suddenly ushered into a lumberer's shanty in the far-away recesses of the forest. The most striking feature of the structure of the shanty itself is the absence—of what would you suppose, gentle reader, in a "house" designed to shelter you at times from 50° to 60° of frost?—merely of the roof—that is all! The shanty is open to the sky, all but a ledge of some six or eight feet extending inwards from the four upright side walls, and serving to protect the tiers of bunks in which the hardy fellows who spend five long months exposed to all the rigours of a merciless winter sleep comfortably through the coldest nights. But then the cheery fire that occupies the whole centre of the floor and pours its volume of thin blue wood-smoke and hosts of starry sparks up through the gaping space overhead and out into the frosty air is a fire indeed! Day and night, for weeks and months, it burns on unextinguished. There is no lack of firewood for the lumberer: even should the big stores heaped around fail him towards the last, he has a reserve in the forest ready to his hand: a rap or two to ascertain if the stem be dry or rotten, and then a shower of blows from his deftly wielded axe, not one of which fails to "tell," and the giant pine, or better still red cedar, comes crashing and tearing down through his fellows to the ground, and is food for the merry blaze within. Around this noble fire are ranged benches close to the log walls of the hut, on which the men take their meals and lounge and smoke afterwards before turning into their bunks. Only at one spot the bench is cut away, or ends abruptly, and there a small stool, the seat of honour, the throne of the "Boss," faces a little plank slab projecting from the wall, that serves him, and him only, as that otherwise unknown article of luxury, a table. With the exception of the moss and mud that fill the interstices of the logs composing the wall, not a bit of anything but wood is used in building these shanties, and the only implement of the builders is their ever ready axe.

Into such a domicile as this we entered, and were at once made welcome, and regaled on white bread of the best, frozen fat pork, and capital tea without milk or sugar. It does not sound a fascinating repast to sit down to after a thirty miles drive on such a morning, but hunger gave a zest even to the frozen pork; we made an excellent meal, and thoroughly enjoyed the pipe that followed, lolling on the benches, and watching the men's dinners cooking in a huge black pot suspended over the fire. But this was not a time to be idle, so the ashes of the pipes were knocked out, and we prepared at once for work. The shanty was full—not a spare bunk to be had, and though the men would very possibly have made room for us somehow on their return in the evening, we determined not to put them to the trouble, but decided on getting acclimatised to our marquee tent that very night. I, too, had to start off with Eustache on a long tramp to the camp of his grandfather, who lived "somewhere" about there; and as it was to be my first essay in snow-shoes, I wanted all the daylight I could save. Accordingly I left my friend E—— with Joe and the lumbermen's "cook" (that is, the man whose turn it is to remain at the shanty for the day while the others are absent in the woods) to pitch our tent outside, and started on my search with Eustache for the Indian's camp.

It was after three p.m. when we got away, and we were uncertain as to the distance; but fortunately our road lay along the Lake, on the brink of which we expected to find the place we sought, so that the chance was a good one for a novice on snow-shoes. I had heard a good deal, before coming out, of the difficulty and fatigue of walking in this novel foot-gear; but provided the surface of the snow on which the first attempt is made be level, I do not think a tyro in the art need anticipate either difficulty or misadventure. Be this as it may, under Eustache's able guidance, and following carefully in his track as he shuffled away in front of me, I managed to get over my four miles without a fall, and with little or no extra fatigue. After some search, we struck the camp just as it got thoroughly dark, and at once encountered a charge of dogs, fierce of aspect, but timid of heart, that skedaddled yelling in chorus on the first outbreak of hostilities. Following up the routed pack, we came on a little shanty, built like a tiny model of the one we had recently left—an idea borrowed by the clever old Indian, doubtless, from his neighbours the lumbermen. With scant ceremony, Eustache pushed aside the propped-up door of his grandfather's abode, and without more ado we entered. Although the entrance of General von Moltke and his pious and Imperial master with drawn sword into a Belgian barrack-room would not be a more unlooked-for or out-of-the-way event, as far as the inmates of the respective abodes were concerned, than this visit of Eustache and myself to his shanty, old Simon showed neither surprise nor alarm at our coming; he rose slowly from his log, and, as I advanced to shake hands, took his pipe from his lips, polished his horny fist by passing it over the back of his nether garments, and giving me a grip that spoke well for his muscle at seventy-two years of age, resumed his pipe, and coolly waited for us to speak. Not so his family. Four women and any number of children had been gathered round him as we entered, but in the twinkling of an eye they dived into every corner and recess of the hut without an attempt at imitating the stoical composure of the old gentleman. Perhaps it was as well they did, for in the privacy of their family circle, and thanks, doubtless, to the heat of the fire and restricted nature of aforesaid circle, they had clearly become imbued with the notion that it was summer; and the stoical composure of their visitor would have been more severely tried than it was had not a good deal of cloaking and shawling gone on before they ceased glaring out from their respective nooks and reappeared in the light of the fire. Then, too, from a bunk near the door, Shah-ween (the mighty hunter in whose praise Eustache had exhausted his eloquence) emerged and came forward to take part in the matter in hand. This man took my fancy very much; he was a fine strapping fellow in the prime of life, and as he looked me straight in the face when we shook hands, I could not help thinking he had just the same calm yet wide-awake glance of the eye which one sees and admires in the best deer-stalkers of the Highlands.

Up to this time, some four or five minutes after our entrance, not a word had been spoken on either side, and the silence was becoming embarrassing. I felt that it had devolved upon me to break it, but not speaking above a dozen words of Iroquois, I was rather at a loss how to do so. I knew Iroquois for a moose, a deer, a dog, His Satanic Majesty, and "hot water;" and there my knowledge of the interesting language ended. But as something had to be done, I shot "moose" at the old gentleman, accompanied with a tender of my tobacco-pouch, and, after solemnly filling my pipe, took a seat by the fire, with the intention of coming to some arrangement before leaving. Forthwith the palaver commenced, and my patience was sorely taxed before its conclusion. Little as I could understand the Indians, it was nevertheless evident to me that the old man was suggesting every difficulty to my expedition he could devise or invent, and that Eustache was combating them, more or less successfully. But I had been forewarned of this before starting, so after a time cut it short by saying, *viâ* Eustache, that I knew there were moose in the neighbourhood; that if Simon and his son came as hunters they would have a dollar and a half per diem each, and a present if I "got blood;" and that if they didn't come, and on my terms, I should go on alone. This is, I am told, the only way for a stranger to get sport. Each "district" in the woods is apportioned to some one or more Indians, and they never trespass on each other's domains; naturally the occupant of any particular district looks on the moose to be found there as his game, and guards it as jealously as does a Suffolk sportsman his preserves at home. If the stranger comes merely to rob him of his game, the Indian will of course thwart him if he can; but when it is made worth his while he mostly (not always even then) assists to the best of his knowledge and means. This used not to be so in former days; but the system has sprung up from the facilities the Indians have discovered for disposing of the heads, antlers, and skins of the moose to tourists and others; and once established will become extinct doubtless only with the moose themselves—the latter eventuality not being so remote, alas! at the present rate of slaughter, as the lover of bush sport would desire.

But to resume—the almighty dollar carried the point of course in the end, and when coupled with my evident determination to go ahead alone if they did not join forces, made both old Simon and Shah-ween as zealous as they had hitherto been lukewarm in the cause. Shah-ween discovered on the spot that he could speak French and understand a little (remarkably little) English, and matters were rapidly brought to a satisfactory conclusion. More tobacco and an offer of tea, which was declined with thanks, preceded my start "home," and by the light of a brilliant moon and countless stars that seemed pendant half-way between heaven and earth, Eustache and I shuffled over the long pull back, and I spent my first night under canvas well satisfied with progress so far and with the day's work.

Behold us, then, the following morning, the 24th of December, at an early hour bidding adieu to our good friends the lumberers, and off into the veritable bush, under the guidance of our Indians alone. Happily our route lay along the Lake, and the going was tolerable except in places that were "soft," and as such to be avoided or scuffled over in the best way that could be devised. These soft places at such a time and with the intense frost then existing puzzled me very much; but a lumberman who subsequently brought my kit off from the camp in his sleigh explained the matter thus:—Far earlier in the year than Christmas the body of the Lake freezes sufficiently to catch and hold any snow that may fall, and this first-formed ice increases in thickness, downwards, as the frost intensifies; but a partial or temporary thaw converts the covering of snow into slush, which again freezes, perhaps in a few hours, and holds an additional layer of snow, which last may swell to any depth subsequently from three feet to six or eight feet. This causes a general state of rottenness above the original stratum of good ice, in places peculiarly affected by eddies of wind, springs, currents, or what not, and I have seen horses well up to their knees in broken ice and slush, without, however, their driver appearing at all to anticipate their going any farther through.

That morning on the Lake was severe work before it was over. In addition to the thermometer having reached 28° below zero, Fahrenheit, we were exposed to a slight breeze on the open parts of the Lake that first brought us to a sense of the real amount of cold we were experiencing: moustache and beard, eyebrows and eyelashes, became lumps of hard ice, as if by magic; and when in "soft" places our feet got wetted in the slush, our mocassins and snow-shoes froze hard and fast as speedily as we could withdraw the foot. Each Indian carried a small branch of a tree stuck in his girdle, with which he belaboured his legs and snow-shoes after a soft spot had been "run," breaking off the instantaneously formed ice in small lumps and flakes, and getting all clear for a fresh start on the good snow. Our traineaux, moreover, were heavily laden, and there was no previous track laid to harden the snow, so that the Indians could not get along with anything like speed. About eleven o'clock we had done but four or five miles, and camp had to be pitched before dark, or woe betide the entire party; so we called a halt, abandoned everything we could possibly do without for the day, and loading the traineaux afresh with just the tents and the provisions—left blankets, coats, and rugs to repose on the snow, while we made the running with the indispensables. Another long hard fag—my comrade E—— and myself carrying our rifles, and beginning to find snow-shoes no joke when worn for four or five hours at a stretch—brought us at last, tired and furiously hungry, to a spot that old Simon thought would suit as a camping ground. But no such luck. He and Eustache left us awhile, tramping to and fro on our tracks in order to reconnoitre in the bush; and coming back, said they had seen "pistres," or signs of moose, and we must not disturb them, but be off elsewhere for our camp. Away, then, we tramped once more, but not for long this journey; besides the "pistres" had done us all good, and we were keen to be after the game. A spot was selected on the shore of the Lake, and a large hole cut with an axe for our water supply—the latter an operation that had to be renewed three or four times daily during our stay. Then we struck into the bush, scrambling and climbing up the steep bank, through three feet of snow dry as the dust on a Derby Day, and gaining a little plateau about three hundred yards from the Lake, set to work might and main to get under cover before dark.

With one blow of his big axe Simon took a slice off a red maple, and in about a couple of minutes transformed it into a remarkably handy wooden shovel; then repeating the operation, there were two of us equipped as excavators. To dig out a hole in the snow about the size of our marquee tent was not a long job; but while Eustache, E——, and myself were about it, and before we had got our uprights fixed for the reception of the top pole and canvas of the tent, our nostrils were assailed by a delicious odour of broiled salt pork, varied by an occasional whiff of fragrant Bohea, and an adjournment was voted and carried *nem. con.* to Simon's kitchen, situated in a hollow about twenty yards below us. What we called at school a "dollop" of sputtering fat pork laid on a captain's biscuit as both plate and viand, the same washed down by hot tea without milk or sugar (no luxuries had been as yet unpacked), does not *sound* a very seductive feast; but never did a regimental dinner at the London Tavern receive a more cordial reception than we accorded to our first repast on Lake Gimeaux. Ten minutes, "sharp," allowed for a pipe, and we were at work once more—Joe being sent off along the back track to pick up blankets, rugs, &c., and get back as soon after dark as he could; and in an hour's time our marquee was pitched, the little stove pipe projecting from one corner, smoking away merrily, and E—— and myself hard at it to lay in a supply of small wood sufficient to last us through the night that was settling down fast, and promised to be an awfully cold one. The three Indians were also well on with the building of the kitchen, and had constructed a log fire *as one* *side of it,* some fifteen feet long by five or six wide, and as high as they could conveniently pile it. Another pipe and speculation as to Joe's whereabouts ensued on the conclusion of our labours, interrupted by a cheery shout from that gentleman himself, whose round good-humoured face came gleaming through the darkness in the blaze of our fire, and who appeared as glad to get into camp with his load as we were to see him and it. More pork, more pipe, and much talk of moose; then last, not least, about half a wineglass of "old Jamaica" all round, and our Christmas Eve was over, and all the camp sound asleep save the "fire-watch" with the Indians, and the hapless "stoker" in the marquee tent.

Over the events of the next few days, full though they were of interest to me, space will not allow me to linger. One day was very like another: hard work, heavy falls, many tracks, and no game in sight, is a fair summary of each; and at night intense cold and sleeplessness from the necessity of stoking made a cheerful variation to the pleasures of the day. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the difficulty of walking in snow-shoes on a level surface, there can be none when you come to walking in the bush. Masses of fallen and entangled tree-stems, great spreading roots and stumps, slippery rocks and pools of ice, and broken banks and rifts of any depth from ten feet to a hundred feet, all more or less concealed by a treacherous covering of dazzling snow, make up as unpleasant a country for crossing as the most enterprising pedestrian could desire. From early morning, however, till late in the afternoon I dragged my snow-shoes over this sort of ground for several days, sometimes completely knocked out of time by falls and fatigue, and again plucking up heart as tracks appeared of a more recent date than those we had been following so many weary hours. The Indians were getting disheartened, and one of them had been badly frost-bitten about the ear and cheek; my comrade, too, had left me and returned to Ottawa, unwell, after holding out as long as he could, and when unable to walk "keeping camp" with Joe. Things generally looked gloomy, and around the camp fire at night my four Indians and myself smoked our pipes in silence and ruminated wofully on our want of luck. There was at last a general feeling that either game must be found or our ground must be shifted (for I was resolved that I would not go into Ottawa empty handed as long as the salt pork and tea could be made to hold out), when one evening Eustache and Simon came in from a distant scout with the cheering news that far-away up the Lake they had struck tracks not twelve hours old, and that overhauling the game was a mere question of speed and endurance on the morrow. Once more I took courage and resolved on a final effort—a long pull and a strong pull—before I gave up that district in disgust, and the evening was at once devoted to making all those arrangements that take so little time when made over night, but cause so much delay when left to the morning; and after a hopeful pipe by the fire and a carefully proportioned "go" of rum all round, we turned in early with a view of being on our snow-shoes with the first streak of dawn. The events of the next two days' hunt are best told by an extract from my diary, written shortly afterwards from notes made at the time, and with which I will bring this paper to a close.

Camp on Lake Gimeaux—Thursday.—I was awakened this morning before daylight by the entrance of Joe, blue with the cold, and bearing in his hand the ever-ready black kettle, full of boiling water for my tea. The cold during the night had been more intense than ever, and every twenty minutes had seen me roused by it from a doze to replenish the little stove. For more than a week I have had none but this broken sleep, and find it rather trying. I will not attempt a stove again, but take to the open tent and log fire for future trips. Tired as I am at night, there is, however, no fear of my oversleeping myself when I ought to be "stoking," as the fire has barely time to get low before I am wide-awake from the cold. My plan for ensuring these periodical wake-ups is simple enough, and thoroughly efficacious. In the bush we dress to turn in, and undress to turn out. My ordinary hunting apparel consists of two flannel shirts, a boating jersey, and rough pea jacket over all; thick woollen drawers, and three pairs of stockings, over which the mocassins fit like a kid glove. On going to "bed," I don a great coat, and fur coat on top of that, a sealskin cap with the flaps tied over the ears, and a pair of beaver skin gloves without fingers. On very cold nights, such as the last, I also put on a beaver waistcoat under the boating jersey. Six blankets and a big fur railway rug compose my bed; four of the blankets going *underneath*—a great secret in resisting cold when lying on the ground, as you may pile any amount of covering on the top without being warm, the cold striking up from below unless you are well protected there also. Last of all, I replenish my *bête noir*, the too-small stove, and doze off at once; leaving one hand outside of the pile of rugs and blankets under which I burrow. Ten minutes—fifteen—twenty, I sleep in peace, when a feeling of intense pain in the exposed hand, fur-gloved though it is, brings me up with a start. The stove is getting low, and the frost getting hold of my fingers, so to the pile of wood once more, and once more to sleep for awhile. This sort of fun goes on without intermission the entire night, and heartily glad I am to see Joe and the tea-kettle, and know that somewhere in the east a blue streak of light has warned us to be up and doing. Off go the rugs and other impedimenta, and out I turn into the bitter cold for a run to and fro on the beaten track between my tent and the Indians'. At the latter a noble log fire is blazing, and in the dim light of the dawn the Indians are bustling about and preparing for the day's work—looking to the thongs of the snow-shoes, and making all ready for the start. There was no need to hurry them this morning, as has been the case more than once lately. Evidently the tracks seen yesterday were really fresh, and Eustache, with his frost-bitten face tied up in a handkerchief, was at me, before I had swallowed my second cup of tea, to know if I was ready for my snow-shoes. Half an hour, then, after daylight, we had scrambled down to the shore of the Lake, and were streaking away in Indian file along its smooth and dazzling surface, to the far-away spot where the tracks had been seen; following the back track made by the Indians on returning from their scout over-night. The going was capital, the morning bright and clear, and so still was everything in the intense frost that we could hear a branch crack or rotten tree fall at a distance almost incredible. Making the most of our time, by about ten a.m., when we called a short halt, we had left our marks on the snow over a trail of some eight miles in length. Then out came the pipes, and a small hole was chopped in the ice with an axe, and the Indians drank the icy water with avidity. I never ventured on this myself, but dare say might have done so with impunity, as, in spite of the cold, we were not only warm, but perspiring from the exercise we had taken. Away again for another hour of hard walking, and old Simon began reconnoitring the locality, and informed me we were approaching his yesterday's cruising ground. The dead stillness was much against us, as the moose is a most wary beast, sharp-sighted, and sharper still of hearing; and if once moved and frightened thinks nothing of trotting thirty miles on end to new country; but we hoped, nevertheless, to come up with our game about midday, when they often lie up for some hours, if we could only get on terms with them at the outset. Turning abruptly from the level surface of the Lake, we now struck inwards for the bush, following the course of a wild and romantic creek, where the giant pines had been tossed and strewn like ninepins on every hand by the storms of ages—sometimes interlacing overhead, caught in each other's branches as they fell, sometimes piled three or four deep across our path, or hanging half suspended from the high banks. These monster trees, heavily laden with snow and ice, made it rough going indeed for the adventurous "human" who sought to pick his way over or through them. Here I first observed innumerable tracks of wolves and lynx, mingling with the unmistakable foot-marks of the moose, and my spirits rose as I felt that we were on good hunting ground at last, after our many weary and fruitless fags in other parts of the bush. Proceeding now with great caution, we worked our way slowly up the creek, not without many falls and more hairbreadth escapes, and emerging from its upper end, took to the land and commenced a diligent search for the fresh tracks noticed over night. With wonderful sagacity and in dead silence, the Indians selected the fresh tracks from the old; then, dropping on their knees, scooped the snow gently out from them, and ascertained from the impression of the beast's toes at the bottom of the track the direction in which he was travelling.

On, then, we pushed in single file, and, gradually leaving the mass of cross and counter tracks that had checked us originally, found ourselves at length on a clear trail wandering away to our front and leading us we knew not whither, except that, be the end of it where it might, there too was our noble game. There is something to me very fascinating in such a pursuit arising from this very fact. However long and weary the struggle, one knows throughout that the game is surely to be found—perhaps lying up not half a mile ahead, perhaps leisurely strolling through the open bush, nipping the young tops of the underwood on some remote hill-side, whither nevertheless the tell-tale tracks will surely lead him if he has but the pluck and endurance to hold on to the end. Thus, as each weary hill is climbed at last, as each abrupt descent is slipped down (or very often rolled down), the rifle is grasped more keenly and the eyes strained more eagerly around—so much nearer to our game are we to a certainty every yard we cover—so much more chance is there of sighting the massive head and branching antlers of a moose in every thicket we penetrate. There is no shirking or saving ground; over the very road he has travelled before us we must follow, dogging his every foot-fall, noting his every action, from which we may glean a hint of his intentions; sticking to the trail more surely than a hound, to scent over everything and through everything that may separate us, until, all difficulties overcome, we run into our quarry at the last and have him at the mercy of a sure hand and a true rifle. Often, it is true, a long and weary march is rewarded only by the sudden sound of a heavy rush to our right or left, as the big beast bursts away through the bush without giving a chance of a shot; but this is but the fortune of war, and one successful issue will compensate for many that are blank. But to resume; an hour's careful tracking brought us far-away from the lake-side and up into a range of hills we had never penetrated before. From time to time the trail ceased to be carried forward in a comparatively straight path, but diverged to and fro in short zig-zag courses, marking where the animal had paused to feed amidst the young underwood; and ever and again some log was partly cleared of the snow, and the moss and bark on its surface showed signs of the moose's quest for a midday meal. Shah-ween and myself now left the others to follow, and struck off by ourselves, thinking we must surely be very near our game. The rifle was slipped from its case, and onward we crept, every sense on the alert, and everything prepared for instant action. We took little note of time or distance, though the chase was a long and hard one, but at length during a short halt I found that something was amiss with my rifle, and on examining it more closely became aware that its whole surface was frozen over with a coating of fine ice, and that the lock of the left-hand barrel would hardly "click" as I moved the hammer to test it. This would never do, so we sat down in the snow and went in on the spot for a thorough cleaning of the piece. It was a bitterly cold job, but a necessary one, and as we were about completing it the Indians in the rear overtook us, and I at once got the rifle back into its case, resolving not to strip it again till actually on the moose. Our party re-united, we toiled off again; and lucky it was that we had waited for the lag-behinds, for in another half-hour's time we had much need of one of them. We had just climbed a very stiff snow-side, hauling ourselves up by the twigs and branches of the underwood, and catching at every dip and inequality in the ground that would afford purchase for a foothold, when Eustache, who was immediately in rear of me, just as his eyes came on a level with the crest of the hill, threw himself on his knees in the snow, and made a futile attempt to stop me by catching at the remarkably short tail of my old boating-jacket. Though he failed to catch this, he caught my attention, which was as good, or better; looking over my shoulder, I saw by the glitter of his eye and the eager expression of his face that he had got a glimpse of the moose. I was back at his side in an instant, and eagerly peering through the stems and underwood in the direction in which his eyes were fixed, but could see nothing but twigs, bushes, and snow-covered branches interlacing in every possible and impossible shape, and baffling every attempt to penetrate the fantastic net-work they formed. Eustache now got frantic with excitement—(these Indians often do when one has most need of their remaining cool and quiet)

—so I had to take him by the shoulder and push him well down into the snow, dropping on my knees by his side, and bringing my head close to his, as the best chance of getting a view. All this time Shah-ween had remained immovable in front; old Simon, in the rear, was praying fervently to "Maniton" to take especial charge of my bullet, as he told us with much pride afterwards; and Eustache was keeping up a running fire of whispers, "That a moose, Boss! shoot you—shoot! He run else!" but no moose could I see. At length, far-away on my left, I detected a little black spot that I could just see through the angle formed by two fallen tree-stems, and which certainly was of a colour new to me in the bush: it looked like a small bit of door-mat cast away in the snow, and this I decided must be the moose. "What part of him, Eustache?" I whispered, setting my sight for a hundred yards, and trying in vain to make "head or tail" of the motionless black spot. "Don't know, for me, Boss; think, may be, dat 'is back!" was all the information I could get from my sharp-sighted hunter; so, making the best of a very uncertain business, I drew a fine sight on the object, and amid breathless excitement on all hands, "let loose," as they term it in the States. The sharp crack of the rifle rang out quick and clear in the frosty air, and in one instant the intense stillness of the bush was exchanged for an exciting scene of uproar and confusion. My shot had told, as I knew by a grunt of delight from both Eustache and Simon. Almost at the same moment I saw a massive form rear itself quickly from the underwood, bound wildly upward, then go cracking over on to its back, striking fiercely around with all four feet in the air, amid a whirl of scattered snow and broken and flying branches.

One instant to struggle to my feet, and, as the Indians rushed in upon the fallen beast, I pushed without the loss of a moment in a direction to my right front, towards which the head of the wounded moose had pointed as it sprang up from the ground. I knew that these animals mostly went in pairs, if not in greater numbers, and bright visions of a second beast flashed across my mind as I forced my way, at my best pace, through the tolerably open bush. Encumbered as I was with heavy fur gloves, I did not even stop to charge my unloaded barrel; I could not have done this, so begloved and strapped around as I was, under the best part of a minute, and every instant was precious if I hoped to steal a second shot. This was not a time of year, such as the later spring months, when the poor animals labour through the heavy snows, staining with their blood the frozen "crust" which then forms on the surface, as they sink to their bellies at every plunge—and when the hunter, skimming over that crust, as useful to him as it is fatal to them, can overtake and butcher them at his pleasure—but a time when the conditions were exactly reversed, and all in favour of the beast against the man. Over three feet or so of light early snow was the worst of going for us, while the moose went through it as a deer through the heather, and I knew it was in all probability a question of a snap shot at the best before any other beasts of the party were away down the hill-side and out of sight for ever.

A crash and rush on my right, seemingly close to me, brought me to a halt before I had covered fifty paces, and then, indeed, I beheld a sight which amply rewarded me for all previous disappointments and fatigues. Smashing through the underwood and brushing the saplings aside to right and left, with head erect and eyes fixed in bewildered astonishment on the disturber of his rest, came a noble moose, end on towards me, and at a distance of little more than thirty paces. "You're mine!" I half whispered, half thought, as I took a long breath, and, leaning my shoulder against a tree-stem, waited for my chance. I had not long to wait. With a snort of mingled anger and surprise, the magnificent brute wheeled short on its tracks, and driving the snow around in all directions at every pace it took, went off at a swinging trot across the front of my position, affording me a quiet shoulder shot at fifty yards. With a feeling of absolute certainty as to the issue, I covered the right spot to an inch, and slowly pressed the trigger; the hammer fell, but no explosion followed, and with a feeling of sickening disappointment I realised that my only cartridge had missed fire, as I saw the moose disappear the next moment under cover of the bush. A right and left at moose—what a chance to lose! and the only occasion in my life when with that rifle and with "Eley's best" I have ever had a miss-fire! I fear a very undrawing-room-like expression slipped out from between my lips, as I threw open the breech of the rifle and hurled the cartridge with the dented worthless cap into the snow; then, reloading, I turned to where my first beast lay, but where just at this moment a most unaccountable hubbub among the Indians arose. "Surely nothing wrong there too?" I thought as I scuffled hurriedly across the space that separated me from them, and arrived in the nick of time to see them scattered here, there, and everywhere, and the tail of my "dead" moose vanish into the underwood at the bottom of the hill to our left! Four more blank and disconcerted faces, white or brown, it would have been difficult to find, I imagine, than those myself and party offered at that moment to each other's inspection. But, of course, to grumble was of no use—was, in fact, worse than useless—so I brought out the rum flask, served a "go" all round, and with pipes alight we scurried off at our best pace on the trail of the wounded moose. For a short distance the pursuit was exciting enough—the dazzlingly white snow being spotted with crimson stains, and the bush on either side of the trail marked with similar splashes of blood. From one thicket to another, as we pressed eagerly forward, we never knew the moment at which we might be confronted by the wounded beast, not perhaps in the best of tempers at the unceremonious treatment he had received. By degrees, however, the marks of blood became more and more faint, and the ground more difficult to get over, as our chase made away into the most dense and impenetrable parts of the forest. After some three or four miles had been thus traversed we were warned by the waning light and our own failing energies that, however reluctantly, we must give up the pursuit for that night. Shah-ween and myself had done all the work in the early part of the day, and were nearly or quite knocked up, and camp was at least eight miles distant, in a direction as to which none of our guides was over and above certain: we accordingly made off as best we might for "home," leaving Eustache and Simon to continue another mile or so, and then make the best of their way back to rejoin us. On our return journey I met with the worst of the many falls I encountered throughout the trip, and found, on extricating myself with Shah-ween's help from the drift in which I brought up, that I had badly sprained my right foot by a twist on the snow-shoe. The rest of the journey was performed "at the hobble," and we called many a halt and exhausted the rum flask before we struck the camp. At one of these halts the thought occurred to me to try whether my miss-fire could have been owing to any weakness in the lock of my rifle instead of the fault of the cartridge, and I accordingly put a couple of balls into a tree-stem about a hundred yards off as a test. A very trivial incident in itself, but one that told forcibly enough on subsequent proceedings.

Friday.—I will not linger over the mournful reminiscences of last night in camp: the long and short of it was, we were all awfully tired and not slightly down in the mouth. Eustache and Simon reported that the moose had rejoined its companion soon after Shah-ween and I turned back, that the blood stains had ceased, and that any further pursuit was hopeless. I settled, therefore, that they should go out this morning in an entirely new direction, leaving Shah-ween with his bad leg and myself with my sprained foot to take care of the camp fire. On coming out of my tent, then, this morning, stiff and tired, I found my friend Shah-ween solemnly smoking, and nursing his leg, and very unhappy over yesterday's failure. I then told him that as the others were off for fresh trail, I meant, if he could walk, to go quietly back to last night's finish and see what we could strike off for ourselves. I knew that a 14-gauge bullet which had drawn blood so freely at first *must* prove a sickener to any beast, however big or game; and I had hopes that if our moose would but lie up for the night it would be too stiff to travel far again in the morning. Explaining all this to Shah-ween in the worst of Canadian French, I got him at last round to my view of the case, and at about ten o'clock we were on our shoes and under way in a very dot-and-carry-one fashion to last night's trail. Some snow had fallen in the night, and there was from time to time a slight breeze that brought more down from the trees and made the air piercingly cold; still we pushed on, getting by degrees the better of our stiffness, and talking over our faint chances of success. On reaching the end of last night's trail we found, sure enough, that the tracks of two moose were mingled, and to select those of our own was a puzzler indeed. Shah-ween was beaten at first. We followed on but a short way when again the tracks parted company: one continuing straight away to cross the big lake, the other branching off to the worst and most difficult district of the neighbouring forest. This was better; our fellow, we decided at once, would not face the open lake, and *might* lie up in the bush. Off then we struck on the upper track, and for an anxious half-hour knew not whether we were following the right moose, or going at every step farther away from it; at last, with a grunt of delight, Shah-ween ran forward for half a dozen paces, and carefully picked off from a sapling that inclined across the path a little bunch of moose hair clotted together by blood. On the right trail, at all events! So once more we pushed on with renewed hope. Up and down the track led us into all the worst of the bush. Here the beast had walked slowly, here trotted, here jumped a fallen stem, and landed with a struggle and a flounder on the farther side; but no signs of lying down could we discover. We were going, too, dead away from camp and into a country where we could not hope to follow. We had hardly made up our minds to this when the track suddenly ceased to lead on—the beast had planted its forefeet deeply in the snow, had wheeled short round on its tracks, and gone off at speed towards the big lake and into comparatively open bush.

The same idea occurred to Shah-ween and myself simultaneously: those two shots I had fired over-night from a direction towards which he was heading had turned our friend, and he was now put off from his point, and possibly harking back to look after his companion. At the worst, the new track was better going, and would lead us to the Lake if it held its new line; so again we were on the heels of the beast and pushing forward more rapidly than ever. I shall not forget for many a long day the delight with which, after a long weary hill-side had been climbed, we found ourselves suddenly halted on a small place where the trampled and indented snow, bearing the impress of the animal's body, told us as plainly as signs could tell that we were on the spot where the moose had passed the night. To and fro over a space some five or six yards square he had wandered about, selecting his bed, and eventually had lain down with his shoulder against a stem. He had evidently remained some hours in this position, as the warmth from his body had melted the snow, which had frozen again into a thick crust on his leaving. Here, too, we found much more blood; his brief gallop after being turned by hearing my shots had possibly caused this, and very likely had contributed to make him lie up for the night. This blood-stained bed showed me clearly also where I had hit him; the spot where his shoulder had rested was the most discoloured. Had my ball struck the right place the spot *underneath* his shoulder would have told the tale; as it was, I had hit him too high up, but in a good line, and knowing the weight of my conical ball I felt sure from this moment that after his night's repose it was long odds in my favour that I saw my friend again within three miles of his late lodging. Nothing could exceed the caution with which we now proceeded. Leaving the trail to windward of us, though there was barely breeze enough to float a feather, we worked slowly forward in a direction parallel to its course, striking back to it only at intervals to mark progress and ascertain the pace the animal was travelling. When he pushed on freely we fell into Indian file, and got ahead at our best speed; then back once more to the trail, as Shah-ween fancied some check had occurred in the rate of going. Ha! he is walking now, and slowly too! Close alongside of each other then, the rifle ready for instant use, we creep on, scanning every bush and peering between every tree-stem on the forward trail.

There is real excitement in the hunt now. Apart from our keen anxiety to get the beast, there is just enough probability that he may sight us first, and in his present wounded state feel an inclination on his part *to get us*, to keep all our senses on the alert and our nerves strung to the utmost. Now we sink a deep-tangled hollow, trying every footstep and drawing our hinder snow-shoe carefully forward at every pace; now we rise a stiff snow-side, and on the level get a peep at a dense thicket in front, dotted with monster pine-stems and maple trees here and there. Shah-ween is close up on my left, his knife ready to his hand; and, parting the boughs in our front, he peers anxiously ahead as we push our way softly through. There is no need for his hand to fall with a sudden fierce grip on my arm, no need for him to point eagerly forward, with straining gaze and hard-drawn breath; there, close to us, staring down on us with distended nostril and bloodshot eyes. his ears protruded and coat on end with anger and astonishment, churning the snow viciously beneath his heavy hoofs, stands our noble quarry at bay! See, he is not quite sure what or who we are, not quite certain whether to show fight or turn and fly: no, he will let us come another yard or two, he thinks, and then— That was a fatal pause! Once more the cheery crack of the rifle rings out, and goes wandering away in countless echoes over the snowy wastes of hill and lake, sounding the death-note of the gallant brute. One wild headlong plunge forward he makes, straight down on us, as we stand with levelled rifle waiting the unequal contest; but only to meet a second ball that crashes into his chest and brings him a struggling and bleeding giant to the ground. This time I have a spare cartridge handy for emergencies. Reloading quick as thought, and in the excitement of the moment quite unheeding Shah-ween's warning cries, I rush in upon the fallen moose to give him his *coup de grace.* An unnecessary as well as perhaps unwise proceeding this; there at our feet he lay, dead enough this time, and a noble prize to win. Brother sportsmen, can you wonder that at that moment all previous fatigue and disappointment were forgotten, all past hardships counted but as so many pleasures; and can you not believe that the pipe I then smoked was sweet beyond compare, and the "go" of rum I took of nectar-like flavour as I watched Shah-ween perform the usual rites on the body of my "first moose"?

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TERRIER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAJOR'S BATTLE, AND HIS SHOP.

IT WAS one morning at the vicarage with Miss Playfair. For of course I was admitted, yes, welcomed, everywhere. The conversation, also, I may say, as a matter of course, had been running for some time on the sayings and doings of Major Wymondsey. It apparently suddenly struck Miss Playfair that here was a good opportunity for learning something more about the friend whom she had learnt habitually to call "uncle."

"It may seem a very strange thing for me to ask of you, Mrs. Howley, but I do wish you would tell me something about the early history of Major Wymondsey. You know I lived for many years with his cousin, but I really hardly ever heard his existence referred to; only I was led to understand that he was a very eccentric man, and to think that he must have done something in past times which had created a permanent family dissension. Indeed I made a sort of guess, at which I now laugh, that there had been at one time some *tendresse*, if not a positive engagement, between the cousins, which had come to an untimely end. It appeared to me that nothing short of that could account for the positive aversion which Miss Wymondsey had to the mention of his name. I suppose everybody here knows what I do not. Do tell me something about him."

Mrs. Howley enjoyed her laugh, probably as much at Jane's philosophy as at the width of her guess, before she replied.

"Just what everybody here knows, I suppose there can be no harm in my telling. But I assure you I am quite innocent of all knowledge about Major Wymondsey's *affaires de cœur*, whether affecting your very respectable aunt or any one else."

"Oh no, not my aunt; Miss Wymondsey was my cousin, at least mamma's cousin."

"I fancied Miss Wymondsey was your aunt in some way: but how is it you call the Major your uncle?"

"For no reason at all but that he desired I should do so: but why he should I could not guess, except that he is in everything the very contrast to poor Miss Wymondsey. She was so vexed if any one spoke of her as my 'aunt,' and I recollect telling the Major so, the first evening I saw him. I think he thought it very funny, and to be odd in his own way told me to call him 'uncle,' and I am very glad of it, for he is as kind to me as if he were an uncle twenty times over."

"Ah! indeed; yes, I understand it. Major Wymondsey seldom does anything without a reason for it. It is very much more proper that as you are living together, you should be 'uncle' and 'niece.' That may perhaps stop any active-minded young cousin sitting by in silence and *guessing* this, that, or the other."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Howley; but do tell me something which every body knows about him."

"We all know the general lines of Major Wymondsey's history so well, that it seems strange in this neighbourhood to have it yet to tell to any one. You seem to have been bred in an artificial darkness, which the story may in some measure explain. The Major is, so far as I know, the last representative, of his name, of an old county family here. The tale of their fall is a common one, a long one, and variously told, told variously perhaps because it is long; the work not of one man, or one generation, but of two or three. Over-living and debt in the first place; then place-hunting for some of its members to mend that flaw; then electioneering, partisanship, popularity hunting, all the more desperately persisted in as the game ran against them. The Major's grandfather was the last Wymondsey who lived at Moulton Hall as its owner."

"Moulton Hall! why, the Major drove me to luncheon with the people who live there, the Grayburns; he never told me that it had belonged to his family."

"Perhaps he thought you knew it; that Mr. Wymondsey, who is only remembered by any one hereabouts as a very old man, outlived his eldest son, Mr. Hamon, by many years. Mr. Hamon—they were all 'Hamons' I believe, but I mean the eldest son—was engaged to one of the daughters, supposed heiresses, of Mr. Blaythwayt of Oveston; but while the fathers on both sides were each making great demands on the other about settlements, which neither would or could meet, the young people ran off and were married in Scotland. It was said, on the hint of the fathers, who each thought to overreach the other. But perhaps that story was only made for its merits. At any rate both, when disappointed in their expectations, took to cordially hating their new connections. The young people caught the distemper, and after three or four years of unhappy married life, separated. Mrs. Hamon Wymondsey went back to her father, and Mr. Hamon with two children lived at Moulton. There of course the youngest 'Hamon,' our Major, grew up. Looked upon as no more than the heir of the heir, he was sent to Eton, but early put into the army; after that I believe he was very little at home; while he was abroad his sister Barbara was married to Mr. Venables; and shortly after that his father died. The old Mr. Hamon's other son, Pascal, was sent to make his way in London; he married into good City connections, and I believe did very well. That was the father of your relative. As I have told you, several years afterwards the old Squire died; and then the captain came home as he supposed to take his inheritance, but really to meet with heavy disappointment. The secret of embarrassments had been well kept even from him; the old man wished it to be kept a secret during his time, and paid heavily for it. Captain Wymondsey, with all his shrewdness and high principle, looked into his affairs. The estate was like one of those articles which we every now and then unearth, after having been buried a thousand years; it is perfect to the eyes that see it for the first few minutes, but on exposure to air it goes to pieces. He came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to sell Moulton with all its land. There was a set of foolish people who cried shame upon him; and none more than his own family; they made the final act a matter for coldness or quarrel."

"Then you mean that Miss Wymondsey inherited this feeling from her father?"

"I mean that she personally may have resented it as strongly as any one else, for she was then grown up. I have been told that Major Wymondsey himself so far gave way to feeling that he held back the sale for three months, hesitating whether he should not destroy every vestige of the Hall before he sold the estate. He gave way to the representations of his cooler men of business; but their estimate was not reached at the auction, and the estate not sold. The Major then again determined to carry out his own intention; but this coming to the ears of Mr. Grayburn, who had been the highest bidder, he saved the Hall by at once closing upon the terms of the original estimate."

"How the Major must have conquered his feelings when he took me to visit there without the slightest reference to the past!"

"Good sense and time have done their work—time especially—for he went back to active service, and by dint of severe self-management for ten years, succeeded in freeing from all incumbrance the smaller Blackbrook estate, over which you have often been driven. Then he left the army, and seems to have determined on settling down at Welford, in the very neighbourhood of the old place and its associations, by the accident of having on his hands that old house here which had come into his family by some marriage two or three generations ago. Of course he has considerable advantage in social position from his family's traditions. His whole life, however, seems to be moved by the idea of making himself as useful and agreeable to the neighbourhood as he can; and in that way, I firmly believe, he has secured to himself an amount of personal respect such as no Wymondsey ever enjoyed before."

"So that has been Major Wymondsey's battle in life! Now I understand why he thinks so much for people who are fighting their way, with the battle somewhat against them. It is because he has had such a terribly hard fight himself. And do you know, Mrs. Howley, that he has a very odd sort of idea that he has no business to enjoy what he has left, unless he what he calls 'earns' it by making himself in some way or other useful in proportion as he is better off than others?"

"I have never heard him say it, but I can quite understand that he acts on some such principle."

"And then he has what one might call some honourable scars upon him from what he must have passed through. Sometimes he has quite surprised me with odd times and turns of economy. I could quite think that a person who only knew a little of him might set it down that he loved money. Indeed he says outright that he hates giving; and in a sort of half mocking, half earnest way he says he has the common repute of being 'close-fisted.'"

"Yes, there is a sort of truth in that. He is not to be depended upon in the matter of giving, as many people have found to their surprise, particularly the people into whose plans it enters to be magnificently liberal with other people's money. However, my dear Miss Playfair, I think we are going farther at least than I ought to take you. There could be nothing wrong in my telling you what, as we said, everybody knows about Major Wymondsey. But we had better stop when we find ourselves discussing his characteristics and judging him."

Miss Playfair quite agreed to that; so that this part of the conversation ended. But we both went home with a greater respect for our "uncle" than ever.

I scorn the pretension of having *undertaken* to do this, that, or the other—as, for example, to explain how the Major won his influence with the Welford people. Nobody has asked me to do it. But if any one into whose hands these lines may fall has, what I admit to be my turn, an interest in human character, he may be pleased to know some things that fell under my observation.

A part of the Major's establishment that early struck me as most original was what, among his friends, was called his "shop." This was, in fact, just a "reading-room," supplied with two daily papers, more weeklies, and several monthly and quarterly periodicals. But I should say that these last were, for the most part, not the streamlets of light reading, but the accepted periodicals of such branches in professional or philosophic literature as might find interested readers in Welford. But it was not for this reason only that it received the name of the "shop." The room was comfortably furnished, and fire and lights maintained in it, according to the season of the year, from ten in the morning till ten at night. It opened from the entrance hall of the Major's house, the front door of which stood always open. As a reading-room, it was thus always accessible to those who had been once admitted on the list of Major Wymondsey's acquaintance, on one only and easily observable condition. This was, that on entering each day for the first time every member should write his name and that of any friend he introduced upon a slate which stood over the fire-place. Such was the "shop" as I found it. Probably it had grown out of smaller beginnings, as the Major's objects and influence developed themselves. I have more than once heard described what those objects were. When he came to Welford he was not disposed to confine himself to the society of exactly his own class, and near his own age. He had always been active-minded, and had kept himself well informed. He would say that he kept himself fresh and young by courting the society of younger men—men who were disposed to look forward rather than backward. Especially he liked to make friends with young men who were looking forward to some career, and were preparing themselves for it in earnest. No matter where he found them, at the lawyer's office, or the apothecary's compounding-room, or the engineer's yard, he sympathised with them, and attached them to him. If, as would be mostly the case, they were youths brought to the place by apprenticeship only, with no friends in the neighbourhood, he made them feel in his house the welcome, and perhaps gave them more than the comforts, of their own homes. He helped them with its respectability; he raised their characters by his own high principles and good breeding. He liked to bring them together, but not for mere jollifications, idle evenings, to be followed by headaches and discontent with their means and station in the morning. He brought them together that they might become friends of each other. He bent himself particularly to break down any fantastical, mere conventional pretensions or class differences. He desired to give to each some breadth of mind by leading him to intelligent sympathy with another not running in the ruts of the same pursuit. There should be interchange of ideas; but before the track could be fairly effected there must be ideas on both sides. If young men had any ideas at all worth anybody's hearing, they must be those which they had gathered in their own special pursuits, "shop." So it came to be an understood thing that in the Major's society not only was "shop" *not* denounced, but it was *the* thing to be talked. The Major held that the young attorney would be none the worse for hearing an intelligent explanation of a new construction just brought into use in the engine factory; nor the engineer for hearing the Major himself catechise the articled clerk on the law of "patents;" nor the curate any the worse for hearing the description of setting a collar-bone. "Shop," therefore, was a good commodity in the Major's hospitable house, if nowhere else. Eventually, therefore, as the idea and plan of the reading-room was developed for this class of the Major's friends, it acquired the affectionate title of "The Major's Shop," or simply as between friends, "The Shop."

The Major's projects, when they began to take such shape that "the public" could not but take notice of them and canvass them, caused some shrugging of shoulders and some sufficiently good-natured smiles. The then Curate of the parish thought that the general idea and intention were good; but the plan would fail, because the Vicar and Curate were not—were not, in fact, put in their proper places in it. But the "plan," if at that time the Major had any positive plan or foresight of the shape his beginnings would take, had survived these criticisms, and succeeded. One after another the old residents, gentry, professional men, moneyed employers, were pleased to be admitted partners in "the shop." Some wished to signify their respect for the Major, some to show their own sense, some to follow the fashion. They looked in in the mornings to see the Ministerial or Opposition paper, to see what the other side had got to say about some party hit. The Major very willingly allowed some of those who did not wish to be his beneficiaries in a small matter to be contributors to the room of some periodical, or of a set of useful books to its shelves. But it was in the evenings—the winter evenings—that the room, with its cosy fire, good lights, and easy chairs, was a great attraction for its younger members. Then it was that the old bachelor, if at home, would often stray in among them after his dinner and coffee, and keep their wits pleasantly at work for an hour or two. I myself much affected the hearth-rug at such times. I heard much that entertained me, and made many pleasant acquaintances. If the Major was not there to sustain the tone, he had a capital vice-president in his absence. I may say something of him particularly. This was Mr. Francis Ridgway, junior partner in the firm of "Elt and Ridgway, Surgeons." When the Major first began to patronise youngsters, he found Frank in his articles of apprenticeship. Frank was a steady, clever fellow, going heart and soul into his profession. The Major took to him, and Frank answered by appreciating his elderly friend. Major Wymondsey interested himself particularly in sanitary reforms and the medical attendance on the poor. The lad was glad to find he could gratify his patron by attention in this direction. The Major often drove him, or rode with him, to visit cases in Mr. Elt's country district, and was sure to be so close, pertinent, and intelligent in his inquiries as to symptoms, progress, and method of treatment, that the young man found there was no room to be slovenly in his ideas or in his mode of expressing them. Frank had naturally those abilities and dispositions to which any knot of young men are sure to concede an ascendancy. Major Wymondsey saw this, and, unconsciously to them all, used it for managing them. He felt that he had lost a good right-hand when Frank went off to finish his course in London; but he had not lost sight of him, or of his hold over him. Mr. Elt was under strong and peculiar obligations to Major Wymondsey. When the Major had, as he has described to us, become an active member of the Board of Guardians, he had given particular attention to the subject of medical attendance on the poor. He was well aware that Mr. Elt, like other gentlemen in his profession, had undertaken a large district in the union, much more with a view to exclude competition from the neighbourhood than with an eye to his own advantage. In fact, the remuneration he was to receive would not cover the value of the medicines he was to dispense. The Major exerted himself to have the official salary made more adequate. He was partially successful. But that was at other people's cost; at his own he at once and freely doubled to Mr. Elt the whole of the salary, it being an understood condition that the poor should be attended with zeal and supplied with the best medicines.

As we have seen, Major Wymondsey's habits were such that he did not simply leave it to trust that this condition was fulfilled. What need to say that after a year and a half of overwork, Mr. Elt gave a yielding ear to Major Wymondsey's suggestion that he should invite Frank Ridgway back into the district as an assistant? So he continued for two years, when an opening seemed to offer itself to a clever and promising man, such as Frank, in a distant district. This caused more suggestions and negotiations with the Major, the result of which was that Mr. Francis Ridgway was established as full partner with Mr. Elt. Major Wymondsey had got his right hand again; a man who thoroughly understood him, and heartily entered into his views. In the interest of "the shop," he was in perfect understanding with the head of the firm, but in age and social position he belonged, or made himself absolutely belong, to the juniors. If to any eye there was any appearance of management of the concern, it lay with Frank Ridgway. Outsiders said that he had the length of the old gentleman's foot, and did with him what he liked; that the Major was honorary commander-in-chief, but that the quartermaster-general did the battles. A little passage of which I was witness will illustrate the manner in which he exercised his influence. One evening he was in the reading-room, apparently absorbed with a book or paper; two young men, much younger (for Frank was now about eight-and-twenty), were standing and chatting before the fire. From other subjects they had passed to discuss Miss Playfair. "What do you think of her?" says Number One.

"Rather a jolly girl, I think. But what is the old boy going to do with her? Is he going to set up a ladies' shop?"

Number One—"That would be a great stroke. I know one, two, three, a dozen who would be glad to come into the concern. But it's very odd we never heard of this niece before."

Number Two—"Niece indeed! It is all very well to find nieces. But if the old Major is pleased to call her so, it may be well worth somebody's while to take him at his word. Three to one, Bob, you don't name the winner."

Frank Ridgway here turned his eye towards the speakers, and said with considerable sharpness of tone, "It strikes me, young man, that you are giving your tongue great liberty in speaking of a young lady whom you have the bare honour to know, if you have so much as that. I hope you are only thoughtless. So before you speak again, pray think of whom you are speaking, and in whose house you are."

When Frank began to speak Number Two gave a hasty look at his friend, slightly raising his eyebrows, and assumed a knowing look: by the time the rebuke was completed he had apparently become simply surly, as though he were ready to resent it. Not so Number One, who appeared altogether annoyed—*annoyed with himself*, and said promptly, "Right, Ridgway, quite right; and thank you. Of course it was nonsense, but it shouldn't have been said."

Number Two perforce acquiesced, but with a sort of qualification. "You are very quick with your knife, Mr. Ridgway, what is your fee for the operation?"

"That depends upon how we class it," rejoined Frank, taking the observation in good humour; "shall I say, operation for abscess on the tongue?"

"Certainly," says Number One, "and report it to the *Lancet*, 'delicate and successful operation by that very eminent surgeon, Mr. Francis Ridgway.'" Frank had set everything right; the discussion dropped.

This incident made an impression upon me. If so much was said by two thoughtless lads in that place, what might freer tongues be saying in places less sacred. But pooh! where shall we escape venom, much more some foolish talking?

A lady after all was no stranger in the Major's house, bachelor though he was. Every year, for three weeks or a month at a time, his own niece, Barbara, used to visit him, sometimes an old friend of his own, with wife and children to boot; and there were many ladies in the place, besides the Vicar's wife and daughters, to welcome them and gladly have occasion to visit the Major in his own house. Perhaps at such times he less frequently spent his evening hour or two in "the shop," but he more often went in there to draw out some one or two together, and take them into the drawing-room. There was a piano, Miss Playfair could make it serve her well. Amongst the young men, there were some musicians of course, more who had some idea of singing. They were very pleasant evenings, I am sure Jane found them so. There was no more frequent evening visitor, whether by more regular invitation to dine, or thus casually brought in, than the Major's great favourite, Mr. Francis Ridgway. I have never said anything about his appearance. I will not say he was a handsome man; that of course would be disputed by somebody, but nobody would dispute it, that he looked the clever man he was.

They were very agreeable evenings in the drawing-room when *he* made one of the party.

CHAPTER X.

THE WHIRLIGIGS OF TIME AND WHAT THEY DO.

WITH Christmas came George Venables and his sister Barbara, nephew and niece to the Major, being children of his only sister, Barbara. Mr. Venables was a resident engineer in the employment of a large dock company on the eastern coast. He could seldom leave his post, and now remained only for the week. Miss Venables, on meeting in Jane a cousin whose name she had never heard six months before, met her as a favourite with her uncle under circumstances which could not disturb even the most jealous temperament. For it was obvious that the same event which had devolved upon Major Wymondsey the natural charge of this young lady had given him a very handsome augmentation of fortune. Barbara, whose mother had taken the Major's side in the grand family quarrel arising out of the sale of Moulton Hall, was an enthusiastic admirer of her uncle's ways. The two young ladies then, having an admiration in common, had the secret of a powerful cement for friendship. Barbara had remained at Welford into February, and undertook to remain still a week or ten days longer, while the Major went to town on business.

It was a day or two after his return, and when Miss Venables had left, that Major Wymondsey brought with him into the breakfast-room a small packet, and laid it beside him on the table. After breakfast he took occasion to explain himself. "I have been to town, Jane, for the settlement of my cousin Millicent's affairs. All was so simple that it might have been done in a month. I have seen no reason, but much to the contrary, for delaying the settlement another six months. Still it was right that I should allow every opportunity for the turning up of anything like a testamentary paper. Nothing of the kind has been found. It may rather surprise you, Jane, to hear that I have come to persuade myself not only that nothing ever will be found, but that Millicent actually intended *me* to be her heir. Yes. I do not mean that she had ever realised to herself that it would be so. I do not mean to say that she would have dictated and signed a will in my favour. Far from it. If she must have made a will, I think that in the pride of consistency—in deference to feelings which she had doubtless often vigorously expressed—perhaps my name might have been omitted altogether. That very consideration, as I persuade myself, put a difficulty in her way. She did not like, at least of late years, positively to do it. For if she had pride of consistency, still more had she pride of family in an intense form. She was very proud of her name and lineage. She knew that I represented it in the elder line, and in her heart of hearts, whatever her tongue might say, she knew that I had never done anything to dishonour it. If I had made any overtures to her of late years, she might have been openly reconciled to me. Perhaps she expected that I should concede so much to her."

As the Major here made a slight pause, either accidental or intentional, which seemed to invite remark, Jane interposed, "I confess I never heard her express anything of the kind; but in other respects you have described Miss Wymondsey's character exactly."

"No, no," continued the Major; "I did not expect that she would express it. If it happened to be a formed wish in her heart, twenty forms of petty pride would conspire to make her conceal it, and throw off suspicion from its existence. Old maids, like old bachelors, have their whims. They do not drive exactly in those open ruts which the public is pleased to assume must guide everybody's carriage. But let me drive my own gig straight. Being a woman with money, however little she might think of dying, Miss Wymondsey must have thought of making a will. She must, in her mind, have come face to face with the fact that I was her nearest relation, her heir. While I lived a will would be necessary to divert her property from me, on the contingency, the unlikely contingency, of my surviving her. Then my conclusion is that she designedly left that contingency open. With no anticipation of being immediately called from the use and disposition of her property, she made no will, because the law would make me her heir."

"It would be mere impertinence in me," said Jane, "to say anything that would be like sanctioning your views; but I may say that you quite persuade me, and that I am very pleased indeed that you have so satisfied yourself."

"But I shall not be satisfied, Jane, until I have done what I think justice, and you are reasonably satisfied too. Hush. In my view my cousin's adoption of you to live with her on the terms you did, created for her the duty of making some sort of provision for your maintenance and comfort in the station in which she found and kept you. This should have been secured apart from the claims of relationship, and the contingent distribution of the law. I have not to ask how Miss Wymondsey would have discharged the duty. I am not to be governed by her principles and conscience. I have only to decide how in my opinion the duty would have been adequately fulfilled, and to assume that she would have taken no less measure of it. I have considered the matter in this point of view for these three months, and, as the result, I have transferred £8,000 in Consols to your name, in conjunction with my own. In this packet you will find the stock receipts. I have added my own name, partly for a mere business convenience, partly in the assumption of a sort of trustee interest; but I regard myself as no more than trustee for the time. The sum is absolutely yours. I dare say you will take my advice when you wish to dispose of it differently. You will find also in this packet a banker's pass book and cheques, for I have opened an account in your name at Barclay and Tritton's, with the amount of a January dividend on your stock. You have only to write to them to accept the account, and that they may know your signature."

During the speaking of the last sentences Jane had lost colour. Her face was now white, and her eyes and mouth fixed as in catalepsy. But the Major seemed to have used forethought in preparing her for a great surprise. It is to be remembered, too, that she had once, and for a short time, gone through the suggestions, the half belief, the fear, the horror of being the heiress of Miss Wymondsey's whole fortune, after being in some sort the cause of her sudden death. Perhaps that experience had its value in enabling her to recover under this shock, for shock it was. The Major saw it, and sympathised with her. As he passed the packet to her his eyes glistened with water. She saw it. It relieved her. She sprang up, put her arms round his neck—"Oh. sir, sir, you are a great deal too kind to me, a great deal; a little of it—I *should* like a little of it;—yes, I shall be a great deal happier with a little of it."

"Ah, very well, Jenny; we'll talk about that another time, when you have had time to think about it. In the meantime, don't sit down to write about it *to anyone;* and don't let it get among the gossips here. It is a very safe secret between you and me and the dog. There let it stay for the present."

With that, the Major slipped off, and left us to it. I am not going to say what we thought or said about it in private.

What was the result of that "talk about it another time," if that time ever did come, I need not say. But I must say that I began to be very uneasy under the weight of these "secrets" which had been thrust upon me. I have heard of some king or emperor who was in the habit of disguising himself, taking his prime minister's arm, and walking about odd places in his capital, to hear what his subjects had to say of him. For my part, I should think that it was a very unpleasant walk for the prime minister. He might with equanimity hear any remark, however uncomplimentary to his Majesty, or it may be his Majesty's wife; but to be aware that the royal ears were hearing it at the same moment, must be particularly uncomfortable. The expectation or fear that at every step he might hear something of the kind must be a sensation by no means agreeable to bear through a long promenade in the dark. My sensations began to be something of that kind. I was privy to that terrible conversation between Miss Wymondsey and Mr. Brakespere, I was privy to the convention between Mr. Brakespere and Major Wymondsey; and I had no doubt that in the space of that ten minutes' private interview before the last dinner at Easton, Mr. Brakespere had himself punctiliously accepted and ratified the Major's terms. I was privy to these things; but in all the months I had been at Welford nobody had alluded to them. Who should? If Mrs. Abigail Foster, or that highly respectable nurse of Fanny Brakespere had on either side had an inkling of what had taken place, no doubt their correspondence would have had an element of lively interest, and some information would have come out. Jane's chief correspondent at Easton was excellent Mrs. Gray. But Mrs. Gray knew nothing of that delicate business. The only form in which the name of Brakespere appeared in her letters, and probably also in Jane's, was in casual allusions to little Fanny.

At the time I had thought the Major's arrangement fair, kind, and judicious. I had now for some time begun to doubt this. There was to be "no engagement!" After all, was there none? Was Miss Playfair really free? Was she quite free to admit, it may be to encourage friendship, interest, from another quarter? Was she heart-free? Was it a one-sided freedom? Had she never expected and wished a renewal of Mr. Brakespere's offer? Did she continue in the same mind now, expecting and *wishing*, or expecting and *dreading?* Either might have been.

The Major had suggested that she should see something more of "the world" before she was pressed to a decision so affecting her future happiness. Here she had been for three or four months "seeing the world," in a way compared with which her sojourn with Miss Wymondsey was like living in a convent. How had it affected her? So far as I could judge she very much enjoyed it. What might be the consequences of her allowing herself to enjoy it, without regard to that little point in her past history, in different, and, it must be said, not very happy circumstances? Should that have been a check upon her finding a new friend agreeable, and permitting *him* to find *her* very agreeable? As the Major had put the matter, who would say so? Any day might bring an incident, even a word, which might make these very serious questions, and dispel illusions somewhere. I lived in uneasy apprehension. This came of being the depositary of a secret. And now, here was another, having a great bearing on the first. Miss Playfair had become, not simply independent, but a lady of handsome, attractive fortune. If that had been known, probably it would have precipitated matters. Jane must have had to make up her mind before she well knew what that mind was, or would be in a little time. The Major, no doubt, saw that; and therefore counselled present silence. I make no question he was wise and right.

As it happened, Miss Playfair had had a month to settle herself into the feeling of having a fortune of £10,000, before the word which I anticipated was spoken or written. It came, without preface or note of distinction, in the personal gossip of a letter from Mrs. Gray. Jane "would be very sorry to hear that her old friend Mr. Brakespere had met with a very severe accident, about three weeks ago. It was a cut, a mere scratch, they said, while performing some operation; they called it *blood-poisoning*. He had been very ill; for some days, indeed, there were serious fears for his life. It was hoped that that danger was now past, but his system had received a great shock. All Easton feels very much for him, and for the loss of his services."

Engagement or no engagement, Miss Playfair was most painfully affected by this intelligence. She had no difficulty in communicating it to the Major. He had her secret. The result of their conversation was that he undertook himself to write to Mr. Brakespere to express their feelings and make inquiries. He hinted to Jane to be cautious as to the *manner* in which she mentioned this misfortune to her maid, Foster. The return of post brought the following answer:—

"DEAR MAJOR WYMONDSEY,—At the desire of my friend Brakespere, and, as far as I can, in his words, I answer your kind letter of sympathy and inquiries. He is deeply sensible of the interest shown by you and by Miss Playfair.

"The unfortunate wound was upon the right hand; he is therefore entirely disabled from the use of his pen. If he should ever recover its power, the first use he will make of it will be to address you. He fears this will not be the prospect of days, but of weeks.

"So far my friend's message; but I venture to add for myself that I think he is unnecessarily depressed about himself. I see no reason to fear but that in a month or six weeks he may recover the use and sensibility of his hand for all ordinary purposes, and that his constitution will not be seriously impaired.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Yours very faithfully,
"HENRY HADFIELD, M.R.C.S."

The subject occupied Jane's mind. It was very natural that on one of the evenings she should take the opportunity of asking Mr.

Ridgway something about the nature and danger of "blood-poisoning" by wounds. "By such wounds as surgeons incur," as she had to explain in order to limit the class. He told her much, and gave some terrible accounts. She showed so much interest, that he could not help asking her if she knew anyone who had had such a misfortune. The question, simple and natural enough, took her by surprise. The blood that *would* make itself felt and seen in her forehead and in her neck, told Mr. Ridgway plainly enough that there *was* something else in her mind, in connection with the name of Mr. Brakespere, than the mere fact that he was her "cousin's medical attendant at Easton."

It was now Frank Ridgway's turn to betray emotion. Frank evidently enough saw a ghost. But he saw it very quietly. He only betrayed it for a few moments in greater softness and deliberation in his words. Miss Playfair felt very conscious of having conveyed an impression. She was evidently annoyed with herself. She made great efforts to recover her ground. She tried to make Frank forget it, by making herself very agreeable to him.

The words that I had anticipated had been spoken. Several people were very thoughtful, very uncomfortable: illusions had to be met, some must before long be dispelled. There was however a pause. Miss Playfair went to spend a month with Mr. and Miss Venables. After her return it was agreed that she and the Major should go and spend a few days, perhaps a month, at the late Miss Wymondsey's house at Easton. Something might probably happen then. There was time to prepare the mind for it now. Whether Jane took Miss Venables into her counsels I do not know, for I was left with the Major.

During that month the Major came into possession of the "Wastrell" Estate. The price was paid. Mr. Graves brought the conveyance and a mountain of title deeds, chiefly paid-off mortgages. Job had evacuated. The Major, as his wont was on such occasions, drove over to the place, and spent many hours alone about it, forming his own views as to its requirements and capacities. There were two small closes, an orchard with trees in various stages, from youth to decrepitude, but among them four noble walnuts. The homestead was large, out of all proportion, and the buildings falling to pieces. The house, in fact, had remained, while the estate had been diminished by the alienation of one field after another to meet the exigencies of the owners. We rambled at our leisure about the shaky tenement. It was a place where you might well find a hoard of old money, if you only knew where to look for it. On the ground floor there was one good, very good room. It was the common hall or room of better days. The empty fire-hearth was surmounted by a chimney-breast of carved oak, out of keeping with the rest of the room, and black as a mole. The Major looked into it attentively. There could be no doubt about it. The artist had worked into his design again and again the Burning Brand, the cognizance of the Wymondseys. There it is to this day on the buttons of the Major's groom, and upon his horse furniture. He said aloud, "That must have come from the Hall at some time or other." Having satisfied himself with that discovery, he turned away, and I might say, found himself looking out of the casement window. There, down the slope of hilly ground about a mile distant, were the Moulton Woods, once wasted, now springing up into second vigour; there were the meadows down to the river edge, which was the boundary of the parish and the Moulton Estate on that side. Evidently turning his eye sharply into the right direction for it, he could see over yonder trees the chimneys, yes, and a gable of the Hall itself. "Curious," said he, again speaking aloud, "that on entering this little plot, this poor man's squandered heritage, I should have my own ghost walking before me. Then it was Grayburn in and Wymondsey out. Now it is Wymondsey in and Wastrell out! There's a difference truly. But we are brothers of the same clay, and may have the same feelings. Does he feel as I felt? I hope not, I think not. Strange that the lines I have so often applied to my own ousting should now rise to point at me.

> Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum,
> Nec me, nec quemquam statuit : nos expulit ille ;
> Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inscitia juris,
> Postremo expellet certe vivacior hæres.
> Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
> Dictus erat, nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum
> Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes,
> Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus."

What was the drift of these lines, and whence they are, I was fortunately able to gather later in the day: for that evening the Major, after quoting them again, challenged the Curate to say where they were to be found. "I should know that, Major," said the young man, "for it is not long since I amused myself with translating them. And yet I own I would rather find them for you in your Horace, than undertake to say exactly where they are—aye, here they are, at the end of Second Satire of the Second Book." His translation! The Major and the rest would take no denial. He must go to his lodging, bring his translation and read it. This he did. I am therefore able to supply so much of it as covers the Major's lines :—

> Nature gave
> Nor me, nor him, nor anyone to have
> The plot to hold it in eternal fee,
> He ousted us ; some piece of roguery,
> Or unthought trick of law, or at the last
> The heir persisting to survive will cast
> Him from the land ; Umbrenus's the same
> To which before Ofellus gave his name ;
> But no man's own. In turn its fruits we claim,
> Now I, now he. So bravely play your parts,
> And face adversity with manly hearts.

I have mentioned that the Major was brought up at Eton. He remembered and loved his Horace. He used to call him the Country Gentleman's Poet.

But I must bring this chapter in my autobiography to an end. Miss Playfair returned. Something after the middle of April we found ourselves, we four, the Major, Jane, Foster and myself, in the late Miss Wymondsey's house. Though standing very well with our acquaintance at Easton, when we quitted the place, it was soon very evident that we had risen in importance on our return. Doubtless something of this was due to Foster's tongue. She was quite equal to conveying to the Easton mind in the servants' hall regions an adequate sense of the Major's importance in his own neighbourhood. She owed it to herself that this should be known. The Wymondseys were of higher family than she had supposed when living with the single lady, the City man's daughter ; and she, Mrs. Foster, was in the family. Besides this, Miss Playfair's manner, even insensibly to herself, bore marks of feeling her own altered position. Mr. Brakespere was of course among the first of our visitors. He still showed some signs of his severe illness, but had resumed, with some assistance, the round of his practice. I do not doubt that, through all the cordiality of his reception, he, too, felt that unconscious change in Miss Playfair's manner. He was not at any rate addressing the dependent girl, broken to the habits of an overbearing and self-indulgent patroness. But whatever were his impressions, it was inevitable that he must speak early, either to resume his pretensions or to withdraw them. I had not the advantage this time of being in the room when he did so. I only knew the result. Miss Playfair undertook to be really little Fanny's stepmother. And then only Mr. Brakespere heard from her own lips what she owed to the Major's generosity. My thoughts went to Frank Ridgway, and I was sorry that his were the illusions which must be dispelled. Fortune had generally been favourable to him, but here it was against him. Mr. Brakespere had the advantages of a first discoverer. He had found his treasure and fought for it bravely, when Miss Playfair appeared to him under no such advantages as that of being the favoured relative of Major Wymondsey. There are other good girls in the world. I hope Frank will have the fortune to find and win one of them. He has not yet. The wedding took place at Welford on the 14th of August.

Miss Wymondsey's establishment was broken up. Her coachman and housekeeper had long been engaged to each other. They married and were settled as tenants of the Major's on the Wastrell Estate. In the course of the summer the house was thoroughly repaired. Great care was taken about the good room with the old chimney breast. As the whole house was furnished by the Major from Miss Wymondsey's, the curate of the parish finds very comfortable lodgings there, with Mr. and Mrs. Joyce. We often go to see them, and when we call upon the curate I observe that the Major invariably looks out of that window towards Moulton Hall.

FINIS.

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

Charles Lamb once wrote down upon an odd slip of paper a reflection which, rightly regarded, is fraught with comfort to a large and suffering class of humanity. It occurred upon his having been shown the original copy of the *Lycidas*, treasured in the library of Trinity. Lamb tells us that he had thought of the *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty, as "springing up with all its parts absolute," and wishes the folios had been thrown into the Cam, or sent after the later cantos of Spenser, before he had set eyes upon them. It staggered him to see "the fine things in their ore," and he protests that he will never again go into the workshop of any great artist, nor desire a sight of his picture till it is fairly off the easel. Now, in the sense wherein Lamb here writes, editors of magazines and of newspapers, and the readers of book-publishers, see all the contributions forwarded to them in "their ore." The "repugnance to a written hand," to which "Elia" confesses, is, of course, partly overcome by long practice at deciphering fresh and crabbed styles ; but it always exists to a certain extent, and it is quite possible to conceive cases where the hidden beauties of a composition in manuscript are lost upon the editor to whom the folios are submitted, because, in the rude effort to make out what the writer has to say at all, the gentler beauty of the thought or of its expression is crushed out of recognition. The illustration which Lamb gives of the idea is not available to every one, but there is one that is, and it will do just as well. In Mrs. Gaskell's delightful "Life of Charlotte Brontë," the biographer gives a *fac simile* of a page of handwriting of the author of "Jane Eyre." When paper got to be a little more abundant at the parsonage, and Charlotte wrote with the knowledge that her manuscript would have to be read by her publisher and set by the printers, she probably wrote more reasonably. But those who have any difficulty in perceiving the force of Lamb's declaration—"There is something repugnant to me at any time in a written hand, the text never seems determinate, print settles it"—should look over this page, and, with the memory of the fascination of "Jane Eyre" upon them, decide whether they would like to read the tale in manuscript written by the hand whose work is imitated in the *fac simile*. Reading a really fine work in manuscript, of the style of penmanship ordinarily affected by literary men, is like trying to see a landscape through a row of trees. One has to dodge the branches of marvellously-formed letters, and to work laboriously round the trunks of gnarled or wholly unrecognisable words ; and it is only by dint of patience and perseverance that one gets at the truth that there really is a fine prospect beyond, a picture for the sake of which it will be worth while to cut down the trees—that is to say, to have the repellent handwriting changed into fair, clear type. The fact, of course, holds good in the case of inferior works, with this important exception, that in proportion as the beauty of the prospect beyond the trees is less, so will the danger of its escaping the notice of the passer-by be greater. In the course of an editorial life which has far exceeded that allotted to ordinary men, I, SYLVANUS URBAN, have had to set aside many thousand contributions offered for publication by fond authors, and it is, therefore, with a special pleasure that I propound this theory: That amongst the rejected manuscripts daily cast into editorial waste paper baskets throughout the world there are many which, if seen in print, would be recognised as *Lycidas*, and which owe their premature extinction simply to the human "repugnance to a written hand." The identification of the *Lycidas* amongst the mountain heap of manuscript "declined with thanks" I leave to the critical opinion of each individual contributor thereto.

MR. CHARLES READE throws out a suggestion, in his recent novel, that we should take a hint from the gentlemen of France, and instead of confining our salute to our own friends extend it to our companions'; at least when these acquaintances of our companions happen to be ladies. The Frenchman takes off his hat to every lady whom his friend salutes in the street. The Englishman only takes off his hat to his own friends —an act of churlishness, Mr. Reade thinks, on our part. I do not see it. But I quite agree with Mr. Reade that rules of politeness ought to be international, like the currency, and I am almost inclined to agree with him in thinking the French rule in this case better than the English, although in the case which Mr. Reade cites to strengthen his suggestion, Sir Charles Bassett's act of politeness places him in an embarrassing position afterwards with the lady to whom, in imitation of his son, he lifts his hat. The only thing that is quite clear is that a question of this sort cannot be left open—it ought to be settled one way or the other; and at present it is too much of an open question, many men habitually acting on Mr. Reade's suggestion and lifting their hats to every lady whom their companion recognises, and the rest adhering to the rule of English reserve and taking no notice of any one except those whom they happen themselves to be on speaking terms with. Which is the rule of true politeness?

THIS question may, in its turn, raise the old, old question of which is the politest people in Europe, at least with those people who like to go into the metaphysics of etiquette. I need hardly say that I have no thought of discussing this question here, although I am inclined to agree with Lord Normanby in thinking John Bull, after all, entitled to the palm. His answer to the French lady who set up the usual claim for her countrymen is one of the daintiest *bon mots* I know upon this point. "You admit it yourselves," said the lady, capping all her own arguments. "Exactly," was Lord Normanby's answer, with a diplomatic bow, "that is our politeness." The only contribution I wish to make to this discussion is an epigram which very neatly, as I think, hits off most of us. "Politeness, with an Englishman"—the epigram is a lady's—"is an instinct; with the Frenchman a fashion, and, like all fashions, confined as a mark of breeding to the *élite;* with the Spaniards a tradition; with the Italians a relic of the days of chivalry and of their Courts of Love; with the Germans a virtue, and with the Americans a vice."

WHAT is the "legitimate drama"? From a critic so clear-headed as "Q.," the author of "Dramatists of the Present Day," I look for a satisfactory definition; but he fails me. I am disappointed at the manner in which he slurs over this question, because his work contains within it the elements of a promise of an improved current of dramatic criticism. He is genuine; he is trenchant; he is unconventional and unprejudiced; he is a slave to no "eidol," and therefore when he informs me that this man writes legitimate drama and that man does not I am constrained to give him credit for a distinct idea. Well, he says that Dr. Marston is, "with the possible exception of Lord Lytton, the sole living representative of the legitimate drama." Why? Because, it seems, Dr. Marston aims at "the highest order of dramatic composition," and because in his plays is shown, or attempted to be shown, "the gradual development of a character." I have not a word to say against Dr. Marston and his dramas; but I know not why his work alone, with the single exception of that of Lord Lytton, should be regarded as legitimate. I have a notion of what is "legitimate," but it does not correspond with that indicated by "Q." To my mind a play is not legitimate because it is written according to certain canons, because it belongs to a certain school, because it is elaborate, or in blank verse, or in five acts. There are a few other conditions which seem to me to be essential. The legitimate drama on the stage should correspond with the "standard" work in the library. It must be a genuine literary and dramatic composition, true to human nature, not flimsy, not tricky—not relying on merely *ad captandum* qualities; a reflex of the tone and habit of the time, but not simply a reflex of the custom of contemporary dramatists; it must be calculated to appeal to the interest at least of more than one generation of playgoers; and above all it must be a recognised and acknowledged success. "Q." gives a list of "Dr. Marston's legitimate dramas," observing of them that they are "all notable works, and some of them in certain important particulars must rank with the best productions of our dramatic literature;" "but," he adds, very justly, "a play is written to be played, and if it fails on the stage no compensatory merits can counterbalance its cardinal defect." Which means that some of Dr. Marston's legitimate dramas have failed on the stage. Then, I must protest, they are not legitimate dramas. I suppose the "School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to

Conquer," though comedies, are of the proper order of legitimate drama; and if they are, and if the "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" are in the same category, why not also "Caste" and "School"? and if the "Heir at Law" is legitimate, why not the "Colleen Bawn"? Because "Q.," in spite of the rather hard and unsympathetic character of his criticism, appears to me to be a good and honest judge of dramatic work, I am concerned to find him taking up with what appears to me to be a hack theory of the "legitimate drama."

WILL anybody propound a new theory of bad spelling? The old ones are not quite satisfying. Of course I refer to the defective orthography of educated people. I happen to be in a position to declare that this infirmity is not confined to persons who after they leave school care little or nothing about reading or literary pursuits. A large number of clergymen, thousands of people the great delight of whose lives is the reading of newspapers and books, and not a few men and women of good literary accomplishments, some of whom are in the habit of contributing to magazines and of writing books, are more or less bad spellers. Yet Mr. J. B. Hopkins, a gentleman speaking with a certain authority, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *School Board Chronicle* boldly assumes that correct orthography depends upon reading. Because Mr. Hopkins remembers how to spell a word when he has seen it in print, he concludes, in utter oblivion of the facts, that one who reads soon learns to spell. A single experiment would confute him. I will produce an educated man, an omnivorous reader, who has not missed a line of the Tichborne trial, and if he is asked to write a letter on the subject he will be pretty certain to insert a *t* before the *c* in the claimant's name, or he will allow the judge only one *l*, and will hesitate whether "Ballantine" is written with an *i* or a *y*, deciding at last to use the wrong letter. There is, indeed, no chance of maintaining the theory that spelling comes of reading. But how does it come? It depends, no doubt, upon the manner in which the observing faculties are trained. Of three men walking along a road and looking over a hedge, one will perhaps note that there is a group of cattle in the meadow; another will say there are five oxen, and the third will observe that they are Devons or Herefords. I am not sure that our schools are not rearing a greater percentage of doubtful orthographers than formerly, seeing that the practice of committing to memory long lists of words is going out of use. This is really a psychological question, and bad spellers ought to be called upon to explain the phenomena of their aberration before a Commission.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, talking to an assembly of his neighbours in Exeter the other day, started a rather suggestive idea in connection with our form of government. He asserted, in effect, that one of the very first results of changing our monarchy for a republic would be the alienation of our colonies. This is a notion for the little nest of republican Englishmen to reflect upon. Sir Stafford, I think, has hit upon the truth. Fancy those millions of the Queen's subjects in India, with all their Asiatic ideas of sovereign dignity, called upon to pay allegiance to a Commonwealth in London! Their imagination would never realise the majesty of a Congress or the authority of an elected President. In Canada there is really not much to prevent the setting up of an independent republic except the not easily defined but very real satisfaction of playing off the prestige of the British Crown against the somewhat colourless homeliness of the Government of the United States. As for our brethren in Australia, I do not believe they would acknowledge for one month the prerogative of the English Republic. I try to look at this question with the cold impartiality of a mere outside spectator, and when I have done my utmost in that direction I still cannot resist the conclusion that if the tendency of political science is towards a republican form of government, Great Britain must be one of the very last to yield to the influence, seeing that she has during so many ages committed herself to the task of reconciling monarchy with liberty, and remembering also the peculiar nature of our imperial responsibility in the East.

BY virtue of the freemasonry of letters it may be permitted to SYLVANUS URBAN to take a liberty with those who have a kindly feeling for the craft, in the name of a much-beloved brother, now, alas! no longer with us. I do not address a single word to those who were personally acquainted with Mark Lemon, for those who knew the man loved him, and will not wait to be reminded that the time is come to pay a tribute to his memory in the form pointed out by events which the late editor of *Punch*, in the midst of his work and duty, did not, happily for himself, foresee. I speak rather to those who knew only by repute that the pure tone, the generous feeling of the great English organ of humour and satire, and its unquestioned adaptation to the domestic life of the Anglo-Saxon people were due in a very great measure to him whose name was least mentioned in connection with the publication, though his personal devotion to the work was unintermittent. What might be said as a reason for taking thought just now of the work he did, of the man that he was, and of our obligations towards him, I hesitate to repeat; for were this a matter in private life among the honourable and the kindly, what should be done would be done without a word. But Mark Lemon was a public man, and so it happens that the public must be taken into confidence. Perhaps it is a false feeling that suggests a delicate reticence in this case, where there is nothing to apologise for, and only the plain truth to tell that, by reason of circumstances beyond the control of our brother in letters, the family who have to mourn the loss of him are not in a position to say No to the friends who have offered to put to the proof the generous feeling of the public for the memory of the first editor of *Punch*. I will not believe either that the appeal will be made in vain, or that it will need to be urged with a persistency calculated to wound the sensitiveness which, judging by myself, I know comes very near the surface in any question of respect and affection towards Mark Lemon. I will say no more but this, that the name of the widow of this good and true man of letters ought to be on the civil list set apart for honourable recognition of claims like his. I do not, indeed, know how the First Lord of the Treasury could find ground to resist this claim, fairly presented and supported as it may be by such facts as I do not think it needful to dilate upon here.

THE
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FEBRUARY, 1872.

SATANELLA.

A STORY OF PUNCHESTOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSATIABLE.

"My Dear General,—As I know it is impossible to catch you for luncheon, come and see me at three, before I go out.—Yours most sincerely,

"Clara Lushington."

No date, of course. The General, nevertheless, ordered his hack at half-past two, in confident expectation of finding his correspondent at home.

He was ushered into perhaps the prettiest *boudoir* in London—a nest of muslin, filagree, porcelain, and exotics, with a miniature aviary in one window, a miniature aquarium in the other, a curtain over the door, and a fountain opposite the fire-place. Here he had an opportunity of admiring her taste before the fair owner appeared, examining in turn all the ornaments on her chimney-piece and writing table, amongst which, with pardonable ostentation, a beautifully mounted photograph of her husband was put in the most conspicuous place.

He was considering what on earth could have induced her to marry its original, when the door opened for the lady in person, who appeared, fresh, smiling, and exceedingly well-dressed. Though she had kept her visitor waiting, he could not grudge the time thus spent, when he observed how successful it had been turned to account.

"You got my note," said she, pulling a low chair for him close to the sofa on which she seated herself. "I wonder if *you* wondered why I wanted to see you!"

The experience of St. Josephs had taught him it is well to let these lively fish run out plenty of line before they are checked, so he bowed, and said, "He hoped she had found something in which he could be of use."

"Use!" repeated the lady. "Then you want me to think you consider yourself more useful than ornamental. General, I should like to know if you are the least bit vain."

"A little, perhaps, of your taking me up," he replied, laughing; "of nothing else, I think, in the world."

She stole a glance at him from under her eyelashes, none the less effective that these had been darkened before she came down. "And yet, I am sure, you might be," she said softly, with something of a sigh.

The process, he thought, was by no means unpleasant; a man could undergo it a long time without being tired.

"Do you know I'm interested about you?" she continued, looking frankly in his face. "For your own sake—a little; for somebody else's—a great deal. Have you never heard of flowers 'that waste their sweetness on the desert air?'"

"And blush unseen?" he replied. "I'm blushing now. Don't you think it's becoming?"

"Do be serious!" she interposed, laying a slim white hand on his sleeve. "I tell you I have your welfare at heart. That's the reason you are here now. If I cannot be happy myself, at least I like to help others. Everybody ought to marry the right person. Don't you think so? You've got a right person. Why don't you marry her?"

Watching him narrowly, she perceived, by the catch of his breath, the quiver of his eye-lid, that for all his self-command her thrust had gone straight home.

His was too manly a nature to deny its allegiance. "Do you think she would have me," said he, simply and frankly, "if I was to ask her?"

Mrs. Lushington never liked him better than now. To this worldly weary, manœuvring woman, there was something inexpressibly refreshing in his unaffected self-depreciation. "What a fool the girl is!" she thought; "why, she ought to *jump* at him!" But what he said, was—"*Qui cherche trouve.* If you don't put the question, how can you expect to have an answer? Are you so spoilt, my dear General, that you expect women to drop into your mouth like over-ripe fruit? What we enjoy is, to be worried and teased over and over again, till at last we are bored into saying 'Yes' in sheer weariness, and to get rid of the subject. How can you be *refused*, much more *accepted*, if you won't even make an offer?"

"Do you know what it is to care for somebody very much?" said he, smoothing his hat with his elbow, as a village-maiden on the stage plaits the hem of her apron. "What you suggest seems the boldest game no doubt; but it is like putting all one's fortune on a single throw. Suppose the dice come up against me, can you wonder I am a little afraid to lift the box?"

"I cannot fancy *you* afraid of anything," she answered with an admiring glance; "not even of failure, though it would probably be a new sensation. You know what Mr. Walters says—(he winced, and she saw it)—'When you go to a fighting-house, you should take a fighting man.' So I say, 'When you are in a tangle about women, ask a woman to get you out of it.' Put yourself in my hands, and when you dress for dinner, you shall be a proud and a happy General!"

His face brightened. "I *should* be very happy," said he, "I honestly confess, if Miss Douglas would consent to be my wife. Do you advise me to ask her at once?"

"This very day, without losing a minute!" was the answer. "Let me have to congratulate her when I call to drive her out at half-past five."

The General looked at the clock, smoothing his hat more vigorously than ever. "It's nearly four now," said he, in a faltering voice. "Mrs. Lushington, I am really most grateful. It's too kind of you to take such an interest in my affairs. Would you mind telling me? Women understand these things much better than men. If you were in my place, do you think I ought? I mean what is the best plan? In short, would you advise me to call, and ask her point-blank, or to—to write a line, you know—very explicit and respectful, of course, and tell the servant to wait for an answer?"

She was very near laughing in his face, but mastered her gravity, after a moment's reflection, and observed sententiously—

"Perhaps in your case a few lines would be best. You can write them here if you like, or at your club. The shorter the better. And," she added, shaking hands with him very kindly, while he rose to take leave, "whichever way it goes, you will let me know the result."

As the street-door closed, she opened her blotting-book, and scribbled off the following despatch :—

"Dearest Blanche,

"Alarms! A skirmish! I write to put you on your guard. The General, *your* General, has been here for an hour. He seems to have made up his mind, so prepare yourself for it at any moment. I think you *ought* to accept him. He would relapse into a quiet, kind, and respectable husband. Your own position, too, would be improved and what I call established. Don't be obstinate, there's a dear. In haste. Ever your own loving

"Clara L——

"You mustn't forget you dine here. Nobody but ourselves, Uncle John, the two Gordon girls (Bessie has grown so pretty), and Daisy Walters, who starts for Ireland to-morrow. As soon after eight as you can."

Then she rang the bell, and sent off her note with directions for its immediate transmission. Henry must take it at once. If Miss Douglas was not at home, let him find out where she had gone, and follow her. There was no answer, only he must be quite sure she got it; and pretty Mrs. Lushington sank back on her sofa, with the pleasing reflection that she had done what she called "a neat stroke of business, vigorous, conclusive, and compromising nobody if it was ever found out!"

She saw her way now clearly enough. On Satanella's refusal of her veteran admirer, she calculated as surely as on her acceptance of an invitation to meet Daisy at dinner, particularly with so dangerous a competitor as Bessie Gordon in the field. That last touch she considered worthy of her diplomacy. But, judging by herself, she was of opinion that Miss Douglas would so modify her negative as to retain the General in the vicinity of her charms, contemplating from day to day the fair prospect that was never to be his own. In such an ignominious state men are to be caught on the rebound, and he must ere long prove an easy victim to her kinder fascinations, and take his place submissively enough with the other captives in the train of his conqueror. It would be very nice, she thought, to secure him, and after that she could turn her attention to Daisy, for Mrs. Lushington was never so happy as when she had succeeded in detaching a gentleman from the lady of his affections, if, in so doing, she inflicted on the latter the sorrow of a wounded spirit and the pain of a vexed heart.

Therefore had she many enemies of her own sex, ever on the watch to catch her tripping, and, once down, must have expected no quarter from these gentle combatants.

A generous, masculine-minded woman, who is above such petty vanities and rivalries, enjoys considerable immunity in that society of which the laws are made by her sisters-in-arms, but they will *not* forgive the greedy, unreasonable spoiler, who eyes, covets, and abstracts the property of others—who, to use their own expressive words, "takes their men from them, while all the time she has got enough and to spare of her own!"

CHAPTER IX.

OFF AND ON.

BUT even a woman cannot calculate with certainty on what another woman will or will not do under given circumstances. The greatest generals have been defeated by unforeseen obstacles. A night's rain or a sandy road may foil the wisest strategy, destroy the nicest combinations.

Miss Douglas never came to dinner after all, and Daisy, too, was absent. Mrs. Lushington, outwardly deploring the want of a "young man" for the "Gordon girls," inwardly puzzled her brains to account for the joint desertion of her principal performers, a frightful suspicion crossing her mind that she might have been too vigorous in her measures, and so frightened Satanella into carrying Daisy off with her, *nolens volens*, once for all. She had short notes of excuse, indeed, from both; but with these she was by no means satisfied: the lady pleading headache, the gentleman a pre-engagement, since called to mind—this might mean anything. But if they *had* gone away together, she thought, never would she meddle in such matters again.

Not till dinner was over, and Bessie Gordon had sat down to sing plaintive ballads in the drawing-room, did she feel reassured; but the last post brought a few lines from the General, in fulfilment of his pledge to let her know how his wooing had sped.

"Congratulate me," he wrote, "my dear Mrs. Lushington, on having taken your advice. You were right about procrastination (the General loved a long word, and was indeed somewhat pompous when he put pen to paper). I am convinced that but for your kind counsels I should hardly have done justice to myself or the lady for whom I entertain so deep and lasting a regard. I feel I may now venture to hope Time will do much—constant devotion, more. At some future period, perhaps not far distant, it may be my pride to present to you your beautiful young charge in a new character, as the wife of your obliged and sincere friend, "V. St. Josephs."

"V. St. Josephs!" repeated Mrs. Lushington. "I wonder what V. stands for. Valentine, if I remember right. And I wonder what on earth he means *me* to gather from his letter! I cannot make head or tail of it. If she has accepted him, what makes him talk about time and devotion? If she has refused him, surely he never can intend to persevere! Blanche, Blanche! if you are playing a double game, it will be the worse for you, and I'll never trust a woman with dark eyes again!"

The Gordon girls, going home in their hired brougham, voted that "dear Mrs. Lushington had one of her headaches; that Mr. L. was delightful; that, after all, it seemed very selfish of Clara not to have secured them a couple of men; finally, that they had spent a stupid evening, and would be too glad to go to bed!"

All details of love-making are probably much alike, nor is there great room for variety in the putting of that direct question, to which the path of courtship necessarily conducts its dupe. General St. Josephs kept no copy of the letter in which he solicited Miss Douglas to become his wife. That lady tore it immediately into shreds. Doubtless it was sincere and dignified, even if diffuse; worthy, too, of a more elaborate answer than the single line she scribbled in reply:—

"Come and talk it over. I am at home till seven."

His courage rose, however, now he had got fairly into action, and never had he felt less nervous while dismounting at the well-known door, than on this supreme occasion, when he was to learn his fate, as he believed, once for all, from the lips of the woman he loved.

Like most men trained in the school of danger, strong excitement strung his nerves and cleared his vision; he no longer averted his eyes from the face that heretofore so dazzled them; on the contrary, entering the presence of Miss Douglas, he took in her form and features at a glance, as a man scans the figure of an adversary, while he prepares for attack.

It did not escape him that she looked flurried and depressed, that her hand trembled, and her colour went and came. Arguing favourably from these symptoms, he was somewhat disappointed with the first sentence she addressed to him.

"You wrote me a letter, General," said she, forcing a nervous little laugh. "Such a funny letter! I didn't quite know what to make of it!"

A funny letter! And his heart had beat, his eyes had filled, his highest, noblest feelings had been stirred with every line!

He was conscious that his bow seemed stern, even pompous, while he answered with exceeding gravity—

"Surely I made my meaning clear enough. Surely, Miss Douglas—Blanche; may I not call you *Blanche?*"

"Yes; if you like," said she impatiently. "It's a hateful name, I think. That's not my fault. Well, General, what were you going to say?"

He looked and indeed felt perplexed. "I was going to observe," said he, "that as my question was very straightforward, and very much in earnest, so all my future happiness depends on your reply."

"I wonder what there is you can see in me to like!" she retorted, with an impatient movement of her whole body, as if she was in fetters, and felt the restraint. "I'm not good enough for anybody to care for, that's the truth, General. There's hardly a girl in London who wouldn't suit you better than me."

He was looking in her face with sincere admiration. "That is not the question," he replied. "Surely I am old enough to know my own mind. Besides, you do not seem conscious of your power. You could make a bishop fall in love with you in ten minutes, if you chose!"

There came a depth of tenderness in her eyes, a smile, half sad, half sweet, about her lips, which he interpreted in his own way.

"Do you think so?" said she, "I wish I could believe you. I've not had a happy youth, and I've not been brought up in a very good school. I often tell myself I could, and ought to have been better, but somehow one's whole life seems to be a mistake!"

"A mistake I could rectify, if you would give me the right," answered St. Josephs, disheartened, but not despairing. "I only ask you to judge me fairly, to trust me honestly, and to love me some day, if you *can!*"

She gave him her hand. He drew her towards him, and pressed his lips to her cold smooth brow. No more, and yet he fancied she was his own at last. Already half pledged, already half an affianced wife. She released herself quickly, and sat down on the farther side of her work-table.

"You are very generous," she said, "and very good. I still maintain you deserve somebody far superior to me. How odd these sort of things are, and why do they never turn out as one—expects."

She was going to say "wishes," but stopped herself in time.

He would *not* understand.

"Life is made up of hopes and disappointments," he observed. "You do not seem to hope much, Blanche. I trust, therefore, you will have less cause for disappointment. I will do all in *my* power. And now, dearest, do not call me impatient, fidgetty; but when do you think I may look forward to—to making arrangements in which we are to be equally interested?"

"Oh! I don't know!" she exclaimed, with considerable emphasis. "Not yet, of course: there's plenty of time. And I'm so hurried and worried, I can hardly speak! Besides, it's very late. I promised to dine with Mrs. Lushington, and it's nearly eight o'clock now."

Even from a future help-meet, so broad a hint could not be disregarded. The General was forced to put on his gloves and prepare for departure.

"But I shall see you again soon," he pleaded. "Shall you be at the opera—at Mrs. Cramwell's—at Belgrave House?"

"Certainly not at Belgrave House!" she answered impatiently. "I hate a crush; and that woman asks all the casuals in London. It's a regular refuge for the destitute. I'm not going there *yet*. I may perhaps, when I'm destitute!"

There was a hard ring in her voice that distressed him, and she perceived it.

"Don't look so wretched," she added kindly. "There are places in the world besides Belgrave Square and Covent Garden. What do you say to Punchestown? It's next week, and I'm sure to be *there!*"

He turned pale, seeming no whit reassured. "Punchestown," he repeated. "What on earth takes you to Punchestown?"

"Don't you know I've got a horse to run?" she said lightly. "I should like to see it win, and I do *not* believe they have anything in Ireland half as good as my beautiful Satanella!"

"Is that all?" he asked in a disturbed voice. "It seems such an odd reason for a lady; and it's a long journey, you know, with a horrible crossing at this time of year! Blanche, Miss Douglas, can you not stay away, as—as a favour to *me?*"

There was an angry flush on her cheek, an angry glitter in her eyes, but she kept her temper bravely, and only said in mocking accents—

"Already, General! No; if you mean to be a tyrant, you must wait till you come to the throne. I intend to show at Punchestown the first day of the races. I have made an assignation with *you*. If you like to keep it, well and good; if you like to let it alone, do! I shall not break my heart!"

He felt at a disadvantage. She seemed so cool, so unimpressionable, so devoid of the sentiment and sensibility he longed to kindle in her nature. For a moment, he could almost have wished to draw back, to resume his freedom, while there was yet time; but no, she looked so handsome, so queenly—he had rather be wretched with *her* than happy with any other woman in the world!

"Of course, I will not fail," he answered. "I would go a deal further than Punchestown, only to be within hearing of your voice. When do you start? If Mrs. Lushington, or anybody you knew well, would accompany you, why should we not cross over together?"

"Now you're too exacting," she replied. "Haven't I told you we shall meet on the course, when the saddling-bell rings for the first race. Not a moment sooner, and my wish is as the law of the Medes and Persians—as yet!"

The two last words carried a powerful charm. Had he been mature in wisdom as in years, he ought never to have thought of marrying a woman who could influence him so easily.

"I shall count the days till then," he replied gallantly. "They will pass very slowly, but, as the turnspit says in the Spanish proverb, 'the largest leg of mutton must get done in time!' Good-bye Miss Douglas. Good luck to you; and I hope Satanella will win!"

He bowed over the hand she gave him, but did not attempt to kiss it, taking his leave with a mingled deference and interest she could not but appreciate and admire. "*Why* can't I care for him?" she murmured, passionately, as the street-door closed with a bang. "He's good, he's generous, he's a *gentleman!* Poor fellow, he loves me devotedly; he's by no means ugly, and he's not so *very* old! Yet I can't, I can't! And I've promised him, *almost* promised him! Well, come what may, I've got a clear week of freedom still. But what a fool I've been, and oh! what a fool I *am!*"

Then she sent her excuses to Mrs. Lushington, declined dinner at home, ordered tea, didn't drink any, and so crept sorrowful and supperless to bed.

CHAPTER X.

AT SEA.

In the British army, notwithstanding the phases and vicissitudes to which it is subjected, discipline still remains a paramount consideration—the key-stone of its whole fabric. Come what may, the duty must be done. This is the great principle of action; and, in obedience to its law, young officers, who combine pleasure with military avocations, are continually on the move to and from head-quarters, by road, railway, or steamboat—here to-day, gone to-morrow; proposing for themselves, indeed, many schemes of sport and pastime, but disposed of, morally and physically, by the regimental orders and the colonel's will.

Daisy, buried in Kildare, rising at daybreak, going to bed at nine, looking sharply after the preparation of Satanella, could not avoid crossing the Channel for "muster," to recross it within twenty-four hours, that he might take part in the great race on which his fortunes now depended—to use his own expression, which was to "make him a man or a mouse."

Thus it fell out that he found himself embarking at Holyhead amongst a stream of passengers in the midday boat for Dublin, having caught the mail-train at Chester by a series of intricate combinations, and an implicit reliance on the veracity of Bradshaw. It rained a little, of course—it always does rain at Holyhead—and was blowing fresh from the south-west. The sea "danced," as the French say; ladies expressed a fear "it would be very rough;" their maids prepared for the worst; and a nautical-looking personage in a pea-coat with anchor buttons, who disappeared at once, to be seen no more till he landed, pale and dishevelled, in Kingstown harbour, opined first that "there was a capful of wind," secondly, that "it was a ten-knot breeze, and would hold till they made the land."

With loud throbs and pantings of her mighty heart, with a plunge, a hiss, a shower of heavy spray-drops, the magnificent steamer got under way, lurching and rolling but little, considering the weather, yet enough to render landsmen somewhat unsteady on their legs, and to exhibit the skill with which a curly-haired steward balanced himself, basin in hand, on his errands of benevolence and consolation.

Two ladies, who had travelled together in a through carriage from Euston Square, might have been seen to part company the moment they set foot on board. One of these established herself on deck, with a multiplicity of cushions, cloaks, and wrappings, to the manifest admiration of a raw youth in drab trousers and high-lows, smoking a damp cigar against the wind; while the other vanished into the ladies' cabin, there to lay her head on a horse-hair pillow, to sigh and moan and shut her eyes, and long for land, perhaps to gulp, with watering mouth, short sips of brandy and water, perhaps to find the hateful mixture only made her worse.

What a situation for Blanche Douglas! How she loathed and despised the lassitude she could not fight against, the sufferings she could not keep down! How she envied Mrs. Lushington the open air, the sea breeze, the leaping, following waves, her brightened eyes, her freshened cheeks, her keen enjoyment of a trip that, according to different organisations, seems either a purgatory or a paradise! Could she have known how her livelier friend was engaged, she would have envied her even more.

That lady, like many other delicate, fragile women of fair complexion, was inassailable by sea-sickness, and never looked nor felt so well as when on board ship in a stiff breeze.

Thoroughly mistress of the position, she yet thought it worth while, as she was the only other passenger on deck, to favour the raw youth before-mentioned with an occasional beam from her charms, and accorded him a very gracious bow in acknowledgment of the awkwardness with which he rearranged a cushion that slid to leeward from under her feet. She was even disappointed when the roll of a cross-sea, combined with the effects of bad tobacco, necessitated his withdrawal from her presence, to return no more, and was beginning to wonder if the captain would never descend from his bridge between the paddle-boxes, when a fresh, smiling face peeped up from the cabin-door, and Daisy, as little affected by sea-sickness as herself, looking the picture of health and spirits, staggered across the deck to take his place by her side.

"*You* here, Mr. Walters!" said she. "Well, this is a surprise! Where have you been? where are you going? and how did you get on board without our seeing you?"

"I've been back for 'muster,'" answered Daisy; "I'm going to Punchestown; and I didn't know you were here, because I stayed below to have some luncheon in the cabin. How's Lushington? Have you brought him with you, or are you quite alone, 'on your own hook'?"

"What a question;" she laughed. "I suppose you think I'm old enough and ugly enough to take care of myself! No, I'm *not* absolutely 'on my own hook,' as you call it. I've given Frank a holiday—goodness knows what mischief he won't get into!—but I've got a companion, and a very nice one, though perhaps not quite so nice as usual just at this moment."

"Then it's a lady," said Daisy, apparently but little interested in the intelligence.

"A lady," she repeated, with a searching look in his face; "and a very charming lady, too, though a bad sailor. Do you mean to say you can't guess who it is?"

"Miss Douglas, for a pony!" was his answer; and the loud frank tones, the joyous smile, the utter absence of self-consciousness or after-thought, seemed to afford Mrs. Lushington no slight gratification.

"You would win your pony," she replied gently. "Yes. Blanche and I are going over to Ireland, partly to stay with some very pleasant people near Dublin, partly—now, I don't want to make you conceited—partly because she has set her heart on seeing you ride; and so have I."

Practice, no doubt, makes perfect. With this flattering acknowledgment, she put just the right amount of interest into her glance, let it dwell on him the right time, and averted it at the right moment.

"She's a deuced pretty woman!" thought Daisy. "How well she looks with her hair blown all about her face, and her cloak gathered up under her dear little chin!" He felt quite sorry that the Wicklow range was already looming through its rain-charged atmosphere, as they neared the Irish coast.

"I should like to win," said he, after a pause, "particularly if *you're* looking on!"

"Don't say *me*," she murmured, adding in a louder and merrier voice. "You cannot deny you're devoted to Blanche; and I dare say, if the truth were known, she has made you a jacket and cap of her own colours, worked with her own hands."

"I like her very much," he answered frankly. "It's partly on her account I want to land this race. She's so fond of the mare, you know. Not but what I've gone a cracker on it myself; and if it don't come off, there'll be a general break-up! But I beg your pardon, I don't see why that should interest *you*."

"*Don't* you?" said she earnestly. "Then you're as blind as a bat. Everything interests me that concerns people I like."

"Does that mean you like *me?*" asked Daisy with a saucy smile, enhanced by a prolonged lurch of the steamer, and the blow of a wave on her quarter, that drenched them both in a shower of spray.

She was silent while he wrung the wet from her cloak and hood, but when he had wrapped her up once more, and readjusted her cushions, she looked gravely in his face.

"It's an odd question, Mr. Walters," said she, "but I'm not afraid to answer it, and I always speak the truth. Yes, I *do* like you—on Blanche's account. I think you've a pretty good head, and a very good heart, with many other qualities I admire, all of which seem rather thrown away."

Daisy was the least conceited of men, but who could resist such subtle flattery as this? For a moment he wished the Emerald Isle sunk in the sea, and no nearer termination to their voyage than the coast of Anticosti, or Newfoundland. Alas! the Hill of Howth stood high on the starboard quarter, the Wicklow mountains had risen in all their beauty of colour and majesty of outline, grand, soft, seductive, robed in russet and purple, here veiled in mist, there golden in sunshine, and streaked at intervals with faint white lines of smoke.

"I'm glad you like me," said he simply. "But how do you mean you think I'm thrown away?"

"By your leave!" growled a hoarse voice at his elbow, for at this interesting juncture the conversation was interrupted by three or four able seamen coiling a gigantic cable about the lady's feet. She was forced to abandon her position, and leave to her companion's fancy the nature of her reply. No doubt it would have been guarded, appropriate, and to the point. Daisy had nothing for it, however, but to collect her different effects, and strap them together in proper order for landing, before he ran down to fetch certain articles of his own personal property out of the cabin.

They were in smooth water now. Pale faces appeared from the different recesses opening on the saloon. People who had been sick tried to look as if they had been sleeping, and the sleepers as if they had been wide-awake all the way from Holyhead. A child who cried incessantly during the passage now ran laughing in and out of the steward's pantry; and two sporting gentlemen from the West—one with a bright blue coat, the other with a bright red face—finished their punch at a gulp, without concluding a deal that had lasted through six tumblers, for a certain "bay brown harse by Elvas—an illegant-lepped wan," to use the red-faced gentleman's own words, "an' the bouldest ever ye see. Wait till I tell ye now. He's fit to carry the Lord-Liftinint himself. Show him his fence, and howld him if ye can!" As the possible purchaser for whom blue-coat acted, was a timid rider hunting in a blind country, it seemed doubtful whether so resolute an animal was likely to convey him as temperately as he might wish.

"Ah! it's the Captain," exclaimed both these sitters in a breath, as Daisy slid behind them in search of his dressing-case and his tall hat. "See now, Captain, will the mare win? Faith, she's clean-bred, I know well, for I trained her dam meself, whan she cleaned out the whole south of Ireland at Limerick for the Ladies' Plate!" exclaimed one.

"*You* ride her, Captain," added the other. "It's yerself that can do't! They've a taste of temper, have all that breed; but you sit still, an' ride aisy, Captain. Keep her back till they come to race, and loose her off then like shot from a gun. Whew! She'll come out in wan blaze, and lave thim all behind, as I'd lave that tumbler there, more by token it's been empty this ten minutes. Ye'll take a taste o' punch now, Captain, for good luck, and to drink to the black mare's chance?"

But Daisy excused himself, shaking hands repeatedly with his cordial well-wishers ere he hurried on deck to disembark.

Moving listlessly and languidly into upper air, the figure of a lady preceded him by a few steps. All he saw was the corner of a shawl, the skirt of a dress, and a foot and ankle; but that foot and ankle could only belong to Blanche Douglas, and in three bounds he was at her side. A moment before she had been pale, languid, dejected. Now she brightened up into all the flush and brilliancy of her usual beauty, like a fair landscape when the sun shines out from behind a cloud. Mrs. Lushington, standing opposite the companion-way, noted the change. Daisy, in happy ignorance, expressed the pleasure, which no doubt he felt, at meeting his handsome friend on the Irish shore.

No woman, probably, likes anything she *does* like one whit the worse because deprived of it by force of circumstances. The fox in the fable that protested the grapes were sour, depend upon it, was not a vixen. Satanella thoroughly appreciated her friend's kindness and consideration when Mrs. Lushington condoled with her on her past sufferings, and rejoiced in her recovery, informing her at the same time that Daisy was a capital travelling companion.

"He takes such care of one, my dear." (She spoke in a very audible *aside.*) "So gentle and thoughtful; it's like having one's own maid. I enjoyed the crossing thoroughly. Poor dear! I wish you could have been on deck to enjoy it too!"

Done into plain English, the above really meant—"I have been having great fun flirting with your admirer. He's very nice, and perhaps I shall take him away from you some day when I have a chance."

By certain twinges that shot through every nerve and fibre, Blanche Douglas knew she had let her foolish heart go out of her own keeping. If she doubted previously whether or not she had fallen in love with Daisy, she was sure of it now, while wrung by these pangs of an unreasoning jealousy, that grudged his society for an hour, even to her dearest friend.

There was but little time, however, for indulgence of the emotions. Mrs. Lushington's footman, imposing, broad-breasted, and buttoned to the chin, touched his hat as a signal that he had all *his* paraphernalia ready for depature. Two ladies'-maids, limp and draggled, trotted helplessly in his footsteps. The steward, who knew everybody, had taken a respectful farewell of his most distinguished passengers, the captain had done shouting from his perch behind the funnel, and the raw youth in high-lows, casting one despairing look at Mrs. Lushington, had disappeared in the embrace of a voluminous matron the moment he set foot on shore. There was nothing left but to say good-bye.

Satanella's voice faltered, and her hand shook. How she had wasted the preceding three hours that she might have spent on deck with Daisy! and how *mean* of Clara to take advantage of her friend's indisposition by making up to him, as she did to every man she came near.

"I hadn't an idea you were going to cross with us," said she in mournful accents, while he took his leave. "Why didn't you tell me? And when shall I see you again?"

"At Punchestown," replied Daisy cheerfully. "Wish me good luck!"

"Not till *then!*" said Miss Douglas. And having so said in Mrs. Lushington's hearing, wished she had held her tongue.

CHAPTER XI.

CORMAC'S-TOWN.

If a *man* has reason to feel aggrieved with the conduct of his dearest friend, he avoids him persistently and sulks by himself. Should circumstances compel the unwilling pair to be together, they smoke and sulk in company. At all events, each lets the other see pretty plainly that he is disgusted and bored. Women are not so sincere. To use a naval metaphor, they hoist friendly colours when they run their guns out for action, and are never so dangerous or so determined as while manœuvring under a flag of truce.

Mrs. Lushington and Miss Douglas could no more part company than they could smoke. Till they should arrive at their joint destination, they must be inseparable as the Siamese twins, or the double-headed Nightingale. Therefore were they more than usually endearing and affectionate, therefore the carman who drove them through Dublin, from station to station, approved heartily of their "nateral affection," as he called it, wishing, to use his own words, that he was "brother to either of them, or husband to both!"

If they sparred at all, it was with the gloves—light hitting, and only to measure each other's reach. Some day,—the same idea occurred to them at the same moment,—they meant to "have it out" in earnest, and it should be no child's play then. Meantime they proceeded to take their places in a fast train which seemed to have no particular hour of departure, so long was it drawn up beside the platform after the passengers had seated themselves and the doors were locked. Miss Douglas possessed good nerves, no doubt, yet were they somewhat shaken by a dialogue she overheard between guard and station-master, carried on through many shrieks and puffings of the engine at the first halt they made, a few miles down the line.

"Is the express due, Denis?"

"She is."

"Is the mail gone by?"

"She would be, but she's broke intirely."

"Is the line clear?"

"It is *not*."

"Go on, boys, an' trust in God!"

Nevertheless, in accordance with an adage which must be of Irish extraction, "Where there is no fear there is no danger," our two ladies, their two maids, and Mrs. Lushington's footman were all deposited safely at a wayside station in the dark; the last-named functionary, a regular London servant, who had never been ten miles from the Standard, Cornhill, arriving in the last stage of astonishment and disgust. He cheered up, however, to find a man, in a livery something like his own, waiting on the platform, with welcome news of a carriage for the ladies, a car for the luggage, and a castle not more than three miles off!

"You *must* be tired, dear," said Mrs. Lushington, sinking back among the cushions of an easy London-built brougham. "But, thank goodness, here we are at last. Three miles will soon be over on so good a road as this."

But three Irish miles, after a long journey, are not so quickly accomplished on a dark night in a carriage with one of its lamps gone out. It seemed to the ladies they had been driven at least six, when they arrived at a park wall, some ten feet high, which they skirted for a considerable distance ere they entered the demesne through a stately gateway, flanked by imposing castellated lodges on either side.

Here a pair of white breeches, and the indistinct figure of a horseman, passed the carriage-window, flitting noiselessly over the mossy sward.

"Did you see it, Blanche?" asked Mrs. Lushington, who had been in Ireland before. "It's a banshee!"

"Or a Whiteboy!" said Miss Douglas, laughing. "Only I didn't know they wore even BOOTS, to say nothing of the other things."

But the London footman, balancing himself with difficulty amongst his luggage on the outside car, was more curious or less courageous.

"What's *that?*" he exclaimed, in the disturbed accents of one who fears a ghost only less than a highwayman.

"Which?" said the driver, tugging and flogging with all his might to raise a gallop for the avenue.

"That—that objeck!" answered the other.

"Ah! that's the masther. More power to him!" replied the carman. "It's foxin' he'll have been likely, on the mountain, an' him nivir off the point o' the hunt. Divil thank him with the cattle he rides! Begorra! ye nivir see the masther, but ye see a great baste!"

All this was Greek to his listener, whose mind, however, became easier, with the crunching of gravel under their wheels, and the looming of a large, irregular mass of building, about which lights were flashing in all directions, showing not only that they had arrived, but that they were expected and welcome.

As Blanche Douglas stepped out of the brougham, she found her hand resting in that of the supposed banshee, who had dismounted not a minute before to receive his guests. He was a tall, handsome old gentleman, fresh-coloured and grey-haired, with that happy mixture of cordiality and good-breeding in his manner to be found in the Emerald Isle alone; yet was there but the slightest touch of brogue on the deep mellow accents that proffered their hospitable greeting.

"You've had a long journey, Miss Douglas, and a dark drive, but glad I am to see you, and welcome you are to the castle at Cormac's-town."

Then he conducted the ladies across a fine old hall, furnished with antlers, skins, ancient weapons, and strange implements of chase, through a spacious library and drawing-room, to a snug little chamber, where a wood-fire blazed, not without smoke, and a tea-table was drawn to the hearth. Here, excusing himself on the score of dirty boots and disordered apparel, he left the new arrivals to the care of his wife.

Lady Mary Macormac had once been as fresh and hearty an Irish lass as ever rode a four-foot wall, or danced her partners down in interminable jigs that lasted till daylight. An earl's daughter, she could bud roses, set fruit trees, milk a cow, or throw a salmon-fly with any peasant, man or woman, on her father's estate. She slept sound, woke early, took entire charge of the household, the children, the garden, the farm, anything but the stables, was as healthy as a ploughman, and as brisk as a milkmaid. Now, with grown-up daughters, and sons of all ages, down to a mischievous urchin home from school, her eyes were blue, her cheeks rosy, as at nineteen. Only her hair had turned perfectly white, a distinction of which she seemed rather proud, curling and crimping it with some ostentation and no little skill over her calm, unwrinkled brow. To Blanche Douglas this lady took a fancy, at first sight, reserving her opinion of Mrs. Lushington for future consideration, but feeling her impulsive Irish heart warm to Satanella's rich low voice, and the saddened smile that came so rarely, but possessed so strange a charm.

"Mrs. Lushington, Miss Douglas, me daughters."

The introduction was soon over, the tea poured out, and some half-dozen ladies established round the fire to engage in that small talk which never seems to fail them, and for which the duller sex find smoking so poor a substitute.

It appeared there was a large party staying at the Castle. No that the house was full, nor indeed could it be, since only one-half had been furnished: but there were country neighbours, who came long distances; soldiers, both horse and foot; a "Jackeen"* or two, sporting friends of Mr. Macormac; a judicial dignitary, a Roman Catholic bishop, and a cluster of London dandies.

Mrs. Lushington's eyes sparkled, liked those of a sportsman who proceeds to beat a turnip field into which the adjoining stubbles have been emptied of their coveys.

"How gay you are, Lady Mary," said she, "on this side of the Channel! I am sure you have much more fun in Ireland than we have in London!"

"I think we have," answered her ladyship. "Though my experience of London was only six weeks in me father's time. I liked Paris better, when Macormac took me there, before Louisa was born. But Punchestown week, Mrs. Lushington, ye'll find Dublin as good as both."

"Sure! I'd like to go to Paris next winter, mamma," exclaimed the second girl, with a smile that lit up eyes and face into sparkling beauty. "Just you and me and papa, and let the family stay here in the castle, to keep it warm."

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* Jackeen—a small squire of great pretensions.

"And leave your hunting, Norah!" replied her mother. "Indeed, then, I wonder to hear you!"

"Are you fond of hunting?" asked Miss Douglas, edging her chair nearer this kindred spirit.

"It's the only thing worth living for," answered Miss Norah decidedly. "Dancing's not bad, with a real good partner, if he'll hold you up without swinging you at the turns; but, see now, when you're riding your own favourite horse, and him leading the hunt, that's what I call the greatest happiness on earth!"

Mrs. Lushington stared.

"Ye're a wild girl, Norah!" said Lady Mary, shaking her handsome head. "But, indeed, it's mostly papa's fault. We've something of the savage left in us still, Miss Douglas, and even these children of mine here can't do without their hunt."

"I can feel for them!" answered Satanella earnestly. "It's the one thing I care for myself. The one thing," she added rather bitterly, "that doesn't disappoint you and make you hate everything else when it's over!"

"You're too young to speak like that," replied the elder lady kindly. "Too young, and too nice-looking, if you'll excuse me for saying it."

"I don't *feel* young," replied Miss Douglas simply, "but I'm glad you think me nice."

If Lady Mary liked her guest before, she could have hugged her now.

"Ye're very pretty, my dear," she whispered, "and I make no doubt ye're as good as ye're good-looking. But that's no reason why ye would live upon air. The gentlemen are still in the dining-room. It's seldom they come out of that before eleven o'clock; but I've ordered some dinner for ye in the library, and it will be laid by the time ye get your bonnets off. Sure it's good of ye both to come so far, and I'm glad to see ye, that's the truth!"

The visitors, however, persistently declined dinner at half-past ten p.m., petitioning earnestly that they might be allowed to go to bed, a request in which they were perfectly sincere; for Blanche Douglas was really tired, while Mrs. Lushington had no idea of appearing before the claret-drinkers at a disadvantage.

To-morrow she would come down to breakfast rested, fresh, radiant, armed at all points, and confident of victory.

Lady Mary herself conducted them to their chambers, peeping into the dining-room on her way back to hear about the good run that had kept her husband out so late, and to see that he had what he liked for dinner at a side-table. Her appearance brought all the gentlemen to their feet with a shout of welcome. Her departure filled (and emptied) every glass to her health.

"Not another drop after Lady Mary," was the universal acclamation, when Macormac proposed a fresh magnum; and although he suggested drinking the same toast again, a general move was at once made to the music room, where most of the ladies had congregated with tact and kindness, that their presence might not add to the discomfort of the strangers, arriving late for dinner to join a large party at a country-house. With Satanella's dreams we have nothing to do. Proserpine seldom affords us the vision we most desire during the hours of sleep. Think of your sweetheart, and as likely as not you will dream of your doctor. Miss Norah helped her new friend to undress, and kissed while she bade her good night; but with morning came her own maid, looking very cross (the servants' accommodation at Cormac's-town was hardly on a par with the magnificence of the mansion), complaining first of tooth-ache from sleeping in a draught; and, secondly, with a certain tone of triumph, that the closet was damp where she had hung her lady's dresses in a row like Bluebeard's wives. The morning looked dull, rain beat against the windows, the clouds were spongy and charged with wet. It was not enlivening to have one's hair brushed by an attendant vexed with a swelled face, that constantly attracted her own attention in her lady's looking glass.

Miss Douglas, I fear, had no more toleration than other mistresses for shortcomings in an inferior. If she passed these over it was less from the forbearance of good-humour than contempt. The toilette progressed slowly, but was completed at last, and even the maid pronounced it very good. Masses of black hair coiled in thick, shining plaits, plain gold earrings, a broad velvet band tight round the neck, supporting a locket like a warming-pan, a cream-coloured dress, trimmed with black braid, pulled in here, puffed out there, and looped up over a stuff-petticoat of neutral tint, the whole fabric supported on such a pair of Balmoral boots as Cinderella must have worn when she went out walking, formed a sufficiently fascinating picture. Catching sight of her own handsome figure in a full-length glass, her spirits rose, and Miss Douglas began to think better of her Irish expedition, persuading herself that she had crossed the Channel only to accompany her friend, and not because Daisy was going to ride at Punchestown.

She would have liked him to see her, nevertheless, she thought, now in her best looks, before she went down to breakfast, and was actually standing, lost in thought with her hand on the door, when it was opened from without, and Mrs. Lushington entered, likewise in gorgeous apparel, fresh, smiling, beautiful in the gifts of nature as from the resources of art; to use the words of a "Jackeen" who described her later in the day, "glittering in paint and varnish, like a new four-in-hand coach!"

"Who do you think is here, dear?" was her morning salutation; "of all people in the world, under this very roof? Now guess!"

"Prester John? The Archbishop of Canterbury? The great Panjandrum? How should *I* know?"

"I don't believe you *do* know. And I don't believe *he* knows. It will be rather good fun to see you meet."

"Who is it, dear?" (Impatiently.)

"Why, St. Josephs. He came yesterday morning."

Blanche's face fell.

"How *very* provoking!" she muttered; adding, in a louder voice, and with rather a forced laugh, "That man seems to be my fate! Let's go down to breakfast, dear, and get it over!"

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHTNING BEFORE DEATH.

BY J. CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D., F.R.S.E., MEDICAL DIRECTOR, WEST RIDING ASYLUM.

ONE of the characteristic features or follies of the age is the subordination of death. The King of Terrors, like most other monarchs, is at a discount. The grim old tyrant cannot be deposed nor induced to abdicate, so his subjects agree to strip themselves of their badges of allegiance to him, and think about him as little as possible until the inevitable hour of paying tribute comes. Among all the cultivated classes death is only referred to euphemistically or periphrastically; his ugliness is never mentioned, his unpleasant traits are veiled. Children are reared without any knowledge of death. The asperities of mourning are softened and curtailed. Cemeteries are pleasant gardens. The skull and cross bones are abhorrent as tombstone ornaments. Executions take place in private. Any one who invoked death as Queen Constance does in King John, as "an odoriferous stench," "sound rottenness," a "carrion monster," and offered "to buss" this hideous impersonation, would be considered in exceedingly bad taste. Even intense feeling would not be held to justify such coarse and repulsive language.

Among the lower orders death is not so much depreciated, although even to them he has somewhat "smoothed his wrinkled front." His solemnity is swallowed up in that of the funeral, which is a supreme and costly event, very impressive, because a momentary triumph in the struggle against meanness and insignificance. It is an invariable observation that a woman of the humbler class, on recounting the loss of her husband, says not "My husband died on such a day," but "I *buried* my husband on such a day." The hearse with its varnish and plumes, the mourning coach or omnibus, the sleek and crapy assemblage, the baked meats, have had more influence on her imagination and memory than all the phenomena of dissolution.

In these busy times in which we live, there seems to be no room for death. The current of life is so loud and tumultuous, that the cry of the drowning wretch is not heard. Our forefathers in the twilight of superstition brooded upon mortality and exaggerated its horrors. We in the dazzling noonday of modern illumination, need not worry ourselves about the spots on the sun. If a distressing consciousness of their existence arises, the means of distraction are at hand. The habit of ignoring the unclean thing is strengthened, and soon we come to live without death in the world.

And yet perhaps we are in grave error in disregarding death, and in endeavouring to look upon him as a very casual acquaintance, rather than intimate friend. When we reflect on the matter, we must allow that he is the saviour of society and the benefactor of the human race. We call him the King of Terrors, and what an anarchy of tenfold terror would occur were he abolished. Who could live had death ceased to operate? After all, death is the great moral educator and has done more for the elevation of the lower strata of our people than ought else besides. Fear is the most catholic of stimulants and preventatives. What would the world have been without death and the birch, and fear is the essence of both. It is he result of an experience of five hundred death-beds, that whenever consciousness has been preserved up to the verge of the dark valley, the most hardened natures have been those most blanched by fear. Doubts of immortality, complacent prospects of annihilation never then intrude themselves. The anguish of the moment is uncertainty as to the coming doom. Then again death is an active reformer. Whenever he asserts himself benefits accrue. Cholera, one of his plenipotentiaries, threatens our coasts, and sanatory reforms for years overlooked are at once attended to. Small pox, his prime minister, visits us, and pits its victims in both senses of the phrase, and immediately a hundred thousand neglected arms smart under the friendly virus. And besides all this, many wholesome lessons are probably to be learnt from the study and contemplation of death; much valuable information is to be gathered from a close observation of that unrobing of the spirit, that laying aside of the embellishments of life. The disentanglement of the subtle principle that "wantons in endless being" from the worn-out machine that "rots, perishes, and passes," would, perhaps, if subjected to careful scrutiny, afford some hints as to the nature of their peculiar union. Hitherto soul and body have been bound up together, and the manifestations of the one have depended upon the conditions of the other. No thought, no aspiration, no desire has arisen, but has depended upon movements in the cells and molecules of the brain, and no agitation in these latter has occurred but has resulted in feelings or ideas. Now however, the mysterious connection is severed. Inexplicable in its existence, it seems inscrutable in its termination. The molecules remain, but their movements only tend to decay. Thought is withdrawn and its physical substratum is inert and impotent. The brain of a dead Shakespeare is worth no more than that of a dead Bosjesman. A change has levelled the one up, and the other down into inanimacy. Now moments of change are the opportunities of science. Analysis is only possible in decomposition. Hence the importance of studying death.

It is not our purpose here, however, to enter upon so wide a topic as a study of death, but only to inquire into a peculiar phenomenon by which it is said to be sometimes preceded. "How oft when men are at the point of death have they been merry, which their keepers call 'The lightning before death.'"

These are the words of Shakespeare, and they doubtless express a popular belief in his time, confirmed by his own observation. Numerous passages in the writings of other authors of celebrity, which might be quoted, embody the same belief. They state or assume that when from any cause such as insanity, dotage, or the delirium or stupor which accompanies some bodily diseases, the faculties of the mind have been clouded, or deranged, they may clear up or resume their usual harmony of action for a brief period before their final disruption. They suppose that the despondency of madness, the pangs of parting, may give place, under the very shadow of the gloomy portal, to that gaiety which is ordinarily indicative of high health and cheering prospects. Are they correct in doing so? It must obviously be a matter of great consequence to determine whether amidst its flickerings a moment of steady radiance is possible in the flame before its extinction; whether amidst its wanderings an interval of settled strength is possible to the mind before its departure hence. To all of us, this question has a personal interest. Will our own death have a lightning before it? When we watch the hovering powers of life in some cherished tabernacle of flesh and blood, shall we, if wakeful, perceive them concentrate in one farewell illumination, in which the yearning love, or contrition, or forgiveness may stand forth confessed? The question has also a medico-legal significance. Is it susceptible of proof that where lunacy or coma has entailed incapacity, a sound mind, memory and understanding may be restored by the approach of death, so that a testamentary disposition might be made, or statements elicited which might be used as evidence?

There can be no question that, as a general rule, a twilight or darkness and no lightning ushers in death. The dominion of the will over the procession of ideas being lost, a state somewhat resembling dreaming occurs, which, through stages of gradually increasing confusion and vagueness, deepens into oblivion. The functions of the brain are impaired more and more until they are arrested altogether. The madness becomes a delirium, the delirium a coma, and the coma settles into death. By various converging and unbroken lines of lethargy this point is attained at last. There are, however, numerous exceptions to this general rule, and amongst these exceptions are certain cases in which a recovery or improvement of brain power is the immediate prelude to its entire cessation. A lightning before death may take place even where there has been no previous obscuration of the mind, for by no other name can we designate that noble serenity and perspicuity, that absence of trepidation and gloom with which a few great souls encounter it. Whenever what we call unconsciousness is consciously approached by a calm, cultivated, and speculative mind, a sublime sense of intellectual elevation seems to be experienced, a certainty seems to be felt that the great mystery of being is about to be grasped and comprehended—that the stupendous arcanum is at once to be laid open. Those who have inhaled chloroform or laughing gas without agitation and with any curiosity as to its mode of action, will be able to confirm this statement. As the anæsthetic exerts its power upon the system, a mist of indistinct images suddenly melts into one second of intense brilliant insight, in which whatever was dark is made clear. The glory of divination, the triumph of the discoverer is realised, and then there is utter darkness either in a return to daylight or a plunge into insensibility. A conviction of loss and of baffled effort is all that remains. The transient beatitude may be repeated, but the revelation which accompanied it can never be carried out of it, nor can it be expressed even when it is most vividly present. Sir Humphrey Davy, when describing the effects produced by breathing dilute nitrous oxide, says: "My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime, I endeavoured to communicate the discoveries made during the experiment, but my ideas were feeble and indistinct; one collection of terms, however, presented itself, and with the most intense belief and prophetic manner, I exclaimed, 'Nothing exists but thoughts! the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, pains!' When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me." The attempt to give utterance to the thoughts and sentiments that arise at the vestibule of anæsthetic unconsciousness sometimes results in remarkable disclosures. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "I once inhaled a pretty full dose of ether with the determination to put on record at the earliest moment of regaining consciousness the thought I should find uppermost in my mind. The mighty music of the triumphal march into nothingness reverberated through my brain and filled me with a sense of infinite possibilities which made me an archangel for the moment. The veil of eternity was lifted. The one great truth which underlies all human experience, and is the key to all the mysteries that philosophy has sought in vain to solve, flashed upon me in a sudden revelation. Henceforth all was clear; a few words had lifted my intelligence to the level of the knowledge of the cherubim. As my natural condition returned I remembered my resolution, and, staggering to my desk, I wrote in ill-shaped, straggling characters, the all-embracing truth, still glimmering in my consciousness. The words were these—children may smile; the wise will ponder—'A strong smell of turpentine prevails throughout.'" But, however ridiculous and inadequate any effort to body forth the spiritual rapture of the last moment of consciousness before it is quenched in anæsthesia may be, there can be no doubt of the reality of that rapture, or of the sense of fruitless initiation into a priceless mystery which it leaves behind it—an experience precisely similar to that of the last moment of consciousness before it is quenched in death. As the firm, tranquil, composed mind, comes close to death, a dignified presentiment takes possession of it, an unusual and delicious contemplation engages it. What was enigmatical is made plain, what was bound down is unconstrained, wrinkles are smoothed from the brow, scales fall from the eyes, noxious humours evaporate from the soul, and yet the lips or the pen can never describe the transport or the illumination. Herder, the German philosopher, a short time before his death said, "Everything now appears to me so clear that I regret not being able to communicate it;" and Madame Roland, on the scaffold, called for pen and ink that she might try to note the very peculiar thoughts that hovered around her in her last moments. One of the twelve Cæsars said with his last breath, "Ut puto, Deus fio." Marshall Hall, that great physician, consciously came near death out of much anguish with placidity and faith,

> Pleased to have been, contented not to be,

and resigned himself to its chill embrace, after having, with his last words, manifested his concern for the good of others. While passing away, twice he very suddenly and energetically raised both hands, joined them, and then let them fall quietly upon the bed, as if some blessed revelation had been vouchsafed to him. The movement suggested surprise and adoration to those who stood by. Examples of this kind of lightning before death might be indefinitely multiplied.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has adroitly made use of it. She has described a very common-place heaven, quite unworthy of her genius, and has sought to support her conception by an argument drawn from the moment of transition. The widow in "The Gates Ajar," who, with considerable self-sufficiency, elaborates paradise out of perdition, and maintains that it is very much like this earth refined and rarefied, is made to clinch the question by turning on her deathbed, with glance of wonder and glowing recognition, from the fading prospects of the world to the dawning image of her husband, whom, with her last breath, she addresses with familiar greeting. This, of course, is false in fact and in art. It bridges the gulf too accurately and completely. How much finer is Victor Hugo's rendering of a lightning before death. The blind girl Dea, the heroine of "L'Homme qui Rit"—the chastest and most lovely creation of modern literature—after the bitterness of separation, is reunited to her love, Gwynplaine, whose hideousness she knows not, and perishes under a blow of happiness :—

> Her words were more and more inarticulate, evaporating into each other as if they were being blown away. She had become almost inaudible.
>
> "Gwynplaine," she resumed, "you will think of me, won't you? I shall crave it when I am dead."
>
> And she added,—
>
> "Oh, keep me with you!"
>
> Then after a pause she said,—
>
> "Come to me as soon as you can. I shall be very unhappy without you, even in heaven. Do not leave me long alone, my sweet Gwynplaine. My paradise was here: above there is only heaven! Oh, I cannot breathe, my beloved! My beloved! My beloved!"
>
> "Mercy!" cried Gwynplaine.
>
> "Farewell!" murmured Dea.
>
> And he pressed his mouth to her beautiful icy hands. For a moment it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe. Then she raised herself on her elbows, and an intense splendour flashed across her eyes, and through an ineffable smile her voice rang out clearly, "Light!" she cried, "I see!" And she expired. She fell back rigid and immovable on the mattress.

Familiar, perhaps trivial, instances of gleams like this of life in death must recur to many of us as having fallen within our own experience. A smile, a look, a word has come to us, like a signal of love and hope from the solitary voyager—like a fragrance wafted out of the open door of heaven, and has done more to strengthen the trembling knees of faith than all the wisdom of theologians. Such a solemn token, once received, by intuitive evidence convinces past all dispute of pure being beyond the embarrassments of sense, and engenders a belief in spirit as unassailable as that in personal identity. Verily, the gates of materialism shall not prevail against it.

But there are other kinds of lightnings before death besides: visions splendid, and "bright streaks of futurity." Carnal cares sometimes intrude themselves amidst the tolling of the passing bell. Reminiscences as well as anticipations stir strangely in the mind, and quicken it into one vivid flash of activity. In the moment of fierce fear before a violent end there springs forth one panoramic thought, appalling in its extent and fidelity, representing every event of a lifetime. In the three seconds occupied in a fall from a high building to the earth millions of brain cells give up their dead, and countless hosts of ideas throng through consciousness. Those who have lived to tell the feelings of such a time say that it is as if the book had been opened and the recording angel had read the dread biography with all its chorus of mirth and tears. Every little forgotten incident is remembered and appraised, and symmetry and order pervade the prodigious condensation of forty or fifty years. And again, where death comes quietly ushered in by no spasm of apprehension, strange limited reminiscences now and then present themselves at the verge of dissolution. The dying man recollects himself, especially if any powerful or familiar impression solicits his attention. Sir Walter Scott tells that a late Duke of Roxburghe, who had a large and curious library, was accustomed to employ a liveried servant named Archie in arranging his books and in fetching and replacing the volumes which he wanted. "To secure the attendance of Archie there was a bell hung in his room, which was used on no occasion except to call him individually to the Duke's presence. His Grace died in London in 1804; the body was to be conveyed to Scotland to lie in state at Fleurs, and to be removed from thence to the family burial place at Bowden. At this time Archie, who had been attacked by a liver complaint, was in the very last stage of the disease, yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of his master, whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him that he could not survive the journey, but as he persisted in his resolution he was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland. When they reached Fleurs he was totally exhausted and obliged to keep his bed in a sort of stupor, which announced speedy dissolution. On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell by which he was wont to summon his attendant to his study, was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighbourhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. Ring, however, it did, and Archie, roused by the well known summons, rose up in his bed and faltered in broken accents, 'Yes, my Lord Duke! Yes; I will wait on your Grace instantly;' and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired."

A grim old Scotchwoman, to whom straitened circumstances had taught thrift, which grew into miserliness as the helplessness of age crept over her, came to lay down her shrivelled and penurious life, and dropped into that sleep which was thought to be her last. She sank into an increasing drowsiness, from which she could not be roused. Her niece, a young buxom girl, her only companion, watched by her bedside. As darkness came on, and the heavy breathing still continued, she lighted a candle and placed it near the bed to cheer her in her dreary vigil. The feeble light fell upon the face of the occupant of the bed, and a change was noticeable in her condition. The monotonous breathing was interrupted, the hands and features moved, the grim old lady raised herself, gazed vacantly round her, and then seeming to realise the situation, said, "Put out the licht, Janet! Put out the licht; I can see well eneugh to dee i' the dark." After which she lay back and died. Poor Janet! how one pities her thus admonished. And grim old lady! how one respects her intrepidity, almost equal to that of the iron Bronte, who insisted upon standing up to die. Unenervated by luxury, that grim old lady valued death even less than a farthing candle. For us, however, the important point is, that there was a veritable lightning before death. The rays of the candle falling upon the retina, dim rays shining through closed eyelids and hazy media, revived expiring consciousness for one last weird denunciation of wastefulness, and that weakness of which wastefulness is born. As she had lived, so did she die, in a throe of economy.

The most masterly picture ever painted of that brief resurrection of memory in the chamber of death to which we are now referring, is contained in the "Antiquary." Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, an aged crone, imbecile through years and infirmity, deaf and bent double, is depicted as raised out of her dotage and apathy by the intelligence which slowly works its way into her torpid mind, that her former mistress and partner in an atrocious crime, is no more. This truth once appreciated caused her desert memory to blossom like deadly nightshade. Stupefaction departed, vacancy was peopled. Her old transgressions rose up in judgment before her and much of her youthful vigour was restored. As, shaking off the icy bands of second childishness, the ancient sybil recalls the traditions of that family doughty and dour which she had served so faithfully, a listener exclaims, "Eh sirs, its awsome to hear your gudemither break out in that gait—it's like the dead speaking to the living." Remorse leads Elspeth to unlade her mind and to make what remnant of restitution is possible. She seeks and obtains an interview with Lord Glenallan, whom she had conspired against and grievously wronged, and then the crisis seemed to repossess her in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had once been eminently gifted. As she entered upon the topic which had long oppressed her she was lost in recollection, but it was no longer tinged with imbecility or apathy. "And I may add," says her historian, "as a remarkable fact, that such was the intense operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, every word that Lord Glenallan spoke, during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly and slowly, as if anxious that the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood concisely; at the same time, and with none of the verbiage or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition." A day elapses and the subject is renewed, and then Elspeth with hurried words recalling some vista of her girlish days, carries her long-concealed guilt to the grave. It is of course impossible to convey in a few lines any conception of the dramatic power, and psychological truthfulness and skill with which the last scenes of Elspeth's life are drawn. Nothing but a careful perusal of this marvellous specimen of artistic strength can reveal its merits, or display the breadth and intricacy of knowledge of human nature involved in the description which it embraces of those strange reminiscences—those "weary dreams that folks hae between sleeping and waking before they win to the lang sleep and the sound."

It is not however in reminiscences poisonous or bland, nor yet in anticipations grave or gay, that the lightning before death most frequently consists; rather in a just balance of these and in a resumption of ordinary modes of being, is the final glimmer manifested. Out of storm and blackness and tribulation, the man emerges into a little peaceful haven, in which he pauses before embarking on the ocean of immensity. Old thoughts blend with new desires and a dispassionate temper reigns. A typical example of this state is afforded in the case of Schiller. "As his strength waned he grew insensible and by degrees delirious. The poet and the sage was soon to lie low; but his friends were spared the further pain of seeing him depart in madness. The fiery canopy of physical suffering which had bewildered his thinking faculties was drawn aside and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity once again before it passed away for ever. After noon his delirium abated; about four o'clock he fell into a soft sleep, from which he ere long awoke in full possession of his senses. Restored to consciousness, Schiller did not faint or fail in his last and sharpest trial. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell: he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said 'calmer and calmer;' simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up with a lively air and said, 'many things were growing plain and clear to him.' Again he closed his eyes, and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awaking, and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley."

Schiller died of consumption, and it is a singular fact that it is in that disease, above all others, that the lightning before death is apt to occur. The delirium which oft-times marks its later stages is not seldom separated from death, in which it terminates, by an interval of composure and rationality. As phosphorescent light or luminous breath, has been seen playing about the features of its victims when their sufferings were nearly brought to a close, so an unexpected radiance has been observed at the supreme moment to shine out and dispel the eclipse which had obscured the sun of intellect as it neared the horizon. Novalis, who died of this malady, and who was frenzied by it, was himself again before he breathed his last. Spinoza, too, who exhibited a morbid taint throughout his life—for how else shall we explain his immoderate laughter at the spiders which he had set to fight, or at the struggles of the flies which he had entangled in their webs — Spinoza became violently delirious during the progress of that pulmonary consumption in which the vices of his constitution culminated, and placidly composed when on the brink of the fathomless gulf. In our lunatic asylums there are frequent illustrations of the same thing. Not only delirium but prolonged madness which has defied all treatment, vanishes mysteriously when phthisis has ensured the victory to the power that "thicks men's blood with cold." A girl who had betrayed no sign of animation for years, but had sat fixed in one position, like a breathing statue, cataleptic in mind and body, began suddenly a few months ago to waste away.

No cough nor other outward sign betrayed the presence of pulmonary mischief, but the rapid emaciation went on, and the stethoscope, that little trumpet of doom or reprieve, told that a galloping consumption was hurrying her away. As her spent frame grew almost diaphanous, her long obscured intellect seemed to shine through it. Her hands, which had been crossed upon her breast until one would have thought they must have been petrified in that position, dropped to her sides. Her head, which had been bent down, as if by weights of lead, was raised, and her eyes, which had been lustreless, began to sparkle with glances of curiosity and interest. Soon her limbs were employed in spontaneous movements, speech—at first slow and faltering from long disuse—returned to its channel, the oppressive languor left her, the death-like trance was at an end, and she was just as she used to be before she became insane. Everything was forgotten that had happened in that long trance and she took up life anew. It had a great black rent in it. Her relations whom she had never noticed during her insanity were asked for and visited her. Affection greeted them, and the fountains of healthy grief were unloosed when they told her of the death of a loved brother who had died while she seemed dead. Quick to apprehend all that was said to her, grateful for every little attention shown to her, firm in faith, she went hence not many days ago.

Another girl who died of consumption not long since also exhibited a recovery from mental derangement just before death. She had laboured under a consuming melancholy. Every nerve was strung in anguish because she fancied she committed the unpardonable sin. No persuasions could induce her to divulge what this sin was and no treatment, moral or physical, could assuage her torturing grief. At length, however, degeneration asserted itself; her health gave way, and consumption was developed. As life ebbed despondency was dispelled, and cheerful contentment was established. She confessed that the sin which she had imagined unpardonable was this, that she had once shaved off her eyebrows to promote their growth. She allowed that her fears had been groundless, and in placidity and trustfulness she too fell asleep.

Even an idiot, a deaf mute, from birth of degraded habits, has been observed to display some improvement in character and conduct, some unwonted gentleness, some comprehension of lessons long fruitlessly inculcated, when sinking under lung disease. We cannot yet account for such occurrences, or say whether they are attributable to a change in the circulation, an augmented activity, or a paralysis of certain portions of the nervous centres. We can only acknowledge their existence and connect them with that unjustifiable joyousness or hopefulness which so often marks the progress of the same disease.

The "lightning before death" of the variety which we have last described is not confined to cases of consumption. In the exhaustion which follows mania it occasionally presents itself. In the feverish paroxysms of those acute diseases which cut off madmen as well as sane men it is also observed. A lucid scene closes the piece. Even where organic cerebral disease has blocked up as one might think the great outlet of thought, copious effusions of intelligence sometimes gush forth just before the river of life is lost in the impenetrable sands.

A JEWEL OF TIME.

THE year is a jewel of Time,
Inlaid with four gems of delight
That picture four seasons sublime,
Sublime by the day and the night.

Spring—daisy and buttercup time :
Summer—the soul of delight,
Autumn—with colour sublime—
Winter—the season of night.

The year is a jewel of time,
Inlaid with four gems of delight
That picture four seasons sublime,
Sublime by the day and the night.
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter's delight,
The Morning, the Noon, the Eve, and the Night.

All time and all nature is sweet,
Too sweet for a mortal to mend,
To mend and leave it complete,
And good from beginning to end.

The sourness sweetens the sweet,
There's nothing to alter or mend,
The beauty of earth is complete,
And the goodness of God without end.

All time and all nature is sweet,
Too sweet for a mortal to mend,
To mend and leave it complete,
And good from beginning to end.
No, there is nothing a mortal can mend :
'Tis complete, and the goodness of God without end.

GUY ROSLYN.

WINCHESTER RECORDS.

THERE is at Winchester a collection of muniments and records belonging to the Corporation, the existence of which is known to most people only by inference; particulars of which are not generally known at all, albeit they are of high interest. Documents of this sort are most precious, and the custody of them is an important trust for the public. In the turbulent old times—and alluding to Winchester this expression means when Saxons and Danes struggled for England, as well as when Wars of the Roses desolated our land—terrible destruction of such records took place, by fire and accidental conditions, as well as by outrage. But hardly more have been lost thus than have been destroyed in later years, when public spirit was lethargic in such matters, and gross neglect not only made possible but brought about the sure progress of wholesale decay, which stolid ignorance took no alarm at. Such times were not long since. Young men can remember when the priceless public records now in the Fetter Lane palace of the past were first really properly cared for; and how numbers of papers and parchments were then discovered to have been rendered utterly useless by damp and the ruthless action of common preventible causes working in the cellars and unfit places where the treasures had been, not stored, but thrust out of the way. In some of the published calendars of the records are lithographic illustrations showing how masses of the documents were found adhering in soggy lumps, quite ruined. It is to be hoped that in all provincial places the custodians of public records have been warned, and have taken proper measures for the safe keeping of any such property in their charge. Up to about fifteen years ago not much had been done in this direction at Winchester; but then Mr. Bailey, the intelligent Town Clerk, did succeed in raising, or at all events in utilising, some feeling among the members of the Corporation in regard to the written memorials of the city. He investigated and arranged them, and published some, and they are better cared for now than they used to be. I propose in this article to glance at the most interesting of those that exist relating to events prior to the close of the seventeenth century; endeavouring to glean, firstly, such information as may be available concerning the privileges and power of this Corporation, and the character of the men who composed it; secondly, some idea of how those powers were employed.

Unfortunately, there are few, if any, written records now belonging to the Corporation of Winchester anterior in date to the thirteenth century; a fact easily to be accounted for, but to be much regretted. In 1181 there was a Royal Mint in operation at Winchester, at which probably the first English sterling currency was struck; if, indeed, the coins could then be considered sterling. A fire broke out in this building, and spread thence to the public offices, which, with many houses, were then destroyed. If such ancient city records as existed were not previously lost in some of the similar frequent calamities, they were undoubtedly burnt in 1181. We may estimate something of their possible importance, if we consider a little the remarkable position of the place. It was undoubtedly an ancient British foundation; it flourished under the Romans, and the cathedral was then founded; when they left, in A.D. 519, the Saxon Pagan Cerdic seized it, destroyed the cathedral (which his successors rebuilt), and made Winchester a Royal residence. It was then the metropolis of the country. Egbert, the first king of the Heptarchy, was crowned there, and thence promulgated his decree that the kingdom should be called "England." During all our struggles with the Danes this city was the seat of government, and when, in 1013, Sweyn, the fierce Northman, overran the island, he made Witanceaster his residence. After Sweyn's death, Canute, who for a short time divided the country with Edmund Ironside, kept his Court at London, while Edmund reigned in the Hampshire city; but when Canute became sole king, he quitted London, and Winchester was his capital. This is the first time London appears in opposition to its greatness. Then came the Conquest. William was perfectly sensible of the importance of Winchester; he built the castle there, and for many a year yet it continued to be a Royal residence. Rufus was killed in the neighbourhood, and is buried in the cathedral, where are the bones of several Saxon kings. During the reign of Henry I. the city was very prosperous. The bitter contest of King Stephen's queen and the Empress Matilda, fomented by the King's brother, who was Bishop of Winchester, was waged in the capital with terrible fierceness and pertinacity, and, as a consequence, fearful havoc was made in the town. Then, in all probability, the city records perished, for the Royal palace, the Abbey of St. Mary, Hyde Abbey, about forty churches, and the whole of the town north of High Street, were burnt or laid in ruin. In 1154 Stephen died, and much was restored, but the prosperity of the place had begun to decline. Henry II. rebuilt the palace, and resided there a good deal; but London continued to assume its position more and more; Winchester never recovered. Next came the suppression of ecclesiastical institutions by Henry VIII., which was a serious blow to the prosperity of the city. By the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, it had become poor and ruinous. There is little doubt that before the latter half of the sixteenth century great disasters had impoverished most of the provincial towns, and Winchester was no exception. The houses of many of the most important of them were tenantless, neglected, often filthy, and tending to dangerous ruin. At least, so much is set forth in the preamble of a statute, 32 Henry VIII. (1540), quoted by Mr. Froude. Afterwards came the troubles of Charles I.'s time, when Winchester suffered for the King loyally, and when Cromwell punished her accordingly. Charles II. manifested an intention of making a residence there, and did visit the city, where, by his order, Sir Christopher Wren commenced to build a palace; but the King's death put an end to this plan, and since then royalty has only been an infrequent visitant, never a resident, in the once metropolis of England. London has utterly supplanted her. Yet it is maintained that hers is the most ancient Corporation in the country, as indeed it is, unless we consider the Conqueror's missive to "William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve," which is preserved in the archives of the City of London, as its first charter, is addressed to a "Corporation." That instrument is dated 1079. Winchester had a Mayor before London. Henry II. gave the city a formal charter; and he ordained that it should be governed by a Mayor, with a subordinate bailiff, in 1184. Stowe records that the first Mayor of London was elected at the beginning of Richard Cœur de Lion's reign, which commenced in 1189. Others have maintained that there was no Mayor of London till the tenth year of King John, which would be 1209. However, when Richard I. returned to his kingdom from captivity, after the Crusade, he thought proper to be crowned a second time, with great solemnity, in Winchester Cathedral, on the 14th April, 1194. On that occasion there was a grand dispute for precedence between the citizens of London and Winchester. But thenceforward the contest for supremacy was never doubtful.

The dignity of the Mayor and of his colleagues seems to have been a serious matter in the estimation of the old citizens, and of almost as much consequence as guarding their chartered privileges from inroad. They possessed under the charter of Henry II. freedom "from all toll, passage, duty and custom throughout the land, and that none presume to distrust them in any of these things, or to do them injury or insult." But by "the 5th yere of the Raigne of Harry the iiijth, after the Conquest" (1404) the Londoners were able to set at nought the privileges of the old Corporation, by distraining on the merchandise belonging to some of the freemen of Winchester for tolls. So complaint was made, and the point argued at length, when the Winchester men pleaded a distinct agreement arrived at by the two Corporations on an exactly similar infraction of the Hampshire city's charter a hundred years earlier, viz.: "in the XXXii^nd^ yere of the Raigne of Kinge Edwarde the sonne of Kinge Harrye" (1304), when John Boland was "Mayor of London" and Roger de Inkepen "Mayor of the cytie of Winchester." So that even as early as that time London had encroached. At the period of the dispute in 1404, "Drewghe Barantyne" was Mayor of London, and "Mark le faire" Mayor of Winchester. The document in which this is recorded concludes with the following provision:—

"For suche as againe say* the charter, usage, or libtie of the cytye.

"First. To the honor of almighti god, o^r^ holie mother the church, and of o^r^ soveryne Lorde the Kinge, and to the relieffe of th citie, there is a provision and consideration made wh begnthe in this wise:

"Before this tyme the wole cominaltie hathe by there corporall othe made w^th^ one hart, one mynde, and one assent, bounde themselfs by all there goods and catells, moveable and unmovable, wereso^vr^ thei be, that if it chance onye of them, w^h^ god forbide, to againe say any article touchinge the charter, usage, or custome of the libertie of the cytie, or the comon pffytt of the same, by councell or helpe, privilye or openlye, in tyme to come, whn he shall be thereof convinced he shall give ten marks to the comon assayers of the cytie wh^h^ shall be employed to supplie the cmon necessities when nede shall require. And if he be not of habilitie to redeeme the trespas w^t^ the payment of the ten markes, he shall be expellyd frome the feloshpe and the libirtie, nother for any o^thr^ redemption shall be reconsiled, except it be by a cmon consent. And if it chaunce any man so beinge reconsiled to offend againe, he shall by no means be admitted into the copany and feloshpe againe. Iff any pson or any psons be grevid by any man by occasion of this pyision, all and singular of the wole cominaltie shall sustayne the coste and charge, and shall keepe him harmless to the hutermost of there power."

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* Deny, Oppose.

As regards the dignity of the Mayor and his colleagues, it was ordained on "the thyrde day of Aprill, in the thyrde yere of the Raigne of Kinge Harrye the fyvthe, after the Conquest" (1416) that any freeman who "dothe slaunder ther names, whereof blasphemy maye ensue, except he can openlye and lawfully prove his intencio" shall be liable to imprisonment and sundry fines, to be duly levied on his goods in default. For many years afterwards the application of this rule appears to have been carried out; but the fines were sometimes remitted for services in kind, such as when in 1558 Mr. Thomas Colye, for this sort of offence, was punished by having to "amende XXII panes of the Glasse Windowe in the Councell House, and VI quarrells in two other paines of the same Windowe;" and Mr. Edmonde, who had to "make a barge of Leade of ij hande breadthe in the myddle of the Glasse Windowe in the Counsell howsse all the lengthe of the same Wyndowe." In 1559 "Wyll^{m} Brexstone, one of the xxiiii;" was expelled "for that he revealyd the secrettes spoken in the same Howse unto Strangers;" but on undertaking the "makinge of a Cubborde for the Records" he was readmitted. It appears that on the 20th Sept., 1656, Mr. John Woodman contested an ordinance of the Corporation whereby he had been expelled from the Council, and that the members met, and after due deliberation confirmed the order. The document recites that the offences complained of took place in 1650 and 1651. In the first year the offender stood up in Council and, referring to the then Mayor's speech, said: "Tush! I would have had Jack Soppe of Hampton (being a notorious fool) have sayd as much to the business as you have done." And in 1651 he incited and headed a riot, when the doors of St. Maurice Church were forced, on the Lord's day; and when the Mayor came to restore order his worship was so abused that he had to beat an ignominious retreat; moreover, when the minister came he was also abused "and his Bible taken out of his Hands by y^{e} command or countenance of y^{e} sayd Mr. Woodman."

But long prior to this there had been many stringent ordinances in maintenance of the dignity and dignified appearance of the Mayor. In 1462 a statute was made "That from hensforthe everye cytizen of the cytie aforesaide shall come at the commandemente of the maior for the tyme beinge, uppon paine of every one of them that make defaute to forfaite half a pounde of wex." This was to add to his state. A penalty to mend and repair the west window in the Hall of St. John's Hospital was imposed on Mr. William Goodwin, in January, 1560, for during his mayoralty bringing slander on his high office by "dyverse and sondrye enormyties and mysdemeanors," which are set forth as follows:—"For that he oftentymes dyd ryde out of the cytye to

Hampton, and to other Townes wthin the Shire wthout a Svant waightinge uppon him * * that he comaunded George Browne, one of the 24^{ti} to the Westgate, the Gate beinge shutt uppon him, contrary to an ordynance made in the tyme of Mr. Gyles White, being Mayor, when he sholde have comaunded him to St. John's House: And also for that openlie in the Chequer between the gate he drew his Dagar at one of the S^{r}geants cotrary to the Queen's peace." This Mr. Goodwin was Mayor in 1558, and it was he who had imposed similar punishments to that he was made to suffer, on Mr. Thos. Colye and Mr. Edmonde, as noted above. On the 15th August, 1566, it was ordained "That no persone of the citie that hathe byn or shalbe maior of the same cytye shall come into the High Strete, nother into the comon market, except he be rydinge, out of the Towne or goinge a shoting, w^{h}out a gowne or cloke, uppon payne of Forfeture of 3s. 4d. for evri tyme that he shal be convicted thereof by the testimony of two citizens. Provided alwaye that anye of them may walke before there Dores or Shopps without any Gowne or cloke abought there necessary business there to be done."

In 1573 Mr. Stephen Asheton was chosen Mayor. It appears that he was an innkeeper, and that he united to this occupation that of hawking fish about the streets, having himself brought up said fish from the sea. The Corporation passed a law that during his mayoralty the eastern part of his house should be set apart as his residence, while his wife and servants could carry on the inn for him in the remainder; that he was not himself to sell fish in the streets, or to ride to the sea for fish except he should "have great occasion," and then not "without a man to attend upon him. Not to lodge any fisherman." In 1580 the Mayor was bound to "pvide for his wiffe a scarlet Gowne, accordinge to the ancient order of the saide citie," under a penalty of "Tenne Pounds," a mighty fine, considering the value of money at that time. Furthermore, on the 4th September, 1584, this ordinance was made:—

"Item. That noe citizen of this citie that hath byn elected bayliffe of the same, or to anie office above that degree, shall from henceforth were in the Strete within this citie anie hose or stockings of white, green, yellowe, redde, blewe, weggett or oringe color; neither shall were at anie assemble, boroughmote, or Sessions, or at anie Sermon to be preached uppon the Sondaies, or hollidaies, anie white, greene, yellowe, or redde dublet, upon payne to forfayte," &c., ^{s}2/6 to the use of the poor.

In 1656, again, a close prescription was made as to the wearing of "decent gownes," and in this document the gowns and the occasions n which they were to be worn, are described and specified. The eason given for this statute is that "sayd custome of late hath beene ery much neglected by many of y sayd cittizens, some having noe ownes at all, and others who have gownes are such that are not suitable o their places and degrees." Things must have been very loose in Winton at this time. It was a season of sore trouble in the loyal old city, which had recently suffered and bled for the King. Cromwell had not long before captured the position, and had laid in utter ruin the great castle of which Winchester men were so proud, and the bishop's fortified palace of Wolvesey, the moss-grown stones of which yet lie on the river bank. It had been itself reared where once stood the palace of the Saxon kings. The laxity of official discipline and manners, against which a stand was made, is further evidenced by the proceedings taken in the very next year, 1657, against the Recorder, who for his "manifold miscarriage and abuse^{s}" was suspended from the exercise of his office. And not before it was time. There is a long list of his offences, some of which it will be interesting to specify. At the election of the Mayor, he called that dignitary "a drunkard and a swearer," which words were voted slanderous; whereupon the Corporation took cognisance of the said Recorder's many other previous offences. It seems that soon after he was elected to his place he "was drinking at Taverne with Mr. John Woodman" (another choice spirit, already named above) "until about Twelve of y^{e} clock at night, and there (as Mr. Woodman then affirmed) being distempered with wine, hee assaulted the sayd Mr. Woodman, an Alderman of the citty, upon w^{ch} many blowes followed soe that both went home with black and bluddy faces, y^{e} usuall badges of such cumbates." He was detected making erasures in the records. He wrongly advised the Mayor, and then betrayed him. When Mr. Woodman became Mayor, he accused him falsely with breach of his trust and of his oath. He declared in public that "y^{e} cittizens of this citty were a company of Beggarly fellowes," and that there were "none to be found fitt to be Aldermen, unless they were dropt out of Heaven." He called Mr. Muspratt, the Mayor, a "knave," and declared that he would ruin him, even "thorough Blood." And furthermore he accused a Mr. Humphrey Ellis of having said four years previously "that yf all writ^{n}gs and penns were at liberty it would make the Protector as black as the blackest devell in Hell." Hereupon the Corporation argued that either this was a false accusation or the Recorder was false to the Lord Protector and his trust and oath in concealing the matter so long. The pugnacious Recorder pleaded no justification, and was dismissed.

The power and jurisdiction of the old Corporation were at all times remarkably great, extending widely around and deeply into the social life of the community under its charge. It was emphatically local self-government, and was of the highest importance in times when the direct action of the central government was felt more in the matter of exactions, and questions of high policy, than in any details of merely local interest; and when the necessarily slow intercommunication between distant counties left persons and communities more utterly dependent on their own resources, than almost any combination of circumstances can place them now. Every regulation made by the Corporation, and the operation of it, though seemingly unimportant, has a particular interest, for it is strongly illustrative of character, especially as a component of national character. The qualities created, nurtured, sustained, defended, and maintained, in a part, were available to strengthen the whole body politic. The provincial city and its usages became a standard and an example for the town, the village, and the county. It is of absolute usefulness in all societies that standards of power, wealth, education, refinement, &c., should exist, whether they be found in hereditary riches and titles, elected dignitaries, or the rank which virtue and culture give. It is best that a sordid dead level be broken. Especially was it important in the old troublous times of this island that justice should be locally maintained, ever present, honoured and conferring dignity, in however rough fashion the feeling found expression. This sort of service the old Corporations did, sometimes preserving a centre of principle and independence when very anarchy seemed to be threatening. We may be tempted to smile at the provisions quoted above to give some show of dignity to the Mayor who hawked fish and kept an inn where common fishermen lodged, waited on by his worship's wife; to punish Mr. William Goodwin, Mayor, for not being mindful of his dignity, for drawing his dagger, and hectoring "in the Chequer between the gate;" to expel from the council-house the blustering and abusive Mr. John Woodman, who had the drunken brawl at midnight with the mendacious and unscrupulous Recorder of the city, when each bore away "y^e usuall badges of such cumbates;" but we must remember the then condition of things and recognise the facts. These were the roughest of the sturdy fellows who maintained what was to be had of liberty, and transmitted the essential principles of it unimpaired by sweeping calamities to their children; who could be rallied from their local interests to repel the Armada; and who did to the best of their ability stigmatise and punish what was wrong and derogatory to the dignity of public justice, which was what their own dignity was the shadow of. Education and its refinements were not spread far beyond the limits of the church, were simply exceptional in degree outside her pale. The law recognised "benefit of clergy;" the refinements of material wealth were found among the Churchmen; or the nobles with their heavy feudal rights. The traders and the workmen formed a class absolutely apart from these, socially distinctive, who had to fight their own good fight with little help, and often much hindrance. The hardy common sense with which they fought is their characteristic, and the wisdom or mere shrewdness which they displayed in their government generally found justification in the conditions of its application.

Before the Reformation, Winchester, with its cathedral, its abbeys, and numerous churches, was a stronghold of the Church. The Corporation made fitting regulations for the proper observance of Sunday. In the second year of Henry IV. (1401), and again in the sixth year of Henry VI. (1428), it was ordained that all shops should be closed and trade suspended "to the honor of Almighty God, St. Marye the Virgin, and of all Saints." But it was provided specially "that all M^{n} and wome bringing Gese, Ducks, Capons, Pultrey, Wyldfowle, Piggs, Wotmeale," &c., unto the city might sell them on the Sunday morning between six and eight o'clock, but not afterwards on that day; a particular statement being appended "And this Ordynance is made for that purpose, that as well Citizens as Straungers may the better serve and please God, and intend their Divine Syvice the Sabbott day, which is the Sondaye, and renounce worldly occupations, which tendythe to the detryment of there Soules." The close influence of the ecclesiastical establishments on the life of the city is evidenced by an enactment made "in the 13 yere of the Raigne of King Harry the Sixt, after the Conquest" (1435), providing for a "processioning," or solemn perambulation; and herein we get a list of the principal artificers at this time established in Winchester. "It is accordid of a certain generall prosyon in the Feast of Corpus Christi of diverse artyficers and crafts within the said cytie beinge, that is to saie, that Carpenters and Felters shall goo together First; Smythes and Barbars, Second; Cooks and Bochers, Third; Shomakers, wh two lyghtes, Fourthe; Tanners and Tapaners, Fyvthe; Plummers and Silke men, Sixt; Fyshers and Furryers, Seventhe; Taverners, Eight; Wevyres, with two lyghtes, Ningth; Fullars, with two lyghtes, Tenthe; Dyars, with two lyghtes, Eleventhe; Chandlers and Brewars, Twelvth; Mercers, with two lyghtes, Thyrtenthe; the Wyves, with one lyghte, and John Blake w^{h} another lyghte, Fourteenthe; and all theise lyghtes shall be borne orderlie before the said procession before the Priste of the cytie, and foure lyghtes of the Bretheren of St. John's shall be borne abought the bodye of our Lord Jesus Christ the same daye in the prosession aforesaid." A fine was imposed on any artificer who absented himself. In 1547, the year in which Henry VIII. died, it was ordained that not only the aldermen, but all the other freemen of the city should attend the Mayor to the cathedral church "every Sondaye and all other principal Feasts in tyme of procession." This was after the disestablishment of the religious foundations, and the official dawn of the Reformation. A similar provision was made on the 5th of March, 1576, affecting "every householder, and every other inhabitant, and so many of their famelie of this cytie as may convenientlie be spared." They were every "Sondaye, and holydaye, not being a market daye, come to the Sermonds as well at the Trinitie as at the Colledge, and there contynew and abide in decent order untill th end of the Sermonde." Between this time, and the making of the statute quoted before, Mary had been married to Philip of Spain in Winchester Cathedral, and all the Romish ceremonial restored; but in 1576 Elizabeth had permanently established the Reformed religion. There are other similar regulations in regard to attendance at church and seemly religious conduct.

The regulation of commercial enterprise, even in most minute particulars, was a prime care of the Corporation. The closest system of what we now term "protection" was practised with a searching rigour that seems wonderful. It must have had its practical benefits by reason of the comparative isolation of such communities as that of Winchester according to our modern notions of quick intercommunication, or probably the system would not have been endured so long. It was trades unionism in its most selfish expression, as it seems; but there must have been other questions wrought out by it than the gratification of corporate selfishness. The guilds were close. Foreigners were prohibited altogether from retailing within the town excepting on the two days when the fairs were held. A pecuniary composition and then a considerable annual tax was levied, under sharp penalties, upon all artisans and handicraftsmen who wished to establish themselves at Winton; and then they must have been admitted of the guild, otherwise they could only be servants. How this exclusiveness found application we can see in the case of a speculative man who in 1622 opened a goldsmith's shop. He was "One Thomas Frend, a Stranger," who commenced business "contrarie to the custome and usage of this cittie, without serving an apprenticeship for 7 yeres in the same cittie, and not being admitted a Freeman by an Assemblie." He was obstinate: so they "rattened" him, as it were, "being often warned to depart, and his shop windowes shutt, by Mr. Maior, according to this ordinance and ancient custome." The Mayor was authorised to distrain on his goods, levying 40s. per month, "and to shutt up the shopp windowes of the said Thomas, by his officers, untill the said Thomas departethe the Towne."

This power of taxing annually "artificers *and others*," as one deed phrases it, "inhabiting and using trades within the same citty, and not free thereof," was practised, as the same record states, "by auncient usage, whereof y^e^ memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" and that it was a very stringent exaction may be inferred from an enactment made to restrain the arbitrary power of the Mayor in this respect. It had probably been often exercised oppressively. The ordinance was made on the 17th of January, 1650. After reciting that the custom, albeit most ancient, seemed to be "too much arbitrary" and that "suits thereby may be occasioned"—which probably shows that a strong reaction had set in—the right of the Mayor and aldermen to "tax and assesse" the inhabitants in this manner is emphatically set forth and affirmed; but the provision is made that such taxation or rate "for the future" "doe not at any one tyme exceede the sum of Five Pounds." This is only a limitation. On the 9th of May, 1673, occurs this entry, which shows that not only the trading classes were subject to this:—"More paid in by Mr. R^{t} Hobbs, for Licence to live and be an inhabitant in this City, Five Pounds, and to be disposed of for Buckets to the City." In 1728 the charge was altogether discontinued. In fact, most contracted trades-unionism was practised under the charter by the several guilds. The trading classes had the power and used it. The wardens of a guild assumed the most arbitrary powers, and special provision was made against the undue increase in the number of those who practised even the most ordinary occupations. Whoever instructed any one, not his apprentice, bound under the rules of the association, was subjected to a heavy fine for every such offence, to be enforced by distraint on goods and other ruinous penalties. This was a law in selfish application, inside the imperial law, and just the same as what has been and is blindly advocated by the ultra trades-unionists now. It would be a simple reaction to adopt any such procedure, or rather for the law to admit the possible development of such practice.

On the 19th of September, 1580, the shoemakers and cobblers, and the tailors and hosiers of the city, were severally incorporated, after due consideration of the complaints made by them. Some of these grievances are very instructive, especially as producing the strong rules which are made for the new guilds, for they seem to show "restraint of trade" and curtailment of public convenience. The shoemakers and cobblers make "earnest and pitiful complaints" of "sundry abuses and enormities of late years sprung up and suffered * * for that divers and sundry persons, by colour of the freedom of the said city, have lately set up and do use the trades, sciences, and mysteries of Shoemakers and Coblers, not having been apprentice themselves;" a consequence of which is that they "do for the most part, either ignorantly, or for wicked lucre and gain's sake, utter and sell to the People booted Shoes, Slippers, and Pantaples, made of faulty, deceatful, and evil-tanned leather, to the great hurt and deceat of the people; and for that also, by their daily repair to the said city, the number of Shoemakers and Coblers are greatly increased, and thereby their Trade and utterance much diminished." This last is the true reason why the manufacture and even mending of "Shoes, Boots, Buskins, Slippers, Skertoppes, or Pantaples," was henceforth so protected. "Our loving neighbours the Taylers and Hosiers of the said city" set forth their sorrow "that divers and sundry persons have of late years, and yet daily do at divers quick times of work, and against high feasts, come and take houses within the said city, and do set up, use, and occupy the crafts, mysteries, and occupations of Taylers and Hosiers; and that divers others coming to the said city do use to work and occupy the same crafts and occupations in closets in Inns, Alehouses, and other secret places within the same city, and after such quick times of work and high feasts do depart from the said city, to the great hindrance and utter undoing," &c. The sufferers were incorporated with exclusive privileges forthwith. But what became of the sufferers by this exclusiveness, the enterprising poor man who was driven from obtaining work, and so was hunted back to the stagnation of his native village, there to submit to the chains of caste from which he could not free himself? It was the Mayor's duty to see that the bakers' bread was good weight; that only twenty-four brewers should be allowed, and that none of them was a "Typler" (1536-1540); and in 1551, when one named Robert Bagg, "in time of great derthe and scarsitye had then plentye and abundance of malte redye in his howse to have byn brewed and made in Ale, for the relieffe and coforte of the Kinge's leige people, and speciallie the poore inhabitinge the citie aforesaide, and would not brewe the same malte," he was, upon "ripe and mature" consideration of his "ungentill and unnaturall behavor," debarred altogether from exercising his trade in Winchester, under pain of a fine of 50s. for "evri tunlocke," and in default "imprysonment at the Maior's will and pleasure." In 1566 it was decreed that no inhabitant should be allowed to take in lodgers or under-tenants save by consent of the Mayor.

The relative grandeur and commercial prosperity of Winchester in Saxon times may be assumed, and its recovery from serious devastations goes to prove it. After the Conquest, although London soon began to invade her prosperity as well as her Royal pretensions, she was not only favoured by royalty, but enjoyed a great trade under Henry I. The civil war waged by Stephen seriously injured her, but Henry II. rebuilt the palace, and often made his residence there. This sagacious monarch, however, did more. He systematised the law and order he had restored. To him is due the glory of accomplishing grand reforms, the benefit of which we feel to this day. He caused the law to be digested, prescribed circuits for the judges, and otherwise gave permanency to a settled order of things, favourable to liberty, with a wise policy of great foresight. Part of this policy was the granting of charters creating special rights or confirming and extending existing rights; and the first of these charters was given to Winchester. Of the period immediately succeeding this there does not appear to be any important record existing at Winchester, but there is one which illustrates the extensive trade the Hampshire merchants had in the last years of the thirteenth century; and there are two petitions in which reference is made to the trade anciently flourishing there, and to its decay. The first was addressed to Philip and Mary—recently married in the cathedral (1554)—after the suppression of the religious establishments, and the consequent distress—praying for the remission of the ulnage, a duty on cloth. In the preamble it is stated :—

"Wheas the same yo^r^ citie in tyme past hathe bin a citie of great fame, wealthe, and prosperite by reason of a cotynuall marte and staple of longe tyme there kept, and by the comon repayre of Venetians and all mchant straungers to yo^r^ port of Suthmpton w^h^ all kinde of mchandise, many great and notable mchants were then dwellinge w^t^in the sayd citie, there exercisinge the seat of mchandise, to the great comon wealthe of yo^r^ sayd citie, and nowe ruined and decayed of longe tyme past by reason that the sayd marte and course of mchandise to y^r^ greate sayd port hathe not bin cotynewied and frequented of longe tyme as then it was."

The second petition is of much later date, 15th November, 1660, and is addressed by the Mayor and Corporation to the Marquis of Winchester and other local notabilities, praying for their assistance to make the River Itchen navigable from Southampton to Winchester, a work which was achieved notwithstanding the constant opposition of the authorities of the first-named port, which is complained of in a subsequent petition to the Lords of the Treasury. There is a similarly interesting preamble which sets forth:—

"That the sayd Citie is a very ancient Citie, and, as the Cronacle informes us, built by Kinge Rudhudebras, and was the Royall Seate of the West Saxon Kings, wherein Egbert and Elfred, two great Monarchs, were Crowned, ye Royal Nuptialls of King Philipp and Queen Mary there so solemnized, and also divers Kings and Queens interred in the Chathedrall Church there; and heretofore famous for riches and trade. But by reason of former and ye late Warrs it is very much ympoverished (Being a Garrison for the late King, of blessede memory), and to expresse our affection to His Majesty, lent him a Thousand Pounds, and voluntarily sent him to Oxford all our Plate, amounting to Three hundred Pounds more, and for our Loyalty were several tymes most extramely plundered by the Parliament Party, and the Castle and divers Houses of great value by them demolished: And att such tyme as they had gotten the upper hand and taken the sayd Citie, they forced from us Fourteen hundred Pounds more."

This petition last quoted was presented at a time when great distress had come upon the city, and indeed upon most parts of the country—the year of the Restoration. Times of even worse trouble were approaching. The exactions and disorganisation under the Commonwealth were exchanged for those under the Monarchy, and both were equally demoralising to the Corporation. However, the new reign was commenced by setting up the coats of arms of "several persons of great honor"—viz., the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Albemarle, the Marquis of Winchester, and Lord Treasurer Southampton—on the four gates of the city. But political and other dissensions disturbed the citizens, and before the year was out the House of Lords interfered to bring the said city "to a peace" by excluding three members from the Corporation. In the previous month (July, 1660) there is this entry—"More taken out of the coffers. Twenty-six Pounds two shillings and fourpence, disbursed in feeing Counsel, Horsehire, and other charges in the unhappy differences of the City." Just previously the offences of Mr. Woodman and the Recorder had been committed. Matters did not go on better, it would seem, during the next few years; for a certain Captain Edmund Clerke, probably disputing as to some exaction, tock upon himself to "set a guard upon the houses of the Mayor and some of the aldermen," thus "unduly and illegally imprisoning" them. The Corporation represented this matter in the proper quarter, and the Lord Treasurer Southampton ordered Captain Clerke to submit it to the civic authorities. This he neglected to do, so one of the King's sergeants-at-arms was sent to arrest him, and he was compelled to submit, which he did formally. Afterwards an attempt was made by the Mayor to force the election of a man named Harfell against the will of the Corporation and the provisions of the charter, and there was more dissension. The King was induced to issue letters mandatory for Harfell's election for political reasons; but the aldermen resisted (1682), and ultimately the Royal letters were revoked; whereupon the Mayor, who had thus endeavoured to infringe the charter, was degraded. In 1684, however, Charles, in order to ensure political support, compelled the surrender of the charter, and £9 3s. are charged for the Mayor's expenses in coach-hire on that service. On the 15th of November, 1688—twenty-seven days before James II. fled—there were "Taken out of the Coffer Three Five-and-twenty Pounds of Sir Thomas White's Gift, in the whole Seventy-five Pounds," for the renewing of the charter; and £7 16s. 8d. is charged the next day for Mr. Mayor's private expenses on the occasion. The Order in Council granting the new charter thus obtained is dated on the 2nd November, 1688.

Generally it is supposed that the mention made by Pepys of the ballot being used by the political debating club that met at Miles's Coffee House, Westminster, in 1659 (Richard Cromwell, Protector), is the first recorded application in England of this means of secret voting. It was, however, at that time the law of the Winchester Corporation, and had been so for nearly three years. Political intimidation doubtless necessitated its adoption. On the 30th October, 1656, the Corporation made a statute for the prevention of "clamour and ill-blood," and "to the end that the said citizens may be more free in their Votes and Elections than formerly they have been, and for the better continuance of love and unity amongst themselves," they ordained "that there forthwith be provided One hundred Bullets, of colours Red and White, in equal proportion, and that the said Bullets be kept in a fit Box, to be provided for that purpose. And that at all such Public Assemblies and Meetings one of each of the said Bullets be delivered to each citizen then present, and that the Mayor for the time being (if occasion be) do declare in writing, under his hand, for what Person or purpose each of the said Bullets shall stand at every Nomination or Election; and that instead of such open and public Votes, each Citizen put privately into the said Box the Bullet for or against such Person or purpose, then in question at such Nomination or Election, according to the dictates of his conscience: and that the Mayor put in two Bullets for his Casting Vote (in case the Bullets so put in as aforesaid shall happen to be even)." The application of this system, or a system the same in principle, but more convenient in detail, to Parliamentary elections, is a question that has been seriously agitated only in comparatively recent times—in fact, only since the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832—with any prospect of success, although it was advocated in a pamphlet so early as 1705. During the past session of 1871 the question has been debated with a closer prospect of settlement than it has ever found before.

There is not much in the records bearing on pastimes or recreations, but bull-baiting and horse-racing were acknowledged officially. In 1539 there was an enactment that "ther shalbe no Bulstake set before any Mayor's Doore to bayte any Bull, but onlie at the Bull Ringe." And in 1577 the butchers of the city were formally bound over to subscribe, and "yerelie finde and pvide for one sufficient fightinge Bull, to be bayted the first Boromote daye." In 1566 and 1568 the sums of £10 and £3 severally were taken out of the coffer "towards the next drawen of the Lottery." In 1634, 1646, and 1676 provision was made for race cups, to be run for on stated days annually.

In looking back to what have been called the "good old times" of "Bluff King Hal," "Good Queen Bess," the "Great Protector," and the "Merry Monarch," time was, in the memory of people yet living, when historians seemed to ignore or to be ignorant of all save great State events. The condition and sufferings of the people—the poor and untitled—were sparingly investigated, seldom descanted on. Boys at school were taught, and the bulk of superficial readers carelessly understood, of history, for the most part, misleading assumptions made from isolated instances. But in recent years a wondrous flood of light has been thrown on the *details* of history—the substratum of facts—because of valuable records having been made available as historical material, such as to make the old-fashioned phrases quoted above seem bitterly sarcastic from some points of view, in most cases. Mr. Knight, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Froude, and others have enabled better judgment to prevail, particularly in regard to the condition of the common people at these times. In one respect, especially, it is deeply interesting to estimate their position, viz., their liability to and suffering from disease, with the knowledge they possessed of means to combat it, and the use they made of that knowledge. Of course they could not escape the conditions under which they had to live, and these conditions, as we come to understand them by the aid of modern medical science and recorded experience, explain much. The difficulty of procuring anything but the coarsest woollen clothing, with little or no linen or cotton cloth, next the skin—the wearing of the dress necessary as the only protection against a rigorous winter, without change in the hot summer months, difficult means of personal cleanliness, closeness and want of ventilation in dwellings, want of proper drainage, sudden irregularity in the supplies of pure food—all which affected in degree great classes of the poorer in the community—have been held as causes establishing conditions for the development of those fearful infectious epidemics which were designated by the common term of "plague," epidemics which by the altered state of things in the present day have, as we hope, been destroyed, or rendered not possible, unless cholera be one of them. Such visitations were frequent and fearful in England, particularly in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. There is record of how the calamity, from time to time, fell upon London; but of other parts of the country, of the provincial cities, and of the suffering in outlying districts, much is not known. Generally, the scourge swept through whole districts, if not over all the land; and it would seem as though the evil thing was always lurking somewhere till accidental conditions disseminated it.

Winchester suffered terribly, and some of the most interesting of the records relate to these periods of trouble, and to the measures taken in consequence. Many who hold that even the leading principles of what we call sanitary science are of quite modern adoption, or simply modern discoveries, must at least commend the foresight of these old citizens who, for direct sanitary purposes, legislated against the pollution of rivers, for the removal of nuisances, for the supply of pure water, and to provide supplies of wholesome food. One of the first of these ordinances now remaining is, indeed, framed for the obtaining of "wholesome victuals fit for man's body." It is dated "Thursday next after the Feast of St. Brice" (1404), three years before the awful pestilence in London, when thirty thousand persons perished. Perhaps this was a precautionary measure, or possibly the plague appeared first in Winchester. Regulations were made as to butchers' meat and fish, "straunge bochers" were assigned places apart, and were compelled to bring with them (as a guarantee) the "hide and tallowe" of every beast killed out of the city; citizens were forbidden to "bye any victulls of any straunger fysher, nother of anye other out of the comon market."

In 1417 it was ruled "that all Dyers, or any other of what state or condition soever he be in tyme to come, after the Sone rysinge in the morninge, and before Sone sett dothe throwe or cause to be throwne any wodegore into the King's Ryver at Winchester, until it be night, shall be amerced in 6d." for every such offence. On the 22nd September, 1558, this ordinance was passed:—"Item. That the stopping of the Brooke for this present yeare be dispensed withall, for the greate sicknesse in the cytie, any Act or Ordinance heretofore made to the contrary notwithstanding, so that the Brooke called St. Knell's brooke be drawen and scowred." And moreover, a penalty in the shape of an assessed tax was laid upon all those inhabitants "wch have no Wells of their owne," who were also forbidden to "cast any corrupt water in the High Streete." Thirty years previously, the horrible "English sweat" had prevailed; perhaps a recurrence of it threatened to supervene upon the season of distress they were then suffering. Dearth was the sure forerunner of plague. In 1553, just before this, the Mayor was elected in his own house, instead of at St. John's House, the official place, principally because he was "credyblye informed that a Boye was brought into the said St. John's House having two pestilent sores uppon him, so that thereof might much infection and inconvenience ensue." Again, under the date of June 16, 1564, is this entry:—"First, that for divers considerations, and spesially for avoyding the danger of the Plague now remaininge (which God for his mercy cease), it is agreed that the Supper used to be kept the Sonday after the Nativity of St. John the Baptist shall not be kepte this present yeare onlie." On the 10th June, 1577, an important statute was made as to the removal of nuisances. It states that "the lane leading through Staple Garden into Bridney Strete," and other streets and lanes, are "noyfull to all such as passe that waye," because dung, dust, and "other filthy thinges" are cast into them. It is therefore provided, "for avoyding whereof, and the *grete infections and other inconveniences that maie rise thereby*," that the "common place of Staple Garden" shall be paled off and devoted for all refuse. A penalty is imposed on any one who shall throw dust &c., into the streets henceforth, and the master is made responsible for his servant so offending. Fish salesmen were also forbidden, in 1580, from casting down any "fysche water," save in an appointed place. Three years afterwards the plague was approaching, and in May, 1583, were issued "Certaine Orders in the name of God agreed upon at this Assemblee to avoid the infectyons of the Plague, and other Diseases in other places dispersed." Every inhabitant had to carry away all rubbish, dust, and filth from his doors, both back and front, under heavy penalty for default; and then, having made all clean, was required every morning and every evening to throw down five buckets of water into the kennel, at the same time raking out and carrying away any filth that might have accumulated. There was a fine for omitting to do this, and another fine for sweeping refuse into the kennel; and each one was made to pave before his door, and keep "every decayed place of the street before his door clean and sweet, upon pain to lose 6s. 8d. for every week." It was made the duty of each alderman to see these regulations enforced throughout his ward. It was ordained that dogs should not be allowed to go at large; and that if they did, the "beadle or any other person" might lawfully kill them. Moreover, eight women were appointed to be "vergers and nurses of such houses and persones as shall be suspected of infections;" and that "after any infections shall happen to be within this cyttie (from which God defend us), that from thenceforthe the orders appoynted for that purpose in the City of London, and now imprinted, shall be observed within the cytie" at the discretion of Mr. Mayor.

In the next year, 1584, the keeping of "hogs or hogsties within the boundes of the High Strette, or within one hundred yardes of the same boundes," was interdicted under a heavy fine, to be rigorously enforced. Exception was made in the case of those who had the ill-fortune to live "joininge uppon" Staple Garden, "in the uttermost part of their saide grounds lying nearest" to which hogs might be kept; and outside the city walls. Now all these measures are precautionary, and in view of the "Plague and other Diseases in other places dispersed." Old men could remember the horrible "English Sweat" of 1517, when men died within three hours of seizure; and the visitations of the same disease in 1528 and 1529, and again in 1551 and 1564, while they must have known how it raged at Oxford in 1575, and in the same year desolated Dublin. We have seen how two years afterwards, in 1577, they made special sanitary provisions, and continued to add to them till 1584. The enemy was abroad. In 1593 the calamity had approached at least as near as Guildford; for on the 6th July orders were issued that "no pson of what degree soever in this citie shall receive to his howse or custody any pson cominge from any foreyn infected place" without the Mayor's knowledge: that such person should be sought for and expelled; and a warder was appointed to examine all suspected persons, "especially fotemen or such as bring packes." "And upon this order this psent day one Christian Wilson, wife of James Wilson, now of Kingston or Guilford, places infected, coming to this city wth her two children to Widow Clayton, her Moth^{r} is expelled the citie, with a passport to return to her said husband, and wt^{h} the citie's Charitye of 6d. for their reliefe, p^{d} by the Chamberlyn of the citie." Such action was not partial, for on the 8th September "Mr. Anthonie Burde, one of the aldermen of the citie," was punished by fourteen days' imprisonment for having gone to London, "in this danger of infection," on his business, "accodge to the saide former orders." Special regulations were made as to the fairs; and the inhabitants were forbidden to assemble at bull-baitings. Again, in August, 1597, two aldermen were specially appointed to supervise the watchmen at each gate, and to make weekly reports concerning their duty. In this document "London, Farneham, Alton, and any other whatsoever place infected" are mentioned. This was probably the plague that visited London in 1603-1604, when 30,578 persons perished there, but which gave fatal premonition elsewhere. The watching at the gates was strictly enforced; arrangements were made "for redines of reliefe against all casualty of Fyer;" and it was provided "For the swete ppervason of the citye, all comon nuisances shall forthwth be viewed, and the penalty of the Ordinances shall be ppently executed upo the offender."

In 1603, as to London, so the epidemic came to Winchester. Certain "sufficient persones" were at once appointed to "watch and warde" the infected houses, and the gates of the city; and each had two messengers "to goo up and down for the necessaries of the infected persons." The gates were absolutely closed to everybody from seven p.m. to seven a.m. Again, in 1625, when the plague broke out in London and 35,417 died, it visited Winchester at the same time; for this entry is found in the records:—"Item. It is also agreed that the decayed Cottage wherein Lenord Andrews did dwell, he lately dying of the Plague, shall be burned to the grounde, for fear of the daaunger of infection that might ensue if it should stande." In 1652 a sharp admonition was addressed to the inhabitants for not keeping the streets clean as enjoined, and failing to support the common scavenger, an officer first appointed in 1601, according to the records. On the 16th June, 1665, fresh sanitary provisions were made; and in September was issued "An Ordinance for taking away of Feastinge for the yeare to come in respect of ye Contagion of ye Plague now raging." How Winchester suffered from the great scourge is generally known.

In 1597 some provision was made by the Corporation in case of fire, but only in regard to buckets and apparatus—none in respect of a watch. There does not appear to have been night watchmen of any sort appointed prior to June, 1663, when one bellman was hired principally to give notice of accidental fires; but in the year 1666 much more ample arrangements were made, "This citie having lately had warning given us of such accidents, &c.," an allusion possibly to the Great Fire of London in September of that year. However, when Charles II. and the Duke of York went to the city in 1683 the inhabitants were ordered each to have a light over his door all night; and besides several other salutary regulations that were made, four watchmen were hired; but then only "during the time of His Matie's stay" apparently; but in addition "a convenient number of honest and fitt persons, inhabitants of this citie," were told off to the same duty, it may be presumed to assist.

An enactment for paving was amended and enforced in 1652. This visit of the King's raised great hopes at Winton, and had been long looked forward to. Charles intended once more to make the city a Royal residence. Before Cromwell's death, on the 2nd of May, 1656, the Corporation purchased from Sir William Waller the ruined castle, with its appurtenances and materials thereunto belonging, for £260. On the 17th of March, 1682, a deed of conveyance was made of it to the King for 5s., and on the 7th of September the property was formally made over to the Crown. On the 21st of August, 1683, the Corporation announced the arrival of the Royal party "within few dayes." Sir Christopher Wren was ordered to build a palace on the site of the ancient castle, and he proceeded with the work till the death of the King put a stop to it. The structure has been converted to public use and is now the officers' barrack. There is in the Treasury an account rendered by Philip Packer, Esq., for the building, between January the 1st, 1682, and the last of May, 1686, which shows that the work was commenced some months before the property was formally conveyed by the Corporation.

Thus ended the last aspiration of Winchester to revive its ancient connection with Royalty. Its condition at the time was probably not very imposing; its decadence must have been nearly complete, despite all the public spirit and efforts of its inhabitants, for we glean from these city archives that prior to 1656, at all events, there were thatched cottages in High Street, since in that year they were ordered to be removed, and were forbidden in the locality, as were "mudwalles" and "hedges."*

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* There is a curious representation of the condition of the cities and towns of England in the chronicle of Richard of Devizes. It occurs incidentally in a

There are of course many other facts of interest that could be culled from the existing Corporation Records of Winchester, but they are beside the scope of this paper.

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popular story of a Christian boy of France who through the artifices of a French Jew is sent to Winchester to be there offered as a sacrifice by the Jews. The story is altogether worthless, but the exhibition of manners has an historical interest. "Go not to London," says the Jew; "every race of every nation abides there, and have there brought their vices. It is full of gamblers and panders, of braggadocios and flatterers, of buffoons and fortune-tellers, of extortioners and magicians. At Canterbury people die in open day in the streets for want of bread and employment. Rochester and Chichester, mere villages, are cities only in name. Oxford barely sustains its clerks. Exeter supports men and beasts with the same grain. Bath is buried in a low valley full of sulphury vapour. Worcester, Chester, and Hereford are infested by the desperate Welshmen. York abounds in rascally Scots. Ely is putrefied by the surrounding marshes. At Durham, Norwich, and Lincoln there are none who can speak French. At Bristol everybody is, or has been, a soapmaker, and every Frenchman esteems soapmakers as he does nightmen. But Winchester is the best of all cities, and the people have only one fault—they tell lies like watchmen."—*Charles Knight's "History of England."* *8 vols., 8vo.*

AMERICA *v.* ENGLAND.

AMERICANS say that their Civil War was protracted in the expectation of English help, and the statement is true. They also aver that England fostered the Confederate hope of aid, but the charge is absolutely unfounded. Yet there is no ground for surprise at the accusation, or at the exceeding bitterness which the belief in it engenders. From the beginning until the end of hostilities the Confederate Government loudly and unceasingly proclaimed their full assurance that England would forthwith recognise the Confederacy, and recognition was understood to be the immediate prelude to intervention. Americans naturally suppose that the Confederate Government had sound and solid reasons for their hourly vaunted faith in the intervention of England. On this point North and South are agreed. "You fought on in the confidence that England would extend to you the right hand of fellowship," says the Northerner. "Yes, and we were betrayed," is the reply of the Southerner. There can be no doubt that when the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson cut the Confederacy in twain, or after Lee was defeated in Pennsylvania, the South would have sheathed the sword if it had been known that England would remain neutral. Every soldier in the Confederate army, from Lee, the Moltke of the South, to the raw boy recruit, was aware that without foreign assistance the fall of the Confederacy was inevitable. English intervention was the forlorn hope of the Confederates, and it cost America a mountain of treasure and a river of blood. Now it is of inexpressible importance for England to convince America that she did not instil or encourage the false forlorn hope of the South. The desire of both parties to the Washington Treaty is to settle all differences, to redress all grievances, and not to leave a pretence for ill-will between two nations so near akin that they are as one people, and whose interests in commerce and in civilisation are identical and inseparable. If the judgment of the arbitrators is against us, whatever amount they may award we shall pay willingly. If the compensation is so heavy as to involve a perceptible increase of taxation we shall bear the burden cheerfully. For any damage sustained through our negligence we wish to recompense America to the uttermost farthing. On the other hand, we may be sure that whilst America will stoutly contend for the last cent of compensation, she does not ask for or desire a cent more than she holds to be her due. But the payment of the *Alabama* and similar claims will not satisfy America if she thinks that two years of terrible warfare was the result of the tortuous policy of England. This, then, seems a fitting and opportune moment for rebutting the heavy and heinous accusation, and I venture, not without anxiety and certainly not without reluctance, to come forward as a witness in the case. As my friends can testify, I was associated with the Confederates in England, and knew the course of their affairs. I am not called upon to violate any confidence, and, happily, I can tell the whole truth on this subject without uttering a word in disparagement of men who are worthy of the highest esteem, for they contended gallantly and have borne defeat heroically.

Let us see how the English Government dealt with the Confederacy. Mr. Yancey came to Europe with unquestioning confidence that he would be received without demur and gladly as the representative of the Seceded States. He relied upon the assumed legal right of secession and the supposed interest of England in the division of the Union. He contended that Georgia, a sovereign State, had chosen to withdraw from the United States Federation, and that he, not the United States Minister, was the representative of Georgia. But Lord Russell would only know Georgia as part of the United States territory, and declined to receive Mr. Yancey. An attempt to excite public opinion in favour of the recognition of the Seceded States signally failed. At length Mr. Yancey returned to America vehemently denouncing the blindness and injustice of England. He said that he had been treated with less consideration than a political refugee, because we were afraid of the Yankees and were basely truckling to them. In this view Mr. Yancey was not singular. Whilst the North openly denounced our partiality for the South, the Southerners in England never ceased to deplore our unfair and unworthy subserviency to the North.

When Messrs. Mason and Slidell were sent to Europe, the early military successes of the Confederates, and the establishment of the seat of Government in the capital of Virginia, induced the expectation that so soon as the Commissioners presented their credentials they would be received as the envoys of the Confederacy. When the news reached Richmond of the affair of the *Trent*, duplicates of the commissions were forthwith despatched in anticipation of the release of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, so that their official reception in London and Paris might not be delayed. The Commissioner to England counted on a grand demonstration of sympathy and congratulation when he arrived at our shores. An English barrister, a devoted partisan of the South, who voyaged with the Commissioners from the West Indies to Europe, was consulted by one of the secretaries as to the reply that should be given to the expected address of welcome. The vessel arrived in port, but there was no address and no demonstration. The Southern gentlemen were greatly astonished and exceedingly disappointed.

It was reported that Lord Palmerston was in favour of recognition, but the Confederate Commissioner had no reason to believe it. To the arguments for recognition Lord Palmerston made a very short and conclusive reply. "The act of recognition would involve sending an envoy to your Government. An English ambassador could not be smuggled through the lines or get in by running the blockade. Until the road to Richmond is open, it would be premature even to discuss the question of recognition." Such was the substance of the reply of the Prime Minister. English friends of the Confederacy represented to Lord Palmerston that the official social abnegation of the Confederate Commissioner was a moral violation of neutrality. Mr. Adams was a frequent guest at Cambridge House, whilst Mr. Mason had not been invited. The Confederate Commissioner to France was honoured by Imperial attentions and dined with the Foreign Minister. Lord Palmerston regretted that he could not invite Mr. Mason to his house. If Mr. Mason had come to England as a private gentleman, he, Lord Palmerston, would have sought his society. But Mr. Mason claimed to be the envoy of an unrecognised Power at war with a recognised Power at peace with England, and therefore an English Minister could not extend to him even the minor recognition of social courtesies.

Lord Russell was still more guarded than the Prime Minister. To the Confederate letters and remonstrances, the replies were curt and almost uncivil. The Foreign Secretary would not enter into any discussion, and on more than one occasion refused to grant the Confederate Commissioner an interview. When Mr. Mason retired to the Continent, Lord Russell wrote to him privately, expressing regret that his official position had rendered it impossible for him to ask Mr. Mason to dine with him. The Confederate comment on this letter was that it did credit to Lord Russell as a gentleman, but was ominous for the Confederacy. A remark of Lord Russell's that "The North fought for empire, and the South for independence," gave great offence to the North; yet it was not intended as a compliment or an encouragement to the South. President Lincoln had solemnly declared that to preserve the Union he would retain slavery, or would abolish slavery; and the South was invited to return to the Union with the institution of slavery intact, and refused to do so. When Lord Russell was questioned about the remark we have quoted, he is reported to have replied, "I did not say the South is fighting for liberty, or the North for territorial aggrandisement. I only stated facts." I was in the House of Lords with some Southern friends when Lord Campbell made his speech in favour of recognition. There was one sentence in Lord Russell's reply that startled and alarmed my friends. His Lordship said (I quote from memory), "He hoped that England might not be compelled to recognise a Power of which the corner stone was slavery as a member of the family of nations." The Confederates wanted to know if his Lordship meant that England would not recognise the South so long as the institution of slavery continued, and if recognition would follow emancipation. An explanation, and, as I understood, on the authority of Lord Russell, was given. If the Confederacy became entitled to recognition according to the law of nations she would be recognised although England abhorred her domestic institution; but that the emancipation of the negroes would not induce England to recognise the Confederacy unless it became a manifestly established Power, and therefore had a legal right to recognition.

The English Foreign Secretary was overwhelmed with Southern as well as Northern complaints of violations of neutrality. I can bear witness that the latter had the most exemplary attention. The naval business of the Confederates in Europe was under the direction of an officer who was not only a first-rate naval architect, but also a wonderful administrator and clever agent. The way in which he provided for the coaling of the Confederate cruisers was a marvel of foresight, and it was jocosely said that if Captain Semmes discovered a new island or penetrated to the North Pole he would find a store of coals. The Naval Agent's strategy for getting his vessels out of neutral ports was calculated to baffle the utmost vigilance of the Northern officials. In the case of the *Virginia*, a formidable ironclad which, fortunately for the North, was not ready for work until the close of the war, he sent the ship from a French to a Danish port, and from the Danish port to the high seas, where she received her armament. Yet, except with the *Alabama*, he was continually frustrated by the watchfulness of the English Government. I can also bear witness that no heed was paid to the remonstrances of the South. Not only were the Northern armies recruited in the United Kingdom, but the recruits were drilled on the decks of

British ships in British ports. If the South had been victorious we should have had a Treaty of Richmond for the settlement of Southern claims, and I am persuaded that the Confederates would have had a valid plea for compensation. Lord Russell was passionately denounced in the North, but he was still more violently abused by the Confederates. He, the Foreign Minister of England, treated them with repellent coldness. So far from encouraging, his conduct was calculated to make the most sanguine Southerner despair of English recognition.

In troublous times Rumour inspires a hundred tongues to reveal the unspoken intentions of Ministers and the secrets of Cabinets. Thus, in 1863 we were told on "the best authority" that the English Cabinet was equally divided on the question of recognition, and that Mr. Gladstone voted for the measure. The Confederates were disposed to regard the Chancellor of the Exchequer as their advocate, but I could never ascertain that the right hon. gentleman gave any warrant whatever for the assumption, except the well-known remark that "Mr. Davis had not only raised an army, but had also made a nation," and which was promptly and emphatically explained away. My valued friend, the Confederate Commercial Agent, dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Lord Campbell's. Mr. Gladstone talked profusely and pleasantly about wines and fruit. The Hon. Mrs. Norton was one of the guests, and there was a conversation about books. But not a word was spoken by Mr. Gladstone about Confederate affairs. He neither favoured my friend with his views, nor afforded my friend an opportunity for speaking about the Confederacy. Lord Campbell was an open supporter of the South, and my friend was reasonably disappointed that the subject was so pointedly avoided. Mr. J. R. Thompson, who had been State Librarian at Richmond, and who was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Jefferson Davis, came to Europe in the midst of the war. He met Mr. Gladstone at Mr. Stuart Wortley's at a morning party on the day of the University boat race, and had a conversation with the right hon. gentleman. Well, conversation is not the correct word. Mr. Thompson told me that Mr. Gladstone only asked him questions, and added, "He said nothing and looked less. He may not be against us, but he is certainly not on our side."

At length Mr. Mason found the conduct of the Government so intolerable that, for the vindication of the honour of the Confederacy, he withdrew from England, and announced his withdrawal in a letter to Lord Russell, in which he bitterly denounced the treatment he had met with from the Government of England.

It is perhaps worth while to mention the affair of the Mexican Expedition. The withdrawal of England was ascribed to the discovery of the ultimate intentions of the Emperor Napoleon; but it was certainly strange that England should submit to a wrong rather than run the risk of abetting the Imperial designs. Indeed, so long as the expedition was a joint enterprise, the Napoleonic scheme could not be executed. Perhaps the true explanation may be that the United States chose to regard the expedition as unfriendly, whilst the Confederates were delighted with it as an evidence of friendship, and the British Government and, by her advice, the Spanish Government, determined not to persevere with an expedition the intent of which was misunderstood and excited enmity in the North and false hope in the South. At all events, the Confederates were deeply mortified and chagrined at the withdrawal of England, which they described as another act of subserviency to the Yankees, and they vowed that Spain should be punished for her weak submission to the will of England by the loss of Cuba.

Let us now turn to the Opposition. Was the Conservative party in favour of the recognition of the Confederacy? It was manifest that the Liberal Government would do nothing for the South, and the Southerners fixed their hopes on the advent of the Conservatives to office. They were drowning, and they clung to a straw. It is true that Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, who had been a Conservative Under-Secretary of State, was a Recognitionist. It is true that the Marquis of Salisbury, then a young and dashing member of the House of Commons, attacked the Ministry for their truckling to the North; but his lordship had then no weight or following. It is true that the Conservative organ was as devoted to the South as the *Morning Star* was to the North. But what of the Conservative leaders? The late Lord Derby refused to countenance the recognition movement, and through his influence not a single Conservative peer supported the recognition motion of Lord Campbell, who spoke from the Liberal benches. When some one suggested that recognition would relieve Lancashire, his lordship replied that recognition would probably result in a war with America, and war would prevent the rest of the country assisting the cotton operatives. The present Lord Derby was at no pains to conceal his sympathy with the North. Mr. Disraeli was mindful of his responsibility as the Conservative leader in the Commons, and as the virtual leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. He refused to embarrass the Government in respect to our relations with America. He disapproved of Messrs. Lindsay and Roebuck's self-constituted embassy to the Emperor Napoleon.

He declined to meet the Confederate Commissioner. A Southerner, who was a keen politician, said that Mr. Disraeli was as unfriendly as Lord Russell, though he had no official reason for his coldness, and added, "I know that a change of Government will do us no harm, but I am certain it will do us no good."

What of Parliament? In the House of Lords, as we have above observed, the recognition motion of Lord Campbell did not meet with a single supporter. In the House of Commons there were a few non-neutral speeches for the North and for the South. But there was not a division. Why? Because the pro-recognitionists knew that they would be left in a ridiculous minority. On the day the news arrived of the seven days' battle and the defeat of McClellan, the Confederates were anxious for a vote of the House. In the afternoon it was announced that the Government would meet a resolution for recognition with a direct negative, and that Mr. Disraeli would urge his friends to unanimously support the Government. A shrewd Parliamentary veteran said, "Talk, but do not divide. There are not forty members who will vote for recognition." So at the suggestion of Lord Palmerston the recognition motion was put off *sine die.*

What of the country? During the whole period of the war there was not one public meeting held on behalf of the South, for the lectures and addresses in Liverpool, and the Southern Association gatherings in Manchester, were in no sense public meetings. Now the Confederates did not despise the agency of the platform, for, like other Americans, they were disposed to exaggerate its power. But every effort to get up a pro-Southern agitation was utterly abortive, even in Lancashire.

Yes, let me repeat the words, even in Lancashire. That county was stricken with famine on account of the blockade of the Southern ports, yet the hungry operatives never wavered in their allegiance to what they believed to be the right cause, and turned a deaf ear to the pleadings for the recognition that they were assured would open the Southern ports. If a cry for recognition could not be raised in Lancashire, it was in vain to attempt it elsewhere. Southern agents did what they could in Lancashire, and the result was *nil.*

But the Americans have admitted that the sentiment and conduct of the working classes were friendly to the North. They say that "Society," the "upper ten," were the partisans of the South. A Virginian clergyman, whose name I have forgotten, came to England to procure Bibles for the use of the Southern troops. He obtained a large grant from the Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel, and spoke in the warmest terms of Lord Shaftesbury's kindness. He went a great deal into society, but he told me that he was received as a clergyman, and not as a Confederate. He said, "I cannot help applying the text to my country, 'he that is not with us is against us,' and England is not with us." But how did society treat Mr. Mason, the representative of the Confederacy? We know how it fared with the Confederate Commissioner to France. Mr. Slidell and his family were frequently received at the Tuileries, they visited official personages, and were invited to the fashionable parties. Now Mr. Mason did not see the Queen, or the Prince of Wales, or any member of the Royal Family. He was never entertained by an official or ex-official personage. On Christmas Day, 1862, or 1863, he dined with the Fellows of a Cambridge College, but that was a private party. He was not the guest of the Lord Mayor, or of any other civic or municipal functionary. The Marquis of Bath, Lord Campbell, and Sir Henry Houghton were the only titled persons who were intimate with the Confederate Commissioner. To the best of my recollection Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Laird were the only members of the House of Commons whom he visited. The only cleric who sought the acquaintance of Mr. Mason was the incumbent of a suburban church. The only English banker who entertained him was a gentleman whose firm has for a century had business relations with Virginia. Surely it is the reverse of the truth to say that English "Society" encouraged the false hopes of the Confederates.

I was then, and I am now, deeply impressed with the social neglect Mr. Mason experienced. Mr. Davis could not have selected a better man for the English mission. Mr. Mason was a thorough gentleman by descent, by training, and by high character. In the United States Senate he was looked upon as the leading representative of the South. He was not eloquent, or gifted with legislative or senatorial ability, and he owed his influence to his social status and his spotless reputation. His presence was dignified and his manners were frank and engaging. His integrity and patriotism were perfect. He deemed it his duty to live plainly and to invest all his savings in the Confederate Loan. He bought but would not sell, and he became penniless and homeless, for his house in Virginia was razed to the ground, and his patrimonial estate was taken from him. Moreover, Mr. Mason had on several occasions in the United States Senate evinced friendship for England. If he had visited us as a private gentleman "Society" would have given him a cordial and pressing welcome. He came to us as the Confederate Commissioner, and "Society" ignored him.

The frigid neutrality of England was concealed by the Confederate Government, for if Mr. Davis had said, "England is cold to us; England will not recognise us; England will leave us alone to contend with the North," the Confederacy would have collapsed at least a year earlier. The sons of the South would not have thrown away their lives, and the illustrious Lee would not have continued a bloody and vain struggle. It is not my province to criticise the policy of the Confederate Government. It is possible, and I think probable, that they were self-deceived, and that in their dire extremity their judgment was dominated by their hopes and wishes. Doubtless, the reports from France were promising, and they might have thought that when the Imperial Government came to the rescue England would follow the example of her ally. Doubtless, too, they regarded the Mexican Expedition as a pledge that France would sustain the Southern Confederacy, the indispensable bulwark of a Mexican Empire. I am persuaded that Mr. Davis and his colleagues hoped against hope, and believed in the promises by which they induced the Southern people to continue the war. But the false hope of English recognition and intervention was not inspired or fostered by the English Government, or by the leaders of the Opposition, or by Parliament, or by the people, or by "Society." I state this from an exact and intimate knowledge of Confederate affairs in England, and happily my statement is confirmed by facts within the cognisance of all those whose eyes are not blinded by prejudice and passion. I have faith in the justice of the American people, and therefore I am convinced that if they impartially consider the evidence they will withdraw the charge they now prefer against England. I earnestly pray that they may do so, for then our hearts will be gladdened by the blessed prospect of a true and lasting peace between the great families of our race—of the race which has fought and won the battle of Liberty in Europe, which has peopled the New World, colonised the Australias, is supreme in India, has lightened the darkness of Africa, and to which it has pleased God to commit the defence of human rights and the sacred cause of human progress.

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

Players of Our Day.

VIII.—MR. IRVING.

ANY diligent playgoer at the French theatres will have noticed one remarkable feature: namely, the extraordinary fashion in which a great actor will transform himself. English actors seem to have equal skill, but their transformation reaches only to what in stage slang is called their "make-up." Mr. Clayton's Jaggers and Mr. Rowe's Micawber might be pointed to as instances of this cleverness. The Frenchman's change, however, comes from within, and is of a different order altogether. A strange character is given to him; he ponders over it, and a sudden instinct or inspiration gives him the key to mastering it. That perfect apprehension is so vehement, it alters his face, his figure, his voice. It is independent of any dress, catchwords, or make-up—though these all help. With great artists, the "make-up" dwells very little on our recollections. It is the *character*—curious, humorous, or horrible. In the English instance, we often welcome the skilful "make-up" with enthusiasm and an anticipation of enjoyment; but unbalanced by a character equally marked and striking, there comes a feeling of disproportion and of consequent disappointment. We have got to rest too much on this outside mimicry.

Now Mr. Irving, of the Lyceum Theatre, is certainly an exception to this failing, and is worthy to be classed with the best French actors for his delicate *finesse* in grasping a character. People say, how capital is his "make-up" as Digby Grant in the "Two Roses;" as Jingle in "Pickwick," as the pedantic squire in "Uncle Dick's Darling," or lastly, as Mathias in "The Bells." He has the art of so thoroughly conceiving a character that he is independent of outward aids, and supplies their want (far better) from his own resources. There is always a delicacy of shading, a number of minute touches, which give effect to his work. How excellent was his fussy selfishness and fretfulness in Digby Grant, which were exhibited in quite an unconventional fashion. It was evident that he had observed and studied selfishness in this shape—that is to say, he had seen an instance in some man or woman, and the hint even was enough to give the secret of developing a whole character.

There was an annoyance and sourness in his face, a querulousness in his tones, a spareness and tightness about his figure—nay, even an imparting delicacy and leanness, which were all in keeping. His figure is before us, not from the "make-up," but from its worry, "annoyance," and restlessness, its wish to shunt off all disagreeable subjects—its tendency to weep over its own trials. In the same drama there was a solicitor, with a neutral part; but who had happily been able to "get fun" out of two words, "*Dear* me!" which he repeated with the same inflexion and always drew laughter from those who can be amused at such simple wit. This was an instance of "make-up" of voice.

One of Mr. Irving's latest successes has been the "creation" of Jingle in the version of "Pickwick." Before going to see this artist in the part, we might speculate as to what might be made of it: and thus speculating, arrive at the conclusion that little could be done with it, and that it would fall into the category of glib, patter-ike characters—such Mr. C. Mathews would have made of it—a ranquil assurance, and a voluble delivery. But Mr. Irving imparted o the character a strange flavour of originality, movement, and grotesque vivacity. His face assumed an intelligent leanness, a Callot-ike intelligence and oddity. But there was much more. This ivacity is not in life confined to pattering over words glibly. An dventurer of the kind must be restlessly watching faces and movements of figures, and this will impart a certain spasmodic nervousness. Mr. Irving's figure seemed to acquire this. His shoulders went up owards his ears—his shoulder blades worked—his walk was strange nd flourishing. These were no unmeaning antics, but a nice instinct ad shown him that they were appropriate—that a man of such ursuits would necessarily by his over-eagerness and anxiety make uch movements. This artist would play Robert Macaire finely. ven to the little traditional tricks of the stage, he gives an riginality: as when he puts the watch by mistake into his pocket. had the air of a mistake: but how often have we seen the "funny" an do the same with an elaborate ostentation—taking the audience to his confidence with nods and winks. There is no exaggeration Mr. Irving—no gymnastics. He is thinking of character, and rests pon that alone: with a great one he would make a striking success.

Thus far this sketch was in the printer's hands when Fortune introced to Mr. Irving the play and the character. The jingle of the igh-bells, the wail of the dreaming assassin, have been ringing in r ears ever since we saw Mathias in those last death-throes at Lyceum. There is no other artist upon the stage who could so completely act out the bitterly painful story of the bell-haunted Burgomaster. The piece is a well-studied version of one of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, "The Polish Jew." Mr. Leopold Lewis is the adapter. Mathias has done a murder. The crime not only saves him from ruin, but makes him rich. He rises to honour and distinction among his Alsatian friends and neighbours. As the Burgomaster, he is beloved and respected. So far as worldly prosperity is concerned, he ought to be as happy as he is believed to be; but a troubled conscience and the fear of discovery have power over him; the memory of his crime haunts him, and imagination jingles in his ears the bells of the Polish Jew's horse. Finally he dreams that he is tried for the murder. He has seen a mesmerist at the fair, "a Parisian who sends people to sleep, and makes them tell their secret thoughts and actions." The mesmerist wanted to send Mathias to sleep. The thought of what he might have told under the mesmeric influence makes so deep an impression upon him that in his dream the mesmeriser comes into court, puts him to sleep, and elicits from him the story of the mysterious disappearance of the Jew. The dream is enacted on the stage, and is one of the most thrilling dramatic incidents of modern days. Mr. Irving is terribly real. His pitiful cries for Christian, a French officer of gendarmes, whom he has married to his only child in the hope of having him as a protector, realises in the highest degree the situation of a guilty man broken down with fear and terror, knowing there is no escape from the impending sword of vengeance. In the next scene, where he staggers from the bed and literally dies in his dream of imaginary strangulation, the artist achieves a psychological triumph only approached by the late Charles Kean's death of Louis XI. Night after night the audiences at the Lyceum sit almost appalled at the apparently dead man, whose reappearance afterwards is received with rounds of applause, as if it were a positive relief to see him alive.

Some excellent judges of the taste of playgoers thought "The Bells" too sad and painful a story to run. In the hands of most actors the play could not have stood a week; for the whole action of it centres in one figure, and there is comparatively an absence of female interest. Mr. Irving has for years been in the habit of reciting "Eugene Aram." This has been of service to him in "The Bells." He has what may be called a wonderful retrospective power, telling a whole volume of past history in a glance, a turn of the head, or in the manner of taking a pinch of snuff. Witness his conversation with the two gossipping neighbours in "The Bells," and his interview with Christian after counting out his daughter's dowry. The opening scene where Mathias first enters is throughout strikingly natural. The Burgomaster shakes the snow off his boots; his wife (Miss G. Pauncefort) and daughter (Miss Fanny Heywood) remove his cloak and gaiters, while he tells them of the strange Parisian at the fair. You can see in the expression of the Burgomaster's face that the mesmerist has made a singular impression upon him, striking the first note of fear and apprehension which is to conclude with his dreadful dream of exposure and death.

As a rule, novels do not dramatise well; but we have just now on the boards two strikingly exceptional examples, "The Bells" and "The Woman in White." I wonder if Mr. Irving has read a novel of some few seasons back (a first production, I think, crude and imperfect), with a hero called Paul Massey, who it seems to me is deserving of Mr. Irving's attention. I think a dramatic version of the story is lying at the British Museum. Paul is a fine manly fellow, preyed upon by a friend who does the part of Iago. In the height of a mad jealous rage, aroused by unjust but not altogether unreasonable suspicions, Paul strikes his companion, who falls into the sea and is to all appearances drowned. The scene on board the yacht, in which this incident occurs, is full of dramatic fire. Paul tries to rescue the man he has stricken, and is held back by Iago, who swears eternal devotion to him, palliates his crime, and points Mephistophelian-like to a bright and happy future now that his only rival and enemy is removed. With this secret in his life Paul marries and has children, is persecuted by Iago, and haunted by the sea; trembles when the wind is high, shudders at the story of shipwreck, and is at last worn into an illness in which, under morbid influences, he confesses his crime; but somehow the story ends far more happily than it was possible to expect, and this gives an opening for light and shade, the want of which is the one single drawback in the story of "The Bells."

IX.—MISS NEILSON.

As we pursue that cheap pastime—the poor man's Royal Academy Exhibition—of studying *cartes de visite* in the shop windows, observing the queer company in which bishops and preachers find themselves placed, we are sure to come upon one female face, repeated under a dozen different aspects. Now it has a rueful, gruesome smile, now an injured expression, now a sad smile, now unutterable scorn. High on the head are piled vast masses of hair, which tumble down in huge and solid ringlets at the side.

This is the counterfeit presentment of Miss Neilson; under it is written "Amy Robsart," or "Rebecca." In the squalid Drury Lane, or in that nest of streets and lanes which is gathered about it, she is reverenced. The young girls think her a greater personage than the Queen; and, indeed, for some hours every night she reigns at the vast old house, which is packed and crammed to the roof—money offered and refused for seats. Who shall analyse that wonderful mixture, public taste? A few years ago, any experienced agent would have pronounced "Old Drury" to be the most disastrous pile in Europe—nothing could be done with it. The expenses, risks, &c., were so vast, no one could make it pay. Now it is the most prosperous enterprise in London. The difficulty is to keep too much money from pouring in. Erst, this palmy state of things was reserved for Christmas and the pantomime; now, it is the normal condition. The statues in the great hall are familiar, but room must be found for a bust of Mr. Andrew Halliday, to whom, certainly, this recuperation is due. He knew that the great public is slow; likes to have time to think—time to follow; and does not like being hurried forward, either by a succession of smart events, or of smart things. It likes to have time to digest its mental food, like its physical food. Mr. Halliday judiciously catered for this want, and has supplied a series of elaborate, slow-moving dramas, which have thus restored the fortunes of the theatre. Just as showy posters and gaudy pictures, grand processions and spectacles, and solemn "by my halidome" dialogue was necessary for this purpose, so the manager was lucky in securing a tragedy-queen like Miss Neilson for the centre figure.

In "Amy Robsart," this lady was gaudily decked out; in "Rebecca," she was equally decorated. She is really effective in this great house, just as the set scenes and processions are effective. The piles of hair, the dark eyes, the scornful expression, and melodramatic *pose*, telling wonderfully at a distance. As an actress—that comparatively inferior branch of her department—she cannot take a high place. She carries her showy garments with dignity and effect; she can wither a "proud knight" who insults her with his licentious proposals with a rare scowl; and she can denounce such unmanly oppressors in a low, "charnel-house" voice, which makes the flesh of the farthest gallery-man creep—but, for pure acting? No. Possibly in that great theatre, and among such accessories, acting would be thrown away. There is in her that fatal deficiency—the giving distinctive colour to a part. She seems to think only of delivering the particular sentence with the best elocutionary effect. And thus there was no Amy Robsart, no Rebecca, but simply Miss Neilson. This is an art our players seldom think of. All they want is to "get in" their number of regulation points, which shall tell, and produce applause. They might fairly ask, how are they to convey the idea of a Jewess; or, indeed, what more could the audience reasonably ask, save the characteristic dress, and the Jewish speeches. These are the ordinary tools with which histrionic character is indicated. Yet an infinitely more refined process is necessary. There should be a study, first of Jewish character in itself, secondly of human character under the same conditions, and thirdly of how the particular events would affect a Jewish character, as distinguished from one of another nation. With a great artist, this often comes by instinct, and any one of genius who had read "Ivanhoe" carefully might unconsciously distil from the pages this subtle essence. To note one feature, which a less effective actress than Miss Neilson might not have missed, there would be in a "Jewish maiden" an extra touch of servility—from so much oppression—a crouching softness and piteousness, inherited from the oppression of her father. This would be one national mark. There ought to be even a peculiar bearing of the body and indecision, and perhaps crouching, which would contrast with that of the haughty Rowena. Instead, Miss Neilson becomes the grand heroine, the tragedy queen; haughty, independent, defiant—the central figure—grandly challenging all attention; as no doubt she and the management designed it to be. All this may seem hypercritical, but it involves a true dramatic principle, the neglect of which will later inconvenience a clever actress. For without these distinguishing features, succeeding characters will be monotonous—the public will cry out that "this is the same thing over again!" and though a splendid and novel dress may be readily found for the next of Sir Walter Scott's heroines that is to be submitted to Mr. Halliday's sacrificial knife, it may be objected that this is only "Amy Robsart" or "Rebecca," presented once more.

Miss Neilson has acted Shakespeare's heroines, and has, we believe, earned the approbation of Miss O'Neil. We have seen her on the boards of a very indifferent theatre, working gallantly through the ploughed soil and blank verse of "The Hunchback." She plodded on then more slowly and deliberately than even she does now, and "Master Walter'd" her companies with the slowest emphasis.

X.—MRS. HERMANN VEZIN.

It is rather a significant token of the state of the drama in these times, to find that certain players who are in the very first rank, are to be actually classed with a tribe of unfortunates who bear the slang name of "shutters," and who might more appropriately be styled the "casuals" or tramps of the stage. These latter have no settlement, as it is called; they appear in no fixed home; they turn up in some new and fitful speculation, have their little day, and disappear in the certain collapse of the undertaking, after a short spell of a month or three weeks. A "shutter," who is thus contemptuously designated, seems to find strange bedfellows in actors of the very highest degree, who are forced into the same unpleasant category from directly opposite causes, and they have the mortification of becoming "shutters" from the fact of being as much *above* the conventional level of excellence as the others are below it. This is a cruel fate, and not a little humiliating. For Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan there appears to be absolutely no home; Mr. Wigan, indeed, appeared in a fitful fashion at the Gaiety, but his place was not there. He was overpowered in the rustling flood of scantily-dressed girls and dazzled by the lime light. In fact there is no theatre at this moment which would suit the talents of the Wigans. Mr. Compton has only recently left the Haymarket, but we have not heard of him since. Indeed it seems an incongruity that he should be found in some light farce, or so-called comedy, which is no more than farce, trying to "tickle the midriffs" of some little theatre in the Strand. He has secured some such engagement, but it needs no prophet to see that he will depend on the fortunes of the theatre, and by and by will be wandering. With the Haymarket he was in perfect harmony. So with that overpraised player, Neville (which overpraise was based on the success of a single part); he wanders about from house to house. So with Mr. Clarke—the player known as little Clarke. And so with Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Hers is the hardest case of all, for this lady has really the material of a first-rate actress.

She has a pleasing figure and a very intelligent face—her figure being majestic, and yet removed from that royal portliness in the superior half which seems incident to the physique of the dames who suffer and expostulate in tragedy. There seems to be some law in this: inconvenient stoutness and queenly declamation appearing to go together. Mrs. Vezin plays with grace; keeps up a perpetual variety of expression, play of feature, and gesture. This, in these days of stolid immobility, is something to start from. Her face is animated and bright. Her voice is naturally pleasing, and she has great and vehement passion in reserve. These surely are elements sufficient to make a good actress. She has played in the regular conventional round, from *Pauline*, in "The Lady of Lyons," which she makes very attractive, to her latest impersonation in "Fernande." This most remarkable play, mutilated and emasculated as it was, proved at least one thing in the most convincing way: that good actors and actresses are still in the land, only waiting for some "stuff" to be put into their hands to work on. The plays of our time are not written on such principles as would develop good acting. They are mere spectacles and narratives: in proof of which one need only appeal to Mr. Tom Taylor's recent explanation of the principles which guided him in the composition of his drama, "Joan of Arc." In answer to objectors who declared it was no more than a diorama, or procession of figures and events, without passion, or evolving trains of emotion, he announced that his design was to construct it as such—that it was meant to be "a history" or view of the events in the life of "the Maid." And accepting it as such, the public have endorsed it with their approbation. Without discussing formally whether such could be suited to the stage, it had certainly this result of stifling real acting, and *Joan of Arc*, instead of filling the whole stage, and supplying story, and drawing universal sympathy, became no more than the leader of the countless supernumeraries that surrounded her. But we may venture to say that the true dramatic interest of such a character would be found in the *character* of the Maid, the contending emotions in her heart, her look and bearing; and, above all, we would not require to be *told* that she heard those wearisome "voices," but we would know it from her look and air. No finer part could be imagined, or one more interesting, if treated on dramatic principles, or after the fashion by which the passions and their play are brought to the front in "Fernande."

In this wonderful play we find the whole gamut of passion touched upon. Rage, jealousy worked into fury, hatred, revenge, love, hypocrisy, finesse, most of them centred in *Fernande;* and no actress at present on the English stage could have done it such justice—and such powerful justice—as Mrs. Vezin. She has power, and a power which she can hold in reserve. She can grow tempestuous without becoming a scold or shrew. She perhaps wants a little refining, and the French delicate handling which produces vast results with fine touches. She should have gone and sat at the feet of Favart, that incomparable actress—who can be seductive as a siren, ferocious as a tigress defending her cubs. Mrs. Vezin and the English actresses are too quick; the expression and the speech come together. Who can forget Favart on her own ground at the Français, when some momentous question is put to her: "Ah oui!" cries the young lover, "Vous m'aimez donc?" There comes a pause, a silence which arrests the attention of the audience. On that wonderful face we see surprise, then irresolution, then decision, and a smile of exquisite anticipation as she turns her face away to enjoy the secret triumph—he all this time bent forward in agony to catch her answer. Yet here is an answer—for the audience—worth a dozen spoken speeches. Here is acting. If Mrs. Vezin cultivated some of this pantomime, and, above all, toned down that rather affected whining tone to which she is sometimes partial (she will recal herself cutting flowers at the beginning of the "Two Thorns," and saying to her female friend, "My dee-ar"), there will be no other actress to approach her in passionate parts.

“Blind.”

THE days go on and on, alas,
Without one gleam of light;
The months and years in darkness pass,
As ’twere an endless night.
I move among the living as one dead,
Dead upward from his youth,
Who now am old, forsooth!
And as I pass they leave me room to tread,
Avoiding me with cruel ruth:
Alas, alas, did they but know
What I endure, as if the curse
Of Cain were on me, all the agony
Of alienation as they pass me by,
Men would not turn on either side me so,
As they would shun a leper or a hearse!
I’d liefer they should jostle me,
Heedless of my calamity,
Whene’er I happen in their way;
The very contact would impart
A thrill of kinship to my heart,
Something of human sympathy.
Had I ne’er known what ’tis to see,
Ne’er look’d upon my fellow men,
And those who loved me once—and one,
As far above all other as the sun
Outshines the moon and stars,
To me who loved her then—
Had never gazed on spires and domes
That lift their grandeur to the sky,
Temples and halls and marble palaces,
Whose princes roll in gilded cars,
Nor the plain comfortable homes
Of humble industry;
Had I ne’er loved the fields and trees,
The lanes and hedgerows all the year,
Whichever season did appear—

In summer sunshine deck'd with flowers
And all the colours of the bow,
Or overspread with golden showers
Of autumn leaves, or white with winter snow,—
Had I been eyeless from my birth,
And only known the one sad care,
The uneasy and mysterious doubt
Of all whence darkness shut me out,
Of all the sights of heaven and earth,
My lot had been less hard to bear.
  Oh shame upon ye, brothers, ye whose love
Is all we have to lean on, but who scout
And pass us by, or carcerate
In life-long ward, as if a felon's fate
For such as we were good enough ;
Oh shame on ye who shut us out
From all that might alleviate
Our destiny forlorn,
Who treat us with scarce less than scorn,
As if 'twere degradation to be blind,
And eyesight were the heart and mind !
In summer weather, and in rain or snow,
I hear the roll of ceaseless wheels,
The murmur and the stir and strife,
The voices of the passers to and fro,
The festive shouts, the marriage peals—
But for what part or place I have
In all this going on of life,
This world of sound and motion, I'm as dead
As if I lay within my grave,
And all went on above my head.
Ah now I feel, thus robbed of sight,
Chief source of knowledge and delight,
How poor a thing were man had he been made
As I am now, and never seen
Nor dream'd of, save in vague surmise,
The world that round about him lies,
The sunshine and the shade.
But O what might he not have been,
What may he not be yet, I ween,
With just one other gift unknown,
Who now with keenest insight is but blind,

And ignorant as sculptured stone,
To all the glory hid behind
The filmy curtain of the mind !
  Ah me, though fain, I almost dread
To grope along the darken'd ways
Back to my lonely bed,
Lest I should hear that startling strain
That stayed me yester-night
Amid the sleet and rain ;
That soft sweet music and that voice so sweet,
While I stood listening in the street
To the sad song of happier days,
That for a while restored my sight,
And made me young and blest again.
Then came the sound of dancing feet—
Of mirth and revelry ;
Fled the brief transport and the vision fleet,
And I stood once more in the street,
And, groping onward, wet and chill,
Went lonely to my grave-like bed,
And slept the waking of the dead ;
For in my sleep I heard it still,
And in my dream mine eyes did see.
Oh sleep, sweet sleep, where pleasant places are,
Thou only refuge from my pain,
May that blest vision come again
Which oft of late hath visited me,
Over the darkness from afar,
From o'er the verge that separates
My narrow day from boundless night ;
That happy, happy, vision, where,
Free from the faintest film of care,
I live my life of days serene,
'Mid all things bright and fair ;
Where joy another joy creates,
And peace and plenty hem me round,
And little children climb my knee,
And all is as it might have been,
And I what I can never be !
But thou, O Death, before the sound,
My waking and my sleep between,
Recalls me to myself again,

Be thou, too, there; no longer blind,
Leading the blind, but open straight
That glittering golden gate,
Whence cometh, as by angels sung,
Soft murmurs of the sad sweet strain
I heard last night amid the rain.
Oh let me through, if thou be kind,
As one who had already died;
That, haply, once among
The glory of the other side,
It may for ever close behind,
And heaven open on before,
And I ne'er waken more!

ROBERT STEGGALL.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

XI.—CENTLIVRE TO SHERIDAN.

IN the thick of the Congreve School of Comedy-writers arose the most celebrated female of whom our dramatic literature can boast; the spirited and very clever Mrs. Centlivre, author of "The Wonder;" the "Bold Stroke for a Wife," and "The Busy-body." The first of these is one of the best of our acting comedies, and all three still keep the stage. They are indeed all action, and vivacious action; that is their forte and main characteristic, and the shifts and manœuvres, breathless perils and hair-breadth escapes of the several parties engaged, keep the spectator in a constant suspense and excitement. The plots—not to speak irreverently of our sisterhood, are perfectly feminine in their contrivance—being characteristically mischievous and intricate. The wit too and insinuations are arch, sly, and flavoured with the spice of agreeable wickedness—wrong unquestionably, but, as pleasant. The plays are so ingenious in their involutions; there is so delightful a conglomeration of "confusion worse confounded," and they are written with so much sparkling vivacity, with so unvarying a good humour, and consequently were such favourites while the pure classicality of the Drama was sustained, that their original success is said to have stirred the bile of Congreve's jealousy, and was one cause of his withdrawing from the theatrical arena. If this be true, the man must indeed have possessed a poor spirit; for the plays are so good as to deserve all the popularity they have gained and retained, and, as Hazlitt well said, "it is only a spurious and undeserved popularity which should excite a feeling of jealousy in any well-regulated mind."

"The Wonder" has been the most frequently acted play, and it exhibits, perhaps, the greatest amount of combined interest in the story and characters. Nevertheless, the "Busy-body" is one uninterrupted stream of bustle, liveliness and perplexity from the first scene to the last. By the most ingenious contrivance, and yet, without the slightest betrayal of artifice, every character appears to come upon the stage when least expected, and as little required: consequently, disaster and confusion abound and multiply. Marplot, the principal person, is a felicitously projected and sustained character, producing infinite mischief by his pestilent zeal to serve his friends, and moreover, getting himself into scrapes with them by his officious assiduity. The sitting out this play is being subjected to one running fire of equivoque, both in situation and dialogue.

In the essay on the "Satirists" I observed that Pope made a mistake in installing Colley Cibber as the hero of his "Dunciad." Shadwell, whom Dryden gibbeted and shot at, was a very different person from the author of "The Double Gallant," "The Careless Husband," and "Love's Last Shift," and assuredly Cibber's own biography, with those exquisite portraits of the actors of his own time, is more interesting, and it is better written too, than half the "standard works" of fiction on our library shelves. Colley was, no doubt, an overweening coxcomb; but he was a very clever one too, and therefore he writes so pleasantly about himself, and his "sayings and doings." And we cheerfully endure his vanity, and his egotism, because he appears not to have had one spark of professional jealousy in his composition: so far from it, indeed, that he heaps praise upon his contemporaries, and moreover the applause that he bestows upon them has the air of sincerity and truth,' for each memoir is accompanied by agreeable personal anecdotes of the individual and most delightful criticisms upon their several performances—the best criticism, for his reasons accompany his approbation. When we read his vividly graphic description of Wilks, and Booth, and Nokes, and the luminous and careful account he has given of that noble performer, Betterton, with his impressive manner of impersonating the Ghost in "Hamlet," what would we not give to possess such a biography of the Great Poet's own representation of the same character (tradition telling us that he played that part)—it would be like a portrait by Vandyk.

Cibber's style is remarkably clear and terse, and, with all his flippant manner and gossamer talk, he appears to have a sedate and well-regulated head for business. Pope himself could not have put in a more masterly answer to a Bill in Chancery than that which was drawn up by the hero of the "Dunciad." He had inserted it in the "Apology for his Life." Pope made an egregious mistake; his rancour blinded him. Cibber was anything but "dull": he was flippant, vain, conceited, with good temper; and he possessed a self-reliance which carried him over all attacks and insults from his opponents. Like an india-rubber ball, he bounded the higher the harder he was struck. Had he not been so easily satisfied with himself, and had been more industrious, he would have made a considerable figure in literature. As it is, he has done well; and he appears to advantage even among the great dramatists of his age; indeed he received the compliments of his most distinguished contemporaries: Sir John Vanburgh among the number. His "Careless Husband" is, perhaps, his best written play; the "Double Gallant" his most lively and wickedly intriguing; and the "Love's Last Shift" was his own favourite. In the first of these (the "Careless Husband") there is a pretty and delicate contrivance in the 5th Act, wherein Lady Easy confirms the heretofore suspected inconstancy of her husband by discovering him and her waiting-woman asleep in two easy-chairs: when she contents herself with gently laying her 'neckerchief over his face. The spirit in which the whole of this last Act is wound up gives one a high sense of Cibber's refinement and good taste; the more so as it comes in the teeth of the hollow, coarse intrigue and licentiousness of the school that immediately preceded him.

There is no remarkable originality of contrivance in Cibber's plots, and there is little, if any, sterling wit in the dialogue: it is more distinguished by a lively and purely conversational tone, unrestrained by any effort to make extravagant and startling points.

Besides the plays already named, he wrote, in concert with Vanburgh—or, more properly, he completed, Vanburgh's "Provoked Husband;" "Love makes a Man" he altered from Beaumont and Fletcher; "She Would, and she Would Not" is his own; and lastly he adapted to the English stage Molière's "Tartuffe," under the title of "The Non-juror," and which was subsequently altered by Bickerstaff to the "Hypocrite." The character of "Maw-worm" was added by Bickerstaff—scarcely a compensation for the defacement of so fine a structure as the original work.

To sum up briefly and, I think, justly, the character of the man who has been handed down to us bespattered with the mud of Pope's spleen, Cibber was a good scholar and as good a writer—perhaps a better writer than scholar; an excellent actor; a clever mimic; the best of our theatrical critics; a well-bred gentleman; and, being so, he was (as already said, and which is best of all) a perfectly good-tempered companion. His father, who was an eminent sculptor, was the author of the two celebrated figures in Bethlehem Hospital of raving and melancholy madness. Their original position was on each pillar of the gateway leading to the original Bethlehem in Moorfields.

A noble galaxy of dramatic compositions immediately succeeded the period of time just quitted. Among them, "The Suspicious Husband," by the estimable and amiable Dr. Hoadley; "The Jealous Wife," by the elder Colman; and lastly, "The Clandestine Marriage," by Colman and Garrick. In the first piece the character of Ranger (one of Garrick's most celebrated performances) is a reflection of the same class of wantons—the Archers and the Wildairs that sparkle and throb amid the gay constellations of the Vanburgh and Farquhar firmament. Although the character of Ranger, however, is not original, the treatment of it is so excellent as to render it worthy of a station by its archetypes. "The Jealous Wife" is indeed a very highly-wrought composition, and the portraiture of the heroine, Mrs. Oakley, all but perfect, both in the drawing and the colouring. The character of Squire Russett, and of his daughter Harriet, with her elopement and his rustic violence, will not fail to remind the reader of Tom Jones's Western and Sophia; moreover, there is no marked invention in the other characters; nevertheless, they are ably supported, and although there is a scanty sprinkling only of genuine wit, yet there is an abundance of vivacity in the dialogue, and considerable skill is displayed in the management of the plot, which never flags for a minute; while the incidents and cross-purposes which fan the flame of Mrs. Oakley's jealousy are in themselves as plausible as they are skilfully planned.

"The Clandestine Marriage," by the elder Colman and Garrick, is indeed an exquisitely finished production: the incidents novel; the language purely idiomatic and classical; and the characters artistically grouped—all supporting, and carrying forward the design of the story. There are not many more legitimately comic scenes exhibited on the stage than that of Lord Ogleby in his dressing-room, with his valet, Brush, and Canton, making himself up for the day. It is as rich and aristocratic as a scene in Molière: no battered old beau in the hemisphere of Louis Quatorze more frail, or more vain and over-weening. How choice and exclusive all his expressions! His contempt of the plebeian city family of the "Stirlings," with whom, nevertheless, he disdains not an alliance, for the sake of their money; his own condescension being in his estimate the greater sacrifice.

What do you think, Brush, of this family we are going to be connected with—eh?

Brush. Very well, to marry in, my Lord; but it will never do to live with.

Lord O. You are right, Brush; there is no washing the blackmoore white: Mr. Stirling will never get rid of Blackfriars—always taste of the Boracho. And

> hat poor woman, his sister, is so busy, and so notable, to make one welcome, hat I have not yet got over her first reception: it almost amounted to suffo-ation.

How choicely aristocratic too his phrases of disgust! "That vulgar ellow, Stirling, with his city politeness, would force me down his lope last night, to see a clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal." Again, when Stirling has left the room for his hat and cane, having proposed a walk before their breakfast of hot rolls and butter; he exclaims: "Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat at the thoughts of t. What a strange beast it is!—Eugh!—he is a vulgar dog; and if here were not so much money in the family, and which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls directly." The character of Lord Ogleby rises however with the progress of the plot; and his scene with Fanny Stirling in the garden, although ludicrous from his vanity, and misapprehension of the cause of her confusion, as well as from the disparity in their years, is nevertheless so choice and elegant a specimen of the romantic gallantry and fine breeding of the old school of love-gallantry, that our consciousness of his ridiculous position and self-exposure fades before our admiration of the natural spirit of the man. He says:—"I am *happy* in your *distress*, Madam, because it gives me the opportunity to show my zeal. Beauty, to me, is a religion in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr."

And when at the close of the play, the surreptitious marriage of Fanny with Lovewell is discovered, and Stirling threatens to turn them both from the house, the old nobleman ratifies his character for genuine gallantry, and which in true hearts is ever linked with magnanimity. He replies to Stirling:—"And if they do leave your house, I will receive them into mine. Look ye, Mr. Stirling, there have been some mistakes, which we had all better forget, for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forgive the cause of them; which I do from my soul. Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune; it is a debt of honour and must be paid. You swore as much too, Mr. Stirling; but your laws in the city will excuse you, I suppose; for you never strike a balance without—'Errors excepted.'"

The composer of this portion of the comedy has finely redeemed the character of the old nobleman from that point in the play in which his natural affection becomes excited. During the early part of the story, when he is making a common barter of his title for money, and is wholly unconcerned, except to obtain the latter, he is sufficiently contemptible. Now, this appears to me a close and accurate observance of character; and although it may seem a strong assertion, I do not recollect in the range of our modern comedy a more correctly sustained personation of vanity and folly; of conventional honour, and natural honour; of aristocratic high breeding, and aristocratic low breeding, than are combined in the character of Lord Ogleby. Mrs. Heidelberg (Stirling's sister) with her low Dutch connections, and lowest English brutality: with her heavy purse, and heavier tyranny; her ruthless massacre of the Queen's English, is a wonderful compound of coarseness of nature, aggravated by coarseness of breeding. Of the two animals, one would certainly prefer the sociality of a hippopotamus.

And now we are to speak of Oliver Goldsmith; easy, free, charming, sweet-natured Oliver Goldsmith, in his capacity of one of our "Comic Writers,"—one phase of his many-sided talent wherein he shone with enviable lustre. Whatever department of literature Goldsmith undertook to fill, he filled it with credit, if not with honour: and in reflecting on this circumstance we should bear in mind that no inconsiderable portion of his works was written to the order of his publishers, and not from the spontaneous impulse of his own genius: and even in those departments of science wherein he was least successful, few men of his own day would have surpassed him in the clear understanding and comprehensiveness of his subjects. He has written three histories of three of the greatest nations of the earth,—Greece, Rome, and England. These, it is true, would not be referred to by the philosopher or the statist; for they were evidently directed to the young college student, and they are abridgments, copious, dispassionate, and impregnated with an axiomatical tone in moral and political philosophy, and with a fair portion of political impartiality. He also compiled a Natural History—a copious. and admirable one for his time, when that branch of science was neither so widely nor so zealously and philosophically cultivated as it has been of late years: nevertheless, the first volume of his work, containing the natural history of the earth and of the human animal, is, I conceive, an able digest of what was then known and had been written on the subject; and I am sure that in early youth it interested me like a fiction. When Johnson heard that he had undertaken this work, he said, "There's Goldy going to write a Natural History, and he will make it like an Arabian tale:" and Goldy—by the way—had his revenge in kind; for he said, "If Johnson had to make little fishes speak, he would make them talk like great whales." Goldsmith, however, certainly did give a tinge of fiction to his Natural History; being a man of credulous nature, his active faith carried him from time to time into wild and romantic beliefs. He has also written biography; and although in his life of Bolingbroke he has manifested that he was unequal to the appreciation of that misrepresented, if not misunderstood, statesman; yet we must bear in mind that this was a book written "to order," and that he did not care to champion the Jacobite Minister and sceptical philosopher. The fact appears to be that Goldsmith too much diffused his powers; had he been able to concentrate them upon one branch of practical or imaginative literature he would have produced greater effect upon the million in his own day; for the public do not inquire whether a man has done two opposite things well, but they compare the one thing with the other; and then uniformly fasten upon the less successful performance. One real disadvantage attended and for years clung to the personal reputation of Goldsmith. He appears upon various occasions in the most popular work of that day—Boswell's "Life of Johnson,"—and always under no favourable aspect; either as a credulous simpleton; a blundering Irishman; or (which is worst of all) as a jealous and envious man. One anecdote the Scotchman gravely and seriously relates of his having been so irritated at the applauses bestowed upon the leaps and vaultings of some figures which they had seen at an exhibition, that he broke his shin over a stick in endeavouring to prove that there was nothing remarkable in the performance they had witnessed; moreover, that while stretched upon a sofa, he had been seen to writhe while hearing the merits of a contemporary, and a lady, extolled. He had been laughed at for being outwitted by sharpers; he was called awkward and ugly; and he himself assisted his own sinister fame by the term he applied to himself in his admirable and witty poem of the "Retaliation;"—"Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry-fool." He has thousands of times been called "a fool:" pert Walpole called him "an inspired idiot." In short, he might say with Master Justice Shallow: "They called me *any* thing." He has been considered an intellectual anomaly; and his posterity, while admiring his genius, have constantly superadded their wonder that it could have been consorted with so much weakness. However, as Douglas Jerrold, in his own happy manner, somewhere wittily says: "Truth can wait, Sir; she can wait—*she is used to it!*" and the true character of Goldsmith has waited its time—it could afford it—and it has received plenary retribution from the able brain of Mr. John Forster, a labour he can never revert to but with honest satisfaction. To note one more and final point in Goldsmith's character, on which the world, so inquisitorial in their neighbours' concerns, and so lax in their own, have presumed to arraign him, and still with an affectation of *regret*, which is frequently but another word for contempt. We have eternally had it dinged into us that he was so "improvident" a man; so careless a man; so injudicious in his expenses; so reckless and weak in his charities, that he would give half a guinea to a poor brother author who begged of him, when the next coin was to be obtained by his own mental exertion. In acts like this he must indeed have appeared very like a "fool" in the eyes of Boswell. But let us bear in mind, and always record to his honour, that in the midst of all his pecuniary difficulties and perplexities Goldsmith did not "make up a mouth;" he did not come to the public with a subscription-paper; he did not carry his hat round. He asked the public for nothing, but to give him "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," and to give him the day's work; and when he had the work he did work. He asked no favours. He was (with all his strugglings for a guinea or two, upon a pinch) in a far more honourable position than many who have curled up their lips at him in his small circumstances, and have themselves been scouring from Dan to Beersheba to meet some pecuniary engagement which they had no right to encounter. Goldsmith was a fine, warm-hearted, honest fellow, and I reverence the emotions of his heart as much as I do those of his head; and I am sure that the results of the one are dependent upon the constitution of the other,—they act in concert. The cant phrase has been constantly applied to him, that "he was no man's enemy but his own;" and, as Hazlitt well replied upon a similar occasion, "Then every man ought to have been his friend."

Boswell's purblind fanaticism could take in only one object of idolatry, and he was incapable of appreciating the versatile talent of Goldsmith, consequently he depreciates it. With a ridiculous metaphorical cant in criticism, he talks about his mind being "a soil which rather nourished the shrubbery and the fragrant parterre, than the oak of the forest," which is flat nonsense; the soil that would nourish the one would nourish the other. I know of no intellectual growth in the soil of Johnson's mind that the mind of Goldsmith was incapable of producing and nourishing. He knew, I believe, as much Greek and Latin, if that be any consideration: he possessed, far beyond the Doctor, a delicate wit and playful humour, and both are of a sweetly good-natured character. He had no ordinary abstract knowledge of the world; and, when the occasion demanded it, no ordinary acuteness in estimating and delineating human character, and what higher praise would any author require? For the philosophy of the human mind and the human heart is the profoundest of studies. Examples of Goldsmith's acuteness of perception in character might easily be multiplied, and to no ordinary extent, from his imaginative works, and which must be familiar as household words. Dr. Johnson, from the severe Doric order of his mind, and from that didactic gravity of manner so natural to him, acquired the reputation of possessing "an extensive knowledge of mankind;" but one naturally asks, in which of his papers of the "Rambler," his ablest composition on human and moral philosophy, has he shown this more than Goldsmith has done in his "Essays," in his "Citizen of the World," or in his comedies, and who will say that this knowledge is more manifest in the "Rasselas" than in the "Vicar of Wakefield?" or who would place the invention, contrivance, and general conduct of the one in competition with the other? Charles Lamb once said, that it would always be a criterion with him whether a man had retained his infant and primitive innocence of taste by his love of apple-dumplings, and he would assuredly have added upon the present occasion that a *just* appreciation of the finest humour; that humour which is combined with moral wisdom, with simple and unoffending nature, would be tested by his relish of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Hazlitt was right when he said: "The whole world is never wrong in a deliberate opinion," and the whole world have consented to laud this quintessential little production of primitive purity, wit, humour, and pathos. What civilised being ever closed the book after the first, or any times of perusal, without feeling himself a wiser, and therefore a happier man? Goldsmith never confounds wit with ribaldry, or humour with unfeelingness. Through all the reverses, the domestic sufferings and the ludicrous positions in which he has at times placed the truly "reverend" hero of his story, not only do we never lose our respect for him; so far from this indeed, his very simplicity and unconsciousness, his ignorance of this nether world, of cunning and low vice, elevate him in our love and esteem, by reason of the primitive spirit of Christianity that shines in him. How small and amusing his humour! upsetting with the poker, by accident, his wife and daughters' cosmetics. How inoffensive his egoism! having himself represented in the great family picture (which when finished could not be got into the parlour) in full canonicals, and presenting a copy of his book on the Whistonian controversy to his wife, who is painted to represent Venus! What a delightful confounding of the unities! A Protestant clergyman presenting a treatise against a priest marrying a second wife to the goddess Venus of all beings! Then the heirloom simplicity of Moses, with the immortal incident of the gross of green spectacles, and which has passed into a proverb among shrewd bargains: what an article to select for a barter! spectacles, of all things! and *green* ones! So absolutely, and so universally in demand, and one hundred and forty-four of them! Then, again, what sterling humour, and sterling sense to back it, in the successful impudence of the Squire, who quenches poor Moses in the argument, and turns the laugh upon him, so constantly in this world does the brazen clamour of a fool drown the "small still voice" of modest sense. What ingenious nonsense, too, in the Squire's hoaxing proposition, as good as a slice of German metaphysics. "That the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable." And when Moses "cannot comprehend the force of his *reasoning*," "'O, sir,' cried the Squire; 'I find you want me to furnish you with *argument* and *intellect* too.' 'No, sir, there I protest you are too hard for me.' This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses." And so one might go on reminding of fifty shrewd, and agreeable, and wise, and loveable, and laughable things in that delicious little tale. And so with his "Essays," and so with his "Citizen of the World," so playfully moral, so unspitefully humourous and satirical.

Notwithstanding what has here been said of the disadvantages under which Goldsmith's genius lay with the world, few writers have been more popular; and yet few writers, with his amount of talent, have had so little awarded of *just* appreciation. The world has laughed with, and the world has laughed at him; but the generality of his readers only casually discern the practical wisdom and humanity that lurk under his motley coat of humour. The fact is, that his style and manner are so easy, transparent, and natural, and this is only saying that his diction is idiomatic and classical, his matter is so replete with sound sense, but uttered without parade or affectation of any kind, that the common readers, who form ninety-nine hundredths of all readers, are apt to conclude that whatever he wrote he accomplished without effort, and to be a reverenced author with the million there must be some show of exertion; and in our day mystery, obscurity, and an *un*-everyday manner are at a premium. A man has only to let his genius peep through the swaddling-clothes of misused metaphysics, and he will create a school, the disciples of which will pronounce him a "remarkable man" and a "profound thinker;" the more "remarkable" and the more "profound" the less he expresses himself like a man of this world. The grandest minds have ever been the most lucid, as the grandest objects in nature are the most simple. There is no more necessity for mystery and obscurity in writing than in morals, where there is a mystery there is defect of some sort either of the head or the heart.

The plot of Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer"—that of two young gentlemen mistaking a private gentleman's house for a country inn, although sufficiently improbable, was, it seems, a real fact; and our dramatist has illustrated it with delightful romance. The following is the opening scene, where the hero, young Marlowe, and his friend Hastings, have arrived at the house of Mr. Hardcastle, the future father-in-law, whom they treat as their landlord: setting him aside with an insolent pooh-poohing freedom. They desire to know what they can have for supper, and order the bill of fare. The politeness of the old gentleman (who has expected the visit), the smiling, courteous tolerance of the old school, contrasted with the free-and-easy impertinence of the young fellows, has a delightfully pleasant effect when briskly fulfilled; and the effect is artistically enhanced by Marlowe's character, for retiring bashfulness, having preceded him. This it is which mystifies old Hardcastle; in reply, therefore, to the young men's off-hand order, he says:—

Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hastings. [Aside.] All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall next hear of his mother being a Justice of Peace. But let us hear the bill of fare.

Marlowe. [Reading.] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert! The devil, sir, do you think we've brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [Reading.] For the first course, at the top, pig and pruin sauce.

Hast. Oh! hang your pig, I say.

Mar. And hang your pruin sauce, say I.

Hardcastle. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Mar. [Reading.] At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them.

Mar. Or, you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hardcastle. [Aside.] Their impudence confounds me. [To them.] Gentlemen, you are my guests; make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you would wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. [Reading.] Item: A pork pie; a boiled rabbit and sausages; a florentine; a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff-taff-taffeta cream.

Hast. Oh, confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's. I'm for plain eating.

Hardcastle. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please.—So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. [Aside.] A very troublesome fellow, this, as ever I met with.

Hardcastle. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. [Aside.] This may be modern "*modesty*," but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [They go out.]

Referring once more to the imputation of being a "vain man," the following well-attested anecdote exhibits Goldsmith in a misgiving and humble light that is not a little touching, coming as it does from one who possessed so fine a talent. After detailing the plot of this same comedy (and which he had just finished) to an old friend, and requesting his candid opinion upon it, the other, who could only make out that the principal part of the business turned "upon one gentleman taking the house of another for an inn," shook his head, and observed that he was afraid the audience, with their then *sentimental* fashion, would think it more of a farce, and therefore too improbable for legitimate comedy. Upon receiving this opinion, poor Noll looked very anxious for some time; and taking his friend by the hand, expressed his gratitude for his candour; "but (said he) it is all I can do, for, alas! I find that my genius (if I ever had any) has of late totally deserted me." At this season, at all events, Goldy's "vanity" was lying fallow.

"The Good-natured Man" is a far better reading than acting play. Here again the hero (Honeywood) is perhaps a little over-drawn; an extreme case, however, in his instance is put, in order to give pungency to the story, and to point the moral; but the characters of Old Croaker and Mr. Lofty are both original, and are skilfully sketched. The idea of a man deriving his social recreation from the gravest and saddest scenes in life is as novel as it is ludicrous. "Come with me, Olivia, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you: Old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker, lying in state. I'm told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other." Croaker is a man who walks in the midst of imaginary treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and pit-falls, and barrels of gunpowder; and consistently may he ever ejaculate, "Heaven send we may be all alive this day six months!"

The most humorous scene, however, in the play, is the one in which Miss Richland, the heroine, coming to relieve her lover (Honeywood) in his pecuniary embarrassments, finds him hampered with two bailiffs, whom he introduces to her as his "very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan." His horror every time either of them opens his mouth, lest he should betray his brutality; and his interrupting them, and explaining their wonderful opinions and sentiments, is altogether a rich sample of comic humour.

The servant having announced Miss Richland, Honeywood's dismay can easily be imagined after the following answer of the bailiff to his entreaty:—

I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you will give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bail. Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another has another; that's all the difference between them.

[*Enter* Miss RICHLAND *and her* MAID.]

Miss R. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I am to thank you for choosing my little library.

Hon. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch, and Mr. Flanigan. Pray gentlemen sit without ceremony.

Miss R. [Aside.] Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so.

Bail. [After a pause.] Pretty weather, ma'am, very pretty weather for the time o' year, ma'am.

Flan. Very good circuit-weather in the country.

Hon. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should in some measure recompense the toil of the brave.

Miss R. Our officers do indeed deserve our favour. The gentlemen are in the Marine service, I presume, sir?

Hon. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service.

Miss R. I am told so. And I own it has often surprised me, that while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Hon. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as well as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke and Amherst could do no more.

Miss R. I am quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Hon. We should not be too severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Flan. Bother the French! the parley-vous, and all what belongs to them!

Miss R. Sir!

Hon. Ha, ha, ha! Honest Mr. Flanigan! a true British officer, madam; he is not content with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss R. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bail. Taste us! By the lord, ma'am, they devour us! Give mounseers but a taste, and I'll be blowed but they come in for a belly-full.

Miss R. Very extraordinary this!

Flan. But very true. What makes the bread a-risin'?—the parley-vous that devour us. What makes the mutton tin-pence a pound?—the parley-vous that ait it up. What makes the beer threepence-ha'penny a pot?——

Hon. [Aside.] Ah! the vulgar dogs! all will be out! Right, gentlemen, very right, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, Madam, between a mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one as by French rapacity in the other. That is their meaning.

Miss R. Though I do not see the force of the parallel, yet I will own that we should sometimes pardon books as we do our friends——

Bail. That's all my eye. The King only can pardon, as the law says: for set in case——

Hon. I am quite of your opinion, sir. I see the drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bail. By his *habus-corpus*: his *habus-corpus* can set him free at any time. For, set in case——

Hon. I am obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If Madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful for a gentleman's person, we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part—his fame.

Flan. Ay, but if so be as a man's nabb'd you know——

Hon. My dear Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve that last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bail. As for the matter o' that, mayhap——

Hon. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? What is it but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Flan. Justice! O, by the elevens! if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for in a course of law——

Hon. My dear Mr. Flanigan, I discern what you would be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, Madam, of his course of law?

Miss R. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bail. Ma'am, you're a gentlewoman, and I'll make the matter out. This here question's about sewerity, and justice, and pardon, and the like o' they. Now, to *ex*-plain the thing——

Hon. [Aside.] O! curse your explanations!

I would venture a few words upon Goldsmith, in conjunction—not in intellectual comparison—with the eminent wit, with whom in the present instance he has been associated. Goldsmith and Sheridan both wrote two admirable comedies; and in them each writer displayed so characteristically his own peculiar phase of genius; so equally delightful in result, yet so widely diverse and contrasted in their mode of producing this result, that we may, from this very similarity in dissimilarity, find the means of analysis and agreeable discussion of their several merits, as well as their moral and intellectual conformation.

Goldsmith satirises the follies of his age; but his sliest strokes are invariably marked with a certain degree of leniency, if not of compassion and tenderness for human frailty; while Sheridan's rapier thrusts are keen and unmisgiving in their aim. Goldsmith's shrewdest hits seem to carry with them their own healing antidote in the shape of gentle wisdom; while Sheridan's most charitable maxims and most moral reflections always insinuate a sort of roguish sarcasm, or surreptitious back-stroke. "He had simply that trick as strong as any man in Illyria." Goldsmith infuses a sentiment and a moral in his satire, and Sheridan, a satire in his sentiment and moral. In Goldsmith's most vivid delineations of mortal vanity and weakness, there is ever some redeeming touch which secures our respect and sympathy; as, for instance, in his reformation of his hero in the "Good-natured Man," and of that vain, lying coxcomb, in the same play,—Mr. Lofty. Lofty's last speech is a golden one. "I now begin to find, Mr. Honeywood, that the man who first invented the art of speaking the truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him." In how different a spirit has Sheridan wound up the character of Snake at the close of the "School for Scandal:" with a pungent sarcasm, 'tis true, dashed with a stroke of humour. He says:—

Before I go, I beg pardon, once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir Peter Teazle. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company that it shall *never be known.*

Sir Peter. Hey! what the plague! are you ashamed of having done a right thing *once* in your life?

Snake. Ah, Sir, consider; I live by the *badness* of my character, and if it were once known that I had been *betrayed* into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

In Sheridan's most generous and amiable characters there is ever a want of perfect sincerity and rectitude, "of outward show elaborate, of inward less exact." They are like the Aurora Borealis, whose thin and showy coruscations are said to be electricity playing in a vacuum. No mortal, possessing one grain of self-respect would be a Charles Surface; and he must be a born *fool* who would be Sir Oliver: yet, we are expected to entertain esteem for both those characters.

In Goldsmith's boorish squire, Tony Lumpkin, there is a fund of good humour and readiness to do a kind-natured action for a friend that wins our tolerance of him in spite of his horse-play and coarse practical jokes with his doting and infatuated mother.

In Sheridan's hero, Charles Surface, his very joviality is heartless; while we never can forgive the thorough callousness to all fine feeling and true sentiment which he makes his heroine, Lady Teazle, betray, even in the moment of her professed and apparent reformation. From the character he has here drawn, and which was evidently intended to be one of no common attractiveness, and *is* the heroine of his play, one would suppose that infidelity of person were the only vice in the category of social life; whereas, Lady Teazle marries for convenience, and to get a settlement, and she dislikes her husband! What enviable God-send is there in the fidelity of such a wife as that? and what essential difference between such a union—although according to ecclesiastical law—and the most disreputable alliance that might be named?

Goldsmith's satire is commonly mingled with a benevolent regret at the folly he lashes, and a desire that his stigma should amend the evil. Sheridan seems to take a wicked pleasure in the very errors he scourges: as that glorious wit, Douglas Jerrold, in an argument, declared, with his fine ironical sincerity, that he "did not like to meet good people; they were too much in the right, and had no fine salient points of ridicule about them: he preferred fools—they were so amusing."

Thus much of our two great comic dramatists, as regards their *nature* and *aim* in the employment of the satire; but to speak of them comparatively, as regards the intellectual wit-muscle in each, is a far different matter. On this point, Sheridan is the finest link in the golden chain of legitimate comedy since the days of Congreve, whom he resembles in various phases of his character. Goldsmith's wit is easily and naturally turned, and always carries with it a spontaneous and unpremeditated effect. It is conversational both in manner and style; but it is seldom highly wrought and polished in its construction; and the point of its imagery not very remote. On the other hand, Sheridan's sentences (like Congreve's) appear to have been turned and re-turned during their fashioning, and placed in various lights and positions, before the author had satisfied his fastidious judgment; so that they have the air of an assiduous and anxious perfection. The quality of his wit is of the very highest class; it is a diamond of the first water. No one, like Sheridan, has the wicked felicity of confounding the sense of right and wrong (I mean upon no very important or serious occasions), by laughing at the right, and making light of, if not extenuating the wrong. For example, who but he, with his lax notions of debtor-and-creditor law, would ever have thought of such a speech as that which one of his gambling companions makes to Charles Surface, after he has received the auction-money for the sale of the portraits of his ancestors. "Now, Charles, don't let that old blockhead, Rowley, persuade you to *squander* any of that money on old musty *debts*, or any such *nonsense;* for tradesmen are the most exorbitant fellows, and paying them is only *encouraging* them." The application of the two words "squander" and "encourage," so applied, is as happy as it is laughable; and it is distinctly wit of a high order, on account of the "pleasant surprise it creates in the mind,"—one of the definitions of the term, wit.

The comedy from which the above passage was quoted is more nearly allied to—nay, it is a decided reflection of—the Congreve school. Moreover, the "School for Scandal" is more highly wrought in its language, more pointedly turned than his second play, of "The Rivals." The celebrated screen scene, which was copied from a similar contrivance by Congreve, in his "Double Dealer," is not merely a plausible, but it is a far more natural one as appropriated to its purpose. Sir Peter Teazle, as a man of the world, might well believe that the outwardly moral Joseph Surface would commit his peccadilloes with a "little French milliner," and he would think no worse of him for it; but a wary villain, like Maskwell, in the "Double Dealer," never would have been betrayed into so wholesale a conversation of unmitigated treachery as that which passes between him and Lady Touchwood, the divulging of which would blow them both into the air, without first taking the precaution to see whether any eaves-dropper were behind the screen that was in the room. The whole of the contingencies bearing upon the development of the plot in this scene in Sheridan's comedy are arranged and brought to play upon each other with consummate skill. He was indeed an admirable master of situation and effect. His ingenuity of contrivance in that other scene, in "The Rivals," where

Captain Absolute reads *his own* letter, in abuse of Mrs. Malaprop, *to her face*, is quite equal to any dramatic humour that could be quoted; the merit in the contrivance being that he cannot avoid reading it. In carrying on a plot, out of the scene, as it were, Sheridan evinced a practised knowledge of his art. When the whole crew of cag-mags are assembled in the "School for Scandal," each to tell his and her version of Sir Peter's forced duel with Surface, Crabtree, knowing instinctively the subject of their conversation, breaks in upon the party with "Pistols, nephew! pistols! I have it from undoubted authority."

Sheridan has been charged with having taken his idea of the scandalous club from Murphy's comedy, "Know Your Own Mind." The "*idea*" of his plan may have the origin which has been stated; but assuredly Sheridan made the *substance* his own. Joseph Surface (in his full characteristic perfection) may be a reflex of Murphy's Malvil, but he is, at all events, a complete dramatic being, full of life, interest, and consistency, and not a mere sketch, although a clever conception. The constantly welcome merit, while reading Sheridan's comedies (for now they are neither seen nor heard), is, that every point in them naturally, and even felicitously succeeds. There is no beating about, no labour vainly expended. He has no idle curiosities of character, no anomalies taken from a common-place book; but he relies upon everyday human nature for salient points of ridicule, and he who keeps his eyes and ears on active duty, need never be at a loss for dramatic material. There is ample variety in Sheridan's *dramatis personæ*, and they all tell. After my late concession, I would not, of course, pronounce the "School for Scandal" to be the most *original* comedy in the language; but I dare to assert that, for grouping of persons, and for situations, for conception and consistency of the characters, for idiomatic structure of the language, and attic purity of the wit, it is, perhaps, the most brilliant, and the least faulty. I should suppose that it never was represented on the stage without the remark passing from mouth to mouth, "What choice writing! What genuine satire!" Take a fiftieth, and ordinary sample, Sir Peter Teazle says: "When I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a friend of mine, I hope *you will not take her part*."

"The Rivals" contains more vivacity, more movement, more mirth and broad humour, but less delicate, perhaps less refined wit than the "School for Scandal," and it is more welcome in the representation, by reason of our sympathising with all the characters; we have no feelings antagonistic to any of them, whereas, with the company in the other comedy, we have little or no social union with any of the individuals. In the "Rivals" the maundering Faulkland is the only really disagreeable person; and he, from an over self-esteem, or, perhaps, from a certain misgiving as to his own power of attraction, is led into petty jealousies and meannesses towards a worthy and sensible woman, who, one would think, could have no hope to reform a mind that could descend to such petty worryings and paltry deception; and a true woman can and will pardon every offence but meanness. Old Absolute is a fine healthy branch of the Matthew Bramble family of Smollett; and Mrs. Malaprop is a graft between Miss Tabitha Bramble and the Mrs. Slip-slop of Fielding. Acres may be thought a somewhat highly coloured specimen of the young country squire, now some hundred and odd years ago; yet, he who shall have seen a native in his unadulterated conceit and folly, even within a third of that period, will scarcely recognise any caricature in the deportment of Sheridan's provincial hero. Indeed, it can hardly be said that the conduct of Acres with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, during the expected duel-scene, is an exaggeration; and which, to behold, as some of us have seen it represented by that perfect duet of Irish gentlemen, Johnstone and Liston, was ludicrous to a painful excitement. There is one point in the conduct of Sir Lucius throughout his connection with Acres in this affair that exhibits the author in the light of an accurate painter of character. O'Trigger being a man of courage, and habituated to these sallies of honour, the Irishman cannot comprehend the Squire's excitement and capers. It never dawns upon his mind that Acres is afraid to fight; and even when the Squire makes proposals for some unheard-of arrangements for the duel (such for instance as measuring forty yards for the ground between them) his second simply observes: "I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?" "No, I never was." "Ah! that's a pity!" Nothing opens his eyes to the man's real nature, till, upon hearing that the other party are coming, Acres exclaims: "Well—let 'em come—hey, Sir Lucius! we,—we,—we won't run:" and Sir Lucius only exclaims in astonishment—"Run!" "No, I *say*—we *won't* run." So slow is the practised duellist to trust the evidence of his own senses, that he at last only ventures the suggestion: "Mr. Acres, it strikes me that you are little better than a coward." Of a surety, fear (from cowardice) was never more vividly and humorously depicted. That also is a clear touch of poltroon-nature, when Acres ejaculates to himself: "Oh, mercy! now that I was safe at Clod-hall! or could be shot before I was aware." The entire portrait of the man may stand by the side of

Shakespeare's Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Mons. Parolles. It is observable also with how nice a tact Sheridan has graduated the horror of the Squire, from his first misgivings in the midst of his bouncing, and having "killed his man a week," up to the climax, when his whole soul drops down into his boots, and he fairly acknowledges:—

> If I wasn't with you, Sir Lucius, I should *almost* think I was afraid: if my valour should leave me now!—valour will come and go. I doubt it's going, Sir Lucius;—yes, my valour is certainly going! it's sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.

The strongest portion, however, of humorous writing in the comedy—with pure nature to back it (for Acres somewhat smacks of the farce-character, and Mrs. Malaprop, with her "nice derangement of epitaphs," keeps him in broad countenance), the finest piece of writing, and most true to the person, is the scene in which old Absolute first proposes a wife to his son. Sheridan never passed this scene for broad conversational truth, even in his master-work, the "School for Scandal." It may illustrate what has been said of the author's manner and brilliancy.

Young Absolute is alone; and upon his father being announced, we have a touch of that "gratuitous insincerity" before alluded to as forming one characteristic of Sheridan's heroes. The Captain says: "I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, *with all my soul!*" Then, upon Sir Anthony's entering, he adds: "Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health." Three lies in three lines, were surely needless, seeing that young Absolute is a gentleman; and, moreover, has good tendencies. The old governor, however, smokes him:—

> Very apprehensive, I daresay, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?
>
> *Abs.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.
>
> *Sir Ant.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you; though I didn't expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.
>
> *Abs.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.
>
> *Sir Ant.* I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty that I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.
>
> *Abs.* Sir, you are very good.
>
> *Sir Ant.* And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved therefore to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me; such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Ant. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude. I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Ant. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Ant. Ay, ay; settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Ant. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Ant. Odd-so! I mustn't forget her, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I am telling you of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir, sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Ant. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir;—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Ant. Why, what difference does that make? Odd's life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live-stock on it as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Ant. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Ant. I am sure, sir, it is more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Ant. Then pray let it send an excuse. "It is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her."

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Ant. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Ant. Hark-ye, Jack: I have heard you for some time with patience,—I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a phrenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can*not* obey you.

Sir Ant. Now "hang" me if ever I call you "Jack" again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir; but hear me.

Sir Ant. No, sir! I won't hear a word—not a word,—*not one word!* So give me your promise by a nod,—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog,—f you don't, by——

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Ant. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Ant. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Ant. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Ant. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Ant. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do! it won't do!

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word.

Sir Ant. So you *will* fly out! Can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can *passion* do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree without any condition to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you, I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and, d——n me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit* SIR ANTHONY.]

The "Duenna," which is an opera, is a charming production; and the music to it, composed and selected by Linley, the author's brother-in-law, equally delightful. The song, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed" (the air to which is the old Irish ballad of "Grammachree Molly"), will last as long as the gamut, and it ought to do so, for it comprises the *soul* of music, which is melody. No one who remembers dear, sweet-tempered mother Davenport, in the character of the old Duenna, and her prodigiously boisterous spirits —her wonderful costume and her dancing (like a suddenly inspired hay-stack); no one who remembers those golden days of the old performers, can care to have present associations with them disturbed.

Sheridan's fourth play, of the "Critic," is highly entertaining; but it can scarcely range under the head of legitimate comedy. The scene at Mr. Dangle's—introductory to the rehearsal of the mock tragedy, with the thin-skinned irritation of Sir Fretful Plagiary—is the best writing in the piece. The character of Sir Fretful is said to have been intended for Cumberland, between whom and Sheridan there had been some sparring. A "d——d good-natured friend," as Sir Fretful says, told Sheridan that Cumberland should say that he had "attended the first performance of his comedy of the 'Rivals,' and had not once laughed through the whole piece." "That was very ungrateful in him," said Sheridan, "for I laughed at his *tragedy* of the 'Battle of Hastings' from beginning to end."

Little need be said on the present occasion of Sheridan's oratorical powers. For years he held sway in Parliament by being an adroit debater and a consummate wit. Thomas Moore, in his life of his *friend*, records that Sheridan used to write out his speeches and learn them by heart: that even the "Good God, Mr. Speaker!" was written out. ("Heaven preserve us from our friends!") This, however, could not have been the case when he spoke in reply; and many of his sarcasms that were the offspring of the evening's business were eminently fine. His celebrated speech upon the Begum's affairs was so powerful a display of eloquence that Mr. Pitt moved the immediate adjournment, to give time for a reply, which it would have been hazardous to have attempted during the general excitement produced on all sides by the effect of that remarkable oration.

NAVAL ADMINISTRATION.

IT is impossible, on the one hand, not to believe that there must be something radically wrong in a system for which every one has a bad word, and, on the other hand, one is compelled to treat with respect and deference an institution which has existed with but few alterations for more than a hundred and fifty years, which has survived all the hard words and hard knocks of a succession of would-be reformers, which has passed safely, though not altogether unscathed, through the trying ordeal of Select Committees and Royal Commissions, which has flourished and yet flourishes—it would be rather begging the question to say—with the same pernicious and pertinacious vigour that has characterised it throughout its history.

Such a system, to pass from the abstract to the concrete, is that by which our Navy is governed, and such an institution is the Board of Admiralty.

There has scarcely been a session of Parliament within the memory of living men, when government by that irresponsible, hydra-headed monster, a Board, has not been denounced by statesmen well entitled to express an opinion upon the matter; not by the mere sensational speech-making, root-and-branch reformers, but by men who have the best of all credentials for their acquaintance with the subject, namely, their practical experience as members of some Board or other. At best it is admitted by the most strenuous advocates of the present system of Naval Administration that whatever measure of success may attend the acts of the Board of Admiralty is in direct proportion to the degree in which the theoretical *status* of a Board is set aside, and the responsibility for every act is charged upon the First Lord. In theory, the essence of government by a Board is, the delegation of authority to a certain number of men, the collective responsibility of the whole body, and the equality as regards authority and responsibility of each individual member of it: in practice, the authority is divided, and the responsibility is invariably attached to the First Lord. It is evident that this is no mere accident, arising from the superior ability of certain individual statesmen who have held the office of First Lord, but is the natural outcome of a Board; for the superiority of one of its members has been fully recognised by

Parliament and the country by assigning to him a much higher remuneration for his services, and by giving him a title implying priority, if not supremacy.

The tendency of all reforms not only in the Admiralty, but in all the departments of administration under the Crown, at least during the present century, has been to concentrate responsibility, in order to affix to each man the credit or discredit of his individual acts. From this broad statement we do not even except the Act of Parliament under which the Board of Admiralty was reconstituted in 1832, still less the Order in Council of 1869, to which the present state of Admiralty business is to be attributed.

That this condition is unsatisfactory we need be at no particular pains to show, inasmuch as the subject is being constantly brought before our readers in the columns of the daily press, either in the form of leading articles, or in the reports of Parliamentary debates, or in accounts of heavy disasters arising in a great measure from official mismanagement; and as our purpose is rather historical and economical, than political, we propose to show some of the changes which our system of Naval Administration has undergone, with a view to the discovery of some method by which it may be modified and improved. Nothing is farther from our intention than to drift into the dangerous and too often fruitless vortex of party strife; but we do desire to direct the most careful consideration of Englishmen to the defects in the system under which our Navy is at present governed, and to point out how easily, and with what comparatively few alterations, it may be placed upon a sound and serviceable basis.

The way to this real and substantial reform has been indicated, and in part traversed, by the late First Lord of the Admiralty, although circumstances precluded him from fully developing what was probably his ultimate intention in the changes he introduced. The desire to do something, and to do that something as speedily as possible, may have led him to adopt measures which were insufficiently matured, and the unfortunate failure of his health at the most critical moment of his administration prevented him from accomplishing what, there is every reason to believe, was the aim he had in view.

It is scarcely necessary for our purpose that we should go back for centuries, and review in detail the whole history of the Navy from the days of King Alfred and Duke Edric to the present time; indeed the limits of a magazine article are too narrow to admit of such a course, and for those who are inclined to pursue such an investigation the road has already been made easy by Sir N. Harris Nicholas' "History of the Royal Navy." The question to which we are anxious to give prominence, and to which we desire to find a practical solution, is the simple one of Board or no Board; and all that will be found essential to the determination of this problem is such a sketch of the former history of the Admiralty as shall place our readers in possession of the main facts of the case, and the production of such evidence as shall enable them to form a just appreciation of the changes which the last forty years have wrought in the system of Naval Administration.

In the early days of English history we find that the necessity which our insular position laid us under to maintain a standing Navy was fully accepted, and was met by more or less strenuous exertions to provide and maintain certain ships of war. At first, as was the case with almost all our national institutions, especially those relating to war and defence, the conduct aud control of the Navy were wielded by the King in person, who appointed certain officers as High Admirals of particular districts, as, for example, the North, the West, and, later, the South. It was not until the reign of Richard II. in 1385, that there was a Lord High Admiral, with full powers over the whole of the King's ships. The first officer who bore this title was Richard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey. Until the reign of Henry VIII., there was no change in the form of government of the Navy, except for a few months in the year 1406, when an experiment was tried, which is too curious and too illustrative of the times to be passed over without notice. In that year a complaint was preferred by some of the English merchants to Parliament that the affairs of the Navy had been of late much neglected, and that daily depredations were committed. The petitioners recommended that the control and maintenance of the Naval Force of the Kingdom should be entrusted to the merchants themselves. Accordingly an Act was passed that the merchants should have the keeping of the seas from the 1st May, 1406, to the 29th September, 1407. Nicholas Blackbourne and Richard Clideron were nominated by the merchants of the north and south respectively as Commissioners in whom were vested the full powers of Admirals. The experiment however failed, the mercantile Admirals being found unequal to the task imposed upon them, and John, Earl of Somerset, was for a second time appointed High Admiral of England in December, 1406.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a considerable change was effected, along with many improvements in the administration, and many important additions to the *matériel* of the Navy.

The office of Lord High Admiral was still retained, being at first held by Sir Edward Howard, who was succeeded by his brother, Sir Thomas Howard, both afterwards Dukes of Norfolk. Under the Lord High Admiral the King appointed for the first time a Navy Board, and a Trinity Board. It was in this reign that the Royal Dockyards of Deptford, Woolwich and Portsmouth were established.

Until the year 1632, no important change appears to have been made in the constitution of the Admiralty as established by Henry VIII., but in that year we find the first traces of a Board of Admiralty. From that year until the Commonwealth, the office of Lord High Admiral was placed in Commission, and in 1645, the affairs of the Navy were administered by a Committee of Parliament. At the Restoration in 1660, the office of Lord High Admiral was revived and was conferred upon the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), and Samuel Pepys was appointed Secretary. The Duke of York appears to have been assisted by a Navy Board, and subsequently a Victualling Board was created. In 1673, in consequence of the Duke's refusal to take the Test, the Admiralty was put into Commission, with Prince Rupert as First Lord, Mr. Pepys remaining as Secretary. This Board appears to have been abolished in 1684, the King taking upon himself the office of Lord High Admiral, which was retained by James II. until his abdication in 1688, when a Commission was again appointed by William III. With the exception of a short period in 1827-8, when the Duke of Clarence exercised the office of Lord High Admiral, the affairs of the Royal Navy were managed without interruption by the Board of Admiralty and the subordinate Navy and Victualling Boards, until the year 1832, when Sir James Graham, as First Lord of the Admiralty, obtained the passing of an Act to abolish the Navy Board and Victualling Board, and to confer upon the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the entire control and responsibility of all matters relating to the Navy.

Sir James Graham had no difficulty in making out a very sufficient case in favour of the reforms which he proposed. However vast and important the interests of the Navy might be, however varied and however prodigious the business to be transacted was, there could be little doubt but that its management by three distinct, and to some extent independent Boards, at any rate by three Boards, whose mutual relations were, to say the least, but imperfectly defined, and still more imperfectly understood, was a method at once cumbrous, inefficient and expensive. Of course there were not wanting advocates of the old system, and amongst them many men whose experience at the Admiralty and whose thoroughly statesmanlike qualities entitled them to be listened to with the most respectful attention. Such were Mr. Croker, who had served for twenty-two years as Secretary to the Admiralty, Sir George Clerk, Sir Byam Martin and others, who had been members of former Boards, and whose administration had been as efficient as the machinery which they had to put in motion would allow. It must not be forgotten, however, that when any reforms are proposed, involving, as this did, a radical change in a long-established institution, they are sure to be met by an opposition none the less patriotic and conscientious, because founded upon the prejudice which always exists in favour of ancient traditions, and stimulated by the desire of those who had been a party to the former state of things to justify the sanction they had given to it.

To all the objections that were urged against his new scheme, Sir James Graham could point triumphantly to the unsatisfactory condition of the business of his department. All the evils which proverbially attach to an *imperium in imperio* were apparent in their worst form in the Naval Administration of the three Boards: instances were cited of orders given by the Board of Admiralty, which the Navy and Victualling Boards had either neglected to carry out or had found impossible with the machinery at their command; estimates of the money required for the Naval Service were laid before Parliament by the Admiralty, and the expenditure of the money voted was left entirely to the subordinate Boards. Hence it was often found that sums provided for one service by the Admiralty, were disbursed by the Navy Board or Victualling Board for other services, and the deficiency of one vote was compensated by the surpluses on the others. Thus it was clear that Parliament was virtually deprived of its constitutional control of the revenues of the Crown as far as the Navy was concerned. It was ordered that a stricter appropriation account should be kept, and the Registers of Stores should be more carefully watched; but at the time that Sir James Graham entered upon office he declared that the books in the Navy Office were so much in arrear, that any attempt to complete them must be abandoned as absolutely hopeless, and in the state in which he found them he said it was impossible to obtain any information upon the very subjects of which they were intended to be records.

It was impossible to doubt that the cause, or at any rate the principal cause, of these irregularities arose from the division and sub-division of responsibility. Nominally the Board of Admiralty, with the First Lord at its head, was collectively answerable for the whole administration of the naval service, but then under the Board of Admiralty there were these two other Boards, subordinate indeed, but like the Admiralty itself holding their commissions by patents from the Crown, each of them collectively responsible for a portion of the business of the Navy. Individual responsibility there was none, and experience had proved, and still is continually proving that, to obtain good and efficient service it is essential that some one man should be entrusted with authority, and be compelled from time to time to give account of his stewardship.

The course which Sir James Graham took went far to remedy these defects, although he shrank from carrying out the principle of undivided control to its complete and legitimate conclusion. He held it to be sufficient, or perhaps found it to be the only practical reform which he was strong enough to carry, to substitute one Board consisting of five members, besides the First Lord, for the three Boards which had hitherto existed, and under these five Lords he appointed five permanent officers as heads of departments, viz., the Surveyor-General, afterwards styled the Controller of the Navy, the Accountant General, the Storekeeper-General, the Comptroller of Victualling, and the Physician of the Navy, whose title was afterwards changed to that of Director-General of the Medical Department. Subsequently the Transport Service and Coast Guard Service were placed under the Board of Admiralty, and besides these two a third department was added, that of the Director of Works, but these additions to the business of the Board did not necessitate any increase in the number of its members.

In 1861, a select committee was appointed by the House of Commons "to inquire into the constitution of the Board of Admiralty, and the various duties devolving thereon; also, as to the general effect of such system upon the Navy." Unfortunately, this committee was dissolved without expressing any opinion upon the subjects of inquiry, but a mass of very valuable evidence was elicited. The country had now had nearly thirty years' experience of the new system, and upon many points there appeared to be a tolerable unanimity amongst the witnesses examined. Nearly all of them expressed an opinion in favour of Sir James Graham's system as compared with that which formerly obtained; all agreed that the First Lord should be assisted by a Board or Council, of which the professional naval element should form a very conspicuous part, and all the witnesses deprecated a minute division of authority and responsibility. The most important difference of opinion, as might be expected, lay in the question as to government by means of a

Board at all, and although it must be admitted that the majority of witnesses gave an opinion in favour of its continuance, it seems to us that the preponderance of the evidence, when carefully weighed both as regards the position of the witnesses and the views they actually entertained upon the constitution of the Board, and the *status* of its several members, was considerably in favour of its abolition. It is worth while to stop for a moment to review this evidence, as our deductions from it differ from the opinions expressed by many of the witnesses.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that the Board of Admiralty is appointed under letters patent by the Crown, and that nominally, that is, inasmuch as nothing to the contrary is stated in the patent, all the members of the Board are equal in power and authority, none being commissioned to act individually, but together in their collective capacity. It is this collective control and the preclusion from anything like individual action or undivided responsibility which in theory forms the essence of government by a Board. How it works in practice the evidence we shall advert to will show our readers. Let us first look at the evidence of those witnesses who gave a general opinion in favour of Sir James Graham's system. The first of these was the Duke of Somerset, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty. His opinion was that a Board had many advantages, but those which he points out, such, for example, as the assistance which it can render to a First Lord on his entering upon office, the value of naval officers' opinions in the review of a court-martial, the experience it gives to the naval officers who serve upon it of the whole business of the Admiralty, might obviously be obtained by the establishment of a permanent Council. Sir James Graham was strongly opposed on principle to government by a Board, but naturally looked with a sort of parental affection upon the system of his own creation, and accordingly pronounced that in his view the Admiralty was an exception to the general rule as to Boards. But Sir James Graham defended with some elaboration the practice which prevailed of regarding the members of the Board as generally subordinate to the First Lord, and gave several reasons for the opinion that it was necessary for the First Lord to assume a personal and supreme control and responsibility. The other Lords were to be regarded as responsible to the First Lord, and the Minister himself must be held answerable to Parliament and the country. This witness also deprecated the entire change of the Board with each Administration, and spoke approvingly of the practice which had recently grown up of one or two members retaining their seats under successive Governments.

The opinions expressed upon all these points by Sir Charles Wood were almost identical with those of Sir James Graham, and Admiral Bowles was even in favour of the re-establishment of the old Navy Board, under certain modifications to prevent, if possible, its clashing with the Admiralty. Sir George Seymour approved of the system introduced by Sir James Graham as it was carried out in practice, regarding the First Lord as the really responsible Minister, and the other members of the Board as forming a merely consultative Council. The only unqualified verdict in favour of the Board system was that of Sir Francis Baring, who thought that no change could be made which would be advantageous to the public service.

On the other hand, we find the entire principle of government by a Board condemned by Sir John Pakington, who considered its efficiency depended chiefly upon the ability and determination of the First Lord and the compliancy and weakness of his colleagues. Sir Thomas Cochrane stigmatised it as the worst possible machine for the administration of a great department, while Admiral George Elliot pointed out that in any emergency the Board was in practice set aside and the First Lord acted upon his own sole responsibility, sometimes even without consultation with his colleagues. Such is the evidence respecting the system which Sir James Graham established in 1832, and which lasted without any alteration for a period extending over nearly forty years. There is, of course, a great deal more in the Blue Book from which we have cited this testimony that points to the errors and shortcomings of the Admiralty, and many instances are referred to of the failure of the system; but we cannot enter at greater length into this part of our subject, as much remains to be considered, if we would form an accurate opinion as to the value of the changes which have been recently effected or proposed.

In 1868, Mr. Childers was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty under the Cabinet which the latest reformed Parliament placed in office. With an energy and a determination to remove the unhappy notoriety that his department had achieved, of being the perpetual eyesore of our Executive, he set resolutely to work to change altogether the constitution of the Board over which he was to preside. The Admiralty had always been a sort of *enfant terrible;* not a Session of Parliament passed but there was a debate upon the mismanagement of the Navy; scarcely a Budget was discussed without a reference to the expensive and inefficient system which cost us more than the Marine Department of any other nation, and yet failed continually to supply us with a Navy adequate to the requirements of the country.

The first blot which Mr. Childers desired to remove was the absolute impossibility of affixing the credit or discredit of any particular measure upon any particular individual. Accordingly, without obtaining an alteration in the patent of appointment, he procured an Order in Council defining the exact duties of each member of the Board and the measure of responsibility which devolved upon him.

The First Lord under this Order was to have the sole control of all matters relating to the Navy, and the ultimate decision upon every point of administration; he alone was to be held answerable to Parliament and the country, and, like Joseph in Pharaoh's house, "Whatsoever was done, he was the doer of it." To him were responsible, first, the Senior Naval Lord, for all matters connected with the *personnel* of the Navy, and in the discharge of these duties he was to be assisted by the Junior Naval Lord; next, the Controller of the Navy, who now for the first time had a seat at the Board, and to him was assigned the whole business relating to the *matériel* of the Navy; lastly, the Secretary, assisted by the Civil Lord, to whom were referred all financial questions, the Permanent Secretary fulfilling all the duties of the Secretariat. Here, then, was an important change, involving a very clear and well-defined personal responsibility for each member of the Board, but it must not be forgotten, in considering these reforms, that the Patent appointing the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty remained unaltered. With a view to facilitate and expedite the business of his Department, Mr. Childers placed himself constantly in direct and private communication with his colleagues, and the daily Board meetings fell into disuse. For the results which attended this scheme of reorganisation, we must refer to the evidence taken before the Select Committee appointed at the beginning of this year by the House of Lords, on the motion of the Duke of Somerset. Like the Commons' Committee of 1861, the Duke of Somerset's inquiry terminated without any report being agreed to; but we are not thrown entirely upon the evidence without assistance from the Committee, as two reports were proposed, although neither of them was carried. The Committee was so equally divided between the nominees of the Government, and those who supported the system which had previously existed, that they could only agree upon reporting the evidence to the House. Impartially considered, however, there can be little doubt but that the report drawn up by the Duke of Somerset represented the legitimate and natural deductions from the evidence which had been given. Both reports, as well as the evidence of all the witnesses examined, with a single exception, gave the preference to the former constitution of the Board. It was generally held that the reduction in the number of the Naval Lords, the position which had been given to the Junior Naval Lord, as a mere assistant to the First Sea Lord, and the subordination of the Civil Lord to the Parliamentary Secretary, were injurious to the public service; but the greatest defect of all, which the failure of Mr. Childers's health brought out into most unfortunate prominence, was the infrequency, amounting almost to the abolition, of Board meetings, by which the only member of the Admiralty who was cognisant of the whole of the business transacted was the First Lord himself. Everything was concentrated in him, not only all action, but all knowledge of Naval affairs as a whole, and it became evident that as soon as anything transpired to withdraw him from an active share in the work of his Department, the whole system must collapse. There was no one competent to take his place; the First Sea Lord knew of nothing that transpired, unless it related to those duties which had been assigned to him by the Order in Council; the Third Lord could deal with nothing but the *matériel* of the Navy; the Financial Secretary held the anomalous position of being nominally only a servant of the Board, while he was practically one of the Lords, and, as such, had distinctly-defined duties allotted to him, and could only take action within his own sphere. So supreme was the First Lord, and so independent even of consultation with his colleagues, that he had issued and printed a minute upon the loss of the *Captain*, animadverting upon the conduct of the Third Lord of his own Board, without reference to any of them. Here, it was evident, was the weakest point in the new system. If the First Lord was to hold the position of a sole responsible Minister of Marine, a Board, appointed by the Crown, and not selected by the Minister, was useless; if the Navy was to be governed by a Board, frequent consultation, in order to avoid the issue of contradictory orders and to ensure harmony of action, was essential.

There was another change in the constitution of the Admiralty which Mr. Childers effected, and which appears, upon the authority of the Admiralty Solicitor, to have been beyond the legitimate power of the First Lord.

The patent under which the Board was appointed gave it authority to appoint the five heads of departments who formed a part of Sir James Graham's constitution, and two at least of these five officers were abolished by Mr. Childers, and another of them was removed from the subordinate position which he held and made a member of the Board. These changes did not seem to the Solicitor to be within the competence of the First Lord, inasmuch as the authority granted by the patent was in his view mandatory. Even when a new patent was granted upon the retirement of one of the members of the Board, no alteration was made in these mandatory clauses, so it is reasonable to conclude that the Order in Council upon which the re-organisation was carried out was not designed to set aside the powers granted under the patent.

The system introduced by Mr. Childers is that which, nominally at least, still continues, although in practice it has been considerably modified, in deference probably to the strong expression of opinion by all the witnesses examined before the Duke of Somerset's Committee, that the want of proper consultation between the different members of the Board was found to be detrimental to the conduct of business, and in several instances had led to serious misadventures.

Unhappily we have recently had painful evidences that all is not yet right at Whitehall, that there is a screw loose somewhere, for it still was possible to lose the *Megæra* after the most solemn and emphatic warnings.

If we glance for a moment at the constitution of Sir James Graham's Board and that of Mr. Childers, we shall observe that in the reforms which were effected by each there were certain points in common and a certain identity of purpose, although the ultimate results were very various. Both Sir James Graham and Mr. Childers aimed at the concentration, in as great a degree as possible, of all authority and responsibility in the First Lord himself; both admitted the necessity which existed for a Board of Naval Officers to assist the First Lord; neither contemplated, or, at any rate, effected any change in the wording of the patent, but both acquiesced in the nominal equality of all the members of the Board, and at the same time sanctioned and approved of the practice, which long usage had established, of regarding the First Lord as not only *primus inter pares*, but, as a Cabinet Minister amongst less important officials only could be regarded, as supreme over them. Both of them held that the First Lord must be acquainted with the whole business of the Admiralty, and that his decision was sufficient upon any point to over-rule the opinions of the other Lords. The object which they had set before them, and had been able practically to carry out, was the simplification of business, through the more clearly defined personal responsibility of the Lords, and the establishment of the supremacy of the Minister, but neither Sir James Graham nor Mr. Childers carried out his theory to its legitimate conclusion.

The evidence taken before those two Committees to which we have referred leads us naturally to the following conclusions as regards the failure of both systems to provide a perfect machine for the government of the Navy.

Sir James Graham's system failed in establishing personal responsibility, and succeeded only in improving, though in a considerable degree it must be admitted, the cumbrous and unwieldy system of circumlocution which had prevailed during the reign of the three Boards.

Mr. Childers's system failed, in separating the members of the Board entirely from consultation with each other and himself, in deliberating with them in private only, and with each of them only upon the matters relating to his own particular duties.

Both Sir James Graham's and Mr. Childers's system failed for want of a better knowledge of the business of the Department than a frequently changing Board can acquire. Mr. Childers, indeed, had all the advantage of retaining one member of the former Board as his colleague, and of securing for his assistance the experience of the Controller of the Navy; but he failed to utilise these advantages by neglecting to hold deliberative Board meetings.

What then is it proposed to substitute for these two systems? Let us consider what the country wants. First, we must have a Minister, and the Minister must have a Council. So much is admitted on all hands. It matters little what the Minister is called; whether we revive the old title of Lord High Admiral, or whether we style him Minister of Marine, like the French, or Secretary of the Navy, like the Americans; but a Minister with sole absolute authority and unfettered powers of action he must be—as responsible for every detail in the working of the Navy as the Secretary for the War Department is for the Army. But it must not be supposed that in depriving him of a Board behind which to screen himself from the consequences of his acts—as too often First Lords have been glad to do—we propose to debar him from what alone can be the guide of a civilian Minister upon professional matters—the advice and assistance of able and experienced officers. We have seen what stress was laid by almost all the witnesses examined before the two Committees to which we have referred upon the necessity for a Board and Board meetings; and the only ground upon which they advocate these appears to be that the First Lord requires the advice of naval men, and that nothing should be done without an ample discussion. It was for consultative purposes alone that the witnesses advocated the maintenance of the present Board system; but this end might be much more satisfactorily attained by the appointment of a Council, and many of the evils of the Board system would be remedied.

Above all, it should not be considered necessary for this Council to change with each Administration. In fact, the permanent heads of departments—whose experience would render their opinions of the greatest value to a political officer who for the first time perhaps in his life is turning his attention to naval subjects and finds himself suddenly charged with the whole conduct of the Navy—should form a conspicuous element in its constitution. What practical benefit can it be to a First Lord to have a Council as new to office and as inexperienced in naval business as himself? And how can it be expected that the Navy should be well governed by a constantly changing body of men? Some idea of what these changes are may be formed from the fact that since Sir James Graham's system came into operation, a period of less than forty years, the First Lord has been changed eighteen times, and the office has been held by fifteen different Ministers, while more than eighty different men have filled the office of Lord of the Admiralty during the same period. What reason is there why the same principles adopted in the War Department and the India Office should not be carried out in the Admiralty? The business of these departments must be as varied, and is certainly as important, and yet there is no difficulty in obtaining Ministers competent to transact it. The interests to be represented and the claims to consideration must be as numerous and as diverse as in the Admiralty, yet a single Secretary of State, supported by under-secretaries for each Department, in the case of the India Office, and by a staff of military officers presiding over different branches in the Commander-in-Chief's Office, are found in every respect qualified to deal with them.

What we desire to see, then, in the Admiralty is a similar system of government—a Minister of State, and a consultative Council in which the naval element shall be largely represented, and upon which all the permanent officers, heads of departments, shall serve. We are convinced that no reform short of this will be of practical advantage to the service, and there ought to be no difficulty whatever in carrying it out. The present Board of Admiralty, as revised by Sir James Graham, and altered by Mr. Childers, contains all the elements of the proposed alteration, so that the revolution would not be nearly so violent a one as might be imagined. Already we are told again and again of the undivided responsibility and power of the First Lord, and we are repeatedly reminded that the other Commissioners are only to be regarded as a consultative body; so that all that i needed is to abolish the patent, which an anomalous usage has set aside, and to allow the Minister to select his own advisers where and how he will, only requiring him, however, to include in his Council the permanent chiefs of the Department, and assigning a minimum limit below which the number of naval officers upon it should not be allowed to fall.

When public attention is once fairly aroused in regard to any institution which needs reform—as it has been lately in regard to the Admiralty—there is always good reason to hope that some tangible improvement may be effected, and we leave the discussion of this subject with some confidence that so clear-headed a Minister as Mr. Goschen and the strongest Government in the world will be able to achieve what has for years exercised the thoughts and pens of naval reformers, and bring about a complete reorganisation of the Admiralty, which may be in every way as satisfactory as the incomplete measure of 1869 was fruitless and faulty.

EDUCATION.

THE great education controversy will be reopened in the coming session of Parliament. The subject can hardly fail to be mentioned once again in the Queen's Speech. Mr. Forster has, no doubt, a Bill in readiness to amend the Elementary Education Act of 1870. Mr. Dixon's Birmingham Bill has been for some weeks before the country. The position, as far as party is concerned, is peculiar. Advanced Liberals of Mr. Mundella's class are ranged on the side of Mr. Forster and the Government. Earl Russell has cast in his lot with Mr. Miall and Mr. Dixon. In the midst of the confusion of conflicting views some of the elements of a compromise are dimly discernible.

After the experience of eighteen months, there is no longer any hesitation upon the principle of compulsory attendance at school:—with little or no opposition that will probably be made the law of the land, and not any longer the mere law of the School Boards. Parliament will, perhaps, define the circumstances under which public elementary schools, independent of the rates, must be supplemented by Board schools. We may expect that an attempt will be made to bring the whole population under the operation of the Act of 1870 at a rate more rapid than that in which the constituencies have moved during the last year and a half. There is room, too, for something to be done either to improve the relations between the Endowed Schools Commissioners and the School Boards, or to make the public understand how the Endowed Schools Act and the Elementary Education Act are to work in unison. While awaiting the reopening of discussion on all these points and many more in Parliament, it may be useful to glance at our educational history since the hotly-debated measure of 1870 became law.

The year 1871 made a very important chapter in the histor of public education in England. Within those twelve months, th Universities Tests Abolition Bill was passed; the temper of th country was tried—and a little ruffled—by the beginning of the oper tion of the Endowed Schools Act; and the middle classes as well a the working population of the greater part of England and Wale suburban and rural, were keenly exercised in the business attempting to carry out the provisions of that remarkable a singular measure—the Elementary Education Act of 1870. We have been dealing, in fact, thoroughly, trenchantly, almost revolutionarily, with public education from the very highest grade to the very lowest.

There is unity—half designed, half accidental—in the purpose and tendency of these separate changes in our educational system. It is a theory of social and political life in England, not that there is no caste—for caste is as strong, though not as clearly defined, in this country as anywhere in Europe—but that caste is not a barrier to promotion among the subjects of the Crown, from the humblest to the most exalted and the most famous position. But while this condition of our national life has been recognised as a possibility, a privilege, and, indeed, as a right, ever since we had a Constitution, not very much has ever been done to facilitate the passage upwards of the gifted English child born to poverty and labour. The difficulties which have beset the progress of such a one have been in almost every case stupendous; and very few, indeed, have ever been known to rise from obscurity to distinction without the help of private patronage or accidental good fortune. It is one of the joint objects of these three measures of reform in the three departments of national education to remove the handicap from the shoulders of the lowly, and to start every competitor as fairly as possible in the race, leaving the result to be determined by capacity and application. The circumstances of life will of necessity make some difference in the conditions of the contest, but it may be fairly argued in the interests of the poor that legislation should remove as far as lies in its power every obstruction—and even try to bend existing customs and institutions which have grown up spontaneously in the land—to the end that the rewards of knowledge and the prizes which belong to superior faculties should show no respect to social degrees.

We are not assuming that all this should be done without regard for other considerations which may be advanced in bar of this or that method of doing it. It may be that the legislature should halt at this objection and that, and make compromise with one interest or another which claims to be heard in arrest of the carrying out of the national plan of education. With respect to the Universities, grave questions may arise, and have arisen, as to whether certain sacrifices are not too dear a price at which to purchase the opening of the portals of the colleges to all comers. With regard to educational endowments, it may be contended—and has been contended—that too much violence is being done, not merely to the wishes of the founders of these charities, but to the presumptive privileges of trustees, to the local incidence of the boon, and to the method of selecting those who are to profit by the charity. And when we turn to the Elementary Act, many points arise touching the liberty of the subject, the claims and objections of ratepayers, and the objects and limitations of national education. Into these points of controversy we will not enter in this brief review of the position occupied by the whole question in the year 1871, but content ourselves with insisting that—whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the mode or the cost of the experiment—the direction it takes is: that while elementary education is provided for all, superior education, rising to the very highest, with all its advantages and privileges, shall be made available with the least possible difficulty to every child with capacity and industry to turn that higher education to account.

That the recent changes in the laws which regulate the government of the Universities tend in this direction is a fact that need not be enlarged upon. Whether wisely or unwisely, the Universities Tests Act abolishes restrictions which prevented or were calculated to prevent the admission of certain students. The country, apparently, is not so well convinced of the adaptation of the Endowed Schools Act and the schemes of the Endowed Schools Commissioners to the same end. The agitation against the Commissioners' proposals in the cases of Emmanuel Hospital in London, Harpur's Charity at Bedford, and generally where some indication has been given of what those plans are likely to be, is mostly based on the complaint that education, designed by the founders to be given to the poor, is to be taken away from the poor and transferred to the middle classes. This is an error. The schemes may be faulty. There may be interests likely to suffer by such alterations as those designed for Emmanuel Hospital and for the Bedford Schools; but there is nothing in those schemes calculated to prejudice the chance of any poor child, of superior natural capacity, obtaining a high grade—and ultimately a University—education. It may be admitted that there are poor children, and poor parents, who will lose something by the change. Where the endowment is very large, and the population is comparatively limited, as in Bedford, the Charity, but for this Act, might have afforded a perfectly free education, of a quality superior to what is known as elementary, not only to a few poor students of superior capacity, but to a certain number of children of ordinary or inferior natural gifts. Under the new system the benefits of endowments will never reach the latter. Out of this fact grows the sense of injustice which has taken shape in opposition to the schemes of the Commissioners. There is a reply ready to hand. The Elementary Education Act provides schools for all, at a very small cost in every case, and without fees to those who have not the means to pay. And if the poor father of a child of ordinary capacity alleges that under the old system his child might have been educated for nothing in a superior school, the answer is that in such schools there never yet was room enough for every applicant; that, therefore, a principle of selection had to be adopted; that selection has hitherto gone by favour, or perhaps by some form of corruption; and that, therefore, while out of every hundred who were admitted there were only an average number of clever boys, out of every hundred who could not succeed in obtaining a nomination there were an equal number of clever boys to whom the chance was lost. Some advocates of the old system have been found to contend that the plea in behalf of the clever boy is unjust; but the State sees an advantage to the community in the higher cultivation of the superior capacity. The country has a thousand uses for men of great natural ability well educated. We want them as statesmen, as lawyers, as merchants, as teachers, as artists, as men of letters, as engineers. They are the men to render the nation prosperous, great, rich. They are the men to save us from every danger, to lead reforms, to make progress, to advance those movements and contrivances by which the condition of a whole people may be improved and their happiness advanced.

The principle on which the Endowed Schools Act is based, and on which the schemes of the Commissioners are founded, may be explained very briefly. The Act abolishes the application of endowments to the giving of free education by favour of nomination. It decides that this class of gratuitous schooling (as distinct from that provided under the Elementary Education Act) shall be exclusively confined to cases of "merit," tested by examinations, and that the education shall be of a superior, or what is called "secondary" kind. It was difficult to see how this principle could be satisfactorily carried out before the passing of an Elementary Education Bill; but the measure of 1870 having become law, the course seemed comparatively easy: the Commissioners resolved to apply the great mass of the endowments of the country to the establishment of important secondary schools. But scarcely anywhere is there money enough in the shape of endowment to establish and support large and excellent institutions. Therefore it became necessary to adopt a plan by which the fees paid by the middle classes of the country for the education of their children might be utilised for the general good. Suppose there is an endowment of £10,000. The interest upon that amount would be of but very little use in maintaining a secondary free school. But establish a great school, with first class masters, and with every inducement to the middle classes of the district to send their children to it; and then with the interest of the £10,000 provide as many free scholarships as the money will pay for, to be enjoyed by poor children, who in the Elementary Schools have shown their fitness for a higher education. This scheme achieves a double object. It is a boon to the poor, on the principle of selection by merit; and it serves to meet a deficiency which undoubtedly exists in the supply of educational facilities for the middle classes. Against this plan the cry has been raised that the money left by pious founders for the education of the children of the poor is being diverted for the benefit of the middle classes; but the allegation is ill-founded. Undoubtedly the middle classes will benefit by the arrangement, because they will secure the chance of a good education for their children; but they will have to pay the *full value* for the instruction, and all the monetary benefits of the endowment will go to children selected by merit from the classes for whose education the charity was left by the founders. The schools to be established by the Commissioners will be in three grades, the lowest affording an education one step higher than that given in Elementary Schools, the next an ordinary middle class course of instruction, and the third order, of which there will not perhaps be more than one in an average county, will be only second in importance to the Universities.

The operation of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 began, practically, with the application of the local authorities, in several large towns to the Education Department for an order to elect School Boards. This was in September, 1870, and the first Board elected was that of Liverpool, closely followed by Manchester, Birmingham, and London. At the present time, there are about 350 School Boards, distributed over every county in England and Wales, except Dorsetshire, Huntingdonshire, Rutland, and Shropshire. About one-third of the entire number are in Wales, and one-ninth in Yorkshire, while Devon, Cornwall, and Carnarvon are largely represented on the list. During the time that the Bill was under consideration, and in the discussion on the subject for some years previously, the chief difficulties were the questions of compulsory attendance, the teaching or non-teaching of religion in public schools, and the method of raising a school-fund; but though the Act leaves a certain amount of discretionary power to Boards as to compulsory attendance, as to the introduction of undenominational religious teaching into schools, and the amount of the charge that shall be laid upon the rates, no serious difficulty has arisen on any of these points. Almost every Board has resolved to compel attendance at school; in the great majority of cases Bible reading and some undenominational religious instruction will be given; and, except in a few instances, no decided disposition has been shown to seriously limit education in order to spare the pockets of the ratepayers. The difficulties we have mentioned serve as reasons, in some towns and in numerous rural parishes, for shrinking from the appointment of a School Board; but with the election these obstructions diminish exceedingly, or vanish altogether. The only source of real trouble has been the question whether or not those children whose school-fees the Board decides to pay by reason of the poverty of the parents, shall be permitted to attend a denominational public elementary school, or shall be required to be sent to Board schools only, the latter being purely unsectarian in accordance with the Act. As we are just now in the heat of the controversy, it is hardly necessary to say with what warmth this moot point is discussed on both sides. We doubt whether the difficulty will be set at rest without the intervention of Parliament. So strong is the feeling, both for and against, that we can see no issue out of the trouble by the victory of one party or the other; the only hope is that the Government may hit upon some happy compromise in the course of the session.

Notwithstanding trials, perplexities, and conflicts of opinion and of feeling, 1871 was a great year for the cause of education in England. Parties may now do their worst, but the work cannot be stopped; the children of the people will be educated.

The Night Scene in the Fourth Book of the Æneid.

'TWAS night—the noon of night—the weary world
Was reaping its repose, the woods were whist,
And resting from its rage, the Ocean slept.
In silence through the silent midmost Heavens
Stars rolled, still were the fields. Each beast, each bird
Of painted plume, that haunts the lucid lake
Or bristling briar, laid to sleep by night,
By noiseless night, forgot the toils of day,
And soothed their sorrows in Creation's sleep.
But to the unhappy Queen comes no repose,
The calm of night within her heart and eyes
Sinks not,—care crowds on care, with rage renewed
Love, ruthless love, rises within her heart,
Tossed to and fro on passion's tossing tide.

T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I DO not know whether the writers of the day on metaphysical subjects will thank me for my championship, but in their behalf I am tempted to appeal against some of their critics. Because there is much apparent vagueness in ontological and psychological speculation, I have observed a habit among reviewers of speaking of the decisions of philosophers on moot points as if they were matters rather of taste than of judgment. It is as if a Londoner should ask me, "How can you think Paris more beautiful than London when it is so much more agreeable to believe London to be the most beautiful city in the world?" The most remarkable instance of this kind in my remembrance is to be found in Morell's "History of Philosophy." I have not seen the book for many years, but the effect of the passage I refer to was this, that while the great Quaker, Penn, in an eloquent passage, defined conscience to be a divine light in the soul of man pointing always to the good and the right, John Locke set down conscience as "One's own opinion of one's own actions." After quoting the two writers, Mr. Morell indulged in a little bit of rhapsody over the beauty of Penn's view of conscience in comparison with that of Locke. Penn's definition was grand, sublime; Locke's was mean and almost contemptible. The moral was plain. Let us rather accept the elevating and ennobling definition of Penn than the poor and grovelling conception of Locke. I am paraphrasing the passage from memory, but I can affirm that the compiler of the book passed over the logical merits of the two definitions as of little or no account, and applauded the one philosopher and deprecated the work of the other upon the question of the prettiness of their respective theories; as though the palm were due not to him who should correctly define conscience, but to him who should endow the faculty with the most charming characteristics. I am reminded of Mr. Morell's note by a recent review of Mr. Lewes's "Biographical History of Philosophy," written by a gentleman known in critical circles as "D.C.L. (Oxon.)." I am not going to enter into the grand controversy between Mr. Lewes and the metaphysicians, but I take this as the leading fact in connection with the "Biographica History," that its author has arrived at the conclusion that man, by reason of the limits set upon his faculties, can never know anything of the "noumena" which underlie phenomena. Surveying the work of the metaphysicians, ancient and modern, he asks at the end of his history, What is the total result of all metaphysical inquiry? His own answer is that not a single proposition has ever been established except the proposition that: Of the universe outside the phenomena of nature we know nothing. "D.C.L." objects. Very good; he has a perfect right to object; but what form does his protest take? Does he show, in opposition to Mr. Lewes, that a single proposition has been established in the direction of the solution of the great metaphysical problem? No. Does he offer any reason for thinking that the problem will be solved? No. He does not even commit himself to an expression of opinion that a solution is possible. But he says—we quote his article in the *School Board Chronicle*—"Because, forsooth, the metaphysical investigators of the facts of consciousness have often, from imperfect vision, or from an imperfect analysis, failed to discover the hidden elements of reality in the world of being, are we to regard being as being a dream, and the world of reality a delusion, and the mind and all its active faculties as a mere unaccountable mass of phenomena—things which seem to exist but do not exist?" Now, "D.C.L." knows that Mr. Lewes does not draw his conclusions from the fact that metaphysicians "have often, from imperfect vision or from an imperfect analysis, failed to discover the hidden elements of reality;" for the author of the "Biographical History" insists that not "often" but "invariably" have the metaphysicians so failed, and not from "imperfect vision" or "imperfect analysis," but because of the absolute limits set upon the human mind. This, "D.C.L." speaks of as Mr. Lewes's "eloquent and indiscriminate protest" against metaphysical speculation; and he asks, "What becomes of Mr. Lewes's main objection to investigations of a metaphysical character?" It is Mr. Morell on the definition of conscience over again. Mr. Lewes sets down his judgment of the barren result of the attempt to solve the metaphysical problem; "D.C.L." talks of that judgment as an "objection to investigations of a metaphysical character." But Mr. Lewes's opinion is not a mere matter of taste. I think the critics should take the philosophers on the philosophers' own ground.

To Lord Brougham and to some other notable men whose names may be counted off on the ten fingers, it has been given to hear what men said of them believing them to be dead. But perhaps no man in history has enjoyed what may be called the posthumous privilege in the precise way and in the full measure in which it has been accorded to the Emperor Napoleon. For eighteen years Europe has been asking itself what France would do when Napoleon III. died. That has been the most interesting problem offered for the speculation of the world by the most interesting nation on the face of the earth. It has occupied the attention not only of statesmen and stock-jobbers, but of every man who has an inkling of history and reads the daily newspapers. But of course the interest taken in the matter by the public would be feeble as compared with that of the Emperor himself. Independent of dynastic hopes, there would be a natural curiosity to know how France, which whilst he was yet with her had cursed his rule, would get along when relieved of it. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to whether the Cæsarism of

Napoleon III. was or was not the best possible government for France, there can be no doubt that Cæsar himself strongly held the view that it was. The only way to settle the difference of opinion between himself and gentlemen of Mr. Kinglake's way of thinking was to offer a means of comparison by introducing some other form of government and seeing how it worked. But there, as it seemed two years ago, the public had the advantage of the Emperor. It then appeared a necessary factor in the sum to be worked that the Emperor should be dead, and that the public should be left to look on whilst France "rearranged" herself. That was all very well for the public, but somewhat uncomfortable for the Emperor. But the Fourth of September came, and, *presto!* Napoleon III. Emperor is dead. France is free to govern herself, and has been trying to do so for now more than a year, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte lives to look on from a quiet retreat in England. What his reflections are, and whether he sees in the events of the last fifteen months reason to change his opinion of the best mode of government for France, are questions upon which I will not speculate. But I can imagine that after twenty years of supreme rule under the special circumstances attending that of the Emperor Napoleon, it is almost worth while to have lost a throne to gain the point of observation enjoyed at Chiselhurst.

INTELLIGENT men and women suffering under the misfortune of having been deprived of the use of one or more of the five senses might render valuable assistance in certain interesting inquiries. Generally, however, they are peculiarly reluctant to take the world into their confidence on the subject of their exceptional experience. Science finds it hard to define the exact range of a particular sense, and still more difficult to understand the relations between sensation and thought, and between sensation and memory. Surely a man of superior intellectual gifts born blind, and another deprived of sight after many years' experience of the powers of vision, might co-operate to great advantage in the investigations of the pyschologist and the physiologist. What sort of memory of colours is that of him who has been condemned to total darkness for twenty years? Are the bright hues of things painted, as it were, on the mind's eye, and can he conjure up in his imagination the appearance of a meadow of grass or of a bed of blooming flowers as one does in a dream? Or had he that power for a time, and did recollections of colour then gradually fade and leave only vague notions instead of inward perceptions? And what fictions does the man born blind set up in the workshop of his brain to supply the place of the appearance of things on which he hears his fellow-creatures discourse? The peculiar and almost startling discovery that the eye sees only colour, and knows nothing of distance except by experience of the phenomena of light and shade and hue, is a very interesting subject of reflection; speculators on such matters would be glad to know the exact limitations set upon the intellect of the blind in thinking upon such a theory. A great subject of controversy of late in connection with education is the best method of teaching the deaf and dumb to communicate with others. Some advocate the language of signs against all other schemes, while a zealous band of doctrinaires insist that deaf mutes should be taught to talk like other people and to read spoken language from the motions of the mouth and lips of those with whom they converse. Both methods have been tried successfully. Now as to the powers of speech of one totally deaf I can mention an interesting example. It is my privilege to know a gentleman of great intellectual gifts, devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, who totally lost the sense of hearing by an accident, after he had reached man's estate and had received a superior education. The deprivation occurred many years ago. He continues his studies and experiments, and is one of a circle of amateur and professional savans. His friends speak to him by a system of manual signs, but he talks like another man in reply, with this peculiarity, that it is growing year by year more difficult to make out what he says. He cannot, of course, hear himself speak, and he regulates his sounds and articulations by memory, assisted by the associations called up by the constant habit of reading. But the sounds often run amiss. He is not correct in the management of time and cadence. In the process of inspiration and expiration he will omit to vocalise a syllable without being aware of the fact. These and other faults of speech arising from the impossibility of hearing himself or others are not serious difficulties to those who are very frequently in his company; but less intimate friends and strangers must pay the very closest attention, and will then often fail to understand him. I submit this case to those who would have the deaf and dumb learn ordinary speech. They reply that in this case the man should cease to rely so much on mere memory, and learn to "hear with the eyes" and to speak by the rules of the new science of dumb speech. There I must leave the subject; but I wish the deaf would contribute their experience and their opinions to the controversy.

HOW many errors, I wonder, will creep into the few lines to which I intend to limit this paragraph? Either we all let pass a very large number of mistakes in everything we write, or those who discourse on the errors of others are peculiarly liable to trip in the very act. When William Cobbett selected Royal speeches and State papers as examples of bad grammar for the exercise of his pupils, his book was analysed and found to contain numerous blunders. Indeed, it has been a favourite practice of some critics microscopically to examine for errors the works of men whose subject has been the mistakes of their predecessors. The late Dean Alford wrote a work on "The Queen's English," calling many authors, living and dead, to account for their inaccuracies of grammar, punctuation, and language; Mr. Washington Moon in turn convicted the Dean of so many errors in his own text that the uninitiated would imagine "The Queen's English" to be the most carelessly written book ever published; but when Mr. Moon's work fell into the hands of the reviewers it was found to be hardly less vulnerable than that of the Dean. There was, I think, scarcely a chapter in which some actual or constructive inaccuracy was not discovered. I have before me the preface of an old work wherein the author, foreseeing that mistakes would be found in his book, bespeaks indulgence, and thus refers to the errors of his predecessors and the blunders of those who set themselves the task of pointing out the inaccuracies of others :—" Scaliger, in his exercitations against Cardan, has shown some twenty thousand errors in one small work ; and no one imagines he has picked it perfectly clean. Yet Cardan was no ill author. Bayle's chief design in composing his dictionary was to detect the errors in Moreri, which he succeeded in so well, that his book has been called 'The Errata of Moreri.' Yet is not Bayle himself without his errors : a late writer has discovered some twenty-five in a single article of not quite so many lines. F. Hardouin, in the preface to his 'Nummi Populorum et Urbium,' says it may be called 'Errata Antiquariorum ;' and yet M. Vaillant spied not less than three hundred errors at the first reading it over. So easy a matter is it to discover faults in others, and so difficult to prevent them in ourselves ! The most learned Dr. * * * * *, who offered to point out five thousand faults in the Lexicon of Hesychius, has been charged with committing forty-six in his emendations of the first book of Horace's Odes, besides ninety in the notes. All the qualifications requisite for a faultless writer scarce ever occurred in a more signal manner than they did in Jos. Scaliger, whose book 'De Emendatione Temporum' is one of the top performances in the whole compass of literature ; yet has F. Petau discovered at least a thousand slips in it. Who then can be safe ? He only who writes nothing or next to nothing. If a Baronius will compile 'Annals ;' Du Pin, a 'Bibliotheque,' or Baillet, 'Jugemens des Savans,' what triumphs do they prepare for future Pagis, Simons, and Menages ?" All this is very comforting to the author who is sensitive of his reputation and who fixes his affections on his published works.

WHILE Portsmouth hesitates whether a monument shall be erected to the memory of Charles Dickens in his native town, a project has been started in Ipswich to raise a statue in honour of Cardinal Wolsey. Great men must be cheap in the South of England and rare in the East if, as I anticipate, the movement in Suffolk should outstrip that in Hampshire. There is, as our class books informed us at school, a picturesque Tudor gateway in Ipswich, that formed the entrance to the college which the great Archbishop of York established in the town of his birth. Standing under the shadow of that architectural relic some eleven years ago, I saw the late Prince Consort, driving through College-street with the Mayor of the Borough, rise from his seat and gaze upon the handsome little pile with that earnest, thoughtful expression on his face by which Prince Albert is best remembered by those who saw much of him in public life. I do not know why Wolsey should not have a monument in his native town ; and if a statue is to be erected it would be well that it should stand, if possible, under the archway of the gate of which the townsfolk are so proud. The

Cardinal had a belief in education far in advance of his age, and it would not ill become this generation, which has fixed its heart upon sending every child to school, to pay a tribute to the memory of one who in days of darkness attested by great liberality his faith in learning. But why did not Ipswich perform this act of homage last year, when occurred the four hundredth anniversary of the Cardinal's birth?

FOR the sake of the self-respect of my countrymen occupying decent positions I wish the managers of our London theatres would all follow the good example set by a few and abolish the fee system. When a smart, well-attired man, of good address, and not without education, hands me a play-bill and shows me to a seat in the boxes or stalls, and waits to have a coin slipped into his hand, I commiserate him. I cannot help imagining that he must have had, originally, a natural repugnance to picking up a living after the manner of a crossing-sweeper, and I wonder how long it took to break down the instinct of honest pride and to reconcile him to this beggarly humiliation. His calling is one that he need not be ashamed of; why should his mode of receiving his wages reduce him to the level of a cadger? I am sure I can detect a difference of bearing and character between the box-keepers who receive fees and those who do not. The latter is there to perform the service required of him, and he performs it and makes a favourable impression; the former is simply a professional fee-taker. It is the business of his life to get shillings and sixpences, and to that end he devotes all his energies. You may see it in all his looks and all his movements, and the fact renders him an offence and an annoyance. You are anxious to give him his tip and to get him gone. He is a man, capable of better things, demoralised, and his habit of greed is a drawback to the pleasures of the play.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
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SATANELLA.

A STORY OF PUNCHESTOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE TOO MANY.

AT breakfast, for an old soldier, the General showed considerable want of military skill. Miss Douglas, indeed, assumed an admirable position of defence, flanked by Norah Macormac on one side, and the corner of the table on the other; but her admirer, posting himself exactly opposite, never took his eyes off her face, handed her everything he could reach, and made himself foolishly conspicuous in paying her those attentions to which ladies do not object so much as they profess. Like many other players, he lost his head when risking a large stake.

Had he cared less, he would have remembered that wisest of all maxims in dealing with others—"*Il faut se faire valoir*," and she might have appreciated his good qualities all the more, to mark the esteem in which he was held by her own sex. The General could fix a woman's attention, could even excite her interest, when he chose; and many of these laughing dames would have asked no better cavalier for the approaching races than this handsome, war-worn veteran, who "made such a fool of himself about that tall girl with black hair!"

Breakfast in a country-house is usually a protracted and elastic meal. The "Jackeens," whose habits were tolerably active, came down in good time, but the London young gentlemen dropped in, one later than another, gorgeously apparelled, cool, composed, hungry, obviously proud of being up and dressed at eleven o'clock a.m.

Miss Norah whispered to Satanella that "she didn't like dandies, and dandies didn't like *her !*"

Looking in the girl's bright, handsome face, the latter proposition seemed to Miss Douglas wholly untenable.

"What sort of people *do* you like, dear ?" said she, in answer to the former.

"The army," replied Miss Norah, with great animation. "And the cavalry, ye know—they're beautiful ; but a man must have something besides a fine uniform to please *me*."

"What more *can* you want ?" asked Blanche with a smile.

"Well, a good seat on his horse now," laughed the other, "that's the first thing, surely, and a good temper, and a good nerve, and a pleasant smile in his face, when everything goes wrong."

"You're thinking of somebody in particular," said Blanche.

"I am," answered Miss Norah boldly, though with a rising blush. "I'm thinking of somebody I should wish my brothers to be like—that I should wish to be like myself. He's never puzzled; he's never put out. Let the worst happen that will, he knows what to do, and how to do it—a fair face, a brave spirit, and a kind heart !"

She raised her voice, for the subject seemed to interest her deeply. Some of the guests looked up from their breakfasts, and the General listened with a smile.

"It sounds charming," remarked Miss Douglas. "A hero—a paladin, and a very nice person into the bargain. I should like immensely to see him."

"Would ye now ?" said the Irish girl. "And so ye shall, dear. He'll be at the races to-morrow. Ye'll see him ride. I'll engage he'll come to the Ladies' Stand. Say the word, and I'll introduce him to ye myself."

"Is he an Irishman ?" asked Miss Douglas, amused with her animated manner, and perfect good faith.

"An Irishman !" exclaimed Norah. "Did ever ye hear of Walters for an Irishman's name ? They call him Daisy that know him best, though mamma says I am never to mention him only as Captain Walters."

The shot was quite unexpected, but Blanche knew the General's eye was on her, and she neither started nor winced. Scarcely even changed countenance, except that she turned a shade paler, and looked sternly in her admirer's face while he carried on the conversation.

"Not Captain Walters *yet*, Miss Macormac," said the old soldier stiffly. "First for a troop though, and one going immediately. I know him very well, but never heard so flattering an account of him before. What a thing it is to have a charming young lady for a partisan! *We* think him a good-humoured rattle enough, and he can ride, to do him justice, but surely—eh?—there's not much *in* him. Miss Douglas here sees him oftener than I do, what does *she* say?"

"A pleasant companion, quite as clever as other people, and a right good fellow!" burst out Blanche, her dark eyes flashing defiance. "That's what *she* says, General! And what's more, she always stands up for her friends, and *hates* people who abuse them!"

The General, though he opened his mouth, was stricken dumb. Norah Macormac clapped her hands, and Mrs. Lushington, looking calmly down the table, afforded the discomfited soldier a sweet and reassuring smile.

Lady Mary, reviewing her guests from behind an enormous tea-urn, judged the moment had arrived for a general move, and rose accordingly. As, late in the autumn, coveys get up all over the ground when you flush a single bird, so the whole party followed her example, and made for the door, which was opened by St. Josephs, who sought in vain a responsive glance from Miss Douglas while she passed out, with her head up, and, a sure sign she was offended, more swing than usual in the skirts of her dress. He consoled himself by resolving that, if the weather cleared, he would ask her to take a walk, and so make friends before luncheon.

Gleams of sunshine sucking up a mist that hung about the hills above the park, disclosing, like islands on a lake, clumps of trees, and patches of verdure, in the valley below, glittering on the surface of a wide and shallow river that circled and broke, over its rocky bed, in ripples of molten gold, would have seemed favourable to his project, but that the fine weather which might enable him to walk abroad with his ladye-love, was welcomed by his host for the promotion of a hundred schemes of amusement to while away a non-hunting day after the shooting season had closed.

"It's fairing fast enough," exclaimed the cheerful old man. "We call that a bright sky in Ireland, and why not? Annyhow it's a great light to shoot a match at the pigeons; and if ye'd like to wet a line in the Dabble there, I'll engage ye'll raise a ten-pound fish before ye'd say 'Paddy Snap.'"

"I'll go bail ye will!" assented a Mr. Murphy, called by his familiars "Mick," who made a point of agreeing with his host. "I seen them rising yesterday afternoon as thick as payse, an' me riding by without so much as a lash-whip in me hand."

Two of the party, confirmed anglers, proposed to start forthwith.

"There's a colt by Lord George I'd like ye to look at, General," continued Macormac, who would have each amuse himself in his own way. "We're training him for the hunt next season, and a finer leaper wasn't bred in Kildare. D'ye see that sunk fence now, parting the flower garden from the demesne? It's not two years old he was when he broke loose from the paddock, and dashed out over it like a wild deer. There's five-and-twenty feet, bank and ditch; ye can measure it for yourself."

"Thirty! if there's wan!" assented Mr. Murphy. "An' him flyin' over it in his stride, an' niver laid an iron to the sod!"

The General, however, declined an inspection of this promising animal, on the plea that he was not much of a walker, and had letters to write.

"The post's gone out this hour and more," said his host. "But ye'd like to ride now. Of course ye would! See Mick! Sullivan's harriers will be at the kennel as usual. Wait till I tell ye. Why, wouldn't the boys get a fallow deer off the old park, and we'll raise a hunt for ye in less than an hour?"

"I'll engage they can be laid on in twenty minutes from this time," declared Mick. "Say the word, an' I'll run round to the stable, and bid Larry saddle up every beast that can stand."

"The General might ride Whiteboy," said his host, pondering, "and Norah's got her own horse, and I'll try young Orville, and ye shall take the colt yerself, Mick. We'll get a hunt, annyways!"

Mr. Murphy looked as if he would have preferred an older, or as he termed it, "a more accomplished hunter;" but he never dreamed of disputing the master's word, and was leaving the room in haste to further all necessary arrangements, when St. Josephs stopped him on the threshold.

"You'll think me very slow," said he graciously. "But the truth is, I'm getting old and rheumatic, and altogether I feel hardly fit for the saddle to-day. Don't let me interfere with anybody's arrangements. I'll write my letters in the library, and then, perhaps, take a turn in the garden with the ladies."

Mick screwed up his droll Irish mouth into a meaning but inaudible whistle. Satisfied by the courtesy of his manner that the General was what he called "a real gentleman," it seemed impossible such a man could resist the temptation of a pigeon match, a salmon river, above all, an impromptu hunt, unless he had nobler game in view. Till the old soldier talked of "a turn in the garden with the ladies," Mr. Murphy told himself he was "bothered entirely," but now failing any signs of disapproval on the master's face, felt he could agree, as was his custom, with the last speaker.

"Why wouldn't ye?" said he encouragingly. "An' finer pleasure gardens ye'll not see in Ireland than Macormac's. That's for cucumbers, anyhow! An' the ladies will be proud to take a turn with ye, one and all. Divil thank them, then, when they get a convoy to their likin'!"

So the General was allowed to follow his own devices, while his host arranged diverse amusements for the other guests according to programme, with the exception of the deer hunt. By the time a fallow buck was secured, the hounds had been fed, and, under the circumstances, Larry, the groom, reported so many lame horses in the stable, it would have been impossible to mount one-half of the party in a style befitting the occasion.

St. Josephs walked exultingly into the drawing-room, where he discovered Lady Mary alone, stitching a flannel petticoat for an old woman at the lodge. She thought he wanted the *Times* newspaper, and pointed to it on a writing table.

"Deserted, Lady Mary?" said this crafty hunter of dames, "even by your nearest and dearest. Left, like a good fairy, doing a work of benevolence in solitude."

"Is it the—the skirt you mean?" replied her ladyship, holding up the garment in question without the slightest diffidence. "Sure, then, I'll get it hemmed and done with this afternoon. I'd have asked Norah to help me,—the child was always quick at her needle, but she's off to show Miss Douglas the waterfall: those two by themselves. It's as much as they'll do to be back by luncheon; though my girl's a jewel of a walker, and the other's as straight as an arrow and as graceful as a deer."

The General's letters became all at once of vital importance. Excusing himself with extreme politeness to Lady Mary, who kept working on at the petticoat, he hastened to the library, where he did not stay two minutes, but, gliding by a side door into the hall, got his hat, and emerged on the park, with a vague hope of finding some one who would direct him to the waterfall.

The two young ladies, meanwhile, were a good Irish mile from the castle, in an opposite direction. Norah, of course, knew a short cut through the woods, that added about a third to the distance. They walked a good pace, and, exhilarated by the air, the scenery, and the sound of their own fresh young voices, skipped along the path, talking, laughing, even jeering each other, as though they had been friends from childhood.

Their conversation, as was natural, turned on the approaching races. To Norah Macormac, Punchestown constituted, perhaps, the chief gala of the year. For those two days, alas! so often rainy, she reserved her freshest gloves, her newest bonnet, her brightest glances and smiles. To the pleasure everybody experiences in witnessing the performances of a good horse, she added the feminine enjoyment of showing her own pretty self in all her native attractions, set off by dress. It was no wonder she should impart to her companion that she wouldn't give up the races even for a trip to Paris. She calculated their delights as equal to a whole month's hunting, and at least twenty balls.

Miss Douglas, too, anticipated no little excitement from the same source. Her trip across the Channel, with its concomitant discipline, a new country, wild scenery, the good humour and cordiality that surrounded her, above all, the prospect of seeing Daisy again, had raised her spirits far above their usual pitch. Her cheek glowed, her eye sparkled, her tongue ran on. She could hardly believe herself the same reserved and haughty dame who was wont to ride from Prince's Gate to Hyde Park Corner, and find nothing worthy to cost her a sigh or win from her a smile.

"Everybody in Ireland goes there, absentees and all," said laughing Norah. "It's such fun, you can't think, with the different turnouts, from the Lord-Lieutenant's half-dozen carriages-and-four to Mr. Murphy's outside car, with Mrs. Murphy and nine children packed all over it. She never goes anywhere else with him; but you shall see her to-morrow in all her glory. We like to be on the course early—it's so amusing to watch the arrivals; and then we get good places on the Stand."

"Can you see well from the Ladies' Stand?" asked Blanche eagerly. "I'm rather interested in one of the races. You'll think me very sporting. I've not exactly got a horse to run, but there's a mare called Satanella going to start, and I confess I want to see her win."

Norah bounded like a young roe. "Satanella!" she repeated. "Why, that's Daisy's mount! Is it to win, dear? Oh! then, if she dosen't win, or come very near it, I'll be fit to cry my eyes out, and never ask to go to a race again."

Her colour rose, her voice deepened, both gait and accent denoted the sincerity of her good wishes; and Miss Douglas, without quite admitting she had just cause for offence, felt as a dog feels when another dog is sniffing round his dinner.

"I've no doubt the mare will have justice done to her," she said, severely. "He's a beautiful rider."

"A beautiful rider, and a beautiful mare entirely!" exclaimed her impulsive companion. "Now, to think he should be such a friend of yours, and me never to know it! I can't always make him out," added Miss Norah, pondering. "Sometimes he'll speak up, and sometimes he'll keep things back. You'll wonder to hear me when I tell you I haven't so much as *seen* this mare they make such a talk about!"

"I have ridden her repeatedly," observed Miss Douglas, with a considerable accession of dignity. "In fact, she is more mine than his, and I had to give him leave before he ever sent her to be trained."

"Did ye, now?" replied the other, looking somewhat disconcerted. "And does he ride often with you in London—up and down the Park, as they call it? How I'd long for a gallop in a place like that, where they never go out of a walk!"

Blanche was obliged to admit that such rides, though proposed very frequently, came off but rarely, and Norah seemed in no way dissatisfied with this confession.

"When he's here, now," she said, "if there isn't a hunt to be got, we gallop all over the country-side, him and me, the same as if we'd a fox and a pack of hounds before us. It's him that taught me the real right way to hold the bridle, and I never could manage papa's Orville horse till he showed me how. It's not likely I'd forget anything Daisy told me! Here we are at the waterfall. Come off the rock now, or ye'll not have a dry thread on ye in five minutes!"

Miss Douglas, keeping back a good deal of vexation, had the good sense to follow her guide's advice, and leaped lightly down amongst the shingle from a broad flat rock to which she had sprung, as affording a view of the cascade.

It was a fine sight, no doubt. Swelled by the spring rains, and increased by many little tributaries from the neighbouring hills, a considerable volume of water came tumbling over a ledge of bold bare rock, to roar and brawl and circle round a basin fifty feet below, not less than ten feet deep, from which it escaped in sheets of foam over certain shallows, till it was lost in a black narrow gorge crowned by copses already budding and blooming with the first smiles of spring.

"We're mighty proud of the Dabble in these parts," observed Norah Macormac, when she had withdrawn her friend from the showers of spray that quivered in faint and changing rainbows under the sunshine. "There's not such a river for fish anywhere this side the Shannon. And where there's fish there's mostly fishers. See, now; Captain Walters killed one of nine pounds and a half in the bend by the dead stump there. He'd have lost him only for little

Thady Brallaghan and me hurrying to fetch the gaff, and I held it while we landed the beast on the gravel below the rocks."

It was getting unbearable! Blanche had started in such good spirits, full of life and hope, enjoying the air, the scenery, the exercise; but with every word that fell from her companion's lips the landscape faded, the skies turned grey, the very turf beneath her feet seemed to have lost its elasticity. Norah Macormac could not but perceive the change: attributing it, however, to fatigue, and blaming herself severely for thus tempting a helpless London girl into an expedition beyond her strength,—anticipating, at the same time, her mother's displeasure for that which good Lady Mary would consider a breach of the laws of hospitality,—"Sure ye're tired," said she, offering to carry the other's parasol, which might have weighed a pound. "It's myself I blame, to have brought you such a walk as this, and you not used to it, may be, like us that live up here amongst the hills."

But Blanche clung to her parasol, and repudiated the notion of fatigue. She had never enjoyed a walk so much. It was lovely scenery, and a magnificent waterfall. She had no idea there was anything so fine in Ireland. She would have gone twice the distance to see it. Tired! She wasn't a bit tired, and believed she might be quite as good a walker as Miss Macormac.

There were times when Miss Douglas felt her nickname not altogether undeserved. She became Satanella now to the core.

Luncheon was on the table when the young ladies got back to the castle, and although several of the guests had absented themselves, the General took his place with those who remained. St. Josephs was not in the best of humours for a solitary walk in a strange district which had failed in its object. He sat, as it would seem, purposely a long way from Miss Douglas, and the servants were already clearing away before he tried to catch her eye. What he saw, or how he gathered from an instantaneous glance that his company was more welcome now than it had been at breakfast, is one of those mysteries on which it seems useless to speculate; but he never left her side again during the afternoon.

The General was true to his colours, and seldom ventured on the slightest act of disloyalty. When he returned, as in the present instance, to his allegiance, he always found himself more under authority than ever for his weak attempt at insubordination.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUNCHESTOWN.

"I TELL ye, I bred her myself, and it's every hair in her skin I know, when I kept her on the farm till she was better than three year old. Will ye not step in here and take a dandy o' punch, Mr. Sullivan?"

The invitation was promptly accepted, and its originator, none other than the breeder of Satanella, dressed in his best clothes, with an alarming waistcoat and an exceedingly tall hat, conducted his friend into a crowded canvas booth, on the outside of which heavy rain was beating, while its interior steamed with wet garments and hot whisky punch.

Mr. Sullivan was one of those gentlemen who are never met with but in places where there is money to be made, by the laying against, backing, buying, or selling of horses. From his exterior the uninitiated might have supposed him a land-steward, a watch-maker, or a schoolmaster in reduced circumstances; but to those versed in such matters there was something indisputably *horsy* about the tie of his neckcloth, the sit of his well-brushed hat, and the shape of his clean, weather-beaten hands. He looked like a man who could give you full particulars of the noble animal, tell you its price, its pedigree, its defects, its performances, and buy it for you on commission cheaper than you could yourself. While his friend drank in gulps that denoted considerable enjoyment, Mr. Sullivan seemed to absorb his punch insensibly and as a matter of course.

"There's been good beasts bred in Roscommon beside your black mare, Denis," observed this worthy; "and it's the pick of the world for harses comes into Kildare this day. Whisper now. Old Sir Giles offered four hundred pounds ready money for Shaneen in Dublin last night. I seen him meself!"

"Is it Shaneen?" returned Denis, with another pull at the punch. "I'll not deny he's a nate little harse, and an illegant lepper, but he wouldn't be *in* such a race as this. He'll niver see it wan, Mr. Sullivan, no more nor a Quaker'll never see heaven! Mat should have taken the four hundred!"

"Mat knows what he's doing," said Mr. Sullivan; "the boy's been forty years and more running harses at the Curragh. Maybe they're keeping Shaneen to lead the Englishman over his leps; and why wouldn't he take the second money or run for a place annyways?"

"An' where would the black mare be?" demanded her former owner. "Is it the likes of her ye'd see coming in at the tail of the hunt, and the Captain ridin' and all? I wonder to hear you then, Mr. Sullivan."

"In my opinion the race lies betwixt three," replied the great authority, looking wise and dropping his voice. "There's your own mare, Denis, that you sold the Captain; there's Leprauchan, the big chesnut they brought up here from Limerick; there's the English horse—St. George they call him—that's been trainin' all the time in Kilkenny. Wait till I tell ye. If he gets first over the big double, he'll take as much catching as a flea in an ould blanket; and when thim's all racing home together, why wouldn't little Shaneen come in and win on the post?"

Denis looked disconcerted, and finished his punch at a gulp. He had not before taken so comprehensive a view of the general contest as affecting the chance of his favourite. Pushing back the tall hat, he scratched his head and pondered. "I'd be thinkin' better of it, av' the Captain wouldn't have changed the mare's name," said he. "What ailed him at 'Molly Bawn' that he'd go an' call the likes of such a baste as that Satanella? Hurry now, Mr. Sullivan, take another taste of punch, and come out of this. You and me'll go and see them saddle, annyways."

Leaving the booth, therefore, with many "God save ye's" and greetings from acquaintances crowding in, they emerged on the course close to the Grand Stand, at a spot that commanded an excellent view of the finish, and afforded a panorama of such scenery as, in the sportsman's eye, is unequalled by any part of the world.

The rain had cleared off. White fleecy clouds, drifting across the sky before a soft west wind, threw alternate lights and shadows over a wild expanse of country that stretched to the horizon, in range on range of undulating pastures, broken only by scattered copses, square patches of gorse, and an occasional gully, marking the course of some shallow stream from the distant uplands, coyly unveiling, as the mist that rested on their brows rolled heavily away. Far as sight could reach, the landscape was intersected by thick irregular lines, denoting those formidable fences, of which the nature was to be ascertained by inspecting the leaps that crossed the steeple-chase course. These were of a size to require great power and courage in the competing animals, while the width of the ditches from which the banks were thrown up necessitated that repetition of his effort by which the Irish hunter gets safely over these difficulties much as a retriever jumps a gate. A very gallant horse might indeed fly the first two or three such obstacles in his stride, but the tax on his muscles would be too exhaustive for continuance, and not to "change," as it is called, on the top of the bank, when there is a ditch on each side, would be a certain downfall. With thirty such leaps and more, with a sufficient brook and a high stone wall, with four Irish miles of galloping before the judge's stand can be passed, with the running forced from end to end by some thorough-bred flyer not intended to *win*, and with the best steeple-chase horses in Great Britain to encounter, a conqueror at Punchestown may be said to win his laurels nobly—laurels in which, as in the wreath of many a two-legged hero, the shamrock is profusely intertwined.

"The boys have got about the big double as thick as payse," observed Mr. Sullivan, shading his eyes under his hat-brim while he scanned the course. "It's there the Englishman will *renage*, likely, an' if there's wan drops in there'll be forty of them tumblin' one above the other, like Brian O'Rafferty's pigs. Will the Captain keep steady now, and niver loose her off till she marks with her eye the very sod she's after kickin' with her fut?"

"I'll go bail he will!" answered Denis. "The Captain he'll draw her back smooth an' easy on the snaffle, and when on'st he lets her drive—whooroo! begorra! it's not the police barracks nor yet the county gaol would hould her, av' she gets a fair offer! I tell ye that black mare—Whisht—will ye now? Here's the quality comin' into the stand. There's clane-bred ones, Mr. Sullivan, shape an' action, an' the ould blood at the back of it all."

An Irishman is no bad judge of good looks in man or beast. While the Roscommon farmer made this observation, Miss Douglas was leaving Lady Mary Macormac's carriage for the stand. Her peculiar style of beauty, her perfect self-possession, the mingled grace and pride of her bearing, were appreciated and admired by the bystanders, as with all her triumphs they had never been on her own side of the Channel.

The crowd were already somewhat hoarse with shouting. Their Lord Lieutenant, with the princely politeness of punctuality, had arrived half an hour ago. Being a hard-working Viceroy, whose relaxation chiefly consisted in riding perfectly straight over his adopted country, he was already at the back of the course, disporting himself amongst the fences to his own great content and the unbounded gratification of "The Boys." Leaping a five-foot wall, over which his aide-de-camp fell neck and crop, they set up a shout that could be heard at Naas. The Irish jump to conclusions, like women, and are as often right. That a statesman should be wise and good because he is a bold rider, seems a position hardly to be reasoned out; yet these wild untutored spirits acknowledged instinctively that qualities by which men govern well are kept the fresher and stronger for a kindly heart to sympathise with sport as with sorrow, for a manly courage that, in work or play, trouble or danger, loves always to be in front.

So the "more powers" to his Excellency were not only loud but hearty, while for *her* Excellency it need hardly be said of these impulsive, chivalrous, and susceptible natures, they simply went out of their senses, and yelled in a frenzy of admiration and delight.

Nevertheless, the applause was by no means exhausted, and Miss Douglas, taking her place in the Ladies' Stand, could not repress a thrill of triumph at the remark of a strapping Tipperary boy in the crowd, made quite loud enough to be overheard.

"See now, Larry, av' ye was goin' coortin', wouldn't ye fling down your caubeen, and bid her step on to't? I'll engage there's flowers growin' wherever she lays her fut."

To which Larry replied, with a wink, "Divil a haporth I'd go on for the coortin'—but just stay where I am!"

Our party from Cormacstown formed no unimportant addition to the company that thronged the stand. Amongst these, neither Norah Macormac nor Mrs. Lushington could complain they had less than their share of admiration, while St. Josephs observed, with mingled sentiments of triumph and apprehension, that a hundred male eyes were bent on Satanella, and as many female voices whispered, "But who is that tall girl with black hair?—so handsome, and in such a peculiar style?"

A proud man, though, doubtless, was the General, walking after his young lady with her shawls, her glasses, and her parasol, choosing for her an advantageous position to view the races, obtaining for her a card of the running horses, and trying to look as if he studied it with the vaguest notion of what was likely to win.

A match had just come off between Mr. McDermott's "Comether" and Captain Conolly's "Molly Maguire," of little interest to the general public, but creating no small excitement amongst friends and partisans of the respective owners. "Molly Maguire" had been bred at Naas—within a stone's-throw, as it were. "Comether" was the pride of that well-known western hunt, once so celebrated as "The Blazers." Each animal was ridden by a good sportsman and popular representative of its particular district. The little Galway horse made all the running, took his leaps like a deer, finished like a game-cock, but was beaten by the mare's superior stride in the last struggle home, through a storm of voices, by a length.

The crowd were in ecstasies. The gentlefolks applauded with far more enthusiasm than is customary at Bedford or Lincoln. A lovely Galway girl, with eyes of that wondrous blue only to be caught from the reflection of the Atlantic, expressed an inclination to kiss the plucky little animal that had lost, and blushed like a rose when a gallant cornet entreated he might be the bearer of that reward to the horse in its stable. The clouds had cleared off, the sun shone out. The booths emptied themselves on to the course. A hungry roar went up from the betting-ring, and everybody prepared for the great race of the day—"The United Service Handicap, for horses of all ages *bonâ fide* the property of officers who have held Her Majesty's commission within the last ten years. Gentlemen riders. Kildare Hunt Course and rules."

Betting, alas! flourishes at every meeting, and even Punchestown is not exempt from the visits of a fraternity who support racing, it may be, after a fashion, but whose room many an Irish gentleman, no doubt, considers preferable to their company. On the present occasion they made perhaps more noise than they did business; but amongst real lovers of the sport, from the high-bred, beautifully-dressed ladies in the stand, down to lads taking charge of farmers' horses, and "raising a lep' off them" behind the booths, speculation was rife, in French gloves and Irish poplins, as in sixpenny pieces and "dandies" of punch. Man and woman each had a special fancy, shouted for it, believed in it, backed it through thick and thin.

The race had created a good deal of attention from the time it was first organised. It showed a heavy entry, the terms were fair, a large sum of money was added, public runners were heavily weighted, the nominations included many horses that had never been out before. In one way and another the United Service Handicap had grown into the great event of the meeting.

The best of friends must part. Denis could not resist the big double, taking up a position whence he might hurl himself at it, in imagination, with every horse that rose. Mr. Sullivan, more practical, occupied a familiar spot that commanded a view of the finish, and enabled him to test the merits of winner or loser by the stoutness with which each struggled home.

Neither had such good places as Miss Douglas and Miss Macormac. Norah knew the exact angle from which everything could best be seen. There, like an open-hearted girl, she insisted on Blanche taking her seat, and planted herself close by. The General leaned over them, and Mrs. Lushington stood on a pile of cushions behind. She had very pretty feet, and it was a pity they should be hid beneath her petticoats.

A bell rang, the course was cleared (in a very modified sense of the term), a stable-boy on an animal sheeted to its hocks and hooded to its muzzle (erroneously supposed to be the favourite) kicked his way along with considerable assurance, a friendless dog was hooted, a fat old woman jeered, and the numbers went up.

"One, two, five, seven, eight, nine, eleven, fifteen, and not another blank till you come to twenty-two. Bless me, what a field of horses!" exclaimed the General, adding with a gallant smile, "The odd or the even numbers, ladies? Which will you have? In gloves, bonnets, or anything you please."

The girls looked at each other. "I want to back Satanella," was on the lips of both, but something checked them, and neither spoke.

Macormac, full of smiles and good-humour, in boots and breeches, out of breath, and splashed to his waist, hurried up the steps.

"See now, Norah," said he. "I've just left Sir Giles. He's fitting the snaffle himself in Leprauchan's mouth this minute, and an awkward job he makes of it, by reason of gout in the fingers. Put your money on the chesnut, Miss Douglas," he continued. "Here he comes. Look at the stride of him. He's the boy that can do't!"

While he spoke, Leprauchan, a great raking chesnut with three white legs, came down the course like a steam-engine. No martingale that ever was buckled, even in the practised hands now steering him, could bring his head to a proper angle, but though he went star-gazing along, he never made a mistake, possessed a marvellous stride, especially in deep ground, and, to use a familiar phrase, could "stay for a week." "Hie! hie!" shouted his jockey, standing well up in his stirrups to steer him for a preliminary canter through the crowd. "Hie! hie!" repeated a dozen varying tones behind him, as flyer after flyer went shooting by—now this way, now that—carrying all the colours of the rainbow, and each looking like a winner till succeeded by the next.

For a few minutes St. Josephs had been in earnest conversation with one of the "Jackeens," who, earlier in the day, might have been seen taking counsel of Mr. Sullivan.

"I've marked your card for you, Miss Douglas," said the General. "I've the best information from my friend here, and the winner ought to be one of these four—Leprauchan, Shaneen, St. George, or Satanella. The English horse for choice, if he can keep on his legs."

"I *must* have a bet on Satanella," exclaimed Miss Douglas irrepressibly, whereat the General looked grave, and Norah gave her an approving pat on the hand. "Send somebody into the ring, General, to find out her price, and back her for ten pounds at evens, if they can't do better, on my behalf."

"I'd like to share your wager," said Norah, kindling.

"And so you shall, dear," replied Miss Douglas. "You and I, at any rate, want him to win, poor fellow, and good wishes will do him no harm."

"Here he comes!" replied Norah: and, while she spoke, Satanella was seen trotting leisurely down the course, snorting, playing with her bit, and bending to acknowledge the caresses Daisy lavished on her beautiful neck with no sparing hand.

The mare looked as fine as a star. Trained to perfection, her skin shining like satin, her muscles salient, her ribs just visible, her action, though she trotted with rather a straight knee, stealthy, cat-like, and as if she went upon wires.

It is the first quality of a rider to adapt himself easily to every movement of the animal he bestrides, but this excellence of horsemanship is much enhanced when the pair have completed their preparation together, and the man has acquired his condition, morning after morning, in training walks and gallops on the beast. This was Daisy's case. Satanella, to a sensitive mouth, added a peculiar and irritable temper. Another hand on her rein for an hour would undo the work of days. Nobody had therefore ridden her for weeks but himself, and when the two went down the course at Punchestown together, they seemed like some skilful piece of mechanism, through which one master-spring set all parts in motion at once.

"He's an illigant rider," groaned Mr. Sullivan, who stood to win on Leprauchan. "An' 'a give-and-take horseman's' the pick of the world when there's leps. But it's not likely now they'd all stand up in such a 'rookawn,'* he added, "an' why wouldn't the Captain get throw'd down with the rest?"

Such admiration was excited by the black mare's appearance, particularly when she broke into a gallop, and Daisy, with pardonable coxcombry, turned in his saddle to salute the ladies smiling on him from the Stand, that few but those immediately interested noticed a little shabby, wiry-looking horse come stealing behind the crack with that smooth, easy swing which racing men, though they know it so thoroughly, will sometimes neglect to their cost.

This unassuming little animal carried a plain snaffle in its mouth, without even a restraining noseband. It seemed quiet as a sheep, and docile as a dog. There was nothing remarkable about it to those who cannot take a horse in at a glance, but one of the household left his Excellency's Stand and descended into the Ring with a smile on his handsome, quiet face. When he returned, the smile was still there, and he observed he had "backed Shaneen for a pony, and had got four to one."

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* "Rookawn," a general scrimmage.

Mr. Sullivan, too, as he marked the little animal increase its stride, while its quick, vibrating ears caught the footfall of a horse galloping behind it, drew his mouth into many queer shapes suggestive of discomfiture, imparting to himself in a whisper, that "If he rightly knawed it, may-be Sir Giles wasn't too free with his offer at all, for such a shabby little garron as that!"

So the cracks came sweeping by in quick succession, St. George, perhaps, attracting most attention from the Stand. A magnificent bay horse of extraordinary beauty, he possessed the rich colour and commanding size of the "King Tom" blood, set off by a star of white in his forehead, and a white fore-foot. No sooner did he appear with his scarlet-clad jockey, than the ladies, to use Macormac's expression, were "in his favour to a man!" The property of a popular English nobleman, a pillar of support to all field-sports, ridden by a gentleman-jockey, capable, over that course, of giving weight to most professionals, in the prime of blood, power, and condition, he was justly a favourite with the public as with the Ring. In the whole of that multitude, there were probably but two individuals who wished he might break his neck at the first fence, and these two sat in the Ladies' Stand.

"They're all weighed and mounted now but one," observed the General, studying his card. "What is it? Fandango? Yes, Fandango; and here he comes. What a hideous drab jacket! But I say, I'll trouble you for a goer! Why, this is Derby form all over!"

"He's a good mile horse anywhere," said the quiet man, who had backed Shaneen; "but he's not meant to win here, and couldn't if he tried. They've started him to make running for St. George."

"What a pretty sight!" exclaimed the ladies, as something like a score of horses, ridden by the finest horsemen in the world, stood marshalled before the Stand. Though the majority were more sedate in their demeanour than might have been expected, three or four showed a good deal of temper and anxiety to get *somewhere.* Amongst these Satanella made herself extremely conspicuous for insubordination, contrasting strikingly with little Shaneen, who stood stock-still, playing with his bit, through two false starts, till the flag was fairly down, when he darted away like a rabbit, without pulling an ounce. Win or lose, his jockey was sure of a pleasant ride on Shaneen.

"They're really off!" said the General, getting his glasses out, as a young officer, extricating himself from the betting-ring, announced, breathlessly—

"They have made the mare first favourite, and are laying three to two!"

"What's that in front?" said everybody. "Fandango! Well, they *are* going a cracker? Fancy jumping at such a pace as that!"

Yet not a mistake was made at the first fence. To lookers-on from the Stand, all the horses seemed to charge it abreast, as their tails went up simultaneously, while they kicked the bank like lightning, and darted off again faster than before, but turning a little to the right, though the ground sloped in their favour, half a dozen might be seen lengthening out in front of the rest, and it seemed as if the pace was already beginning to tell.

"Fandango still leading," said the General, scanning the race through his glasses, and thinking aloud, as people always do on such occasions. "St. George and Satanella close behind, and—yes—by Jove it is! the little mud-coloured horse, Shaneen, lying fourth. Over you go! Ah, one down—two—another? I fear that poor fellow's hurt! Look at the loose horse galloping on with them! Well done! They're *all* over the brook! St. George second! What a fine goer he is! And now they are coming to the Big Double!"

But the Big Double is so far from the Stand that we will place ourselves by the Roscommon farmer on a knoll that commands it, and watch with him the gallant sight offered by such a field of horses charging a fence like the side of a house at racing pace.

"Augh, Captain! keep steady now, for the love of the Virgin!" roared Denis, as if Daisy, a quarter of a mile off, and going like the wind, could possibly hear him. "More power to the little harse! He's leadin' them yet! Nivir say it! the Englishman has the fut of him! Ah, catch hoult of his head, ye omadawn! * He'll niver see to change av' you're loosin' him off that way! Now, let the mare at it, Captain! She's doin' beautiful! An' little Shaneen, on her quarters. It's keeping time he is, like a fiddler! Ah, be aisy, you in scarlet! By the mortial, there's a lep for ye! Whooroo!!! Did ever man see the like of that!"

It was, indeed, a heavy and hideous fall. St. George—whose education in the country of his adoption had been systematically carried out—could change his footing with perfect security on the narrowest bank that was ever thrown up with a spade. To the astonishment of his own and every other jockey in the race, his "on and off" at all the preceding fences had been quick and well-timed as that of Shaneen himself; but his blood got up when he had taken the brook in his stride. He could pull hard on occasion. Ten lengths from the Big Double he was out of his rider's hand, and going as fast as he could drive. Therefore Denis desired that gentleman to "catch hoult;" but with all his skill—for never was man less "an omadawn" in the saddle—his horse had broke away, and was doing with him what it liked.

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* "You fool."

Seeing the enormous size of the obstacle before him, St. George put on a yet more infuriated rush, and with a marvellous spring, that is talked of to this day, cleared the whole thing—broad-topped bank, double ditches, and all—in his stride, covering nearly eleven yards, by an effort that carried him fairly over from field to field: nothing but consummate horsemanship in his jockey—a tact that detects the exact moment when it is destruction to interfere — enabled the animal to perform so extraordinary a feat. But, alas! where he landed the surface was poached and trodden. His next stride brought him on his head; the succeeding one rolled him over with a broken thigh, and the gallant, generous, high-couraged St. George never rose again!

The appearance of the race was now considerably altered. Fandango dropped into the rear at once—there was nothing more for him to do in the absence of his stable-companion, and indeed he had shot his bolt ere half the distance was accomplished. The pace decreased slightly after the accident to St. George, and as they bounded over the wall, nearly together, not a man on the course doubted but that the contest lay between the first three, Satanella, Leprauchan, and Shaneen. Of these, the mare, so far as could be judged by spectators in the stand, seemed freshest and fullest of running. Already they were laying a trifle of odds on her in the Ring.

Now Daisy had planned the whole thing out in his own mind, and hitherto all had gone exactly as he wished. In Satanella's staying powers he had implicit confidence, and he intended, from the first, that if he could have the race run to suit him, he would win it about a mile from home. After crossing the wall, therefore, he came away faster than ever, the leaps were easy, the ground inclined in his favour, and he rattled along at a pace that was telling visibly on Leprauchan, who nevertheless kept abreast of him, while little Shaneen, lying four lengths behind, neither lessened nor increased his distance from the leaders, but galloped doggedly on, in exactly the same form as when he started.

"Never saw a steeple-chase run so fast!" said everybody in the stand. "Why, the time will be as good as the Liverpool!"

"It *can't* go on!" thought Leprauchan's jockey, feeling the chesnut beginning to roll, while pulling more than ever. "If I can but keep alongside, she *must* run herself out, and there's nothing else left in the race." But his whip was up when they made their turn for the run-in, and he landed over his last fence with a scramble that lost him at least a length.

"Leprauchan's beat!" shouted the crowd. "Satanella wins! It's all over—it's a moral. The mare for a million! The mare! The mare!"

Blanche Douglas turned pale as death, and Norah Macormac began to cry.

Satanella was approaching the distance, with Leprauchan beat off, and Shaneen a length behind.

Here occurred one of those casualties which no amount of care avails to prevent, nor of caution to foresee.

The crowd in their eagerness had swayed in on the course. A woman carrying a child lost her footing, and fell helpless, directly in front of the black mare.

Daisy managed to avoid them, with a wrench at the bridle that saved their lives, and lost him some twenty feet of ground. In the next three strides Shaneen's brown muzzle was at his quarters—at his knee—at his breastplate.

Never before had Satanella felt whip or spur. These were applied to some purpose, and gamely she answered the call; nevertheless, that shabby little horse drew on her inch by inch.

They were neck and neck now, Shaneen's jockey sitting in the middle of his saddle, perfectly still.

"It's a race!" shouted the lookers-on. "The little 'un's coming up! He's gaining on her. Not a bit of it! The mare has him safe. Keep at her, Daisy! Now Satanella! Now Shaneen! Did ever ye see such a fight? Neck and neck—head and head! By the powers, it's a dead heat!"

But the judge gave it to Shaneen by a neck, and when the numbers went up, though not till then, Daisy and Daisy's backers knew that Satanella had only taken the second place.

Leprauchan and the rest came lobbing in by twos and threes. Nobody cared for them. Nobody had attention to spare for anything but the shabby little brown horse that had beaten the favourite.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A GOOD THING."

Poor Daisy! Everybody was sorry for him, everybody, except the owner and a few friends who won largely on Shaneen, regretted his disappointment, and shrugged their shoulders at the heavy losses it was known to have entailed. His brother-officers looked grave, but bestirred themselves, nevertheless, for the next race. His trainer shook his head, glancing wistfully at the spur-marks on the mare's reeking sides. The very crowd condoled with him, for he had ridden to admiration, and the accident that discomfited him was patent to all. Even Mr. Sullivan, whose own hopes had been blighted by the defeat of the chesnut, expressed an opinion that "Av' it could be run again, though there wasn't a pound between them, it was his belief the mare would win!"

Mr. Walters, however, true to his nature, kept a bold face over a troubled heart, yet had a difficult task to control his feelings, when he emerged from the enclosure after weighing and found his hand seized by the Roscommon farmer in a grip that inflicted no slight physical pain.

"Ah! now, Captain," exclaimed Denis, who had flung himself on a horse, and galloped back from the Big Double, just too late to witness the finish. "Sure ye rode it beautiful! An' the mare, I seen her myself, come out from them all in wan blaze, like a sky-rocket! Bate, says they, by a neck? I'll niver believe it! Anny-ways, ye'll need to pay the wagers. See, now, Captain, I parted a score o' heifers, only last Friday was it, by good luck, an' I've got the money here—rale Dublin notes—inside me coat-tail pocket. Take as much as ye'd be likely to want, Captain. What's a trifle like that betwigst you an' me? Oh! the mare would have wan, safe enough, av' she had fair play. See to her now, she's got her wind back. Begorra! She's ready to go again!"

Daisy was no creature of impulse,—the last man in the world to be fooled by any sentiment of the moment,—yet tears filled his eyes, and he could scarce find voice to thank his humble friend, while he declined an offer that came straight from the farmer's warm and generous heart.

Denis looked disappointed, wrung "the Captain's" hand hard, and vanished in a convenient booth to console himself with another "dandy" of punch.

Patting the mare fondly, and even laying his cheek against her warm, wet neck, the losing jockey retired to change silk and doeskin for his usual dress, in which, with his usual easy manner, he swaggered up to the stand. Here, as has been said, his defeat excited considerable sympathy, and, indeed, in one quarter, positive consternation. Two young ladies had accompanied him through the race, with their hearts, as with their eyes. When his efforts ended in defeat, both were deeply affected, though in different ways. Norah Macormac could not refrain from tears, but conscious that mamma was on the watch, hid her face in a ridiculously small pocket-handkerchief, pretending to sneeze and blow her nose, as if she had caught cold. Blanche Douglas, on the contrary, looked round fierce, wistful, and defiant, like a wild creature at bay. Even Daisy, approaching jauntily to receive his friends' condolences, could not but observe how pale she was, yet how collected and composed.

"I've not punished her much," said he, addressing himself, in the first instance, to the real owner of the vanquished mare. "She's as good as I told you, Miss Douglas. It was no fault of hers. If I hadn't been a muff, I'd have killed the old woman, and won in a canter! Never mind; your favourite at least has not disgraced her name, and I'm very glad I called her Satanella."

She laid her hand softly on his arm, and looked straight into his eyes. "Did you stand it all?" said she. "Is it as bad as you said? Tell me! Quick! I cannot bear suspense."

"Never laid off a shilling," he answered lightly. "Never even backed her for a place. I swore I'd be a man or a mouse, as you know, and it's come up—mouse!"

"In two words, Mr. Walters, you're ruined!" She spoke almost angrily in her effort at self-control.

"That's the way to say it!" was his careless reply. "General break-up—horse, foot, and dragoons. No reason, though, you should call me *Mr. Walters.*"

"Well, *Daisy*, then," she murmured, with a loving, lingering tenderness on those syllables she was resolved never to utter above her breath again. "You know how I hoped you'd win. You know how vexed I am. You know—or rather you don't, and never *shall* know—that it's worse for *me* than for *you!*"

The last sentence she spoke so low he did not catch its purport, but thinking she regretted the loss of her own wagers, he began to express sorrow for having advised her so badly.

She stopped him angrily. "I would have backed her for thousands," she exclaimed. "I would have laid my life on her. I believe I *have!*"

"Then you don't owe the mare a grudge!" he answered cheerily. "I thought you wouldn't. She's not a pin the worse for training. You'll take her back, won't you?—and—and—you'll be kind to her for her own sake?"

She seemed to waver a moment, as if she weighed some doubtful matter in her mind. Presently, with cleared brow, and frank, open looks, she caught his hand.

"And for *yours!*" said she. "I'll never part with her. So long as we three are above ground, Satanella—my namesake—will be a—a—remembrance between you and me!"

Then she beckoned the General, who was talking to some ladies behind her, and asked for information about the next race, with a kindness of tone and manner that elevated the old soldier to the seventh heaven.

Meanwhile, Miss Macormac had found time to recover her composure. Turning to Mr. Walters, she showed him a bright and pretty face, with just such traces of the vexation that had clouded it as are left by passing showers on an April sky. Her eyes looked deeper and darker for their late moisture, her little nose all the daintier that its transparent nostrils were tinged with pink.

She gave him her hand frankly, as though to express silent sympathy and friendship. Sinking into a seat by her side, Daisy embarked on a long and detailed account of the race, the way he had ridden it, the performances of St. George, Leprauchan, Shaneen, and his own black mare.

Though he seldom got excited, he could not but break into a glowing description, as he warmed with his narrative. "When I came to the wall," he declared, "I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting by you now. St. George had been disposed of, and he was the only horse in the race whose form I did not know to a pound. Leprauchan, I felt satisfied, could never live the pace, if I made it hot enough. And as for little Shaneen, the mare's stride would be safe to defeat *him*, if we finished with a set-to in the run-in. Everything had come off exactly to suit me, and when we rounded the last turn but one I caught hold of Satanella, and set her going down the hill like an express-train!"

"Did ye now?" she murmured, her deep grey eyes looking earnestly into his, her sweet lips parted, as though with a breathless interest that drank in every syllable he spoke.

"*Did ye now?*" Only three words, yet carrying with them a charm to convince the most practical of men that the days of spells and witchcraft are not yet gone by. An Englishwoman would have observed, "Really!" "Oh, indeed!" "You don't say so!" or made use of some such cold conventional expression to denote languid attention, not thoroughly aroused; but the Irish girl's "*Did ye now?*" identified her at once with her companion and his doings, started them both incontinently on that path of congenial partnership, which is so seductive to the traveller, smooth, pleasant, all down-hill, and leading—who knows where?

Perhaps neither deep liquid eyes, nor dark lashes, nor arched brows, nor even smiles and blushes, and shapely graceful forms, would arm these Irish ladies with such unequalled and irresistible powers, were it not for their kindly womanly nature that adapts itself so graciously to those with whom it comes in contact—their encouraging "Did ye now?" that despises no trifle, is wearied with no details, and asks only for his confidence whom they honour with their regard. Perhaps, also, it is this faculty of sympathy and assimilation, predominant in both sexes, that makes Irish society the pleasantest in the world.

Thus encouraged, Daisy went off again at score, described each fence to his eager listener, dwelt on every stride, and explained the catastrophe of the woman and child, observing, in conclusion, with a philosophy all his own, that it was "hard lines to be done just at the finish, and lose a hatful of money by three-quarters of a yard!"

She looked up anxiously. "Did ye make such heavy bets now?" she said, in a tone of tender reproach. "Ah! Captain Walters, ye told me ye never meant to run these risks again!"

"It was for the last time," he answered rather mournfully. "If the old woman had been at home and in bed, I should have been my own master at this moment, and then—never mind what *then!* It's no use bothering about that now!"

She blushed to the very roots of her hair—why, she would have been at a loss to explain—crumpled her race-card into a hundred creases, and observed innocently—

"Why should it make any difference now? Do ye think we'd like you better for being a hundred times a winner? I wouldn't then, for one!"

He was sitting very close, and nobody but herself heard the whisper, in which he asked—

"Then you don't despise a fellow for losing, Miss Macormac, do you?"

"Despise him?" she answered with flashing eyes. "Never say the word! If I liked him before, d'ye think I wouldn't like him ten times better after he'd been vexed by such a disappointment as that! Ye're not understanding what I mean, and maybe I'm not putting it into right words, but it seems to me——Yes, dear mamma, I'm minding what you say! Sure enough, it is raining in here fit to drown a fish! I'm obliged to ye, Captain. Will ye kindly shift the cloak and cushions to that dry place yonder by Lady Mary. How wet the poor riders will be in their silk jackets! I'm pleased and thankful now—indeed I am—that ye're sheltered safe and dry in the stand."

The last remark in a whisper, because of Lady Mary's supervision, who, thinking the *tête-a-tête* between Daisy and her daughter had lasted long enough, took advantage of a driving shower and the state of the roof to call pretty Miss Norah into a part of the stand which she considered in every respect more secure.

The sky had again darkened, the afternoon promised to be wet. Punchestown weather is not proverbial for sunshine, and Mrs. Lushington, who had done less execution than she considered rightly due to a new toilette of violet and swansdown, voted the whole thing a failure and a bore. The last race was run off in a pelting shower, the Lord Lieutenant's carriages and escort had departed, people gathered up their shawls and wrappings with little interest in anything but the preservation of dry skins. Ladies yawned and began to look tired, gentlemen picked their way through the course ankle-deep in mud, to order up their several vehicles, horse and foot scattered themselves over the country in every direction from a common centre, the canvas-booths flapped, the wind blew, the rain fell, the great day's racing was over, and it was time to go home.

Norah Macormac's ears were very sharp, but they listened in vain for the expected invitation from Lady Mary, asking Daisy to spend a few days with them at the castle. Papa, whose hospitality was unbounded and uncontrollable, would have taken no denial under any circumstances; but papa was engaged with the race committee, and intended, moreover, to gallop home across country by himself. There seemed nothing for it but to put as much cordiality into her farewell as was compatible with the presence of bystanders and the usages of society.

Miss Norah no doubt acquitted herself to Daisy's satisfaction—and her own.

Mr. Sullivan, whose experience enabled him to recover his losses on the great handicap by a judicious selection of winners in two succeeding races, did not, therefore, depart without a final glass of comfort, which he swallowed in company with the Roscommon farmer. To him he expounded his views on steeple-chasing, and horses in general, at far greater length than in the forenoon. It is matter of regret that, owing to excitement, vexation, and very strong punch, Denis should have been much too drunk to understand a word he said. The only idea this worthy seemed clearly to take in, he repeated over and over again in varying tones of grief and astonishment, but always in the same terms:—

"The mare can do it, I tell ye! an' the Captain rode her beautiful! Isn't it strange, now, to see little Shaneen comin' in like that at the finish, an' givin' her a batin' by a neck!"

THE SPORTSMAN'S SPRING SONG.

FAREWELL, my gallant hunter, rest
Contented in thy stall;
My "pink" is thrown into the chest,
My whip hangs in the hall.
Eight moons until once more we spin
By covert, tilth and grass;
I trust with plenty in the bin
Those months will quickly pass.

Farewell, my gun, whose central fire
In stubble, heather, wood,
Ne'er misses, till thine owner tire;
In good stead hast thou stood
This season in the leaf-strewn way
Where *bouquets* swiftest fly;
What wonder stowing thee away
If memory needs must sigh?

And ye, my skates, a long farewell!
For wintry snows and frost
Have perished—(hark! their fitting knell
On Zephyr-wings is tost
Where thrush-songs peal so blithe and bold);
I drop an oily tear
Upon you, then the case will hold
You safe for another year.

But welcome, Spring, with sapphire skies
And primrose-knots that gleam
In copses which the sunshine flies,
Pale stars for love's young dream.
Now nature's yearly idyll moves
Wood, mountain, meadow, lake;
E'en now their love-tale sigh the doves
Where myriad larch buds break.

Come down, come down, my trusty rod,
My fly-book, pannier, net!
The willows by the river nod,
With dews the ferns are wet;
The sweet south sweeps away morn's clouds,
And gnats with sunwaked glee
Dance o'er the streams in airy crowds,
That please both trout and me!

We'll hie forth to the eddies pure
That stir each glimm'ring pool,
Like Walton—"cast the silken lure
To take the painted fool,"
And moralise what deadly joys
They find, who spend their powr's
Chasing ambition's gaudy toys
Through life's brief sunny hours.

Ah well! perhaps a cynic, I
Blame while myself may err;
So here I lightly throw my fly
At lower game, and whirr!
A rush—a struggle—now he yields!
His silvery beauty praise;
Welcome once more, ye streams and fields,
Thrice-welcome fishing days!

M. G. W.

BARRISTERS.

THEIR FUNCTION, AND USE AND ABUSE.

IN this Attorney-ridden country it is perhaps no wonder that gentlemen at the Bar, gentlemen of the "long-robe," as they are fondly called, are in great favour. The handsome young barrister, in those sweet tales of London Society, has permeated fiction and has reached so far as the stage, whereon seen in a farce he is a devil-may-care fellow, in debt and "out-on-the-loose" as he eloquently phrases it, a favourite with the "little milliner," ready to run away with pretty heroines, and at the same time of extraordinary intellect and acuteness. He makes a small fortune in less than no time in writing for papers, but this is in the later farces and melodramas into which we are sorry to see authors are gradually creeping; and these too are men of genius who live irregular lives, but who are full of virtuous inspiration, people who can do anything and do nothing. Such in reality are generally the most mischievous people in the world. Again, any person who wants *status* in life enters as a barrister, although he does not intend to practise. Thus Charles Dickens was of the Inner Temple; and so Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. S. C. Hall are equally members of the bar. This would intimate that literature is not a sufficiently respectable profession, and that law is esteemed a passport to society at large, whence genius unless very rich or respectable is excluded. This was not always so. Counsellor Silvertongue in Hogarth moves no doubt in superior society, and in Swift's time the attorneys who rode circuit were as poor and as disreputable as members of any "honourable society" well could be — who does not recollect the great satirist "Helter Skelter," in imitation of the easy strains of Ambrose Phillips, in which the young Templars were depicted

Looking big as any giants
On the horses of their clients.

Carrying their swords, by the way, buckled *across* their loins, as we learn in an unquoted stanza;

Brazen-hilted lately burnished
And with harness buckles furnished.

. . . . . .

And with hats so very big Sir
And with powder'd caps and wigs Sir,

And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own,
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters
Shirts belonging to their betters
And with rings so very trim
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence
And as very little sense ;
With some law—but little justice
Have stolen from my hostess :—

Brass hilted swords, borrowed or stolen linen, things stolen from the barber and the cutler and borrowed from "my hostess ;" mounted upon nags which are begged or borrowed from the client, these barristers who sally forth—

Through town and through village
All to plunder and to pillage
All to murder equity
And to take a double fee—

are not very noble beings. Their practices are no better now than formerly. "I have been looking for years," said Lord Brougham to me, when breakfasting with him at his house near Hay Hill, "for a man to arise out of the law, and to reform the law; the state of the law is the greatest blot upon our civilisation, but it must be reformed, like the Church, from within." He quoted the easily suggested examples of the reformers Savanorola, Huss, Luther, and their predecessor Wickliffe. "Yes," added Brougham, "my time has gone by, and we have not any men who are great enough for this necessary reform."

Lord Brougham's acute saying occurred naturally to us as we thought over the vapid personalities, the folly and the feeble "doddering" exhibited of late notoriously enough in such and such trials. We will not say where nor when. We fear or may justly fear the later *misconstructions* for libel, and the curtailed liberty of the Press which the bar has more than once menaced—although the barrister always flies to it for support during his incubation. But let us quietly and calmly look around. A state trial in Dublin has ended in the acquittal of a man who was proved to have deliberately fired a loaded pistol at another, and thereby caused his death. To avoid any misconception let us say that A loads a revolver, fires it at B, hits B in the neck, B falls, is carried to a surgeon, the surgeon does all he can, extracts the ball and treats him with the utmost medical skill, as attested by nine of the first surgeons in the world.

It is necessary to bear this in mind, because the fact that A killed B with a pistol shot was disputed by B's counsel. A did not kill B, *the surgeon killed B in endeavouring to aid him!* It is quite true that A fired the shot, hit B in the neck, that the bullet lodged in the bones of the atlas, that it was certain death if left there, but how an Irish barrister must have chuckled at the satanic ingenuity of the suggestion—that the doctor who endeavoured to assuage the evil was the homicide! Upon this the jury, an Irish jury let us remember, declare as good men and true, and in the presence of Almighty God, that they thought that the surgeon was the cause of death—in other words they acquitted the prisoner A.*

"Gracious Heavens," wrote a Frenchman of letters, commenting on this case. "Are we all mad? We must be so. Of course *we* all are if this *British (!!)* Jury is right. This reminds us of a satirical playwright who makes his barrister thus address the jury, "Gentlemen, it is true that Jean struck Adolphe with a sharp and a heavy axe; it is true that he split his skull and scattered his brains, but can you affirm that between the uplifting of the axe and the fall of the blow, God did not strike Adolphe dead with apoplexy?"

Here then we have in an eminent Irish counsel fiction outdone by truth. Well may the poet have said, "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction." Here you have justice and truth set at naught. Here you have murder with his tongue in his cheek, winking with a hang-dog look on justice, and setting the judge at defiance. But let us blame the jury as we may we must blame the barrister more. Counsel have long ago in their pleas overstepped the modest nature which is that of gentlemen, and their right as honest and Christian men. We appeal to the bar, if the most shameless bullying, the most termagant browbeating, the most impudent evasions, have not been indulged in, and the most solemn oaths have not been falsely taken by various advocates. Is it not time that some limit should be put to such license? As a class barristers may claim as amongst them some of the brightest intellects of the day, and no doubt also some of the noblest specimens of man; we do not speak of these; it is the ragged fringe of the Bar—but of the Bar still, which we must impugn.

We cannot here go into a history of the profession. Originally of the clergy, as their gown and bands proclaim them, and as were all lawyers, their very servants were "clerks" *i.e. clerici* learned men; they are now a separate guild or trade with strong trade union laws, licensed and alone licensed to plead, and to take fees which are offered to their clerks to defend other persons if accused before a judge. You and A, who know Jones best, and who are, let us say, learned and eloquent, may not defend Jones when accused. But Silvertongue of the Inner Temple, who knows nothing of the case, is assigned and is paid not according to his talent, but according to his popularity and the amount of briefs he has to plead for him. Silvertongue, who is a wild about-town man of some sixty, and who, say his studious companions of the Temple, knows "nothing of the law," talks nonsense to the jury, which sometimes the Judge corrects, sums up——and then comes the verdict. This is an awkward proceeding, certainly hardly philosophical, and there are so many miscarriages of justice that some wiseacres propose to abolish juries, instead of abolishing barristers who talk them out of their senses.

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* We are not forgetful of the assertion that the bullet was not found. To which ingenious suggestion we reply that the bullet wound was found.

In their origin, for the original of things is always the purest, the juries of England were excellent. Their fame yet survives. The jury was the palladium of English liberty, and so it is yet. We are all proud of our twelve men in a box; but when they were men who knew the prisoner and the facts of the case, who were his peers and his neighbours, they administered, says an authority, "a criminal equity." Now they only decide on the facts laid before them, facts distorted, twisted, denied and ignored, and they for the most part judge in the dark. It is the interest of one barrister to blind, as it is of the other to enlighten; one conceals, the other reveals. "It is not my business to see justice done," said a barrister to the writer, "my business was to get off my client."

It is this feeling among a people fond of factions, of sport, of chance and of contest, that makes a trial by jury so exciting. The arena of the bar is like a gladiatorial show, only one hears men fight with their tongues, instead of seeing them fight with swords. The Irish are especially fond of such contests. They are naturally partisans. They take sides readily, and do not suspend their judgments. Their barristers, or counsellors as they still call them, are as popular as knights errant or modern prize-fighters. They love a tournament of tongues. A popular counsellor is more honoured than a priest. Hence it has long been a question with wise men whether our Saxon jury, which has been introduced even with its name into all civilised countries, is fitted for Ireland. Our wise poet Spenser, the very soul and grand ideal of chivalric honour, thought it a mistake to "introduce this feature of common law into so barbarous a country." As we are told that England has injured Ireland by treating her as she treats Scotland and herself, perhaps we may some day hear that the jury is one of the injuries we have inflicted upon that "down-trodden" country. Sir William Petty takes the same view, and the acute Arthur Young says, "The criminal law of Ireland is the same as that of England, yet the execution is very different." Juries would not convict for private murder. "There have been deaths of that sort," Sir William adds, "which had no more to do with honour than stabbing in the dark," and yet no man was hanged. One remedy has been suggested, *i.e.*, that of removing the Irish criminal to London to be tried by an English jury. A better would be for the Judges to be empowered to stay any barrister from false pleadings as in the A and B case before cited.

And this brings us to the consideration, the immediate consideration of the subject. How far is a barrister warranted in pleading for a guilty man? Is he to defend him when he *knows* him to be guilty? Is he to be allowed, as it is widely asserted one barrister did in a certain *cause célèbre*, to say, "Gentlemen of the jury, I appeal to Almighty God, and say that I know my client to be innocent," when that client had confessed to him that he had perpetrated the crime?

This question has been debated for nearly two thousand years. That eminent Roman advocate, Marcus Tullius Cicero, says, that "a counsel should make no pact or agreement with guilt, so that this should be avoided—that the impious, the wicked, the evil, and the cheat, should by any means be defended. The Judge is always to follow truth." Boswell, who was a Scotch advocate, complained to Johnson, "That the practice of the law, did in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty." "But," says Johnson, always clear and sturdy, although a moralist, "why, no Sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients (or the jury) with *false* representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a Judge." Boswell: "But what do you think of supporting a cause *which you know to be bad?*" "Sir, you do not know it to be bad or good till the Judge determines.* I have said you are to state facts fairly. An argument may not convince you, but it may convince the Judge to whom you urge it: and if it does convince him, why then you are wrong and he is right. It is his business to judge, and you are not to be confident in your opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the Judge's opinion." This is clear on the side of the barrister only. It does not meet Boswell's question, who was weak enough not to re-urge it, or not wise enough not to see its fallacy. The question was not about opinion, but whether it was right to support a cause which you KNOW to be bad.

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* The *naïveté* of this, which of course escaped Johnson, is charming. It is a direct anticipation or reproduction of the Irishman's story:—"Prisoner at the Bar, are you guilty or not guilty?" "Arrah, and shure, your honour, how can I say till *the Judge tells me!*"

It is the fault of the present age that too often an unreflecting honour is given to the profession of the advocate, and too little is expected from him. It was not until the time of Cromwell that we could boast of uncorrupt Judges, and even after that time we have had examples not to be imitated. But now, as a rule, no public character stands higher than that of our Judges. They are examples of gravity and dignity. They seldom condescend to court popular favour. And even when unpopular, the public voice knows when to applaud them. "There goes old Eldon," cried a voice in the crowd, as the King's Ministers were being hissed, "cheer him, he *never ratted.*" But it cannot be said that popular advocates equal the Judges. "Make him a Judge," your Majesty, said a Secretary of State of a demagogue; "that will bring him to his senses and he will know how to behave." But is not the position of the outer barrister at least as much in need of purity as that of the Judge?

Some of the anecdotes of the Bar are very amusing, but justice must weep, as well as the suitors, when they are subjected to such jesting. The Jury is generally looked upon as a set of fools to be cajoled, bullied, or blindfolded. Sometimes the Judge and the advocate exchange sly jokes which they alone, or the Bar, understand fully, and which they relish intensely. "Brother Pyles," said a Judge, "you have repeated that argument about the prisoner's innocence twelve times." "My Lord, I have *twelve* men to convince, returned the barrister." In one well-known case a "Leader" rushed into court from another case and, taking up his brief, in short and pithy sentences proved his *own* client guilty of murder. The wretched man stood aghast, the "junior" and the attorney trembled in their shoes, unable to stem the torrent of the pleader's eloquence; at length at a pause the junior whispered "Serjeant, you are on the wrong side, you have to *defend* the man." The barrister continued for a moment more in the same strain, proving his client undoubtedly guilty. Then pausing, he looked solemnly around and said, "Such, my Lord and gentlemen of the Jury, *would have been* my arguments, did I not know the prisoner to be as innocent as an unborn babe. Such I know him to be, and as such I confidently demand his acquittal." The Jury were convinced by this backward defence and acquitted the man. As an instance of a stupid attempt at cajolement, as insulting to the Jury as it was degrading to the barrister, let us recal the celebrated apple-pip case. A woman was foully murdered by poison, prussic acid being the especial kind employed.

She had also eaten part of an apple, he (the murderer) having given the poison tc her in beer. Now an infinitesimal portion of such poison could be extracted from an apple pip, that is about a quarter of a drop, even if so much of poisonous strength could be distilled from, let us say, a bushel of apple-pips. Hereon the ingenious counsel, who shed tears, asserted his belief that the prussic acid found in the stomach of the victim might have proceeded from the two pips! The folly of such a defence, the intense ignorance of chemistry involved in the suggestion, the insult to the jury, recoiled on the head of the barrister, who to this day retains the sobriquet of "apple-pip:" the murderer after due confession was hanged.

But it is not alone in criminal cases that the bad taste and folly of the Bar is apparent. In civil and commercial cases there is hardly a day passes but that some educated gentleman will get up and defend the most atrocious and apparent dishonesty, and will utter the most ruinous and foolish suggestions as to commercial morals in the course of such defence. Not content, with Belial, to "make the worse appear the better reason," he will make vice virtue and virtue vice. He will browbeat and bully witnesses, and formulate such atrocious suggestions as to the virtue of the women or the honesty of the men opposed as witnesses to his client, as in plain clothes and society he would blush to utter. Is this right? Is it not a mere vicious fashion which we had better at once get rid of?

We think it a fashion. Why such an immense power of impudence should be given to the mere horsehair wig no one knows. From Serjeant Buzfuz to Counsellor Silvertongue, from Swift and Hogarth to Dickens and Thackeray, our moralists have exposed this vicious fashion, and indeed it has somewhat defeated itself, in the fact that juries do not so much attend to the speeches of counsel as to the summing up of the judge. At one time it was the fashion to bully and threaten a jury: to tell them that "their lord the King" would have the prisoner convicted, or he would "hale them, the jury, to prison." At that time the judge, as now in France, was a partisan *against* the prisoner, and abused him roundly, the great lawyer Coke calling that much nobler man, Sir Walter Raleigh, "a spider of hell." Even yet later Lord Eldon abused the jury that did not find William Hone guilty. But we have changed all this. As a broad rule, the judge or magistrate in England sits to administer justice; and in perhaps seven cases out of ten, justice is done. But in civil cases, the power of the barrister and the cajolements of the solicitor are felt. The wish of the world seems as yet not to get justice, but to let the more cunning side win. Hear upon this point what one says who for years has sat at the counsels of the Queen, and who is as honest and as wise as most living men, Mr. Arthur Helps, C.B. "It is to be observed," he says, "that all satire falls short when aimed against practices in the law. No man can imagine, not Swift himself, things more shameful, absurd, and grotesque than the things which do take place daily in the law. Satire becomes merely narrative. These evils are not of yesterday, nor of this country only; I observe that the first Spanish colonists in America write home to the Government not to allow lawyers to come to the colony."

We need not tell our readers that this is quite true; that no dishonesty or kind of fraud can be imagined that has not been perpetrated by attorneys or defended by barristers. Look at the pictures given by Dickens of Chancery, of Dodson and Fogg, of Sampson Brass, of Serjeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Justice Starleigh. Then go into court and see how nakedly true they are; nay, own that all the pantomimic and burlesque painting of Dickens, who was notoriously given to surcharging both his comedy and pathos, falls short of the reality.

The time, we believe, is coming when the people who wait like Milton's mystic threat—

> That two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to strike once and strike no more,

will not have this. We hear much of a reform of the law; we say, "Reform it altogether." The only answer possible to be given is that of Orator Henley to Lord Chesterfield, when accused of preaching sedition—"But, my lord, I *must* live!" "I don't," said his lordship, then Secretary of State, "see the necessity for that." So the people do not see the necessity for barristers of the inner or the outer Bar, of the stuff gown or the silk; but they do see the necessity of truth and justice, and even in this world of vain shadows and foolish fiction, they will at last begin to understand that to pay two learned gentlemen to cajole, outwit, and even, if we may believe the Attorney-General, to tell falsehoods against each other, is but a silly way to arrive at truth. As our laws are so intricate that no one can understand them, as Equity, or Justice, and law are different matters, it is perhaps necessary that members of the profession should be allowed to plead to explain the difficulties to the jury. But when law is codified and reformed, many of the existing evils must be reformed, Courts of Arbitration installed, and the function as well as the marvellous (and, may we add, *barbarous?*) license of the barrister will surely be greatly curtailed.

J. Hain Friswell.

A GREEK GOOD FRIDAY.

THE sixth hour and the ninth hour have passed by, and the evening has come.

No bells ring. Greek after Greek is wending to the church through the still twilight air; but the service they are preparing for is solemn, and, as they tread up the long low steps, it is plain they feel they have come in commemoration of Death. There are times when triumph sounds within these church walls; when holiday-dresses and holiday-hearts make great sparkle and adornment; when incense rises to rejoicing words, and there is a gleam of animated eyes. But now, as each person turns from the street through the narrow door, an unlighted taper is put into his hands, and he carries it with him into the semi-darkness, with dulled footsteps and a sad bow. Greeks have poetic fancies and fervid imaginations; and these can conjure up shame and suffering, and cruel thorns and blood-drops, and they almost shudder as they pass into the presence of a sacred corpse. To them the cross has been relieved of its burden; Joseph of Arimathea has besought Pilate to render to him the precious charge of it; his tears have touched, his prayer has been granted; and the sobbing women have paced beside the body into the garden, and it lies, maimed and stiff, under a pall of falling night dews, and in the midst of closing flowers.

We see bent heads, therefore, and we see attitudes full of grief and pious adoration. To the Greeks, this church *is*, for the hour, the garden; its veined columns change into olive-groves; oranges and pomegranates wave about them; and in the light of the few tapers that are burning, they see a lurid sunset, or the flicker of sad stars in a wide night-sky. Nay, flowers *are* here, so it *is* a garden; and perfumes weigh the air—and a pictured Christ lies wan and wounded—and the altar-gates are open, to simulate the sepulchre where by-and-by it will be carried—and, even as he would if all these things were real and not in semblance, each Greek presses to the bier reverently, to cross himself and kneel; and then he plucks a flower to keep in memory, and he stoops and lays upon the Saviour's brow and bosom the pity as well as the homage, of a long hushed kiss.

It is very beautiful to see this. The Greek is more than half an

Oriental; more than half, consequently, of the ardent Jew and the picturesque and vehement Arabian; and, as his Church reminds us of the Synagogue more than the Cathedral, so, in the same way, do the emblems of his worship recall the Israelite rather than the Roman. A Greek does not cross himself as a Roman does—from the head to the bosom, and then from the left shoulder to the right; he moves his hand from his brow to his breast, repeatedly, straight up and down; he moves it again from his brow to his knees; he moves it—more humbly and adoringly—from his brow swift down to his feet. It is a brisk action; but its rapidity seems fervour, its recurrence the perfect zeal of supplication. As might be expected, the beauty of this attitude has double the poetry of expression in the Greek women than even in the men. Here, for example, is an old and withered Helen. She is a widow—her dress tells that; and as her mourning drapery falls about her, a sculptor might be on the watch to get inspiration for his chisel. Here is an Andromache, robed in rich crimson satin, full and round as when her warrior last embraced her. She performs her affecting gesticulations, raising the young Astyanax who is with her, that his ripe lips may kiss the Christ; and Rubens might beseech her for a sitting, and might paint a picture from her that would appeal to all the world. Just coming in are two who might be Cressids, lithe and fair and inviting as they are (and frail, too, if it be not forbidden to make surmises). They have lovely waving hair drawn back from their brows bewitchingly; they have throats as white as lilies, and as smooth as they are slender; they wear dresses of long sober-coloured wool, that hang round them like grace itself; and as they advance together and kneel, assumed though their piety may be, it is so beautiful it is hard to take the eyes away. Well is it, perhaps, that, with these Greeks, women—again in synagogue-fashion—are separated from the men. Well is it, perhaps, that, as they one by one pass in, they sweep by the places appropriated to the men, and take seats in a far-off corner where they have perforce to turn their backs. Distraction would be worse distracted, if eyes could meet eyes throughout the service, and if blushes could be seen to sink and rise upon young Athenian cheeks. In the case of our fair Cressids it *is* distraction. They come so late, the women's seats are filled (the service being one that collects unusual numbers), and chairs are brought for them from some inner place, on which they sit where their pretty heads *must* turn towards the men, and where they droop them, with their tapers in their hands, as if they were mute Niobes, and in another moment would be in a shower of tears.

In the Greek Church worshippers seldom stand; and never, except on Whit-Sunday, kneel. Their usual posture is leaning, their *sedilia* being furnished with resting-places for the purpose; and they repeat no prayer (at any rate, on Good Fridays), and sing no hymn, and utter no Dies Iræ or Amen. In the Greek Church, also, there are no images; events are represented only by pictures; and here are no statues, no banners, no crucifixes, no twisted rosaries, or reliquaries, or flower-vases, or wreaths, or bouquets of amber *immortelles*. On this solemn evening there is the great golden Gospel displayed, on a tall stem, or desk, that looks like gold too; but its wide leaves are clasped tight, and it is only here that all may kiss it, and make their impassioned sign to it, as they reverently pass by. Beyond this there are no decorations but the lovely living flowers. Yellow asphodels are among these (we call them *daffodils* now, and so forget their lineage); so are white narcissus with tender scarlet rims, and faint pink hyacinths, and striped geraniums, and pale cowslips, and primroses, and long blue-bells. They lie in a cluster at the painted Saviour's feet (except one spray of tinted hyacinth resting on the head); and the people in their plucking have chanced to drop some petals, strewing the black cloth around the bier with flower-heads;—in all of which there is so much beauty, there is no hankering after any more.

But there is no pressing forward for prostration. The service has commenced, and every one keeps still. Yet no soft melody sobs out, bringing every one to a sudden hush; the Greek Church (again like its forerunner the Jews') using no musical instruments throughout her celebrations, having only male voices, unaccompanied, for her song. No file of priests forms imposing procession from an inner door. No solitary reader rises in the face of all the congregation, his one clear word of consolation stilling all the rest. Low and monotonously, from the level, and on one side, there comes a reading in old Greek (*not* out of the golden-covered Gospel): and the man who reads is in no priest's dress, and is of no importance, and looks as if the people thought so, and as if he knew it, and as if, moreover, what he reads is of so little care or interest it might be a code of laws only, or a preliminary and worn-out vow. By-and-by, growing out of this, as it were, and without any pause as warning, the singers burst into melodious cadence, and the priest and his two censer-boys appear. The singing ceases as unexpectedly as it has begun, the monotonous reading is resumed; yet it is a relief to have the priest to look at, and, as he takes the censer from his attendant, to hear its brassy clink. The people bow as the incense is flung towards them; they make their rapid gesture—strange enough as a sight from the front, where a hundred hands are seen to be raised and dropped simultaneously, and look as though they were rustled by a wind; and then the priest stands a moment on the altar-steps imposingly, and is again gone. He has not uttered a word; he has done nothing but walk round the bier, flinging the incense to the accompaniment of the low reading,—never varied either to a whisper or a swell; but he was such a picture whilst he was here—an Aaron, or an Eli, consistent with the most of his surroundings—it is tantalisation to be quit of him so quickly. He is no shaven Benedictine or Franciscan. He wears long and ample robes, of thick black satin, bordered with bold white crosses, that mount also up the front; he has a patriarchal beard, and a wide-topped black beaver hat, with long black bands or weepers to it, hanging down behind; and he walks solemnly and heavily, and turns a face to the congregation that may well quiet them to gravity if not to awe. Archimandrite he is called officially (and he may marry, and he does; showing in that feature, also, likeness to his forefathers of Syria rather than to his co-descendants of modern Rome); and now he is before us again, walking round the bier, and flinging the incense about, precisely as before; and the singers give a snatch of melody, and the stirring sight and sound are over, and there is only, low and unhelped, that old Greek reading in its perpetual and monotonous stream.

There is so much of this, indeed, that a single throat, and that a Greek one, cannot get through it; so reader No. 1 ceases, and in the same breath almost, reader No. 2 begins. This last gives the board of his reading-desk a swing, so as to bring the opposite page before him; but save that at the first moment it is noticeable that a gruff voice has waned into a thin one, not a circumstance is changed. The priest comes, and the priest goes; the music starts up, and the music dies away; and steadily, unremittingly, there is the reading for a background, and for an hour perhaps it is not only background, but the whole picture,—subject and incidental touches too. It is dreary, without a doubt. Instead, so to speak, of being rosy hill and valley, it is tame flat; and the people let it pour out past them without the smallest sign. Had they an Alleluia to utter, there would be emotion, indeed, in their raised voices and fixed eyes; had they to sink upon their knees, lamentation would break out from them as bitter and as touching as Rachel's cry. No response or part, however, is demanded of them; and there they lean—still, pensive, solid; character stamped out of them by the long and forced composure—all picturesqueness and fervour past and gone.

At last, though, a time is reached in the read narrative when lights are needed to illustrate it. The Archimandrite enters, with his hat off and his taper lighted; and the congregation rise. He lights the tapers of the people nearest to him, their flames are spread to the next and the next, and to the row succeeding, and to those far-off, and to the sides, and remote, and behind, till every hand holds up its emblematic sparkle, and the whole floor seems paved with tiny stars. The sight is unique. What before had been a black cold space widens instantly into a sea of glitter, stretching into long corners here, under galleries afar there, in the doorway, beneath us, at the altar's foot, around us in the chandeliers and standards; the marble columns are reflecting the taper-stars; lights seem to reach from roof to basement; the edifice might be a gigantic gem. Amidst this miracle of sparkle, the Archimandrite advances mournfully to the bier. He swings the censer as he treads, and when he has given it to the attendant near him, he kisses the golden Gospel and kisses the Christ. Then he has more flowers brought, and strews them anew; and takes a silver salver on which are little packets in memory of the "mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight;" and he lays these on the corpse, and once more kisses it, and makes the cross, and reverently plucks a flower. Four of the congregation (holding some annual office similar to warden) leave their seats now and come. They make the cross; they bend low; they kiss the Gospel and the Saviour's brow and bosom; and then they take lighted candles—each so thick and so long it might be a real supporting staff—and placing themselves one at each corner of the bier, they lift the painted Christ (which comes off, disenchantingly, like a loose lid to a box) to bear it away. In the poetry of their imitation, it is on its route to the sepulchre; the gates of the altar—which is an inner church, a *sanctum*, a Holy of Holies—are open for it to enter, as the hewn door was of the rock wherein was man never yet laid. And there is solemn silence, and every head sinks low. Three times is the picture carried round the black resting-place that was its bier. It is then borne up the steps to the door, the priest stoops to take it upon his shoulder, he receives it, he enters with it, and it is gone. Suddenly, instantaneously, every light is out. The gems, the stars, the fire-sparks, the brilliant reflex of them in the polish of the marble, are as swiftly vanished as if they had never been; and once more it is black night, and we *see* that with death has come darkness, and that the darkness covereth over the whole land. Till the third day there must be stillness and gloom. The rock has been rolled against the sepulchre, angels watch it, guards patrol there, women stand afar off weeping, and preparing precious ointment and sweet spice; and the picture is over, the service is done, the people are rising to pour through the doors again and depart.

It would be agreeable if we could also, touched thus deeply, turn away. We cannot; a movement among the people stays us, and we see—an ugly, veil-removing scramble! The congregation, each upon his feet, rushes to the bier (on which the flowers from the dead Christ have again been thrown), aiming to get first to it, and snatch the choicest flowers to be his own! They who had been solemn, straight-lined leaners, are now knitted, twisted, teeming, struggling; their hands out to clutch the quickest; their propriety all fused into a tangled mass. Ugh! it is such a dark shade! The sight has been so suggestive, so full of poetry, it is ruinous that it should have so poor a stain. *Mais, que veux-tu?* We *must* have what we *must* have. We have no power to cull one part of life's offerings, and fling all the rest aside. All, or none, must be our undertaking.

And who are these people who have thus been history and agitation to us, and on whom we have looked enjoyingly as we have sat? It is poetry again to name them, and all the illusion—and more—returns. There, below us, is Achilles; that is Hercules; this, Xenophon. These are Illius, and Dionysius, and Constantine; those next, Aristomanes, and Aristides, and Ion. Their neighbours there are Petrus, Paudias, Antonius; to the right of them sit Demetrius, Alexi, Evangilo; to the left, Andreas, Basilius, Sartorius, Stavoros, Spiridion. There leans Alcibiades (and if we would say Alkivi-ah-des, it is as the word is sounded under the vine-clad mountains, and as dark Greek women let it leave their lips, when they call it softly). There stand also Themistocles and Stephanos, and the women are Minervas, and Adrianas, and Chrysulas, and own other names that sound like music to us, and that never seem to belong to beings who sleep and wake, and laugh, and eat and drink, or who can be hilarious over it, or who can be grave and sorry. And where are these people? Where is the roof under which they sit? and where the night-air into which they hurry? In Athens? Corinth? At the foot of Pindus; where Hellada purls along the valleys, and Aspro runs to meet it? In the shadow of Parnassus; with the Gulf of Salona to wash the sand, and on the other side of it the pass of old Thermopylæ?

No. Oh dear no! This Greek Church is in London Wall; where any one may go and see it; and the Greeks travel to it mostly by "Underground" to the nearest station, to which they run now rapidly, less they should miss their train! Does this disclosure leave the gingerbread utterly scraped bare of gilt? It should not. It is paltry poetry that can only be reached by journeying, and after the expenditure of sundry five-pound notes. And, perhaps, this putting of our *locale* may, after all, be only tricking. Here is a bearded Oriental—look! treading slowly into sight. He is in a high-bound turban and long loose robes. How can *he* be in our great metropolis, especially in a view from the tabooed quarter, district E.C.? Besides, here are winking lattice-windows and over-hanging storeys, and we can see "bits" that could not be beaten anywhere for their *genre* of the picturesque. We *must* be somewhere that is not so commercial and prosaic as the flags of London Wall!

Well; it is true. We have turned down, on our way homeward, the street called St. Mary Axe. We are that much away from the framing which so aggravatingly spoils the picture. Not a step beyond. And in the corner there stands a tavern. Our bearded Oriental emerges from a narrow court beside it, and passes it *adagio e con espressione*, as we look. Prominently in the windows of this old-world hostelry are square white placards. They read "West India Shrub," and "Old Jamaica Rum, 36 O. P., *For Passover!*" Truly, disenchantment—if you will have it so. We need go no farther; it is thorough and complete.

JENNET HUMPHREYS.

AT ETRETAT.

[AUTUMN, 1871.]

I STAND 'mid silence and the realm of peace,
Gazing across the ocean that outspreads
Before me, as a world of molten gold
That feels the fashioning hand of God. I stand
Here on the selfsame spot where yesternight,
Half deafen'd by the thunder of its wrath,
I stood and watch'd this selfsame peaceful sea
Rage like ten thousand fiends—I who now, wrapt
In silence, almost stifle my own breath,
Haply to catch the meaning of the soft
Sweet whispers it is breathing in the ear
Of listening eve, who whispers in return
Secrets unheard but easily surmised,
For lo, what dimples straightway answer them !
O wondrous transformation—now so calm,
So bright, so beautiful ! O glorious plain,
Fit floor to heaven's canopy above,
Whereon the angels and all gods might rove
In pastime paradisial ! But O false sea,
Thou fawning soft deceiver, that dost come
Wooing the shore with thy chameleon hues,
Changing from emerald to opaline,
From opalescence to rose-tinted gold,
Content not till thy yearning amorous lips
Lap it with lisping kisses, and expend
Their breath in simmering sighs,—thou who didst frown
And rave and lash it so relentlessly,
While I stood spell-bound watching ; yea, even here,
As I stood watching in this self-same spot,
Nor longer while ago than yestere'en,
Fronting thy fury till at length it rose
Right full upon me and with wrathful foam
Drench'd all my face and hair, threatening indeed
In one more instant to o'erwhelm me quite,
Disdainful, as a pebble or a weed !

Peace is the sunshine after clouds of irk
Pass'd from us, and all else that takes the name
Mere tinsel counterfeit: no grief, no joy;
No vice, no virtue were in all the world;
No toil, no rest, for idlers who all day
Sit twiddling yesterdays between their thumbs;
Good is the blessing of contrasted ill,
And darkness frames the glory of the day:
So haply this calm hour were less serene
But for the riot that preceded it.
Who, if he sudden came in such an hour
On such-like scene from some sidereal world,
Would dream it ever had been vex'd and marr'd
And wrought to fury and distortion dire?
Mine eyes, ranging around from verge to verge,
Take in one perfect picture of repose.
On either side me rise the slumbering hills,
But one lies glowing in the evening sun,
And one is in the shade! Lo, where I sat
This very morn on yonder height, and watch'd
The bow-like swallows, darting as they flew
Arrowy twitters; and let turn mine eyes
Up to the world of azure, speckless, save
One snow-white sweep of feathery cloud, long-drawn
And lessening to a point, as twere God's plume,
Wherewith His hand invisible doth note
In His own book the passing deeds of men;
And listen'd to the murmur of the bees
About the heathery blooms that seem'd to make
A music of their own; and dream'd sweet dreams,
Wrought all of loveliness around me spread,
And melodies of manifold delights,
With ocean's murmur for deep undertone—
And yet wherein nor earth, nor sky, nor sea
Did play save an auxiliary part;
As when one, reading, lays aside the book,
And taking up another volume reads,
The shadow of the matter read before
Commingles with the matter that he reads,
And gives thereto complexion of its own,—
Ay, where I sat and dream'd on yonder slopes,
That tingled in the fervours of the noon,

Darkens, as jealous of the fronting height,
Whose brow still glows with halo of the sun's
Fond farewell kiss—for lo, he sinks and dies,
As one so happy of the world to come
His face hath caught its glory even in this!
  The scene is changed; but, as the moon o'er all
The variant earth, peace still broods over all.
The air is full of shadows, as the films
That gather slowly in a maiden's eyes,
Heavy with slumber and yet loth to close
On the day's joy; the vainest of the stars
Steal gently forth to contemplate themselves
Within their silvery mirror; the sultry hills
In brimful ocean cool their tawny feet;
And the white seamew, floating round and round,
As with no effort of its own, cries "peace"
To earth and waters and the ambient air.
  O glorious France, and is not this repose
Type of thine own, whereinto thou hast sunk
After the doing of thy dreadful day?
Thy rest is even as the soldier's sleep
Who sinks to slumber on his broken sword
After the bloody battle, spent, betray'd,
And sever'd sorely of his brave right hand,
And, bitterer still, last pledge of his betrothed;
Yet dreams blest visions of what might have been,
Of glorious conquest and triumphant fame,
And love and stainless peace; or that the fight
Is once again more fiercely still renew'd,
When fortune turns the issue of the day
Against the foe, whilst he, re-jubilant,
Shouts "Victory! victory!" Yea, and he lieth,
As thou, more noble in his overthrow,
All maim'd and marr'd upon the crimson field,
Even though he die there, than his pamper'd, vain,
And lily-liver'd brother, who the while,
Content to keep the robber from his hoard,
Or rather making pretext of the need,
To give his cowardice colour, sits at home,
And pipes for pastime to a whirligig!
Yet hold, the warrior is not dead, but sleeps,
And haply one day, even as he dreams,

The furious strife still deadlier than before
Shall yet again shake terribly the earth,
And issue of the battle be to him
Triumphant, and full vengeance had of all
His wounds upon the foe, and he return,
'Mid endless trophies with a laurell'd brow,
The cynosure and envy of all eyes!
  How changed the scene within a little hour!
A leaden hue hath gather'd over all,
Save at the vague horizon, middlewise
Athwart the mingled gloom of sky and sea,
Stretches right onward from the eastern verge
Until it fades away into the west,
A rift of lessening golden light, that glows
As 'twere the margin of the better world.
Even as I gaze its glory dims and wanes,
And soon, alas, will utterly die out
For ever: from time to time, as in their sleep,
Comes a low murmur from the wave-kiss'd caves;
The cliffs grow darker as more bright the stars;
A soft faint tremor stirs the tranquil air,
As 'twere night's breath already on the cheek
Of longing languid eve. I, too, will pass,
Who haply never from this self-same strand
Another sunset and like glorious scene
Shall any more behold;—naught left now, save
Stars, and the curfew chime, and here and there
A phantom sail upon the filmy sea.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

No. XII.—FOOTE AND FARCE-WRITERS.

DOCTOR JOHNSON says of "Genius" that it is "a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction"; and he, as it were, incidentally confirms this definition by the fact that "Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise on painting." The Doctor has upon more than one occasion insisted upon the mechanism in opposition to the intuitive principle of true genius. The greatest geniuses, it were bootless to say, have the largest minds of "general powers," and such minds, from their multiform capacity, could accomplish any work, however various, they might undertake, though not all, of course, with equal ease and felicity. Shakespeare was a genius of such "general power" that it may be asserted he would have claimed applause in any art he might have undertaken, although it may be reasonably questioned whether he would have been so profound a mathematician (had his life and labours been directed to that science) as he was, by nature, a universal poet, a moral philosopher, a wit, and a humourist. Nevertheless, Doctor Johnson upon another occasion, also confirming the same definition just quoted, upon being asked whether he thought Sir Isaac Newton, had he chosen to have knit his faculties to the task, could have composed the "Paradise Lost," decided in the affirmative; illustrating his former definition of a true genius by saying that "*it was as easy to walk to the North as to the South*,"—an argument that does not even require a comment.

It was not the fact of reading Richardson's treatise that made Reynolds an artist, but that spark fell upon the combustible matter that lay dormant in his mind and kindled it to a flame. Newton's treatise on Fluxions would never have made Reynolds other than a mechanical and plodding mathematician, and yet Reynolds was a "genius"—at all events, he was a man of far more than ordinary talent. I am not aware that Reynolds originated any new fact or theory in his art, and this should be the distinction between genius and talent; but it is questionable whether he would have attained such eminence in any other art than in that of painting; and this, therefore, was the original bias of his mind, and for which it was most fitted. In the estimation of his admirers, Doctor Johnson himself possessed a mind of "large *general* powers," and yet all the universities in both hemispheres would never have made either a painter or a musician of him; he could not comprehend the merits of either science: his total want of sympathy in the one, of painting, he more than once affirmed to Reynolds himself, and when, at a concert, listening to a masterly performance, and being informed of its "first-class composition, beauty, and *difficulty*," his answer was: "Ay, sir, I wish it were *impossible!*" And, lastly, his general tone in one branch of criticism—that of poetry—his deficiency in true feeling is unmistakable. But Doctor Johnson does not stand alone in this mechanical philosophy as regards the capacity and powers of genius, since there are persons that could be named, now living, who assert, and they apparently act upon the same principle in their plan of education; one man gravely assuring me that if he chose so to direct the thoughts of a child he could train him to that pitch that he should compose a tragedy equal in merit to that of "King Lear," and another asserting that it only required "will to paint like Correggio." What an inert crew must all our Academicians be!

If, however, in the framing of a plan and of ideas requisite to compose what the general world is prepared to accept under the title of a poem, or of combining a series of figures in representation of what we see in external nature, *be* within the scope of any man of talent, that power is never so palpably tested in the exertion as when directed towards the cultivation of what we all understand by the terms wit and humour. The man of a highly cultivated understanding may, by dint of close study, extensive reading, and assiduous practice, attain to such a point of ornamental composition as to hoodwink the injudicious, and even to command the respect of the intellectual; but no man can be a wit at will. True wit is neither inductive nor mechanical: it must be spontaneous—it must be extempore. Let it take air and cool in its birth, and the spirit evaporates as from ether. Nothing is more flabby than concocted or second-hand wit. With industry a man may attain to the retailing of the wit-wares of other men, and by combining and compiling words of like sound and *un*like sense from the dictionary or Mavor's Spelling-book, he may become a worrying and a prosy punster; but the whole universe, with Hyperion and Mercury in the van, will never make a wit of him.

Was it the accident of his genius being turned in the direction of the stage that made Foote the most brilliant, and untiring, spontaneous wit of his day? or, was it not rather, that the stage was the propitious free-port to which he carried his mental produce? Had Foote followed the profession to which he was destined—that of lawyer, he would have been *the* wit of the Bar; and, when there, he would not have been the mere intellectual Merry-Andrew; for he was well educated, and was a variously read man; and report says of him, that in the thick of the most thoughtless mad waggery, he could upon a sudden change of subject, discourse with sedateness upon the philosophy of history, upon politics, and upon classical and general learning. Even the subject of religion (the last which so heedless a man might be supposed capable of treating seriously, or to have considered at all) he would discuss with becoming gravity, and unexpected knowledge. But the most curious feature in his intellectual accomplishment is, that he had at one period of his life made himself acquainted with the writings of the Fathers, and could converse upon the several branches of ecclesiastical history. Such a man could doubtless have constrained his faculties to have mastered any of the sciences; but he would have been paramount only in the one of humorous dramatic composition and representation; and on this point all his contemporaries seem to agree. Every reader probably is acquainted with the testimony to his extraordinary social comic powers by Doctor Johnson, who nevertheless had an antipathy to him. "The first time (he said) I ever was in company with Foote, was at Mr. Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased, and it is very difficult to please a man against his will, I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting for a long time not to mind him:" [only fancy Johnson's face when he was sullen!] "but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out with the rest. No, Sir; there was no avoiding it; the fellow was irresistible!" There is little doubt that Foote, with his quickness of perception, at once saw Johnson's design; and he was consequently incited to vanquish him, either by compelling him to acknowledge his talent, or to make him betray his own dullness in not appreciating it. From all I have been able to collect respecting his social powers, as connected with his talent for wit and humour, I strongly incline to believe that Foote's power lay in the *manner* of his delivery, more than in the *matter* delivered; for the budget of his recorded extemporaneous jokes and sarcasms (which indeed may not be the finest he promulgated) do not convey the idea of his being a wit of the first water. They have not the scythe-levelling destruction of Butler; the sweeping austerity of Swift: the classical refinement of Dryden; the brilliant scintillation of Pope; the courtly lancing of Congreve; or, lastly, the buoyant and spontaneous vivacity, with good breeding, of Sheridan.

The repartees of Foote carry with them a whiff of the green-room odour. This is not said contemptuously; but because I have heard that in that region the science of fence and *de*fence is not always practised upon the most chivalrous principle of forbearance and fair play—and Foote, like most of his sarcastic brethren, cared little, how, when, where, and whom he struck. He professed by means of his satirical weapon to reform the vices of his age; and in one instance, he used it in ridiculing the corporeal infirmity of a worthy man; and was proceeding to lampoon Sam. Johnson; but prudently refrained when the Doctor sent word that he would thrash him before the audience—he sat in the stage-box, and he would infallibly have kept his word, if impelled.

Foote had prepared and announced a dramatic composition which was known to be a formidable exposure of the Duchess of Kingston (a woman said to be of an infamous morality); and when the Lord Chamberlain was induced to prohibit the performance of the piece, the author was compelled to submit to its withdrawal; but his memory lies shrouded under the charge of having declared that he would not suppress the play, unless the Duchess gave him two thousand pounds; for that he would publish it with a dedication to her Grace. He did not publish the play in the form threatened, and the Duchess triumphed; by what means may never be known; and whether known or not, is of little consequence. All this, however, gives but a sorry idea of the public corrector's own principle of morality; but in too many instances the satirical reformer makes his public virtue a stalking-horse for his private advantage: your satirists are not devout martyrs. With Foote's personal character, however, we have but little interest; his intellectual endowments exhibit him to better advantage.

In the introductory essay upon our "Comic Writers," some observations were made upon the distinguishing characteristics of comedy and farce. Farce is comedy exaggerated in all its features, it admits of licence to any extent, any improbability, humourous delineation of character stretched into caricature, satire indulging in playful exaggeration, incidents outrageously forced and improbable, situations the most whimsical and ludicrously embarrassing, equivocal misapprehensions of words, absurd mistakes of persons and things, extravagance of plots, plenty of bustle and active movement, and, above all, buoyancy, cordial mirth, and superabundance of animal spirits. All these are not merely admissible in farce, but they form absolute requisites in the production of a *bona-fide* good one. In the first essay also, brief allusion was made to the high quality of wit, as forming a main component of the genius of the illustrious Molière; and while upon the subject of farce composition, a few words may be said upon the same fine writer in his broader character of dramatic humourist.

Molière has, perhaps, more than any comic author that ever lived, combined the very broadest farcical effects with the refined diction and polished wit of peculiar genuine comedy. His plays have been called gigantic farces in five acts. But whoever studies the brilliant sallies of vivacity, and the stinging sarcasms, like so many flights of sharp-pointed arrows that abound in his play of the "Misanthrope;" the pungent and subtle satire of the "Tartuffe;" the volleys of point-blank shot that are aimed incessantly against the quacks of the medical profession in "L'Amour Medecin," and in many others of his plays; and also the keenness as well as power of his animadversion on the follies and vices of his age; whoever closely observes these merits in Molière's style will rescue him from the assertion that he is a mere farce-writer; and rather proclaim him among the very first of comedy-writers. Nevertheless, there are certain of his incidents and situations which must be allowed to verge, and more than verge, upon the character of farce, and farce only; and it is these that have here induced the allusion to him when speaking of writers in that department of humourous literature.

What, for instance, can be more pure farce than Mons. Jourdain, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, being mixed up in the scuffle, and almost getting his coat torn off his back when striving to maintain peace between his infuriated masters, the professors of music, dancing, fencing, and philosophy (the philosopher being the most outrageous of all the combatants); or where he is showing off to his maid-servant his just-learnt lesson in fencing, and is worsted in the encounter, by the vigorous thrust from her broom; or, again, in the absence of the interpreter, when he makes an insane rush at the Turkish language, hoping by some miraculous interposition that his uncouth sounds may prove to be Attic Turkish, and be understood by the illustrious Prince to whom he is introduced; or, in short, of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" throughout, which is certainly written in the ultimate extravagance of comic humour. Then there is the broad fun and wild improbability of the "Medecin Malgré Lui," known to our English stage, through Garrick's translation, as the "Mock Doctor;" and then the whimsical fancies of Mons. Argan, the "Malade Imaginaire," tenderly doting over his apothecary's bill, and fondling its items as if they were the passionate protestations of a love-letter; his transport of rage with his servant, because she will *not* believe that he is an invalid; and, finally, pelting her with the pillows of his sick chair, to prove that he is utterly exhausted, and has not a hint of strength left. All these situations, it must be admitted, are legitimately farcical; but, enriched as they are with the fine humour of his dialogue, so suggestive of laughter, of wholesome, glad laughter; such as makes a man the happier and better afterwards for having indulged a paroxysm of the kindly enjoyment, that we feel grateful to Molière whenever we think of the feasts he provided for us.

And now to consider the farces of Samuel Foote. There is some smart writing in the little piece entitled "Taste," wherein, at an auction of articles of "virtu," those prone and steadfast gulls, Novice, with his friends, Lord Dupe and Squander, aggrandise the merits of each piece of antique art, as it is more or less *mutilated.* Novice says:—"A man must know very little of statuary that dislikes a bust for the want of a nose. Why, sir, if it had a nose, I wouldn't give sixpence for it. How the devil should we distinguish the works of the ancients if they were perfect? The nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose now, but, barring the nose, Roubilliac could cut as good a head every whit." The satire here is complete; the piece itself, however, is so mere a trifle, that in our bewailed and "sensational" days of the drama, it could not hope to survive a second performance.

The farce of "The Knights" is a piece of higher pretension; and it is moreover a genuine farce, in plot, character, and humour, all of which are both sketchy and extravagant. The principal person of the company, Sir Gregory Gazette, is a broad specimen of a province-bred member of the gentry. He has no more idea of the progress of society—in or out of his native land, than a Calmuc Tartar; and yet he is a country politician, and reads and talks nothing but newspapers; an accurate satire upon your mere plodding swallower of news-garbage, bolting all, and digesting nothing. Many men read newspapers, as they perform other prescribed periodical duties; because it is a sort of duty, and forgotten as soon as performed. I have watched a man read four newspapers in one evening; and he would have been quite as companionable, and quite as instructive had he read four Bradshaw's Railway Guides.

The character of the Knight in this farce (from the peculiar exclamations he uses) was surely an original. He was a specimen caught by Foote in one of his provincial campaigns. The way in which he is introduced is both easy and natural; and the dialogue has almost a short-hand appearance. Hartop and his friend Jenkin (who is an acquaintance of the Knight) are in conversation, when the latter enters with the waiter.

Sir Greg. What, neither the *Gloucester Journal*, nor the *Worcester Courant*, nor the *Northampton Mercury*, nor the *Chester?* Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble servant. A strange town this, Mr. Jenkins; no news stirring; no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr. Jenkins? Pray, sir, not to be too bold, you don't come from London?

Hartop. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lauk-a-day! that's wonderful! Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I'm proud to—Well, sir, and what news? You come from—Pray, sir, are you a Parliament man?

Har. Not I, indeed, sir.

Sir Greg. Good lauk! may be, belong to the law?

Har. Nor that.

Sir. Greg. Oh, then, in some of the offices; the Treasury, or the Exchequer.

Har. Neither, sir.

Sir Greg. Lauk-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but Mr.—Pray what name did Mr. Jenkins—Ha—Har—

Har. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! What, not the Hartops of Boston?

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There's one thing, Mr. Hartop, that I envy you Londoners in, very much—quires of newspapers! Now, I reckon you read a matter of eight sheets every day?

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful, wonderful! Then may be you are about Court; and so being at the fountain-head, know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Har. I never trouble my head about them. [*Aside.*] An old fool!

Sir Greg. Good Lord! Your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! wonderful! Ay, ay! a great man, no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so;—do, do;—ay, ay. Do—do.

Jenk. Prythee, Jack, don't be so crusty; indulge, indulge the knight's humour a little! Besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies; but you will now find him more communicative; and—in your ear—he is a treasure! he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of everything.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful!—a treasure!—ay, may be so—may be so!

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so,—do so. Tim is without. Just come from his uncle Tregegle's at Menegizy, in Cornwall. Tim's an honest lad. Do so, do so.

[*Exit Jenkins.*

Sir Greg. Mr. Hartop, and so we have a peace: lauk-a-day! long-looked-for come at last. But pray, Mr. Hartop, how many newspapers may you have printed in a week?

Har. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now! good now! and all full I reckon; full as an egg: nothing but news. Well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty! Wonderful! wonderful! And pray now, which do you reckon the best?

Har. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are various in their excellences, as in their uses. If you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another: and then, as a paper of morning amusement, you have "The Fool."

Sir Greg. Good lauk! and pray, who and what may that same fool be?

Har. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level his satire with more security to himself, and severity to others.

Sir Greg. May be so,—may be so. The Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and *no* fool; I warrant you, Killigrew. Ah! I've heard my grandfather talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool. But, what's all this to *news*, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the King of Spain, and the Queen of Hungary, and those great folks? Come, now, you could give us a little news if you would: come now,—snug! nobody by. Good now,—do,—come, ever so little.

Har. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! wonderful! Good now! good now! How! how!

Har. We are to yield him up a large track of the Terra incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly Rocks, and the Lizard Point, on condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the Bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's chair: he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the Pontificals, issues out a Bull, commanding all Catholics to be of his religion: they, deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lauk! good lauk! Rare news! rare news! rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might I not just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? T'would rejoice his heart.

Har. Oh, fie! by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line,—a little hint. Do, now!

Har. Well, sir; it is difficult for me to refuse you anything.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks. Good now! The Pope. Wonderful! I'll minute it down. *Both* the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it; the Lizard Point; both the Needles; Scilly Rocks; Bishop of Greenland; St. Peter's chair: why, then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the Great Turk, and have the Holy Wars again, Mr. Hartop.

Har. That's part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah, good now! You see I have a head! Politics have been my study many a day. Ah! if I had been in London to improve by the newspapers!

This extract reminds one of Addison's amusing list of the newspaper editors in his day, with the implicit provincial faith of "all the *fox-hunters* in the nation in Mr. Dyer, as the *greatest statesman* that our country has produced."

The two little pieces, "The Englishman in Paris," and "The Englishman Returned from Paris," are barely worthy of a third-rate dramatist for a third-rate play-house. "The Author," another farce, is as meagre in plot as it is in composition, with not one repartee deserving a record. In reading such pieces as these for present purpose I have wondered to find them gravely collected and preserved, to comprise the "Works" of a celebrated Wit. "The Minor," indeed, makes somewhat higher demand upon critical attention; for criticism would not only be thrown away upon the productions just named, but it would be like employing a horse-power engine to cut a cabbage for dinner. "The Minor" was evidently constructed with some pains, and it obtained a celebrity in its day from its containing a satire upon the zealous mission of Whitfield, the Calvinistic Methodist preacher, couched in the character of the infamous Mother Cole. With the coarse quality of what might now be styled "gentish" wit, Foote characterises Whitfield as "Doctor Squintum," personal defect being a sure card for ridicule with vulgar minds. The apostle of the newly-organised sect (which was, indeed, but a revival of old Puritanism) had—like his fanatical predecessors—denounced in unmeasured terms the calling, the opinions, and the morality of the whole dramatic brotherhood: they were designated as children of the evil one, limbs of Satan, and, in short, were consigned over to everlasting perdition. This wholesale crusade against a noble, graceful, and (in its undepraved integrity) a truly moral class of writing, naturally roused those active and uncompromising spirits who were attacked through the whole body collective, to retaliate upon the religious Quixotes, by exposing the weak, and even odious results of their own over-heated calling. They consequently lampooned the ranting, they ridiculed the ignorant, and they gibbeted the hypocritical who had connected themselves with the class, through self-seeking, and, in numerous instances, vicious motives. The rottenness of the one profession was surely as open to cauterisation as the obscenity of the other. The worthiest spirits of the drama have never slighted a rational, cheerful, and genuine piety; on the contrary, they have uniformly made it the pedestal upon which to construct their grandest designs.

The Great Dramatists have always distinguished between religion and fanaticism, sincerity and worldliness: the puritanical class of religionists, however, it cannot be denied have denounced *all* dramatic writing and theatrical representation in the mass. They have made no distinction between a play and impiety—a theatre and immorality. Everything that emanates from, and every mental production associated with theatrical illustration has in their estimation an evil tendency. Let it always be borne in mind, however, that the holiest of men in the several phases of Faith, and varieties of Creed, have borne spontaneous and noble testimony to the mental and moral Benefaction of our—and the world's—greatest dramatic writer. The late Rev. Doctor Adam Clarke has put the following remarkable and almost facetious opinion upon record. He said: "The man who has not read Shakespeare, had need have public prayers put up for him." And that eminently pious and learned divine, Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, a man who, for wit, literary science, pulpit eloquence, and pious enthusiasm, is cited as one of the shining lights in the Protestant hierarchy, sent the following earnest answer to an application that had been made to him for an epitaph upon the poet, who had just died. He says in his answer, with a modesty due to the magnitude of the subject, and an admiration worthy of the genius requiring the tribute: "If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland, and *preached* there, I would have embraced your obligation with much alacrity: but I thank you that you would command me that which I was loather to do; for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of your poor friend and servant."

This is a clear irrelevancy to our immediate purpose; it is nevertheless assumed, in the confident belief that the reader will take worthy interest in a eulogy to the memory of our Shakespeare passed by this great and good man. The composition is a quaint one, and impregnated with the conceits of that age, and most especially of Dr. Donne himself, who was celebrated for his fantastic imagery. This is his testimony to the universal mind.

"Renownèd Chaucer, lie a thought more nigh
To rare Beaumond; and learned Beaumond lie

A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lie all four in one bed make a shift;
For, until Doomsday, hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
But if precedency of Death doth bar
A fourth in your sacred sepulchre;
Under this curled marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare—sleep alone:
That, unto us, and others, it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee."

And all know the Delphic note of the immortal Milton, in *his* epitaph:—

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument,—

* * * * * * * *

And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
Than Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Pardon is again requested for this digression.

It is sometimes difficult to trace prejudices to their source; and many persons would, no doubt, be at a loss to define the cause of the wholesale denunciations of theatrical exhibitions on the part of the Puritans,—for it originated with them; but I have fancied the following to have been the fountain head of, and the reason for their anathema. Under the old Pagan Hierarchy, upon all the festive days celebrated in honour of their deities, it was customary to represent a dramatic poem, the subject of which was associated with, if not founded upon, some point in mythological history, connected with the attributes of the Deity, in whose honour and worship the festival was solemnised. In the early stages of Christianity, and under the persecution of its first followers, the same exhibitions were continued, with the *addition* of the martyrdom of the *Christian* proselytes upon those Pagan red-letter days in their calendar. When the Reformation broke out in our country, and every act, every ceremony, every custom, almost every amusement, even to the May-day festivals (the origin of which was Pagan), that could be associated with *Papacy* became a subject for cavil and vituperation, and even execration; the head of the old Catholic Church being also designated as Antichrist, the theatrical exhibitions became confounded with the older Pagan ceremonies; and that faith being looked upon by the Reformers as no less impure than the worship of the Olympian conclave, they consigned the whole category to that bourne—the realm of the Evil One.

But to return to Foote and his lampoonery. It must be confessed that the "Minor" was little calculated to redeem that drama from the protest of the Methodists of its day; for it has little enough to recommend it on the score either of good principle or talent, and genius is out of the question. Its humour is both coarse and common-place, being confined to the nauseous hypocrisy and obscenity of the woman Cole; while its principle of moral action is as hollow as a drum, and dry as a chalk-pit. A rampant prodigal is suddenly reformed, and why or wherefore is equally hypothetical and startling. In one scene he is all recklessness, and dishonesty, and laxity; and in the next becomes a chrysolite of justice, consideration, and purity—homilies on virtue not worth a fig's end. It may be worth while to notice that Sheridan had an eye to some of the points in "The Minor" when constructing the character of Charles Surface in the "School for Scandal." Sir George Wealthy and Charles Surface are nearly the same individual; and what is curious, each has a money-lender; Moses, in "The School for Scandal," and Transfer in "The Minor," and both are termed *little*—"little Transfer," and "little Moses." Transfer's scheme, however, for raising money for Sir George, his client, is more elaborate and humourous than the little Jew's in Sheridan's comedy; and both the humour and contrivance are, I believe, in strict accordance with the commercial routine of that respectable class in the community. The following mode of "raising the wind" is not merely a theatrical invention; there is no romance at all in the scheme. Mr. Transfer says: "Don't be cast down, Sir George; though money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why, I have at my warehouse in the City, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzic dowlais, with a curious assortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay: then again, at my country house, the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane, there's a hundred ton of fine old hay, only damaged a little last winter for want of thatching; with forty load of flint stones.

Sir Geo. Well——

Trans. Your honour may have all these *for a reasonable profit*, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets! Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who, I? O Lord! Heaven forbid!

The farce of "The Liar" is unquestionably the most ingenious in regard to the structure and conduct of its plot of all Foote's dramatic compositions. The ravelment of difficulties and perplexities that young Wilding accumulates around himself by means of his laxity of principle are excessively amusing; and they are as instructive, too, as they are humourous. The best point in the piece (and which blazons the vice in extending its mischief to others) is the temporary obloquy which attaches to the honourable character of Sir James Elliott; the perplexity of old Wilding whether his son or Sir James be the liar—each having denounced the other—is as natural as it is dramatically clever. This piece possesses the rare advantage in a farce of reading aloud as well as it acts.

If "The Liar" be his cleverest, "The Mayor of Garratt" retained the largest and the longest popularity: but, alas! it is now consigned to the tomb of the ungenteels. It has not been revived for many years; and when that admirable actor, Dowton, last appeared in Major Sturgeon (and in which performance I can believe that he never was surpassed in richness of humour—even by the author himself), and when Russell played Jerry Sneak (who avowedly exceeded all his predecessors in the part), the piece was pronounced "low," and even hissed. Our "bear-leaders" in society "hates everything as is low; their bears shall dance only to the genteelest of tunes—'Water parted from the sea,' and 'The minuet in *H*ari*h*adne'"—and so they turned up their exclusive noses at the major's history of his campaign, and the death of Major Molasses. This is the passage which gave offence to the genteels:

Oh, such marchings and counter-marchings (exclaims the Major)! From Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: the dust flying, sun scorching, men moiling—why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow;—that day's work carried off Major Molasses. Bunhill Fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

How came that about? inquires Sir Jacob Jollup.

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault. I advised him to put off his spurs before he went into action; but he was resolute, and wouldn't be ruled.

Sir Jacob. Spirit: zeal for the service.

Major. Doubtless: but to proceed: in order to get our men into good spirits, we were quartered at Isleworth the evening before. At day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end; as it might be, about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield! The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop: on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps into confusion.

Sir Jacob. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scoured over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by the mane: but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plumped him into a gravel-pit just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jacob. Dreadful!

Major. Whether from the fall—or the fright, the Major moved off in a month. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all; for as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Pattypan, Ensign Tripe, and myself were returning to town in the Turnham Green Stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith Turnpike, and robbed, stripped, and cruelly beaten by a footpad.

The last scene of poor Foote's career in this world was an instructive one to the hanger-on upon town-society. His biographer says: "On the day announced for his funeral, many of the friends who hailed him at the theatre, and partook of the flashes of his merriment, as well as the hospitalities of his table, forgot to pay their farewell duties. They all had their frivolous excuses. His laugh and hospitalities were now gone; and, finding themselves free from the search of his remark, they readily acquitted themselves of owing any debt to his memory. Such are, and such ever will be the result of these indiscriminate friendships; mere confederacies of pleasure and convenience, taken up without any virtuous principle of attachment, and often dismissed with even the appearance of regret." The great Inquisitor of human action has said upon an occasion; "The web of our life is as a mingled yarn—good and ill together." With all his "sins of omission and commission," therefore, be it remembered that Foote was liberal in his charities, and had constantly several poor pensioners on his list. He was an indulgent master to his servants; was consistently kind to the performers and retainers in his theatre, never parting wantonly with those who had remained long with him. Old Usher (who lived down to our own time), continued to be engaged by him after he was unable to do much in his profession: but Foote (with the delicacy of a gentleman) used to say that he "kept him, on purpose to show the superior gentlemanly manners of the old school." And when he parted with his theatre to the elder Colman, Usher was transferred with it, as an *heir-loom* to the new manager, and so continued tlll his death.

Foote and Garrick were long and active rivals; but Foote was immeasurably the greater wit, and much the better scholar. Garrick's learning was confined; he, however, possessed a quick, available, and vivacious talent, of which he has left respectable proof in numerous sprightly epilogues and epigrams; and in various bustling and lively farces; "The Lying Valet," "Miss in Her

Teens," "Bon Ton," and "High Life Below Stairs;" the last—to the present day—being always received with pleasure: and his portion of "The Clandestine Marriage"—the character of Lord Ogleby—is his ablest, as well as most graceful writing.

But David—I fear me—was a sad little sneak. He was grossly penurious, and consequently left behind him a hundred thousand pounds. He was an autocrat in the theatre; jealous of the applause that even the women obtained, when he was on the stage with them; submissive in the presence of a peer, a poet, or a news-writer; equally fearing to elbow the position of the one or to cross the power or the caprice of the other. I have seen MS. letters of Garrick's manœuvring for puffs and laudatory notices that have given me the lowest opinion of his mental dignity.

In this respect, Foote, by report, appears to have been greatly the nobler character. He was ready to recognise rank, for itself, and to respect it where the holder respected himself: but so far from being a "tuft-hunter," his biographer (who knew him intimately) says, that at his table "he never made the least distinction between the Lord and the obscurest guest; and that he never stopped the career of a joke, whether it were to strike a Peer or a poor player."

To descend the stream of our low-comedy dramatists, Murphy's farces of "The Apprentice," "The Citizen," and "Three Weeks After Marriage," "walked the town awhile, numbering good 'audiences.'" They began to fade, however, before the towering vivacity, fine tomfoolery, and perfect good humour of O'Keefe—the choicest and most popular farce-writer since the career of Foote; and as a pure farcist, as a dispenser of reckless fun, his rival, even his surpasser. Hazlitt has truly said—"If Foote was the English Aristophanes, O'Keefe was the English Molière," for surely no one has ventured upon bolder scenes of improbable foolery, or rushed into more Punchinello extravagances than that delightful Hibernian. He always appears to have written under the influence of laughing gas; and assuredly his plots and his characters have that gaseous effect upon his auditors. Who that has ever witnessed the representation can forget his "Agreeable Surprise," with the characters of Lingo and Cowslip? or his "London Hermit;" or those two inimitable extravagances, the "Modern Antiques" and "The Doldrum." The character of Old Cockletop, the Antiquary, is one of the richest pieces of old-world fanaticism that ever was pourtrayed. Does any one now remember Munden in the part? If so, will he, or can he ever forget his devout, his intense gloating upon the various articles of ancient relic, as they were produced from the trunk and presented to his notice? Munden seemed to have been created to embody O'Keefe's Muse. How he doated on the piece of Otaheitan cloth (just cut from the tail of his own coat by his son); with what adoration he contemplated Neptune's trident—an old-fashioned toasting-fork—his face and eyes dilating into delirious amazement as he elevated the instrument before his wondering gaze? and lastly, with what wonderment did he glare upon the phial that enshrined one of Niobe's tears—and who can forget his look and exclamation, "What a large tear!" As O'Keefe threw himself upon that portion of his audience who could appreciate the sublime of nonsense, so Munden, of all the actors since the year 1801, was the man to plunge without a misgiving into the full tide of an absurdity. Improbabiilty became to him a reality—excessive humour, the seriousness of daily livelihood; caricature, sedateness; most nonsense best sense. But Charles Lamb struck off Munden's genius at a heat—"There is one face," says "he, of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston, but Munden has none that you can properly pin down and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion; not so much a comedian as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river-horse, or come forth a pewitt or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis. In the *grand grotesque* of farce"—(that is the precise term to use—"the *grand grotesque* of farce")—"Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers; the school of Munden began and must end with himself."

In the same transcendentalism of the grotesque in idea did O'Keefe conceive his extravaganza of "The Doldrum;" wherein a perverse and undutiful old father, who (of course) thwarts the wishes of his child to be married to the man of her choice, is hoaxed into the belief that he has been asleep for several years. When he wakes, he hears his family, who are in the room watching him, discussing the miraculous visitation of his protracted sleep. When left alone for a few seconds, he surveys the room, and finds everything has been changed. The flowering shrubs in his window-recess have grown into forest trees. The inmates of the house no longer pass from one room to another by means of stairs, but by machinery through trap-doors. He hears new idioms, and new expressions in their conversations. Every one and every thing has grown, and become antiquated during his trance. The servants have grown grey, and his little page has developed into a six-feet footman. In the recklessness and temerity, however, of their hoaxing, they spring a mine under their own plot. Upon his desiring to have a mutton chop for luncheon, they bring him, to all appearance, that portion of the loin, but which, for size, might have been the rib of a rhinoceros, and this wakes him from his mental lethargy. It will easily be understood that both the farces alluded to are pieces of circumstance, situation, and action—not of distinguished humour in language, and still less of wit. In both of them, however, Munden has so exhausted me with laughter, that I have been compelled to seek refuge in some common-place duty-thought, to neutralise the effect of his wonderful tomfoolery.

Contemporary with, and subsequent to, O'Keefe, a knot of dramatic humourists sprouted forth and flourished. There were Kenny and Reynolds, Morton and the Dibdins, with Colman the Younger, whose most popular farce of "The Wags of Windsor" brought him, perhaps, almost as much notoriety as his comedy of "John Bull." The character of Jeremy Diddler, in Kenny's farce of "Raising the Wind," is one of those happy strokes of genius that give a proverbial reputation to a character, and constitute it, so to say, the patron saint of a class. In the same category is that most felicitous of all modern class-characters—Poole's renowned "Paul Pry;" and which, though connected with and called a play in three acts, and therefore to be designated as legitimate comedy, yet its elements are so essentially farcical that I would allude to it in this place for that express purpose. In using the term "farcical," however, it may naturally be retorted that the character of Paul Pry and his "doings" in the drama do not range beyond the ordinary events of social life, and therefore that they do not come within the limits of farce; but, being granted that no romance of the imagination surpasses in the incongruity of its machinery and conduct the romance of real life, so the real character of Paul Pry, which every one can recognise and testify, and which indeed constituted its chief ground of popularity, from its ludicrous exaggeration of features and colouring, may allow of its being admitted into legitimate farce society. But it *is* farce, and with a fine superaddition; for choice language and delicate wit give a sterling value to, and elevate, even classify, its broad humour.

I will take leave to refer to two productions of this class (the author, I hope, being alive and happy) which four or five and twenty years of recollection still assure me that they displayed the essential qualities of pre-eminently clever farces. Mr. Oxenford's "Day Well Spent" and "My Fellow Clerk" are perfect specimens of comic writing: lively, careless, rattling gaiety throughout: high spirits, love of fun, and an extreme sense of enjoyment carrying one from the first scene to the last in a whirl of amused perplexity, the source of which we hardly care to fathom or analyse. It is one of the privileges in the enjoyment of a legitimate farce, that there is little need to pause and inquire how and why we are entertained, still less to weigh probabilities of unity and design: suffice it that we laugh heartily, and find our lungs spontaneously "crow like chanticleer."

In both of the pieces instanced, there occur one of those irresistibly comic *situations* which it is the peculiar province of farce to conceive and present. In the first-named, the "Day Well Spent," it is so contrived that each and all of the *dramatis personæ* have their own several and very peculiar reasons for avoiding the presence of a certain old gentleman, "Mister Cotton;" and at one juncture of the entertainment, when all the characters are assembled on the stage, this particular individual approaches, and on the abrupt announcement of "Mr. Cotton!" all fly off, and scour away like cockroaches, leaving him to make his entrance alone on the deserted scene, and which, only a moment before, had been all life, bustle, and merriment. "The wooden position" (as Lord Bacon would call it) into which Mr. Cotton is thus thrown, has an inexpressibly droll effect with the audience, and purely from the humourous contrast of the situations. This same farce abounds in them, and all are naturally as well as happily conceived. But in the one called "My Fellow Clerk," an incident is introduced which farce, and farce only, dare venture on. The hero, a young lawyer's clerk, who has more ardour for theatrical amusements than for the thorny labours of his profession, discovers the same predilection in his junior fellow clerk; and one quiet morning, when they think themselves secure from interruption, he enchants his companion and himself with a vision of the glories of a certain suit of armour, which he keeps hidden for the purpose of private rehearsals of straddling and ranting. Piece by piece—cuirass, helmet, and sword are drawn forth cautiously from his desk—an armoury appropriated to such different instruments, and such different warfare! and are doted over by the two clerks, who have souls above parchment; until, grown bold by degrees, and borne on the wings of enthusiasm, the hero dresses in his martial accoutrements, and oblivious of all consequences, indulges in a grand fencing-bout, or, as a Victoria bill would announce it, "a terrific combat." In the thick of his onslaught, who should enter the office but his master, the grave lawyer (deemed absent upon another "engagement"), and whose look may be conceived, at the scene enacting in his quiet office. The junior clerk bolts, like a surprised rat; but the poor stage-struck hero, in a spasm of consternation at the unexpected addition to his audience, casts down his arms, and madly endeavours to rid himself of the armour also; but alas! the fastenings to the fatal vizor (like those to the helmet of La Mancha's Knight) elude all the attempts of his hurried fingers; and he rushes about the office in a frenzied effort to extricate himself from the disastrous helmet—after all, not the first appearance of a lawyer in a brazen head-piece. These productions of Mr. Oxenford are excellent for humour of *situation;* the "Paul Pry" of Poole is distinguished by humour of *character.*

The circumstance of Theodore Hook having been the author of several fictions, novels, melo-dramas, and farces, may sanction my assuming the present advantage of placing upon record the very rare intellectual power he possessed in extempore rhythmical composition. In private and joyous circles, he was frequently known to accompany his performances at the pianoforte with humourous characteristic verses upon the individuals present, and in extraordinarily rapid succession. Upon one occasion he was a dinner-guest of John and Daniel Kay, the original proprietors of the Albion Hotel in Aldersgate-street. In the course of the evening, the second brother had left the room upon some festive errand, and while absent, Hook had sung one of his complimentary humours upon a member present, who, by some peculiar personality had incited and amused him. Upon Daniel Kay's return to the room, one of the company shouted to him, "Oh, D. Kay; you have missed such a treat!" (He was always called "D. Kay.") "Well," answered Hook, "he shall be no loser." He turned round to the instrument, and after extemporising a symphony for two or three minutes, he sang a few stanzas, every one ending with "D. Kay," and the last stanza with the hope that "their friendships might *never decay.*" Upon another private occasion, he had been going the round of the party at table, and while playing his symphony, he asked his neighbour, in under tone, the name and occupation of the next guest in succession. The answer he received produced the following:—

> Next comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
> And you all must pay him whatever he axes:
> And down on the nail, without any flummery;
> For, though he's call'd Winter, his acts are all *summary.*

One of the men whose peculiar vein of humour eminently fitted him to become a farce-writer was the late amiable-mannered and amiable-hearted Richard Brinsley Peake, godson of Sheridan, and named after him. Peake's humour was odd, whimsical, and quite his own. It consisted in queer conceits, fancies, strange remnants and odds and ends of notions; which, worked all up together, used to come forth in the shape of some of the most amusing entertainments possible. The celebrated ones given by the elder Mathews, and which kept the town laughing from year to year—"from ear to ear," in every sense—were almost all of them, indeed, I believe I may say all, put together by Peake. Peake appeared to great advantage in private society; his talent for relating an anecdote with mimicry was quite extraordinary. Had he possessed sufficient self-reliance on his powers, he would have become a public favourite; for he had an admirably comic face, a various voice, and was blessed with an enviable temper.

Of his farces, there was "Before Breakfast;" a little hotch-potch of Frenchman, Scotchman, blustering English country gentleman, and nervous Indian Nabob—all mingled together, and producing a choice "mixed pickle," when introduced to the public table as a sauce-medium for the perfect acting of the elder Mathews, with Bartley, and W. Bennett. In this piece was an instance of Peake's peculiar whimsicality, which though positively nothing in itself, always told on the stage. For example: Mathews is suddenly caught loitering about a garden, where he has no earthly business to be, and is questioned by the irascible old gentleman, Bartley, as to what he is doing there; when, for want of any other excuse, at the moment, he immediately pretends to be a Frenchman, looking for frogs for his breakfast. "Frogs!"—exclaims the old codger, in a fury of disgust—"Frogs! why, you nasty beast!!" The characteristic of Peake's fun tells far better in acting than in reading; *it* also is the fun of *situation*, of awkward predicament, of perplexing absurdity, and therefore especially suited to farce. In "The Master's Rival," for instance (which was reckoned his best production) is a complete specimen of Peake's native sense of fun, displayed in the character of the more timid of two swindling footmen—brothers, who are in a league to hoax and rob an old citizen of his daughter and her fortune. Whenever Peter—the brazen brother—ventures upon some extra bold stroke, or rasher than usual trick, the coward brother is seized with a violent fit of toothache. This Paul has been to Paris; has been in gaol there, and with other accomplishments, has picked up a smattering of French: accordingly, upon each paroxysm of mingled fear, conscience, and pain, he claps his hand to his mouth, exclaiming, "O, my dong!—and when, in one of his scrapes, he has crept into a clock-case to hide; he declares that his hollow tooth gave him there a fit of "*tic* douloureux." He, however, has his alternate fits of rapture at his brother's impudence—when it is successful: at one of his lucky hits therefore, he shouts in transport: "Ha! ha!! Peter's a greater liar than ever!" Here is the first introduction of these worthies on the stage; and which will afford a specimen of Peake's manner, as well as the peculiar vein of his humour:—

[*Enter* PAUL SHACK. (PETER *is already on*) *with a trunk in his hand surrounded by a number of Porters and Boys, thrusting cards at him. All shouting,* "*Hôtel de Bains!*" "*Hôtel d'Angleterre!*" "*Hôtel du Nord!*" *&c.*

Paul. No, no, Hallez ho diable! go to the devil: I'm not going to no hotel whatsomever. You are French fools to follow me—look arter the other gentlemen. Hallez, hallez, hallez! [*Exeunt mob, clamorously and laughing.* How perfect I've got in the French language. I only said, hallez! and off they all went. Nice companion I've had all the way, with a pipe in his mouth;—couldn't speak a word of English, and has been smoking in my eye for the last six-and-thirty hours: both windows up because of my hollow dong. [*Putting his handkerchief to his face.*

Peter. By Apollo and the Nine Muses, my beautiful brother Paul—Paul Shack!

Paul. Hallo!—eh!—hope nobody knows me. [*Staring vacantly at* PETER.] What, Peter,—Peter Shack! is it you?

Peter. Ay! alive and kicking. You seem astonished.

Paul. And well I may be, Peter. I heard as how you was hanged in England, and I went into mourning for you.

Peter. Very affectionate! Our feelings were nearly reciprocal; for I understood you were condemned to the galleys for some peccadillo in France, so I didn't enquire any farther.

Paul. Ha, ha! anybody, to hear us talk, would suppose us a couple of terrible rogues, brother Peter.

Peter. Then their supposition would be somewhere near the mark, brother Paul. We began early at the Academy in Yorkshire, where we were boarded, lodged, taught, clothed and flogged for twelve pounds per annum.

Paul. Yes; I remember the munching from the apple-tree, and the swishing from the birch-tree.

Peter. Why, Paul, you have learned to joke.

Paul. Bless you, Peter, nobody knows how witty I have got since I have been in France; I am bon-motting it from morning till night.

Peter. Ay, drive away care! that's the maxim.

Paul. Yes, care! Ah, sometimes I can't help it, 'specially if I have had a little too much eau-de-wie overnight, I'm seized with such a digression of sperrets! Oh!

Peter. A depression of your spirits.

Paul. Well, it's all the same. Oh, Peter, my pipkin, as I used to call you when you were a boy, there are times when I quite make up my mind to leave off all our old pranks and think of summut else. I creep into a corner of the stable, and sit on a truss of hay, and cry for my sins; yes, I must repent—change my course of life. I wish I could get a beadle's situation in the neighbourhood of London.

Peter. A beadle! you have no soul; a superintendent of petty nuisances, a hector of charity children.

Paul. Well, that's better than doing what I do, and feeling what I feel!

Peter. Feel, what do you feel?

Paul. I feel this portmanteau; and do you know, Peter, that I stole it?

Peter. Stole it! now I have some hopes of you.

Paul. I ran away with it fromy m late master, because he didn't pay me my wages.

Peter. You have acted nobly; I will uphold you in any court of justicy [*aside*] I dare appear in.

Paul. You don't say so, Peter; I've had a good many twinges, every jolt of the diligence gave me one; and with my conscience, the backy smoke, and me hollow dong, I have undergone the torments of d'Enfer!

Peter. The torments of what?

Paul. D'Enfer—French for hell. You see the facts about this box are simply these:—Mr. Walentine Cowmeadow was sent to Paris by Sir Colley Cowmeadow to be polished up, and I went as his sarvant. Well, when he gets there the old gentleman requests him to lead an innocent life, and so what does the *young* gentleman do but he mixes in all sorts of voluptuousness.

Peter. Went, I suppose, to the Palais Royal?

Paul. Yes, and "went it" there, I can tell you—there was a game called "nouge and roar."

Peter. Rouge et noir.

Paul. Well, it's all the same: then there was a quizziner in the Palais Royal.

Peter. Cuisinier!

Paul. It's all the same. My wig, how Mr. Cowmeadow used to eat! But most extravagant of all, there was a young lady, one Mad'msel Entersha, of the Grand Opera—O, my eye! everybody said she was a kick-shoes-extraordinaire!

Peter. Quelque chose extraordinaire!

Paul. It's all the same. Well, Peter, would you believe it, Mr. Cowmeadow married her!

Peter. The Devil!

Paul. Don't mention that gentleman's name.

Peter. Then, I'm to understand that young Cowmeadow's utterly ruined?

Paul. Ruined, and in prison for debt in Paris. So, finding matters in this state, and that Mad'msel Entersha had kicked everything out of window but this portmanteau, thinks I to myself, Paul, get you into the dilly, and be off to England.

Peter. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Mr. Cowmeadow!

Paul. Ah, poor fellow, with his French hedication, he has got nothing left now but a large pair of carrotty anchovies on his upper lip.

Peter. Anchovies?

Paul. Yes; here, you know. [*Putting his fingers to his mouth.*]

Farce is one phase of humour suited to the English taste: its broad features require little or no thought, and it is not an unwelcome relief after witnessing the painful personation of a thought-stirring tragedy like that of "The Moor of Venice."

A Reminiscence of Whitewall.

IT was in the year of grace 1869 that our steps, after many wanderings in and about places sacred to the private life of the racer, were at last turned towards Malton, that Corinth of Yorkshire sportsmen, to have left which unvisited is reckoned a shame and reproach in the county of acres. Pretender had given his name to the racing year, but had so dimmed his Leger reputation at Stockton that men began to cast about for his successor in favouritism, to reckon up the claims of outsiders, and to wonder whether John Scott had anything to bring to the rescue from his stronghold at Whitewall. Pero Gomez had lost the majority of his following at Ascot, the pretensions of The Drummer were well nigh played out, and transient flashes in the betting only showed the existence of Martyrdom, George Osbaldeston, Duke of Beaufort, and others of the same kidney. What wonder, then, that curious eyes were once more turned upon Langton Wold and the doings of a little chesnut horse duly chronicled in the advices of horsewatchers, and the name of Royal Oak blossomed on a sudden into one as familiar as those of olden times who had effected such surprises for the Wizard of the North. Henceforth Yorkshire knew no undivided allegiance to the Johnstone blue and silver, but a goodly moiety was transferred to the sturdy little son of Gamester and his veteran trainer. His doings on Langton Wold excited all the old enthusiasm of the Tykes, which had led them to believe that John Scott could manufacture a St. Leger winner out of a selling plater, and that Malton bells would once more ring in another hero of the great Doncaster fray. Accordingly the "Oak" was interviewed most persistently by all who could claim any sort of excuse for an *entrée* to Whitewall, and its veteran master, with his usual kind consideration and courtesy, bade all such welcome to see and judge for themselves. Hence it came to pass that we, sojourning at the northern "Queen of watering places," felt that this golden opportunity should not be lost of visiting a place of such interest in Turf history, and to be able to make our boast in after days that all that was remaining of the ancient glories of Whitewall had been unfolded to our gaze. A dense sea mist penetrated far inland, and the cold September morning chilled us with the first touch of winter as we sped onwards through downland and moorland to the shrine of our pilgrimage.

Our charioteer seemed intuitively to know the mission on which we had come, and after the manner of his countrymen was thoroughly versed in racing lore, more especially that appertaining to the great stable we had come to visit. Like many others, too, in that district, he was entirely wrapped up in the local champion, and his faith was great as ever in the Wizard's work. The southern horses were held in general contempt in the Ridings, and between Pretender and "The Oak," it was generally agreed that the great prize of the North would be kept at home for this year at least.

The mist lifted gradually as we wound our way upwards towards the far-famed wold, and in another moment the Whitewall string were visible as they wound down a field path by a short cut to their training grounds. There, too, was the brougham, so well known to all the country round, from which John Scott had long directed the movements of his squadron, and which the distance post at Doncaster knew so well. By the time the gate had opened to admit us, by special favour, to a close inspection of the gallops, the sun had asserted his power, and the misty forms of the rolling wolds were unveiled in all the mellow richness of their autumn garb. Their golden trophies had been duly garnered in, and as yet no fiery finger of autumn had been laid on the woodlands, and the "distant and random" shots told that the festival of St. Partridge was being religiously kept in the land.

Langton Wold rather disappoints the eye accustomed to the classic plains of Newmarket, the vast extent of the Berkshire downland, and the wood-crowned ridge of Danebury, while the tan gallop shows by its intricate mazes how jealously advantage has been taken of all the scope at the trainer's command. The turf is short and elastic, and the whole extent of the ground more parklike than we are accustomed to regard the exercise grounds of the South. Yet the veriest giants of a bygone age of Turf history have flown up its breezy undulating tracks, and the enthusiastic Tyke looks upon it as sacred ground, almost hallowed by the hoof prints of a long line of heroes and heroines whose glories culminated in the peerless "West." The envious plough may turn its surface, and crops wave over its breast, but as long as tuft or tree remains, so long will the Wold be associated with the name of Scott and the brilliant annals of Whitewall.

John Scott's welcome was of that dignified yet cordial description which at once put strangers at their ease, while at the same time it inspired a feeling of the utmost respect towards one who was not only regarded as the highest master of his craft, but as an English gentleman of the good olden style. Everything with him was open as the day, and all information that could be reasonably expected was imparted pleasingly and without the slightest attempt at mystification adopted by too many of his professional brethren. Had we owned some of the animals in his stable we could hardly have expected a greater share of attention and explanation of all matters connected with the more prominent among them. Handing us over to the charge of his lieutenant, Jem Perren, the veteran took up his post at his favourite distance from the finish of the gallop, and we were placed in the best position for seeing all the work then about commencing. The lion's share among the horses of course belonged to Mr. Bowes, the staunchest patron that Whitewall ever knew, and one who through all changes of fortune has stood by the guide, philosopher, and friend of his early days, when Mundig and Cotherstone made that "remarkable youngster's" name famous, and the black and gold took rank at once with the most formidable jackets of the time. Nothing superlative had hailed from Streatlam for some years past, but what material did come to hand was invariably made the best of, and the Whitewall polish was as bright as ever. Toison d'Or worked merrily away with the Park Hill in her eye, and War had forgotten the vagaries of his hot youth, and settled down into a respectable leader of all work with the sour-headed Taraban. Little did we dream that the sulky chesnut, who dates from Hermit's year, as he showed the way somewhat unwillingly up the tan, would so far mend his manners as to redeem in old age the character for smartness he had acquired in his youthful days, and settle down into a successor to Beeswing and Underhand in the pitmen's race, and carry off the Goodwood Stakes from a great Woodyeates moral. There was always a sort of dawning of fine form about him, but it came and went in such desultory flashes that the stable despaired, and doomed him to "altered" circumstances at last. They said he had a preference for one peculiar bin at Whitewall, and that spirits did not suit him at all, and that in his evil moments not even John Scott could charm him back to good behaviour.

Many were the tales and traits of his former charges imparted to us by Jem Perren, made still more racy and amusing by the narrator's manner of discoursing. How Cape Flyaway was the surest timekeeper the stable ever knew, how Toxophilite's heart went long before the public suspected that the Derby bay had a soft spot, and how, after all sorts of shifts and expedients, the Marquis's temper was conquered at last, and the "noble savage" brought another

Leger to Whitewall. How a long string of Lord Glasgow's nameless brood took temporary refuge in John Scott's, of the terrible confusion of pedigrees at first, of the number of worthless animals the eccentric old nobleman insisted on keeping in training, and of the laconic note written by the employer to his trainer, in which he regretted that one of his animals had a good chance of getting lightly into a handicap, and insisted on first showing the public its real form.

In the meantime the "Oak" had been stripped, and the "tardy Taraban" deputed to lead him a finishing gallop after his canter had been completed. You could see them far away, eking out the two miles stretch by threading many an intricacy of the track, and the boys began to send them along in earnest as they came within two distances from home, and immediately under the vigilant eye of John Scott himself. The sturdy little chesnut seemed to like the business well enough, but the "old un'" put his ears back as if he had had enough, and allowed the Oak to pull over him at the finish. Whatever the merits of the horse might be, we could see plainly enough that the supernacular Whitewall polish, which no one *could* put on just like John Scott, was not wanting, and that the son of Gamester was an honest one, and seemingly a sticker to boot. If the Marquis had endowed Viscount with a slice of his ungovernable temper, Columbine had transmitted to him the deep, rich mahogany bay coat, which looked so deceivingly tempting when Custance had his leg up at Doncaster the year before. Nobleman hardly gave promise of growing into the stout symmetrical nag whose luck in rich sweepstakes has been of good service in keeping the time-honoured name of Bowes before the public, and who is sound as an acorn still. Goldsborough was on the sick list, and but an indifferent advertisement for the "Almighty Dollar" who begot him, and then George Osbaldeston came thundering past, and the morning's work was brought to a conclusion.

We were duly recommended not to lose the opportunity of a glimpse at the breeding stud of I'Anson on our way back to Whitewall. The green and straw belt which Charlton knew so well, and which subsequently fell on Chaloner and Snowden's shoulders, was not so formidable as of old, but its owner could afford to bide his time, though it might be long ere such another as "Blair" of the bald face followed Caller Ou up the echoing gallops on the Wold. Blink Bonny, whose box was affectionately pointed out to us, had become a mere memory; the mighty chesnut was among the mothers of Eltham, and Caller Ou was the bright particular star of the establishment, attended by certain high bred dames of the famous

Queen Mary blood. "T'ould mare" could not be said to have altered much, and with her high withers, drooping quarters, and massive forehand, did not look anything like the celebrity she justly claims to be. Cramond was of the true Bay Middleton type, but Yorkshire faith in him did not seem likely to wax strong, and the dappled bay has had a hard battle to fight.

There is an air of dignified repose about Whitewall House which rather takes it out of the region of training quarters, and sets it down in the high street of some country town, the light of whose olden days is faded and gone. But the welcome was as hearty as ever, and the veteran as pleased to fight some of his old battles over again, as if we had been his contemporaries and witnesses of the stirring scenes so graphically depicted. "The Druid" had been there before us, and doubtless had added something to that rich fund of anecdote which he was never tired of turning to the best account, and by its means compiling a history of the Turf which charms as much by its pleasantness as it convinces by its sincerity of style. Sitting in the pleasant parlour, glowing with autumn sunlight, we thought how many high and mighty ones of a bygone Turf generation had held solemn conclave on the eve of some important event; how the greatest in the land had taken secret counsel with their trusty and well-esteemed servant, and how genial had been their intercourse with one whom all delighted to honour. Lord Derby, joyful as a boy let loose from school, and forgetful of the "cold shade of Opposition," had lingered over his holiday here; and even the crotchetty old Earl of Glasgow had relaxed the querulous tone of his voice, and ceased to hitch his white jeans in true sailor fashion when he pitched his roving tent for a season at Whitewall, and wasted his own and his entertainer's breath by discussing pedigrees in which Physalis, and Clarissa, and the eternal Miss Whip played such important parts.

Ranged round the cheerful parlours were all manner of Turf memorials, from the shank-bones of old Trump, which formed carving-knife and fork handles on the hospitable sideboard, down to the latest thank-offering of some grateful patron. The elegant claret-jug reminded of Lord Falmouth and Queen Bertha, and Aldcroft's famous rush which settled the Oaks chance of Marigold, and raised up a formidable antagonist to Lord Clifden on the Town Moor. Another choice specimen of the silver-worker's art commemorated Lord Annesley's connection with Whitewall, and brought back a score of pleasing memories of the dapper little Sweet Sauce, who played such havoc among the Goodwood Cups in 1862, and made his owner's mauve jacket the cynosure of many a pair of bright eyes on the Ladies'

Lawn. There was scarcely a distinguished sportsman connected with the stable who had not left behind him some token of his regard for John Scott, and some acknowledgment of the integrity and ability which were the presiding genii of the place. And Mrs. Scott would tell you how she treasured more than all that simple sixpenny piece set round with brilliants, which not only formed the elegant compliment of Lord Falmouth to the judgment of the mistress of Whitewall, but recorded the only bet made by the kind-hearted and high-minded Cornish nobleman. A host of other racing mementoes recalled the names of those mighty ones who had gone forth to victory, and whose forms still lived on the crowded walls on the canvas of Herring and Hall. There was "Velocipede, one of the best horses, and the very best actioned one I ever trained, sir," over whose blood Greeks and Trojans had waged such bitter warfare, that the combatants have at last given way through sheer distress, neither side being content to bate one iota of their creed. Most of the seventeen St. Leger winners, too, were there; Launcelot and Maroon, in the Westminster yellow and black, now the rallying standard of the Merry division, could not, of course, be separated; the sweet "quality," Newminster, whose Doncaster preparation was such a masterpiece of training art, looked down upon caparisoned and mounted for the fray in the Chesterfield colours reversed; Warlock, a veritable dusty miller among thoroughbreds, stood out with his roan coat and unmistakable Birdcatcher outline; and "Daniel," and "The West," and a host of others, who have known so well the winding road to the Wold, the intricacies of the tan track, or the last few finishing touches on the Pigburn gallops.

But other sights waited us, and our guide led the way towards that wonderful range of boxes, of all sizes and shapes, which form the Whitewall stable. Many were then untenanted, but

> The plates on the door for a trophy remaining,
> Of deeds unsurpassed in the annals of training,
> The last touch of time and oblivion disdaining,
> Are relics of days we would fondly recall.

The gilding on the plates had become tarnished, and the names and performances of their owners illegible, but there was hardly one we deciphered which did not point backwards to some great name in Turf history, or a landmark in recording pages of the Stud Book. West Australian's drawing room was there unchanged as when the Melbourne bay delighted the heart of Frank Butler, and of its many illustrious occupants none have left behind them half so brilliant a reputation. In him Mr. Bowes' brilliant luck seemed to have culminated, for since that time no champion worthy of the name has carried the Streatlam black and gold which Fordham has inherited from names of the highest account in the jockey world. There is an anecdote in store for us at every turn, at every corner some circumstance connected with olden days would be vividly brought before us, and a double interest instilled into those phases of Turf history enacted upon this classic ground. The sheeny perfection of polish was upon every coat in the stalls, and September had brought that ripeness which, like the bloom on the fruit, only heralds its fall. The chesnut hope of the stable shone in the prime of health and condition, the muscle in thighs, quarters, and arms stood out in grandly moulded bosses, and we little thought how soon his fate was to be sealed, and the mighty Pretender to know him for a foeman no more. Westwick was in course of "making up" into a Sultan, and some promising yearlings were just starting out for their afternoon's constitutional when we entered that part of the homestead devoted to stud purposes, and then we had seen all the establishment in its completeness. Stay, we have made no mention of the numerous trades carried on for domestic purposes, of the forge, the saddle and clothing store, the well-stocked farm yard, and the bacon room, from whose ceiling mighty flitches were depending, to be requisitioned only by the Uhlans now so busily engaged in the peaceful occupation of "stable hours." It spoke volumes too for the dignity and worth of the establishment that the same well-tried retainers should stand by it as in more prosperous days. Mr. John Scott could reckon among his patrons the *élite* of the racing world; and the movements of his horses were surrounded with a more considerable degree of interest than that at present attaching to a comparatively insignificant string. And should we inquire into the reasons which induced many of his most ardent supporters to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" for their animals, they would be discovered in the fact that racing had become more popularised in the South, and that Newmarket was found more conveniently placed as a central starting point, and more readily accessible for those frequent inspections which the real lover of racing loves to institute. Himself a native of Chippenham, and far removed from "head-quarters," John Scott held no communion and experienced no sympathy with the place of his birth; but found himself more at home and his tastes better suited among the tribes whose capital is overshadowed by the grey minster towers of old Ebor. Planted in a foreign yet congenial soil, he developed into a type of the best which his adopted country produced; his very name had a true north British ring about it; and his nature thoroughly adapted itself to the temper and requirements of the circle in which he moved. When he came southwards, it was like the passage of some ancient patriarch with his retinue and followers of every degree; and Leatherhead will remember yet those "Sundays before the Derby," which brought together such brilliant and aristocratic assemblages to assist at his morning gallops. Over the Border, too, his name was better known than even that of his neighbour, "belted Will" I'Anson, who is Scotch to the backbone, and the names of whose animals recal his attachment to the Land o' Cakes. As a breeder John Scott must yield the palm to many more famous, but in his judgment of young stock he especially excelled. Nor did we ever hear his expressed partiality for any particular strain of blood; but he rather seemed to think that it was action that did it all; and truly the Leger warriors he led back to scale were of as varied blood and shape and make as could be discovered in many a day's inspection of our breeding establishments.

In olden days how many a sheeted crack had wound his way down the road to Malton we now pursued beneath the ashen shade! Those were indeed the palmy days of the North, when the footstep of the proud Southron was hardly so well known as now on the Knavesmire and Town Moor, and when many a successful Yorkshire raid was carried into the vantage ground of the enemy at Epsom or Newmarket. Times have altered now, when the "spots" of Aske are no longer guiding stars to the Zetland clan, and the mighty "Volti" has failed to keep the staunch old Earl's stalls full of champions as doughty as himself; when the Eglinton tartan is but a memory, and Fobert, Marlow, and the Dutchman school sleep the sleep of the just; when old John Osborne has ceased from calculating nursery weights in the Ashgill parlour; and when Tom Dawson is the sole relic of another school of trainers, of which a later generation have amplified the learning but forgotten perchance the practice; and have aimed to shine rather as gentlemen than to please as servants. Yet it may be but for a season that the great racing county shall continue in her night of obscurity, and the "whirligig of time" may work such changes as to bring back once more the "Saturnia regna" to the world of sport. The heart of the Yorkshireman is still faithful to his old love, and racing and hunting may yet go hand in hand together as they did while "Sir Tatton" held sway at Sledmere, and the highest in the land shared the cares of state with anxieties of training, and the home *par excellence* of the racehorse was Whitewall House. John Scott has gone, carrying with him the regrets of the few contemporaries spared to deplore his loss, the respect of that large body of the public whose racing tastes he helped to educate, and the sympathy of those who had learned to look upon him as a friend and benefactor. His pupils in the art he loved so well have been many and become famous, and if they cannot hope to rival their old master in the possession of those high gifts which so dignified and exalted his position as the prince of trainers, one lesson strictly and consistently inculcated in his school at least they will not forget: to be faithful to their employers, faithful to themselves, and, while cultivating every virtue to adorn their calling, to esteem honour and truth above all.

ASTEROID.

TOM PROVIS.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S NOTORIOUS CLIENT.

"There was a well known case in which I was engaged—that of Tom Provis, who called himself Sir Richard Smythe. Upon the brief nothing could be more complete than that claim."—*Lord Chief Justice Bovill, during the hearing of the Tichborne case, Jan.* 25, 1872.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE must have often thought of that well known case since his acquaintance with the claimant to the Tichborne property. It is a curious coincidence that the leading counsel for the notorious Tom Provis should be the Judge in the next most celebrated case of the century. When his Lordship's memory went back to the famous trial there was another person in court who played a leading part in the Gloucestershire drama. The solicitors who opposed the claim of Tom Provis to the extensive estates of the Smythes of Ashton Court, estimated at £20,000 to £30,000 a year, were Messrs. Palmer and Wansey, of Bristol. Mr. Palmer, the head of the firm, has long since retired from practice, but has been a constant attendant in Court during the Tichborne trial. The Judge on the occasion of the trial at the Gloucestershire assizes was Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, the Attorney General's father. Time plays curious freaks at the bar.

People who remember the case of the assumed Sir Richard Smythe pretend to trace a parallel between that case and the Tichborne trial, but the only association between the two is their remarkable character. Whether the claimant in the Tichborne case is an impostor or the true Sir Roger, he is altogether a different person to the notorious Tom Provis. The only excuse we can have for reviewing the strange story of the Gloucestershire baronetcy at this time is on the ground of the Lord Chief Justice's reference to it, and the public appetite for anything and everything which can be said to have the slightest association with the Tichborne romance. The case is reported at length in the *Times* of 1853 and 1854, for Tom Provis, after the failure of his claim in the Civil side, was arrested and taken to the Criminal Court to stand his trial for perjury and forgery. Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," has also given a well-written summary of the case, from which and the *Times*' reports and other sources we venture to narrate this twice-told tale.

The Smythes of Ashton Court (a beautiful residence on the river at Clifton) are a good old English family. They first settled upon their present estate in the 15th century. Hugh Smythe, son of Thomas Smythe, M.P. for the county of Somerset, 1634, was created a baronet for his loyal services by Charles I. The family papers are said to include many very interesting documents of that period, and the muniment-room at Ashton Court gives every evidence of the careful preservation of the family records in each successive generation. At the commencement of this century, Sir John Hugh Smythe, Baronet, was in possession of the estates. In 1802 he died without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Hugh Smythe, eldest son of Thomas Smythe, of Stapleton, Gloucestershire. Although he was twice married, Sir Hugh was known to have no issue by either wife. In 1824 he was succeeded by his only brother, the late Sir John Smythe, baronet, who dying without issue in 1849, left his eldest sister Clarence, the wife of John Upton, Esquire, of Westmoreland, in full possession of the family estates. Her son, Thomas Upton, died during her lifetime, and in 1852 the property came to her grandson, John Hey Greville Upton, a minor, who dropping the name of Upton, assumed the name and arms of Smythe, by royal licence, and he was afterwards, when he came to age, restored to the family title and dignity of baronet. At the death of Mrs. Clarence Smythe in 1852, Mrs. Upton made her son a ward of the Court of Chancery, and placed the estates in the hands of her brother, Mr. Arthur Way (afterwards member for Bath), who was appointed receiver of the Ashton Court estates by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Way had hardly entered upon his duties when he received a letter, dated Bristol, September 8, 1852, from Thomas Rodman, Esq., of Wellington, "the deputy steward of Sir Richard Smythe, Baronet, Somerset," claiming the estates, forbidding the destruction of deer in the park, requesting Mr. Way to consider himself a trespasser, and informing him that Sir Richard Smythe had that day taken possession in person of Heath House, at Stapleton, and that he would in future consider Mr. Way's visits at that house or lands a trespass. Mr. Way was speedily treated to the next chapter of the extraordinary story thus inaugurated. Joseph Turvey, an old servant of the family, presented himself from Heath house, the family mansion in Gloucestershire, with the following information. Two suspicious-looking men had called at Heath House on the previous afternoon and requested to see the establishment. Turvey, not unaccustomed to visits of this character, had commenced to show them over the house. When the old servitor pointed out the picture of Sir Hugh Smythe, one of the visitors, suddenly exclaiming, "O my beloved father!" prostrated himself before the painting, and informed the astonished Joseph that he was the owner of the estates. Unable to restrain himself, Joseph exclaimed, "Now I tell ye what it is; I've known the family, man and boy, this fifty year, and I've never seen the likes of you among 'em, and if you don't just clear out, I'll kick ye out, and that's all about it;" whereon the visitors thought discretion the better part of valour and disappeared. On this very day the pretended Sir Richard Smythe and his solicitor, Mr. Rodham, presented themselves at Ashton Court. Mr. Way received them, and after sarcastically complimenting "Sir Richard" on his baronetcy desired the fullest information. The solicitor made a long rambling explanation, after which "Sir Richard" requested that the household should be discharged to enable him to bring in his own servants. He asked for the keys, and said he would allow Mr. Way two hours to take his departure. Mr. Way, having been a patient listener, now remarked, "I must now request your attention to what I say. You have come here in the face of day to perpetrate a robbery of no ordinary kind. In a case so monstrous I can make no distinction between solicitor and client. You must both leave the house within the minute, or be prepared to take the consequences." They remonstrated. Mr. Way remained unmoved. The minute had hardly expired when he rang the bell. The servants entered, carried off "Sir Richard" and his client, "legs and arms," and deposited them outside the house.

Little further was heard of the new baronet until the following spring, when a well-known solicitor, Mr. Cattlin, began to act for "Sir Richard." The new solicitor served the tenantry with notices to account to no one but himself, "the agent of Sir Richard," but only one of the tenants was led into following this course. Rumour soon gave out that Sir Richard had come into possession of important documents establishing his claim, and he grew in favour. Whereas a short time previously he was a pauper, he was now in possession of St. Vincent's Priory, Clifton, with a person who styled herself Lady Smythe presiding at his table. Tradesmen crowded round him, foreseeing great custom, and were not only willing but eager to advance him money. Sir Richard and Lady Smythe went on Sundays to the church followed by a lacquey carrying the family Bible. Mr. Way was served with a writ of ejectment by

Mr. Cattlin to regain possession of Heath House, Stapleton and Elmington Farm, both in the county of Gloucester. The family solicitors, Messrs. Palmer and Wansey, were informed that Mr. Cattlin was in possession of a will that rendered the title of Sir Richard Smythe beyond doubt. Mr. Way and Mr. Palmer sought inspection of this will, and convinced themselves that it was a barefaced forgery, and were satisfied that it was the work of "Sir Richard" himself, seeing that the misspelling corresponded with the misspelling in letters of the plaintiff's. Mr. Way and his solicitors began to prepare for the trial. A detective was set to watch Mr. Cattin's offices. Mr. Field, acting for the defence, commenced his labours of tracing the pedigree of the plaintiff. Mr. Way (who was well qualified for his task, having acted as a Justice of the Peace in New South Wales) went to Ireland to make inquiries in the neighbourhood of Court MacSherry, where, according to the plaintiff's case, Sir Hugh Smythe had married his (plaintiff's) mother, Hesther Gookin, in 1796. "Sir Richard" had been there before him, and at the Earl of Bandon's had reported that "an illegitimate heir had got possession of his vast estates." The alleged marriage with Hesther Gookin proved to be a fabrication, that lady never having existed. Mr. Field was equally successful in his researches. He not only discovered that the plaintiff was not Sir Richard Smythe, but found out *who* he was.

When the trial came on for hearing at the Gloucester Summer Assizes, August 8, 1853, there was great excitement throughout the shire, and in fact throughout the country. Mr. Justice Coleridge presided as Judge; Mr. Bovill, Q.C., Mr. Dowdeswell, and Mr. Phipson appeared for the plaintiff; and Sir Frederick Thesiger, Q.C., Mr. Crowder, Q.C., Mr. Alexander, Q.C., Mr. Tufnell, and Mr. Gray, for the defence. Mr. Bovill, in opening the case, explained that at the death of Sir Hugh Smythe the estates passed to his brother, Sir John Smythe, and that plaintiff came to a knowledge of his rights by going to Sir John in 1849, and informing him of his relationship to the deceased, Sir Hugh Smythe. The news so affected the Baronet that he died the next morning. The learned counsel said that for want of funds plaintiff had been prevented from asserting his right to the property, but that now it would be established beyond doubt that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, by Jane, the daughter of Count Vandenbergh, to whom he was married in 1796 in Ireland. The entry of the marriage in a family Bible would be proved. A brooch would be produced with the name of Jane Gookin upon it, together with her portrait. She had died in childbirth, and Sir Hugh Smythe being anxious to marry the daughter of the Bishop of Bristol, Miss Wilson, the plaintiff's birth was kept a secret, and he was brought up in the house of a carpenter named Provis, at Westminster. It was this that had given rise to the report that plaintiff was an impostor. Mr. Bovill further argued that a man named Grace, Sir Hugh's butler, had informed Sir Hugh that his son had gone abroad and was dead. A letter was produced as having been written by Sir Hugh to his wife on the eve of her confinement, wishing her a safe delivery. The case went on to prove that in 1819 Sir Hugh was married again to a Miss Howell, and at this time Sir Hugh, believing his son to be alive, executed a document declaring the plaintiff to be his son, and that the document was discovered in the possession of Lydia Reed, the plaintiff's nurse, and that it was signed by Sir Hugh Smythe and Sir John Smythe, his brother. It was purported to have been discovered in the possession of an attorney's clerk in London. In the narrative of the personal career of plaintiff it was alleged that he had gone abroad and given himself up to study until his return in 1826, when he became a lecturer on mnemonics. He suspected he was the rightful heir, but circumstances prevented him taking the necessary steps until 1849. The learned counsel intimated that the main fact in the case would be that Sir Hugh Smythe was married in Ireland, and that the plaintiff was the issue of that marriage. The learned counsel narrated the plaintiff's story with remarkable force and eloquence, making a telling appeal to the jury, on account of the difficulties his client had to encounter in prosecuting his case against an opponent so formidable as the defendant. He complained that the defendant's agents had intimidated his witnesses, but he nevertheless had confidence in their coming forward and attesting the truth. Nothing could appear more honest and just than the plaintiff's claim, as Mr. Bovill set it forth from his clear and admirably-drawn instructions. It was a case, too, which might well excite the sympathy of a high-minded gentleman like the present Chief Justice; but he and his brethren in the case were destined to be cruelly sold by this ill-used heir, who had been brought up by a carpenter when he should have been enjoying the comforts of luxuries of his high position. The plaintiff being called into the box related his extraordinary story, swearing that the will of the late Sir Hugh Smythe had reached him in a brown paper parcel from London from one "Frederick Crane," whom he had never seen. The will was sealed with a seal containing the arms of the Smythe family, with the motto "Qui Capit capitor." The case went on for some time most prosperously. The result looked like a certainty for the claimant. There was great excitement in court when Sir Frederick Thesiger rose to cross-examine him. The learned counsel shook some of the strong points that had been laid down, but nothing of a startling nature transpired until plaintiff's further cross-examination on August 10, when he denied that he ever went by the name of Provis, or that he had ever said John Provis, of Warminster, lately of Frome, was his father, or had ever claimed kindred with Mr. Provis, the manager of the Yeovil bank. He said he had only been married once, and that the name of his wife was Ashton. Sir F. Thesiger then handed him a letter which he had written to Miss Clarence Smythe, in which the plaintiff stated, "I have a second wife." Plaintiff explained that he might have meant a young wife, but he was soon after obliged to admit his second marriage by the name of "Mr. Thomas Provis." He admitted that he had applied to Mr. Moring, a seal engraver in Holborn, and ordered some seals to be engraved; but did not on that occasion order a steel seal to be made according to pattern, which he brought with the crest, garter, and motto of the Smythes of Long Ashton to be engraved thereon, but that he ordered it afterwards.

A startling and dramatic incident occurred at this stage of the trial. A person in Oxford Street, after reading in the *Times* the account of the case as far as it had gone, telegraphed to Sir F. Thesiger that he could give important information. Counsel on both sides had not been pestered with letters and telegrams as they have been in the Tichborne case. Telegrams were fewer and more startling things, too, a few years ago than they are now. This one was promptly answered, and the reply came as quickly, requesting Sir F. Thesiger to ask plaintiff whether in January last he had not gone to a person at 161, Oxford Street, and desired him to engrave the Bandon crest upon the rings produced, and also to engrave the name "Gookin" on the brooch. Sir F. Thesiger read the despatch, and put the question to plaintiff, who, having already been a good deal worn by the cross-examination, fairly broke down under this last attack. Amid the breathless excitement of the Court, and turning sickly pale, complainant said, "I did." A few more questions were put, after which Mr. Bovill rose, and addressing the Court said he could scarcely express the emotion which he felt at the turn the case had taken. After such an exposure, which was unparalleled in courts of justice, he and his learned brethren felt it would be inconsistent with their duty as gentlemen of the bar to continue the contest any longer.

A verdict was at once given for the defendant, and "Sir Richard" was afterwards taken in custody and placed in the dock as "Tom Provis," to take his trial for perjury and forgery. At the criminal investigation curious revelations came to light as to the way in which the clever impostor had got up his case. The seal engraver, Mr. Moring, proved that the brown paper was the same in which he had sent a seal made by the prisoner's order, on the 17th March, 1853. He engraved the arms and the motto of the Smythe family on this seal. The "U" in "Qui Capit Capitur" had become blotted and was made to resemble an "O." The engraver had not noticed the error. The seal which was produced in court by the prisoner had on it the fatal word "Capitor," with which the deed had been sealed.

The will of 1823 it was shown had been written on parchment chemically prepared, and by a process unknown until within fourteen years of the trial. The forged letter from Sir Hugh to his "wife Jane," mentioned "Lydia Reed" as a fitting nurse for her, and the claimant had stated that this was the woman who had brought him up, and from whom he had obtained a picture of the late Sir Hugh and the other relics of his family, which were exhibited in court. Unfortunately for him, however, his own sister, Mrs. Heath, and other witnesses proved that they had known the picture for thirty or forty years as "the portrait of John Provis, the eldest son of the carpenter." Mrs. Heath declared that she had never known him as any other than her own brother, until he had become a public lecturer on "Mnemonics," and travelled about the country under the title of "Dr. Smith." A Bible was put in evidence showing his marriage to Mary Anne Whittick, and several witnesses proved his marriage, although he had denied that interesting event on oath during the trial. The ancient rings and some other relics were found to have been purchased at the shop of Mr. Cocks, jeweller, Oxford Street, in 1853. On one of these rings the prisoner had engraved "Jane, wife of Hugh Smythe, Esq., *m.* 1796—*d.* 1797." This particular ring bought as ancient turned out to be of comparatively modern manufacture. On another ring he had had engraved "Jane Gookin," and it was in connection with this particular ring that he broke down when cross-examined upon the engraver's telegram. Mr. Cocks's book was produced. It contained entries of directions for engraving made by the prisoner himself.

Tom Provis from the dock cross-examined the witnesses against him at great length, interspersing his questions with speeches and statements, the point of most of them being that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, Baronet; that in prosecuting his claim he had done things which could only be justified by the circumstances. At the close of his last speech he considerably astonished everybody. Putting his hand behind his neck he drew forth an enormous pigtail. Ostentatiously exhibiting it to the jury, he appealed to it as conclusive evidence of his aristocratic birth, adding solemnly, "Gentlemen, I was born with it, and my son was born with one six inches long!" Despite this last touching appeal, the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years' transportation.

Should the curious reader ever find himself in the picturesque neighbourhood of Ashton Court, he will have little or no difficulty in obtaining a sight of the pigtail and other relics which remain as memorials of "the well known case" referred to by Lord Chief Justice Bovill during another famous trial, Jan. 25, 1872.

THE POTATO BLOSSOM.

AN IRISH IDYLL.

AS fiddle in hand I crossed the land,
Wid homesick heart so weighty,
I chanced to meet a girl so sweet,
That she turned my grief to gai'ty.
Now what cause for pause had her purty feet?
Faix, the beautiful flower of the pratee.

Then more power to the flower of the pratee,
The beautiful flower of the pratee,
For fixing the feet of that colleen sweet
On the road to Cincinnati.

For a bit of blue sky you'd be taking her eye,
And her cheek had a darlin' dimple.
Her footstep faltered; she blushed, and altered
Her shawl wid a timid trimble.
"And oh, sir, what's the blossom you wear on your bosom?"
She asked most sweet and simple:

I looked in her face to see could I trace
Any hint of lurkin' levity;
But there wasn't a line of her features fine
But expressed the gentlest gravity;
So quite at my aise at her innocent ways,
Wid sorra a sign of brevity,

Says I, "Don't you know where these blossoms blow,
And their name of fame, mavourneen?
I'd be believin' you were deceivin'
Shiel Dhuv this summer mornin',
If your eyes didn't shine so frank on mine,
Such a schemin' amusement scornin'.

Now I don't deny 'twould be asy why—
Clane off widout any reflection—
Barely to name the plant of fame
Whose flower is your eyes' attraction;
Asy for me, but to you, aroo,
Not the slinderest satisfaction;

For somehow I know if I answered you so,
You'd be mad, you could disrimimber,
In what garden or bower you'd seen this flower
Or adornin' what forest timber,
Or where to seek for its fruit unique
From June until Novimber.

Since thin, I reply, you take such joy
In this blossom I love so dearly,
Wid a bow like this shall I lave you, miss,
Whin I've mintioned the name of it merely;
Or take your choice, wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly?"

"Oh, the song, kind sir, I'd much prefer,"
She answered wid eager gai'ty.
So we two and the fiddle turned off from the middle
Of the road to Cincinnati,
And from under the shade that the chapparal made
I composed her——

THE SONG OF THE PRATEE.

Whin after the Winter alarmin',
The Spring steps in so charmin',
So fresh and arch in the middle of March,
Wid her hand St. Patrick's arm on.
Let us all, let us all be goin',
Agra, to assist at your sowin',
The girls to spread your elegant bed,
And the boys to set the hoe in.

So rest and sleep, my Jewel,
Safe from the tempest cruel;
Till violets spring and skylarks sing
From Mourne to Carn Tual.

Then wake and build your bower
Through April sun and shower,
To bless the earth that gave you birth,
Through many a sultry hour.

Thus smile wid glad increasin',
  Till to St. John we're raisin'
Through Erin's isle the pleasant pile
  That sets the bonfire blazin'.

O 'tis then that the midsummer fairy,
  Abroad on his sly vagary,
Wid purple and white, as he passes by night,
  Your emerald leaf shall vary.

And once again, mavourneen,
  Some mellow Autumn mornin',
At red sunrise both girls and boys
  To your garden ridge we're turnin'.

Then under your foliage fadin'
  Each man of us sets his spade in,
Whilst the colleen bawn, her brown cashawn,
  Full up wid your fruit is ladin'.

SHIEL DHUV.

A DAY AT ASHDOWN PARK.

NON cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum — it is not every man who has had the good luck to witness a day's coursing at Ashdown Park, for, of course, if he would behold it at its best, it would be during one of the coursing meetings, and when "the house party" are numerous and at home for the occasion. That there are inducements enough to visit Ashdown Park and its surrounding neighbourhood no one will gainsay who has read "Tom Brown" or "The Scouring of the White Horse," sporting being altogether unconsidered. But imagine for a moment the delight of wandering over those glorious Berkshire downs, and witnessing at the same time about the best coursing to be seen in England! It is the fashion to write glowingly of the proceedings in connection with the leash at Altcar, and the astounding victories of Lord Lurgan's greyhound will, no doubt, tend still more to the advantage and popularity of that locality as a coursing head-quarters. The liberality of Lord Sefton is richly deserving of this partiality, and the very *embarras de richesses* in abundance of hares, to say nothing of prestige and convenience of situation for Scotch and Irish competitors, as well as for English speculators, being so near as it is to Liverpool, must perforce render it an attractive ground for the courser, whether his object be the winning of a heavy stake or the transaction of another kind of business with which coursing need not necessarily be associated.

Ashdown Park has no such superior attractions to offer. To the lover of nature, and to the genuine sportsman, however, the Berkshire hills must always present higher attractions to those of the plains of Altcar; for the very nature of the country is in every way more calculated to ensure better sport; so great a crowd can by no probability or even possibility assemble to spoil it; the judge is enabled to ride to his dogs, and the bookmaker—that increasing and ubiquitous spoil-sport—is not particularly conspicuous nor perpetually shouting his disgusting offers to swindle you or any other unfortunate who may be fool enough to listen to the voice of the charmer. The whole country side—the Vale of White Horse — is rich in historical associations and reminiscences, to which, however, this paper can only allude. Ashdown Park itself, the magnificent seat of

Lord Craven, is surrounded by a deep wood, in a hollow, and not far from Wayland Smith's cave. Of the legend concerning the cave readers of "Kenilworth" will need no reminder. The mansion itself was built by Inigo Jones. "Four broad alleys," says Tom Brown, "are cut through the wood from circumference to centre, and each leads to one face of the house. The mystery of the downs hangs about the house and wood, as they stand there alone, so unlike all around, with the green slopes, studded with great stones just about this part, stretching away on all sides. It was a wise Lord Craven, I think, who pitched his tent here."

The month was February, when the writer went over from Reading for a day's coursing at one of the great meetings at Ashdown Park. It was not this year, nor indeed the year before, but when coursing was at rather a low ebb, and when there was even a symptom of its probable disappearance altogether from the locality. Caterers, stewards, secretaries, innkeepers, and all with whom I had to do, will therefore be pleased to observe that if my remarks be not always laudatory, they are meant for another generation, and when things were not conducted in the present no doubt excellent manner. Hungerford is "a village in Berkshire," where a trap—it was indeed—must be hired in which to drive to Lambourne and to the downs if anything is to be seen.

"You have something in the shape of a dog-cart, I suppose, landlord, for Ashdown?"

"Oh, you want to go coursing?"

"Well, yes, if I can get a trap to suit."

"We'll see what we can do for you, sir. But, my traps are nearly all engaged. Here, George! Send Jimmy in to me."

"Jimmy" was an old customer, long past "mark of mouth," and about as unlikely looking a companion for a coursing trip as one would desire. But there was no help for it. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*—it was Hobson's choice, Jimmy or nobody.

"The old mare 'll do for him," I presently heard my obliging landlord remarking to Jimmy, who evidently had lent a hand to this kind of thing before, and was quite alive to his master's interest in such matters. "I aint a-going to let him have the blue cart for a jaunt to Compton Bottom, not if I know it."

"You'll want a man to take care on you, of course, sir?"

"Well, no, I am very well able to take care of myself; but I suppose I can't drive and see the coursing comfortably as well?"

"Of course you can't. Jimmy's the man for you, and I've got as handy a little cart as ever you see. Besides, Jimmy knows every inch of the ground, and can put you fly where to get a view of the running."

Of all the traps it has ever been my lot to engage, that old ramshackle of Hungerford was the worst. "Jimmy" himself was fain to confess at length that it was a regular bonesetter. It was intended for a Whitechapel, to which species of conveyance it no doubt once bore a remote resemblance. But it had been mended, patched, and "improved," until the design of the original had become almost obliterated. Then the old mare did not fit the machine. She was altogether too many for it—that is to say, she was too high, giraffe-like, and out of condition to work it becomingly and satisfactorily. The consequence of this ill-assortment was such a jolting and shaking as I hope never to undergo again.

We arrived at Lambourne in time for the draw dinner, held at the Red Lion, in that extremely picturesque village. There was hot roast and boiled in most incongruous profusion; wines of every vintage, and of no vintage at all; beer of every conceivable brew and rinsing; and a general scramble for seats, and a worry to be in time for a second helping, that utterly baffle description. The important business of the draw was commenced immediately after dinner: some betting men vociferated their tempting offers as the competitors were paired, and scribes for the sporting newspapers—who, by the way, were by no means insensible to the attractions of betting—became anxious in the matter of a correct entry as to colour and pedigree for their respective journals. I had thought myself particularly fortunate in procuring a bed at this famous hostelrie at the modest price of five shillings. Retiring early to that elysium, I was surprised to find the bed unmade and a half-packed portmanteau, evidently the property of the last occupant, still in the room. The proprietor of this heterogeneously tenanted indispensable presently entered and begged my permission to be allowed to finish his packing prior to removing "over the way." His recently-married daughter had unexpectedly arrived and taken lodgings during the coursing at a house where he too could be accommodated. Nothing more reasonable, of course. The bed and belongings looked comfortable enough to the eye, after being put ship-shape, but it was not long before I discovered the cause of the late occupier's abrupt departure.

"Well, how are you, sir?" said he to me on the following morning when I met him on the coursing ground. "Slept well, I hope?"

"I discovered the reason of the opportune arrival of your married daughter," I quietly remarked; "and I think I should have one also, if compelled to spend another night at my delightful hotel."

"Abominable stench in that bedroom, certainly," said he. "I couldn't tell you, you know. Be doing the house a bad turn, you see. But now you mention it, damme, sir, I'd rather sleep under a haystack." *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis* unquestionably, or the head-quarters of the Ashdown Park Coursing Club could hardly have continued to be held at that inn.

The house party mustered strong. The entire family joined the coursers during the morning, and it was a very pretty sight to see the Ladies Craven with their attendant gentlemen cantering down the green slopes of Ashdown on their way to the meet. Their finished horsemanship—or horsewomanship—was a general theme of admiration, while their condescending manners and cheerfulness gave an animation and a zest to the sport that were alone wanting to ensure a thoroughly enjoyable day. If, as Thacker says, the mantle of Lord Orford worthily descended upon the shoulders of Lord Craven, it may with almost equal justice be said that the fondness for the leash evinced by the eminent Miss Richards has been inherited by the ladies of Ashdown.

Miss Richards dwelt at Compton Beauchamp—now euphoniously termed Compton Bottom. She wrote her own epitaph, a copy of which was found among her papers, and is here transcribed :—

Reader, if ever sport to thee was dear,
Drop on Ann Richards' tomb a tear ;
Who, when alive, with piercing eye,
Did many a timid hare descry.
Well skilled and practised in the art,
Sometimes to find, and sometimes start ;
All arts and sciences beside
This hare-brained heroine did deride.
An utter foe to wedlock's noose,
When poaching men had stopt the Meuse,
Tattle and tea ! she was above it,
And but for form appeared to love it.
At books she laughed at, Pope and Clarke,
And all her joy was Ashdown Park.
But Ann at length was spied by Death,
Who coursed and ran her out of breath.
No shifting, winding turn could save
Her active life from gaping grave.
As greyhound, with superior force,
Seizes poor puss, and stops her course,
So stopped the fates our heroine's "view,"
And bade her take a long adieu
Of shrill so-ho and loud halloo."

But there was an Italian lady who utterly outdid even Miss Richards in her love of dogs, and who, says Earl Wilton, "exhibited an example of national divergence of character even when displayed by the softer sex," if the following advertisement may be adduced as proof: "Wanted a nurse.—The Signora Marchesa Siffanti di San Bartolomei is in want of a young healthy wet nurse. Her services will be required for a small litter of fine English spaniels, thoroughbred, the maternal parent having died while giving them birth. Nurse to reside in the House. Wages 100 francs per month. Chocolate in the morning; breakfast with the Marchesa; dine with the servants, and sleep with the dogs." The advertisement appeared in the columns of an Italian journal. "Surely," remarks his Lordship, "coursers need not after this be at a loss to know what to do should their female pets produce more than they can conveniently nurse."

The Maddle Farm, Compton Bottom, and all the favourite "finds," produced hares in abundance, but the *crême de la crême* of the day's amusement was viewing the coursing from a plantation within hail of the house itself. The hares had been driven the day before, and the plantation was consequently plenteously stocked. In addition to an almost impervious fence, it was boarded on the side facing the hill, and the hares could thus be let out one by one as they were wanted, through a trap door. The copse or plantation had no doubt been designed with an especial eye to this purpose, for everything at Ashdown has a smack of coursing about it, and no place could have been more advantageously fixed upon. The spectators had absolutely nothing to do but to sit or stand in one spot and witness the course, "from find to finish," as dogs and hare fought out their battle over the opposite hill. No fewer than sixteen courses, all satisfactorily finished, and in which every point could be observed by judge, slipper, owner, and spectator, so that all cavillings and errors of judgment could be easily adjusted, were here witnessed. In most instances, indeed, the office of judge was the veriest sinecure, as anybody with even the most rudimentary knowledge of coursing could give credit for a superiority of wrenching in the side of that trying hill, and it was easy enough to see which greyhound was working his hare the more closely. Sometimes too much "law" was given, and the hare consequently threw back her ears and went clean away without so much as a turn from the foe to stay her career. Hares are more "straight-backed" at Ashdown than at Altcar, and a weak one in October in the Vale of White Horse is an article very rarely to be met with.

"Jimmy" was not such a fool as he looked, and for that matter he could not well be. Of a truth that is but "damning with faint praise," after all.

"See that green car over there?"

"Of course I do well; what of that?"

The leer the old fellow gave at this betrayal of my ignorance concerning proceedings at Ashdown was sublime. Any tragedian of the day might have envied it.

"That's his Lordship's cart," says he.

"O, that's his Lordship's cart, is it?"

"Don't you see how some parties is a goin' to it, and don't you see the flunkey a drawin' corks? Well, that's what I calls lunch, that is."

I took the hint, and reached the car in time for a most invigorating snack and a pull at a tankard of rare home-brewed, by no means the least enjoyable portion of the day's entertainment. "Jimmy" had a "cut in," as he afterwards informed me, along with the domestics somewhere else. It is astonishing what an effect the appearance of a luncheon car produces on a coursing ground. It is not only the signal for temporary cessation of business, and for a "follow suit" on the part of all visitors fortunate enough to possess the wherewithal, but also for a general assemblage *en masse* of the entire company in the immediate neighbourhood of that magical and magnetic green car of the Lord of Ashdown.

Awhile discourse they hold;
No feare lest dinner coole.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." There is nothing like the luncheon bell to bring all men to a level. Here there were peers of the realm and lords in plenty hobnobbing with squires of low degree, and here were newspaper scribes devouring hard-boiled eggs, trainers' grooms and racing touts flying at every description of game within their reach, from a moth to a condor. Here was Matt. Dawson, the trainer, of Russley, the horses at exercise under the superintendence of H. Covey, while Tass Parker —the twice-defeated antagonist of old "K legs," the Tipton Slasher —mounted guard over the stables at home. As a matter of course other topics besides coursing became prevalent, while stunted men with "foreheads villanously low" listened knowingly, and then wandered away over the hills to "take stock" of the canters of any horses that might be out. Touting must be a difficult matter on the Berkshire hills if there is any privacy attached to ownership of gallops there, but a very easy matter otherwise, for what cannot a man with a good field-glass perceive? After all, one would imagine, from a contemplation of the class of individual representing the genus "tout" in those parts, that most of the sensation gallops and collateral deductions, intricate analyses and profound calculations, were concocted and hatched in the bar-parlours of the public-houses in Lambourne.

There were some grand trials at the hares from the copse, though it must be confessed there was no Master McGrath among the greyhounds. One very clever bitch—called Rollicking Hop-picker, or some such outlandish name, intended, probably, to indicate her descent from the Herefordshire blood—after winning a tremendous course, got on to a fresh hare before she could be caught up, and had such a pumping all to herself that her owner was compelled to withdraw her from the stake. The representative of the "house" was a certain Sir Roger de Coverley, who performed prodigies of valour until encountering another redoubtable champion, by the extremely saponaceous *nom de guerre* of Soapy Sam, whose owner had so christened him out of delicate compliment, as stated, to the Bishop of Oxford. Sir Roger was a black ticked dog, and Soapy Sam a fawn and white. They had a right good course for their decider, and for a time the knight appeared to have outworked his opponent. The hare, however, lived too long for him, and Soapy Sam, getting advantageously placed as the game neared the brow of the hill, maintained his position, and wrenching beautifully for some seconds, at last finished up with a kill. This was about the best course of the day, and though his Lordship was beaten, his greyhound had well maintained the honour of the Ashdown kennel.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound," and a man may have had a very comfortable drenching without being able even to form a conception of a storm of wind and rain on the Rubbing House hill. Such was our lot that day, and glad were such of us as remained to get to leeward of the old Rubbing House itself for shelter, temporarily declining to

> Pursue the triumph and partake the gale,

and having leisure to contemplate the dreary waste around, to scan Wild Dayrell's gallop, and to endeavour to remember what numbers of gallant thoroughbreds had here taken their preliminary exercises for the great struggles which were to make or mar the fortunes of thousands. It was amusing, whenever any cessation like this occurred, to observe what anxious inquiries were made by men desirous of obtaining exclusive or other information about courses. Can this method account in any way for the monotonous similarity of many descriptions in sporting newspapers? "Jimmy" became impatient for a speedy return—he had turned up in the nick of time and at the right spot whenever I had wanted the trap—and I was nothing loth, having trudged after the "long-tails" nearly the whole day. There is not, indeed, much good in riding at a coursing meeting if you want really to see the greyhounds do their work. Still, many do ride at Ashdown, rather because it is the fashion to ride than because they have equestrian blood in their veins or equestrian hands to their bodies. The "correct card" was a triumph of secretarial art, so much so, indeed, as to be almost useless.

"Got a hare left," said the aged gamekeeper, a gentleman whom I had propitiated—a wise habit—very early in the day. "Newspaper chaps been at me all day for a hare. Here 's a beauty for you: feel the jaws of her."

She was all the keeper said—a real beauty, as I proved some days afterwards, when discussing her virtues and quaffing success to coursing at Ashdown Park.

A. H. M.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

“SIR, there is no deep-rooted ill-will between America and England. On the contrary, I know that there is good feeling towards you, and I believe that there is good feeling towards us. But, Sir, your people do not understand us, and maybe our people do not understand you.”

These words were spoken to me ten years ago by Mr. Adams, Jun., the son of the then American Minister at the Court of St. James's, under circumstances that I will presently explain. What a marvellous decade of years is the last to look back upon! The work of Italian Unity has been crowned, and Rome, the Eternal City, has become the capital of a great kingdom. Austria, driven forth from Italy, has also lost her hold upon Germany. Prussia has united Germany, and the Teutonic race has made itself the chief military power and the virtual arbiter of the destinies of the Continent of Europe. France has been overcome and despoiled of her provinces. And now, before we have time to read and digest the chronicles of these great events, we are confronted by a curious illustration of the truth of the trite apopthegm that “History sometimes repeats itself.”

In England the Christmas of 1861 was a season of sorrow and anxiety. The nation mourned for the affliction of the Queen, and the sad bereavement which left her a widow and her children fatherless was felt as a national calamity. But a still darker cloud overshadowed the land, and both Sovereign and people were disquieted by the imminent danger of war with America. Men's hearts failed them, not for fear but for grief, at the dire prospect of strife with a people who speak our language, who inherit our laws and customs, whose interests are identical with ours, who are free even as we are free, who are in very deed our brothers—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, the children of our fathers. How much treasure and how many lives the war would cost no one could tell; but we knew that it would ruin commerce, cripple industry, waste the wealth gained by half a century of toil, and that in thousands of English and American homes there would be lamentation because husband or father, brother or son, was numbered amongst the slain. We also knew, and the thought was a stinging taunt, that there were no spoils for the victor, and that the triumph of either side would be utterly barren.

During that period of sickening suspense, I was favoured with a call from Mr. Adams, Jun., in reference to the reprinting of an article which I had contributed to the *Atlas*, in favour of the maintenance of peace. Mr. Adams was on his way to attend a Peace Prayer Meeting at Exeter Hall. We conversed on the all-engrossing topic, and he answered various questions with a courtesy, frankness, and intelligence which showed that in his family excellent gifts of character and intellect are hereditary. I commenced the conversation by explaining that though I was for peace at almost any price, yet I was not a Northern partisan; and I expressed regret that the work of emancipation could not have been accomplished without civil war. Mr. Adams replied that I was wrong in supposing the war to be a war of emancipation. "If the insurrectionists do not lay down their arms, and if the war is long continued, it may become our duty to emancipate the slaves, without regard to the property rights of the slave owners, but our business is to put down an insurrection, and that is the sole object of the war." I told Mr. Adams my attention had been directed to a speech delivered by Mr. Lincoln in 1848, in the course of which he had said:—

> Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionise, and make their own, so much of the territory as they inhabit.

Mr. Adams replied that the North did not deny the right of revolution, though, after consenting to an appeal to the ballot-box, the South ought to have abided by the result, and not have appealed to force. But granting that the South had the abstract right to attempt a revolution, and to rebel against the Government, it was, so long as the struggle continued, a domestic affair that did not concern other nations; and England had no more right to interfere or to countenance the rebels than America would have to interfere if Scotland or Ireland attempted to dissolve the union with England. "Do you think, Sir, that the people of America would be gratified by a rebellion which divided the United Kingdom, and reduced the mother country to the rank of a second-rate power? No, Sir, we should deplore such a catastrophe, and we have a right to expect that your people will sympathise with us in our struggle to defend the integrity of the Union." After some further conversation, Mr. Adams made the remark I quote at the commencement of this article.* Since that time I have had unusual opportunities for testing its correctness, and I have found it literally true. Throughout the civil war America misunderstood our position, and we misunderstood the position of America.

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* The conversation with Mr. Adams is written down from memory. I can guarantee the substantial accuracy of my report, but I cannot assert that I give the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Adams.

Before setting forth some of the mistakes incidental to the Civil War, I wish to say a few words about those general misconceptions which have irritated the two nations ever since the War of Independence. Americans think that we do not justly appreciate their virtues and greatness, or else that we are jealous and pretend to despise the success and glory that we envy. Americans are wrong; but no Englishman who investigates the subject can be surprised at the unfortunate error. We have been extreme to denounce every fault of the American people. We have, for example, been very ready to impugn their commercial integrity, not in act but in words, for while we have censured American smartness we have freely invested in American securities, and given practically unlimited credit to American bankers and American merchants. Our strictures on American speculations have been severe, and we seem to have forgotten that financial gambling and monetary panics are not unknown in England. The absurd wooden nutmeg story has been treated as a veritable exposition of national dishonesty. An American who read the oft-told story in a book of anecdotes said to me, "Well, sir, the fact is there are cheats in our country, just as there are a pretty few of them in yours; but I don't know that American wooden nutmegs are much worse than English clayed calicoes, which a single wash reduces to mud and tatters!" We were shocked that the United States tolerated negro slavery, and some of us were always publicly thanking God that we were free from that rank offence. We did not consider that we instituted negro slavery in America, and maintained it against the earnest wish of the colonists; nor did we consider what a difficulty we had to abolish negro slavery in the West Indies. I have read withering discourses on the wickedness of the United States in tolerating Mormonism. The writers were evidently unaware that Utah was afar off from Washington, and that the Mormonites were then beyond the reach of the Federal authority. These indignant writers also chose to forget that Brother Prince's Free Love Establishment was tolerated in the midst of populous England. But the Americans do not care much for censures, since they have the strength and the will to return blow for blow. But they have been, and are, hurt and vexed by our banter. I will not say that the Americans are not a humourous people, but certain it is that they do not understand English chaff.

Our dramatists, novelists, and humourists have a stock American, just as they have a stock Frenchman and a stock German, and these are not even caricatures, but grotesque creations. When we put an American on the stage, or in a fiction, or in a comic paper, we represent a gaunt figure, with a sallow face, chewing tobacco, and we make him talk idiotic brag with a nasal twang. Now, if the Americans knew that everything and everybody is chaffed in England, that if a public man is not chaffed and caricatured it is because he is beneath notice, they would only laugh at our banter; but they do not know our passion for chaff, they do not know that to appear in a *Punch* cartoon is a mark of social distinction, and therefore they regard our chaff as insulting. Will some one who speaks with authority tell Americans that we should not ridicule them if we did not respect them, and that those who we most love we most quiz? On the other hand, it would be well for Englishmen not to be offended with American tall talk. It is in itself as harmless as our chaff. Besides, the rhetorical exaggerations and the loud self-assertion of Americans are natural and excusable. What a country! What a people! What a destiny! I can never think of that vast and wondrous continent, or of the genius of the dominant race, or of the splendid future the dawn whereof is so bright as to eclipse the present glory, without pleasurable emotion. I heard of an Englishman on a Mississippi steamboat being annoyed by an American boasting of the greatness of his country, of its rich lands, of its treasures beneath the soil, of its prairies and its forests, of its mountains and its lakes big as inland seas, and of its rivers. "This river must have cost you a fabulous sum to dig," said the Englishman. "Dig! why it is the work of nature," replied the American. "Then why do you brag of it?" asked the Englishman. "Well, sir, I reckon it is none the worse for being the work and gift of God." I think that was a fair retort. Then let us bear in mind how rapidly America has become a Great Power. When our grandfathers were young men, America was a colony; and probably there are old men yet in the flesh who were born before the United States became independent. In all history there is no precedent for such rapid progress. America is in one sense *parvenu;* I hope it is superfluous for me to remark that I do not use the term reproachfully, and being *parvenu* there has been a disposition to sneer at her position and pretensions, and this has fostered the irritating habit of loud self-assertion. If America understood that there is no gall of bitterness in our chaff, and that we admire her greatness and the grandeur of her achievements, there would be less tall talk about the infinite superiority of

America; and if we took into consideration the position of America and the causes for her self-assertion, we should listen to the tall talk goodnaturedly and without offence. I repeat that American tall talk is in itself as harmless as English chaff.

Returning to the subject of the Civil War, I would in the first place remark that misconceptions as to the policy and sentiment of England were by no means confined to the North. Secession was intended to be limited to the Cotton States, and the other Southern States were to stand as a bulwark for the Cotton States Confederacy against the possible aggression of the North. Mr. Yancey was wont to say that Cotton was King, and that England must support the States which produced the raw material of her staple manufacture. Yes, it was the conviction of Mr. Yancey and his friends that our national life depended upon an uninterrupted supply of American cotton! Soon after the notification of the blockade, an American gentleman, who was by no means unfriendly to the North, and who subsequently sided with the North, said to me, "That is a mistake. If the blockade is effective, there will be a cotton famine in Lancashire, and as the industry and commerce of the country will be paralysed, you will be forced to interfere." Events showed that Cotton was not King, for the cotton famine did not compel the Government to kick the beam of neutrality.

But the great and abiding mistake of the South was the assumption that England would be glad to see the United States divided into separate and even antagonist Powers; and further that England would be willing to assist in bringing about such a revolution. Daily and almost hourly our statesmen, politicians, and other persons of influence were reminded of the importance of seizing the opportune moment for establishing a balance of power in the New World. My Southern friends unceasingly lamented and anathematised the blindness and cowardice of England. When the news of the fall of Richmond reached England I called at a house where I met Mr. Mason. The Confederate Commissioner was as composed as usual, and a stranger could not have imagined how keenly he felt the blow. After remarking that he thought Lee would get away from Virginia and find a new base of operations, he added, "But if our cause is lost it will not be many years before England repents her supineness and her cruelty in suffering us to be crushed by hordes of the refuse of Europe."*

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* The Confederates were as unjust to the Federals as the Federals were to the Confederates. The oft-repeated statement that the Confederates were crushed by sheer weight of numbers and that the soldiers of the Union were the scourings of

Was this a question of sentiment or of policy? If of sentiment, why should England desire to injure the North in order to gratify the South? Admitting that during the eighty years of the existence of the United States the Washington Government has from time to time manifested an unfriendly feeling towards this country we could not fail to recollect that until the election of Mr. Lincoln the influence of the South had been nearly always paramount at Washington, and therefore from the sentiment point of view we could have no warmer regard for the South than we had for the North. Then as to policy, what were we to gain by the division of the Union? The reply was that a balance of power in America would assure the safety of Canada. So we were to plunge into war because some day the United States might invade Canada and the Southern Confederacy might help us in defending British America! Lord Palmerston's answer to the plea for intervention on the ground that if the United States was not divided Canada would be annexed was statesmanlike and conclusive. He said that for fifty years to come the United States had rich territories to people and to bring into cultivation, and therefore they would have no reason for annexing Canada by force, and if in fifty years British America was worth a war of annexation, Canada would be able with the help of England to hold her own.

These erroneous views of the South encouraged the Secessionists and perhaps tended to prolong the war, but they were not suggested or encouraged by England. On the other hand many Confederates

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the Atlantic sea-board and the refuse of the cities of Europe, is altogether false, and no Southern gentleman will now reiterate it. When the South unfurled the flag of war the numerical superiority of the North was known, and therefore the Confederate leaders must have expected to prevail in spite of that numerical superiority. No doubt the German settlers in the Western States sent valuable recruits to the Union armies. The Irish element was of great value, because Irishmen are first-rate soldiers. Beyond question newly-arrived immigrants were enlisted, and it is within my knowledge that emigrants from Ireland were assisted across the Atlantic, with a view to their being drafted into the army. But these foreign recruits were comparatively few in nnmber and could not affect the issue. Let honour be paid to those who have won it by their prowess, their heroism, and their sacrifices. The sons of New England were foremost in the awful struggle. They animated the army by their unswerving resolution, and by their fanatical and dauntless courage. It is too soon for the dead to be forgotten as members of families. Go to the New England States and visit from house to house. You will be amazed at the many, many families who mourn for relatives who died fighting for the Union and for Emancipation, for the men of New England were not only staunch Unionists, but were also nerved and excited by their hate of negro slavery. Mr. Mason spoke the words I have quoted when the struggle was, so far as he knew, not over. The South is now just to the valour and military conduct of the North.

were of opinion that the hope of English recognition was the ruin of the Confederacy. After the battle of Gettysburgh General Lee was in favour of contracting the area of warlike operations, but that course was not followed because it would have had a bad moral effect on Europe. If the Southern people would have continued the war without the hope of English intervention, then there can be no doubt that it might have been prolonged by the Confederate forces falling back on the interior lines and waging a semi-guerilla warfare.

The North complained that we were not neutral, and that our sympathies were Southern. The fact is the North expected something more than neutrality. The Northerners regarded our rigid neutrality as unnaturally barbarous and even inhuman. If the United States had been afflicted with some dire plague, say cholera, and we had been so neutral as to refuse to allow the export of anti-cholera drugs, about the same feeling would have been evoked. This is the Northern summing up of the case: "An insignificant minority in the South got up an insurrection. The few rebels were holding the Union men in check. England seized the earliest moment to recognise the rebels as belligerent Power. What would England say if there was an insurrection in Cork and we forthwith recognised the Irish rebels as a belligerent Power?" Now in the light of subsequent events this seems an absurd view of the case, but those who knew the history of the Secession movement could not be surprised that Mr. Seward talked of the Confederacy as an insurrection to be put down in thirty or sixty days, and that in so doing he expressed the opinion of his fellow citizens.

If the Confederacy were not dead and buried, if what I tell reflected on the honour of the Confederate leaders, I should be silent. But I know the truth about the Secession movement, and as its revelation can harm no one, whilst it explains the attitude and sentiments of the North, I do not hesitate to state what I have learnt from those who were behind the scenes in the Presidential Election of 1860, and who were the managers and the wire-pullers of the Secession movement.

Now the Secession movement was a surprise to the people of the South. It was unknown to those who afterwards figured most prominently in the Confederacy. Lee, Jackson, Johnstone, and other illustrious captains reluctantly drew their swords against the Union, and only did so because they believed that they were bound to follow the lead of their States. The doctrines of Calhoun, who as a publicist is almost without a rival, had the same influence in the South that the writings of Adam Smith had in this country. Calhoun upholds the theory of the sovereign rights of the States, and his disciples are taught to look upon the State as absolutely sovereign, and the Federal Congress and Government as a mere agency for the transaction of foreign affairs and the management of the postal, customs, and other *international* business. But not only the captains of the Confederacy, but also the civil leaders were not foremost in the work of Secession. Vice-President Stephens stoutly opposed the movement. Mr. Davis was not a Secessionist until Secession was *un fait accompli.* The Douglass party, who subsequently were prominent Confederates, denounced Secession as ill-timed Mr. Seward was right in saying that there was a strong Union feeling in the South. I believe that the Union sentiment was fully as strong in the South as it was in New England. We were told that the Secession ordinances were voted with enthusiasm. I know from those who were the active agents in the movement that the ordinances of Secession were not carried without difficulty, and that recourse was had to electioneering artifices. Moreover, those who were interested in the movement were under the necessity of declaring that Secession was only a demonstration. If there had been time for reflection, and if it had been avowed that the movement was real, and that it meant the disruption of the Union, a Secession ordinance would probably not have been adopted in any State excepting South Carolina.

Many of those who voted for Secession, expecting that the movement would result in the formation of a Southern Confederacy, did not contemplate the establishment of a rival and foreign power. All they looked for was a more perfect "Home Rule," a federation of federations instead of a federation of States. If the negotiations had been a little more protracted, there would have been a compromise and an amicable settlement of the political dispute. But the capture of Fort Sumter put an end to negotiation and revolutionised Southern feeling.

Now all the above facts were well known to the Government at Washington. Can we wonder that Mr. Seward and his fellow-citizens described the secession of the South as an insurrection? It needed a long and bitter experience to teach them that the booming of the cannon against Fort Sumter and the battle of Manassas had put an end to Union sentiment, and had made the South a distinct and hostile nation. But Europe did not know that the Southern Confederacy was the conception and the work of a few daring spirits, and that the majority of the Southern people were induced to support the Secession movement by electioneering tactics. If Americans will be at the pains of reading the English newspapers published during the time that the States were passing the Secession ordinances, they will find that Secession was regarded as a demonstration, and that there was no expectation of a final dissolution of the Union, and certainly no thought of civil war. The capture of Fort Sumter without bloodshed amused Europe, whilst the battle of Manassas was as great a surprise as it would be if little Denmark were to challenge the hosts of Germany and beat them in the fight. Here, then, is one of the Northern mistakes. We are charged with treating a band of conspirators and an insurrection as a belligerent Power. We did no such thing. We did not recognise the Confederate States as a belligerent Power until the war had begun and the North had recognised the belligerency of the South. The North still fails to see that the war changed the aspect of affairs in the South, and that from the hour Fort Sumter fell until General Lee surrendered his sword the South was in very deed a separate and hostile Power.

It will hardly be denied that the North underrated the resources and power of the Confederates. It is not less true that Europe overestimated their power and means of defence. When Captain Hudson, a Southern gentleman who had been in Germany to complete his military education, took leave of the King of Prussia, His Majesty complimented him on the bravery of his countrymen, and expressed an opinion that the South would triumph. If the Emperor Napoleon had not believed in the triumph of the South, he would not have attempted to establish a Mexican Empire. English statesmen for awhile regarded the issue of the war as uncertain. Mr. Bright, the staunch and vehement partisan of the North, spoke at Birmingham in December, 1862, and said: "I do not blame any man who believes the restoration of the Union to be hopeless; you have the authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) on that point. I do not hold that opinion." Nor did Mr. Gladstone; but Mr. Bright was almost alone in believing that the cause of the South was hopeless. The fact is Europe was completely in the dark as to the prospects of the South. I may say, without presumption, that no Englishman had better information than I had. I was in intimate and confidential relations with Confederate gentlemen in England. They neither practised concealment nor deception, yet when all was over, and when I learnt how the resources of the Confederate Government had been exhausted, that for months before the end of the war they could not recruit their armies, or arm the very few recruits they enlisted, I was amazed at the bold and imposing front they had maintained. Sure am I that if the South had been an open country, and Europe had known the limit of her resources, and had been assured of the resolution of the North, no one, not even on the morrow of the battle of Manassas, or of the defeat of McClellan, would have deemed the ultimate success of the Confederates within the bounds of possibility. We were wrong in believing that there was a chance of the Confederacy succeeding without foreign intervention. We erred through ignorance. We were misled by the brilliant strategy of the Confederate generals, and by the confident tone of the Confederate Government, and we had no means of estimating the value of the one or the worth of the other. But did the English belief in the possibility of the success of the South encourage the Confederation to prolong the war? We doubt it, and if it is true, we reply that in the United States as well as in England and Europe there was faith in the possibility of the success of the South. In 1862 and 1863 there were periods of deep despondency. I do not mean that the North at any moment thought of giving up the struggle, but there were times when the hope of restoring the Union seemed dim and very distant; so that some in bitterness exclaimed, "If we cannot conquer Davis, let Davis conquer us, and so save the Union." We are all very wise after the event. The curtain is lifted, and we all see that unless the United States gave way, the overthrow of the Confederacy was only a question of months, or at the most of two of three years. But in 1862 and 1863 neither in England nor in the United States was the issue considered to be a foregone conclusion. Yet one of the thoughts that rankle in the mind of Americans against England is that we believed or pretended to to believe in the possibility of Southern success, and so encouraged the Confederates to prolong the war. If we had been as well informed in 1861 and 1862, as we were after April, 1865, we should have deemed the attempt of the South manifestly hopeless. But we ought not to be blamed for not being better informed than were the Northerners.

We are charged with being false to our professed hate of slavery in order to break up the Union. The indictment of America runs in this wise:—"Negro slavery in America was a legacy of English rule. At a cost of £20,000,000 England abolished slavery in her West Indian Colonies, and never ceased to upbraid us for not following her example. Our abolitionists were always supported by the public opinion of England. When Mrs. Stowe visited England she had an ovation that created a profound impression in America. We could not decree the emancipation of three millions of slaves, but we determined to limit the area of slavery by not permitting its extension to the territories. Our resolution, from which we would not swerve, was the primary cause of secession. What did England? Did she tell the South that England hated slavery with an inexpressible and inextinguishable hate? Did she say to the North, 'We are with you unto the end in this conflict of freedom against slavery which we have done our best to bring about?' No! England called herself neutral. When the work of the abolitionists eventuated in civil war, England became cool and indifferent on the question of negro slavery."

Now, I venture to say that if the North had replied to the ordinances of secession by an anti-slavery manifesto the Confederates would have had little sympathy in England. But the North took the utmost pains to assure the world that the war was not a war of emancipation. Under date of August 22, 1862, President Lincoln wrote as follows to Mr. Horace Greeley:—

> If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in the struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the coloured race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

A month later the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. In all States who were in rebellion on the 1st January, 1863, the negroes were to be free. In all States that sent representatives to Congress and submitted to the Union the negroes were to continue slaves.

Let no one censure President Lincoln for the course he pursued. A decree of emancipation at the outset of the war would have been impolitic and a gross breach of his duty. Moreover, the North was restrained by considerations of humanity. Every one feared that the decree of emancipation would result in a servile war. That was the opinion in England, in the United States, and in the South. The Confederate Congress declared that the emancipation decree was "an invitation to servile war that ought to be held up to the execration of mankind." Happily, none of these dire consequences ensued. The negroes were as well behaved and as faithful to their masters after as before the decree of emancipation. They were not guilty of crimes against property or persons. Their conduct was admirable, and was, I hold, a reply to those who endorsed the statements of Mrs. Beecher Stowe about the treatment of the negroes in the South, and it was also a reply to the Southerners who contended that the negroes were not fit for freedom.

But what becomes of the indictment against England? The war was declared to be a war for the salvation of the Union, and not for the emancipation of the negroes. While the disloyal were to be punished by the emancipation of their slaves, the loyal were to be rewarded by the privilege of holding their negroes in slavery. When emancipation was decreed, the Northern Government took care to explain that emancipation was a military measure. Why, the immediate abolition of slavery depended upon the South persevering in the struggle! England did not sacrifice her principles because she disliked the Union; she accepted the declaration of the North that the sole purpose of the war was the restoration of the Union.

The formal claim of America is for damages done by certain Confederate cruisers, for losses growing out of the acts of those cruisers, and for the prolongation of the war, which is alleged to have resulted from the existence of the Confederate cruisers. But the real complaint is that England countenanced an insurrection until it attained the proportions of a belligerent power; and that England was faithless to her anti-slavery professions because she disliked the Union even more than she was averse to slavery. Until these false impressions are removed, there can be no cordial peace between England and America; and I believe that if America will consider how we were situated and how we acted, she will be convinced that we were not unfriendly to the North, and that our attitude of neutrality was justifiable.

Does America think that we did not believe in the success of the South, and that we encouraged the Confederates to persevere that America might be weakened by more carnage, and that she might be burdened with a heavier debt? No American will entertain such an ignoble thought. Did we believe the statements of the Confederates that with English aid, or even with the moral aid of formal recognition, they could establish the Confederacy? If so, and we desired to divide the Union, we should surely have recognised the Confederacy. Englishmen are human. If they have the opportunity, they help their friends and hurt their foes. We could have materially helped the Confederacy, and we did not. The Southerners declared that the North had been aided and abetted by the policy of England. We could have increased the difficulties of the North, and we did not. If we sympathised with the South, why did we not help her? If we disliked the North, why did we carefully abstain from adding to her troubles?

During the civil war, when there was much talk about the Confederate sympathies of France, a Southern gentleman said to me, "We would rather have the little finger of England than the whole body of France." I understood him to mean that the South would prefer the formal support of England to the material support of France, and I remarked that at such a juncture I should have thought material support was the one thing needful, and therefore the one thing desired. He replied, "You have no conception of the immense effect the avowed friendship of England would have on the South and also on the North. It would be a triumph for us that would gall the North." Observe how lightly the United States regards the conduct of France during the civil war. Confederate vessels of war were built in French yards. In the regulations for the treatment of the belligerents France acted in conjunction with England. It may or may not be true that the Confederate cruisers enabled the Confederate Government to prolong the war, but it is certain that the French expedition to Mexico prolonged the war for at least a year. The archives of the Confederate Government are in the hands of the United States Government, and they abundantly prove this statement. I distinctly and emphatically assert that the war was carried on in consequence of the hope of intervention inspired by the Mexican expedition, and that Maximilian refused to accept the crown until he had precise assurances that the Southern Confederacy would be established. Yet neither the press nor the Government of the United States ever thought of demanding compensation from France. Why this different treatment? Because we are so near akin to America, and because her anger against England is not the offspring of inherent ill-will, but, on the contrary, is the result of inherent good-will being wounded and offended.

We rejoice that there is no immediate apprehension of war. Ten years ago we were spared the threatened calamity, and there is no doubt that the present dispute will be put off or settled without an appeal to arms. But it would be foolish and criminal to flatter ourselves that England and America can ever and anon lay hands upon their swords without unsheathing them. Smouldering anger will surely some day burst into a consuming flame.

I do not marvel at the general conviction that war between England and America is impossible. The victory of America would not increase her power or prestige, and the triumph of England would be equally fruitless. Nay, the victor as well as the vanquished would suffer, for the patrimony of the race would be laid waste by the fratricidal struggle, and would become the spoil of the stranger.

Conceive England victorious. Conceive the United States divided, and the great Republic virtually blotted out of the map of the world. Why, Englishmen would hold themselves accursed and dishonoured. Accursed for turning back the now onward and swift-flowing tide of civilisation. Dishonoured for destroying the national life of a community as near akin as brother is to brother.

Conceive America victorious. Conceive England stripped of her colonies, her Indian empire taken from her, her industry and her commerce ruined. Conceive an American visiting England and beholding few ships in our ports, our warehouses empty, the greater number of our mills rusting from long disuse, the grass growing in the streets that were heretofore busy thoroughfares, our public buildings, even the cathedrals that are indeed as truly the heritages of Americans as of Englishmen, fast decaying from sheer neglect. Suppose the American knew that war with America had destroyed the British Empire. Would he triumph? No. He would haste from the desolated land, from the birth-place of his race, and he would curse the men of America who were the perpetrators of the fell and shameful deed.

I shall be told, and truly, that such a fate would not befal either nation; that a war between England and America would be what is called a drawn battle. The one could not completely vanquish the other. Yes, such a war would not afford the victor even the miserable gratification of the savage hate and the devilish malice that are engendered by human bloodshed.

War between England and America would be the grossest blunder and the worst crime that ever disgraced humanity. But let us not conclude that it is therefore impossible. The apostolic admonition, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," is applicable to nations and to races. Let the good and true men of both lands reason together, and rest not until they have rendered the adjustment of disputes easy by removing existing misconceptions. Then, indeed, war between England and America would be impossible, and there would be a cordial peace of incalculable benefit to both nations.

And what we have to do should be done quickly. The peril may be greater than we think. In these days wars are not made by governments, but by the people who govern. Does that bode well for the peace of the world? Let us remember how readily the passions of a people are inflamed, and that an excited multitude is deaf to the voice of reason, and altogether beyond control. In this age treaties of amity, though made in the name of the Holy Trinity and in solemn sincerity, are worthless as the parchments on which they are written, unless the friendly relations of the government represent the sentiment of the nation. Let America know England and England know America, and then neither the mistakes of governments nor the wicked devices of factions will imperil the peace between the two great communities of the English-speaking race.

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.

XI.—MISS ROBERTSON (MRS. KENDAL).

MRS. KENDAL—better known as Miss Robertson—is sister to the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, who is certain to be remembered when a cloud of dramatists quite as successful are forgotten. Any man who succeeds in diverting the public taste, or in turning back a perverse stream which will flow in the direction of the ditch, leaves a mark, as it were, and cannot be overlooked by posterity. In his writing there was an instinct of elegance—attended, however, by a certain weakness, through want of "beef," as Garrick would say—which went far towards placing him in the front rank. This instinct was fortified by a perfect appreciation of the best foreign dramatic models, and especially of the French treatment of dialogue and character, which gave an air of finish and refinement to all his works. Much of this is present in the acting of his sister, and there can be no doubt that she has found her proper place in the Haymarket company. It is to be regretted, indeed, that she has not received her training during the last ten years at the little cabinet house in the Tottenham Court Road, where the drawing-room-like atmosphere and the genteel *nuances* to be found in her brother's pieces would have had the happiest effect. Her figure and manner are exceedingly graceful, her voice musical and pleasing, and her face intelligent—all important, and even rare, qualifications for an actress. In these days we must be overpoweringly grateful for the smallest mercies.

Yet, considering that she has now been some years at the Haymarket—which is really the only existing school of acting, or the only house with traditions—it is curious that she should not have made greater progress. With players like Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, and, until lately, Mr. Compton, about her, she seems to have failed in catching the old classical tone of the place. Lately she played in that masterpiece, "She Stoops to Conquer," and her reading of Miss Hardcastle showed this defect in a surprising manner. There was an indistinctness and a want of finish; a lack of dramatic *weight*. That air of *sagacity*, of sly humour, of quiet enjoyment of the embarrassment of another, which speaks the presence of a woman of superior intellect and cleverness, and which makes the charm of the ladies of true comedy, was not present. The audiences of past generations, who saw their Abingtons, and Jordans, and Popes, were fascinated by this charm quite as much as the same persons would be in a drawing-room in presence of some lady gifted with the same attractions. No one would be conscious of this feeling when following the proceedings of the Haymarket Miss Hardcastle. Her sparkling wit was not "pointed;" many of her sentences fell still-born. There was a rusticity, an indefiniteness over all. In the matchless scene with Marlow, when she was playing Barmaid, there was no suggestion of the lady disguised as the barmaid, no taking of the audience into confidence, or sly sharing of the "fun" with them; she was merely the conventional *soubrette* of the stage. This secret of acting, however, has long since been lost; and our players, whenever they assume a disguise of a lower station, always aim at (and succeed in) identifying themselves with the inferior character. There is none of that art which Lamb describes so exquisitely when speaking of the Palmers—when you saw the gentleman through the footman's clothes. Even where our player has to present some mean fellow of low life, he does it heartily; quite forgetting that the aim of the stage is to spiritualise, as it were, every part, and to raise instead of degrade.

In the scenes with her father, too, Miss Robertson gave the idea of a dull, sober girl, who took everything *au grand sérieux*, and laid her plot for the embarrassment of Marlow as though some grave and solemn family interest were concerned. Here, again, we have to lament the charm of the older stage, the buoyant spirits which carried all through, which made poor scenery glorious, which filled the house with delight and enjoyment, and lifted all concerned into a new and happy world. An actress now indeed smiles and skips across the stage, but the overflowing soul is wanting.

In this character she was certainly overweighted; but it requires the highest gifts in an actress. Her Lydia Languish was more successful, but for the reason that it is infinitely more easy. There the romantic, unfinished, unschooled young lady, whose character is purposeless, whose mind is unformed, who is the creature of events, instead of directing them as Goldsmith's brilliant heroine does, falls more within the powers of an actress of our time. And here it must be confessed Miss Robertson gives a very agreeable portrait. So, too, in that little piece, "Uncle's Will," where she is quite at home in the vivacity and, to a certain extent, piquancy, of a lady of our own period. But in Shakespeare—in Rosalind, for instance—the failure is complete; and no injudicious praise of unthinking admirers or personal friends should tempt her to lay hands on the sacred ark. Training and practice will yet do much; though it is perplexing, as before stated, how she has contrived to escape picking up the Haymarket traditions. Time runs a fatal race with experience and training; and if it takes, say, twenty years to learn, the physical qualifications may have departed when ripened knowledge and experience shall have arrived.

In Mr. Gilbert's mythological pieces she is far more at home: and her present part in "Pygmalion" is really a surprise. There is a grace, a warmth, and a sympathy in it that is really charming; and this success shows the advantage of having a house with a varied *répertoire* of pieces. For an actor or actress, without this advantage, may go on to the end, always supposed by the management to be fitted for only one sort of character, whose "lines" are the same. But when a variety is offered, it becomes a series of experiments: the artists try their wings for various distances, at last, as in Mr. Irving's and in the present instance, lighting on the character that exactly suits them. Mrs. Kendal's success in this piece and her failure in others enables us to fix her position: at present she has not *weight* enough for old comedy, perhaps from want of study; in the more superficial characters of what is called modern comedy she is more at home; but in graceful parts with some romance and poetry, such as Galatea, she is very happily suited. Mr. Gilbert is to be congratulated on the firm hold he is taking on the town. All his pieces show a progressive advance. His ideas of humour are sound, but his pieces would be vastly improved in finish and point if they were in verse.

XII.—MISS ADA CAVENDISH.

Any one who looks at Miss Cavendish's thoughtful and intellectual face would readily admit that with steady practice in comedies of wit and character she would have reached a very high position. The eye would have learnt to anticipate the speech with greater swiftness, it would have learnt to read the soul of another; familiarity with pointed sayings and bright repartee would have imparted an archness to her features and a meaning even to her carriage. This lady has been in the habit of acting in little pieces of a rather tame order, playing well-dressed widows, agreeable married ladies who move in good society. Now-a-days there are certain conventional forms after which such parts are modelled; two or three handsome dresses, changed during the piece, and ordered from a leading *modiste*, are half the battle. But any one who wished to see how terribly deficient in mere elocution the present race of actors are, and perhaps doubted if our actors are inferior to those "of the time of Garrick," should have seen Congreve's "Love for Love," as presented at the Gaiety. The play, as altered by Mr. Hollingshead, seemed quite intelligible, and certainly interested. But the actors might as well have been trying to lay emphasis on sentences in French. There were speeches of Shakespearian point, and which we could see were poised with some smart balance; but no one could divine the meaning. The broadly comic characters told of themselves in spite of the rather coarse flavour imparted; but the quips and pungencies which the genteel, bagwigged personages delivered had a clumsy, lumbering air. They all conveyed the idea—notably Miss Cavendish—of delivering an elocutionary exercise, a theme got by heart, too difficult and laborious to remember or to "spout." It was not their own language, it had not that flowing spontaneousness which was found in the old trained players. Just as the French actors wear the suits of the time of Louis XIV., as though these were their habitual costume, so to the great English actors the pointed blank verse came natural. Our friends seem to be looking painfully over a rugged road, fearing to trip at every moment. Miss Cavendish has a fashion of throwing her head back and pitching her voice in a strained key when delivering antique lines, as though she were speaking to some one "off" or behind the scenes —the note, too, is rather shrill, and will grow more shrill as she gets older; and it is attended by a highly artificial laugh, meant to be sarcastic, which starts off suddenly like an alarum. But the actress that can laugh properly, or naturally, is indeed rare. Surely nothing can be more unnatural than this forced and hysterical burst—it has no variety and no *meaning*, and only fatigues the audience. It does not excite laughter. Laughter is a language, and has all sorts of delicate *nuances*. In real life we do not hear ladies who may be seated on an ottoman "go off" into these disagreeable and noisy fits. Nor have we ever met the sarcastic dame who stands at the door of the drawing-room, her fan pointed at the victim she is making a butt of, and there delivers peal after peal of high-pitched giggling. No; laughter has a crescendo movement, and begins almost silently. Intense enjoyment can be seen in the face: then there is the well-bred struggle to suppress; and this very attempt at suppression is a challenge to laughter in the bystanders. This should surely be known to the profession, who can find this A B C in the very streets. But there is a set of stiff stage canons for expressing every emotion, and which every one faithfully copies, as being far easier to get by heart.

Our actresses want mobility and variety to a painful degree. As we have said so often, they do not act with their faces, figures, shoulders, &c. The *words* are supposed to do everything. The result is a certain stiffness, and of course a *sameness*, in all the characters. It is difficult to recall any leading part created by Miss Ada Cavendish. She has led a nomad life: now at this theatre, now at that—sometimes disappearing altogether. Her proper place would have been at the Haymarket, where she once was fortunate enough to play with Mr. Compton and the other good actors, and where, from the very association, her acting became at once elevated. A few years of that excellent schooling, with good honest "grinding," as she might consider it, at the old comedies, would have taught her how to illustrate character, and have developed her undeniable powers. She has a classical *aplomb*, a clear decision of voice and manner, which, like some rough precious stone, only wants "polishing," and which contrasts favourably with the crude indecision of the present class of heroines. She looks a lady, and walks and dresses like one. Some of the clever actresses now on the stage dress, walk, and talk like shopgirls, and sometimes like the ladies in Messrs. Spiers and Pond's employment.

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE proper study of mankind is, of course, man; but it is quite possible for the lesson to be conned too closely for the comfort of the student. For example, there are some hundreds of persons in England who have ever present with them a knowledge of the conformation of their lungs, and can tell you within a few hundred thousand how many air-cells they contain. Taking the average number at six hundred millions, and adopting Professor Weber's measurement of the diameter of the cells, they are able to calculate that an unsuspecting father of a family goes about his business with "upwards of one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface, every single point of which is in constant and immediate contact with the atmosphere inspired." Now this is, I think, somewhat hard upon a decent man, who probably has sufficient home and office troubles to weigh him down without being reminded each time he passes a four-story building that "every breath of air he inspires gains immediate contact with an extent of vital surface ample enough for the erection of two or three large houses." It may be so, and as in all probability no one will ever dispose of his lungs for building purposes the statement is safe from practical refutation. But why should Professor Weber, Dr. Hales, and other learned men be so painfully precise? To the uninitiated, breathing is an involuntary action, and though the most absolutely necessary to vitality, it is, in a healthy person, so imperceptible that unless he purposely directs his thoughts to it he is absolutely unconscious that the process is proceeding. How different must be the case of the learned gentleman I have named. To a man upon whom, whilst gazing at the Houses of Parliament, there flashes the reflection that the breath of possibly foul air which he has just inspired has come in contact with a section of his internal arrangements equal in extent to a considerable portion of the frontage of the building before him, life must be a burden, and indulgence in the prospect of relief from the necessity of breathing a pleasure.

THE original use of a motto was to assist in identification, and not to conceal identity. In its place at the foot of the escutcheon it proclaimed, with more definiteness and more certainty than the family name, the position and the antecedents of the family. The motto as an arbitrary sign, intended to secure judicial impartiality in matters of competition, is quite a modern innovation. An incident has just occurred which is not likely to increase the repute of this mode of making use of the old device of words. The Worcester School Board advertised for plans for the erection of schools. Thirty-six architects entered into the competition, and each set of plans was distinguished by a motto or sign. The Board gave much consideration to the merits of the plans, and finally decided to award the first prize to one marked "De Die." The successful competitor proved to be Mr. Day, of Worcester, and the announcement of the Board's decision quickly elicited [a protest from one of the architects, who complained that "De Die" was a palpable play upon the name of the author of the plans, since Mr. Day was a citizen well known to the members of the Board. There were other grounds of protest, but this is the only one which interests us. The chairman admitted that the motto might be a play upon the [name of the competitor; but with some indignation he denied that it was such a "palpable play" as to lead the Board to conclude that the plans were Mr. Day's. I do not believe that the peculiarity of the motto led any member of the Board to select these plans from thirty-six other sets for the award of the first prize; I do not think it probable that the words "De Die" indicated to the members the name of the competitor; nor am I willing to imagine that the motto was chosen by the architect in order to secure the partiality of such members of the Board as might be favourably disposed towards him personally. That it is a play upon the name there cannot be a doubt, and it seems to me to be so happy a *mot* that, having once occurred to the architect, I do not suppose he could resist the temptation to make use of it. The School Board of course adhered to their decision. This amusing *contretemps* should be a caution to competitors in the selection of secret mottos.

I HEARD a piquant anecdote in illustration of the spirit of Young Oxford a few days ago. It is notorious that all the dons are not quite as orthodox as they might be, and two or three of them—I do not wish to speak too broadly—have the reputation of being decidedly heterodox. A budding B.A. met one of these heterodox dons the other day and asked, "By the bye, Mr. Blank, were you ever vaccinated?" "Yes," was the don's answer. "When I was a little boy I was vaccinated, and I was also baptised; *but neither took.*" It was a very improper observation in a don, of course; but perhaps the wit may be allowed to atone for its levity.

ONE cannot know the general feeling of the readers of the *Times* on a point of taste in the use of the Queen's English. Therefore I must not positively assert—though I entertain a strong presumption—that most of those who are sensitive on such matters are annoyed every time they are confronted in the columns of the leading journal with that peculiarly perverse and wrong-headed expression, "an universal." My readers are no doubt well acquainted with the fact that the *Times* in its original articles invariably makes use of *an* instead of *a* before the long sound of *u*, and those who are accustomed to note points of that sort know that this use of the indefinite article is confined to those columns and to writers who have adopted it on the authority of the *Times*. I am not going to enter upon a dissertation on an elementary rule of English grammar, and therefore I will content myself, just now, with the somewhat dogmatic statement that rule and reason, authority, euphony, and usage are almost unanimous in favour of *a* against *an* in these cases. Then why will the *Times* insist upon setting our teeth on edge with "an universal"? There ought to be a court of appeal.

WHILE I am constrained to deprecate the misuse of the article *an* in the manner I have just mentioned, I commend the editor of that paper for laying down rigid rules and insisting upon their observance. Those who are unacquainted with the machinery of a newspaper office may not know by what means the grammatical laws proclaimed from the editor's rooms are enforced, seeing that each morning's paper represents the work of many writers, and that there is a very frequent introduction of new hands upon the various departments. The plan is very simple. The "proof readers" work by the orders of their chief. It is their business to convert "a universal" into "an universal," wherever the expression occurs. Some time ago instructions were given in the "reading-room" that the phrase "took place" was to be banished from the pages of the *Times*. From that day, I am informed, no accident, no fire, no collision at sea, no marriage, no offence has ever been referred to in the columns of the leading morning paper as having "taken place." Events may "occur," they may "happen," they may assume verbal form in any legitimate fashion, but they are not allowed to "take place." The "reader" must correct the writer, the reporter, the penny-a-liner, and find an equivalent and euphonious substitute for the too familiar and certainly awkward phrase. It is creditable to English journalism that it should even attempt to carry out nice rules of verbal construction in the midst of the hurry and high pressure of daily publication.

I HAVE received the following letter from the Thatched House Club, St. James's :—

SIR.—Will you allow me to point out a slight error in the very able article on Mr. Irving's impersonation of "Mathias" in "The Bells," which appears in this month's *Gentleman's?* The writer appears to think the piece is adapted from a novel by Erckmann-Chatrain (see pages 196 and 197). I saw the play at the Théatre de Cluny in Paris, in the summer of 1869, under the title of *Le Juif Polonais*, when it was causing a great excitement in the theatrical world. The version at the Lyceum is a most literal rendering of this play, so literal that in the dream scene Mathias is made to say, "I give him his money," *i. e.*, change; a literal rendering of "*Je lui rends sa monnaie*." It is stated, moreover, in the playbills that the services of the *chef d'orchestre* at the Théatre de Cluny have been secured to give completeness to the representation. One change, a decided improvement, is the substitution of the vision of the Jew in the sleigh in the first act for the arrival of a real Jew who, in the French play, enters and salutes the house in the identical words used by the Jew murdered eighteen years before. I trust these remarks will not be deemed an intrusion on your space by one who has been A SUBSCRIBER FROM NO. 1. (N.S.)

WHAT does Mr. Peter Taylor want? It is *not* pleasant, I agree, to put on silk stockings and breeches, and to dress yourself up in what Mr. Bright with a sneer calls a picturesque costume, especially if your figure is not quite equal to that of the gallants of Charles the Second's days. But the parliamentary and court costume was modified two or three years ago to suit Mr. Bright; and till now I thought we were all satisfied that we had struck out a very ingenious compromise between the traditions of the Stuarts and the fashion of the day. But here is Mr. Peter Taylor with fresh criticism and fresh complaints. The new costume does not suit him; and he is vexing his spirit over the thought of how Mr. Odger will feel when in the fulness of time he finds himself in St. Stephen's and receives an invitation for one of the Speaker's full-dress dinners. Perhaps it would be as well to let the working men speak for themselves when their turn comes. But may I ask where is all this higgling about court dress and republican simplicity to stop? Mr. Peter Taylor objects to silk stockings and breeches. Mr. Bright objects to swords and ruffles. A third man objects to sit down to dinner in the dress of a waiter. The Quaker objects to everything except drab. The working man, according to Mr. Peter Taylor, will object to anything except corduroy. Perhaps in a year or two the *sans culottes* may turn up in Palace-yard; and of course like Mr. Odger they will object very strongly to "turn themselves and their class into the semblance of court lackeys." What then? Are we to take our fashion from the Texan hunters, and attend Parliamentary banquets in a straw hat and a pair of spurs? This, to my thinking, is the *ne plus ultra* of Republican simplicity. But I have no doubt that Mr. Peter Taylor of the day will quarrel about the spurs, and ask the Speaker if it is politic to "Set up class distinctions of this kind within the walls of Parliament?"

I HAVE a suggestion to make which will, I fear, startle a few ladies and gentlemen of delicate susceptibilities. But I make it purely in the interests of science. It is that the British Association, the Royal College of Physicians, the Institute of Architects and of Actuaries, and a few other representative societies, should use their influence to induce a few of the most distinguished of their members to leave their brains, when they have done with them, for purposes of scientific investigation. Mr. Grote left us his brain; and it was analysed with the most interesting results. But Mr. Grote stands almost alone in this. Most people, and especially men of genius and of high attainments, I am sorry to say, insist upon taking their brains with them, and science suffers. What we want, if we are to turn phrenology into a science, is the head or two of a poet, of a novelist, of a peer, and an M.P., of a railway engineer and a stockbroker, an Oxford professor and a statist; and if a few of these could but be persuaded to add codicils to their wills bequeathing their brains to an anatomist, they might die with the sweet satisfaction of knowing that they were contributing to the advancement of science even after they were in their graves. It is useless, I suppose, to think of a

Puisne Judge and a Bishop; but they might make the collection more complete to give us a fairer basis for induction. At present the anatomists complain that they get nothing but the brains of paupers, and these, as a keen critic hints, are about as useless for their purpose of discovering the working of the intellect as would be the bodies of people who have been bedridden all their lives for the purpose of exhibiting the normal action of the muscles. All that is wanted is a man of some position in science or art to follow Mr. Grote's example.

WHAT is the origin of this custom of the Speaker of the House of Commons deprecating his appointment to the chair, and professing his utter unworthiness of the honour which the House wishes to confer upon him, and then of being forced into the chair by his proposers? It is easy to understand the *Nolo episcopari* of the Priest; and this stroke of mock modesty on the part of a Member of Parliament arises from the same spirit. But these are the only protestations of the sort that are now left in our Constitution, and although of course they are always made with the most profound sincerity, they must be rather trying to the consciences of Bishops and M.P.'s alike. Plato lays down a rule that no man ought to be entrusted with power but those who are most unwilling to accept it: did these protestations of unworthiness and of disinclination originate in any ideas of this sort on the part of our ancestors? Or were they originally imposed upon M.P.'s and Bishops in a spirit of satire? I do not wish to press the question too closely; but it is worth asking.

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APRIL, 1872.

SATANELLA.

A STORY OF PUNCHESTOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

WINNERS AND LOSERS.

DINNER that day at the castle seemed less lively than usual. Macormac, indeed, whose joviality was invincible, ate, drank, laughed, and talked for a dozen; but Lady Mary's spirits were obviously depressed; and the guests, perhaps not without private vexations of their own, took their cue rather from their hostess than their host. An unaccountable sense of gloom and disappointment pervaded the whole party. The General, having come down early, in hopes of a few minutes with Miss Douglas in the drawing-room before the others were dressed, had been disappointed by the protracted toilet and tardy appearance of that provoking young lady, with whom he parted an hour before on terms of mutual sympathy and tenderness, but who now sat pale and silent, while the thunder-clouds he knew and dreaded gathered ominously on her brow. His preoccupation necessarily affected his neighbour—a budding beauty fresh from the school-room, full of fun and good-humour, that her sense of propriety kept down, unless judiciously encouraged and drawn out. Most of the gentlemen had been wet to the skin, many had lost money, all were tired, and Norah Macormac's eyes filled every now and then with tears. These discoveries Mrs. Lushington imparted in a whisper to Lord St. Abbs as he sat between herself and her hostess, whom he had taken in to dinner, pausing thereafter to mark the effect of her condescension on this raw youth, lately launched into the great world. The young nobleman, however, betrayed no symptoms of emotion beyond screwing his eye-glass tighter in its place, and turning round to look straight in her face, while it dropped out with a jump. Even Mrs. Lushington felt at a disadvantage, and took counsel with her own heart whether she should accost him again.

Why Lord St. Abbs went about at all, or what pleasure he derived from the society of his fellow-creatures, was a puzzle nobody had yet been able to find out. Pale, thin, and puny in person, freckled, sandy-haired, bearing all outward characteristics of Scottish extraction, except the Caledonian's gaunt and stalwart frame, he neither rode, shot, fished, sang, made jokes, nor played whist. He drank very little, conversed not at all, and was voted by nearly all who had the advantage of his acquaintance "the dullest young man out!"

Yet was he to be seen everywhere, from Buckingham Palace or Holland House to Hampton races and the fireworks at Cremorne; always alone, always silent, with his glass in his eye, observant, imperturbable, and thinking, no doubt, a great deal.

It was rumoured, indeed, that on one memorable occasion he got drunk at Cambridge, and kept a supper-party in roars of laughter till four a.m. If so, he must have fired all his jokes off at once, so to speak, and blown the magazine up afterwards; for he never blazed forth in such lustre again. He came out a wrangler of his year, notwithstanding, and the best modern linguist, as well as classical scholar, in the university. Though the world of ball-goers and diners-out ignores such distinctions, a strong political party, hungering for office, had its eye on him already. As his father voted for Government in the Upper House, a provident director of the Opposition lost no time in sounding him on his views, should he become a member of the Lower. How little, to use his own words, the *whip* "took by his motion" may be gathered from the opinion he expressed in confidence to his chief, that "St. Abbs was either as close as wax or the biggest fool (and it's saying a great deal) who ever came out of Cambridge with a degree!"

Gloomy as a dinner-party may appear at first, if the champagne circulates freely people begin to talk long before the repast is half over. What must children think of their seniors when the dining-room door opens for an instant, and trailing up-stairs unwillingly to bed, they linger to catch that discordant, unintelligible gabble going on within? During a lull Mrs. Lushington made one more effort to arouse the attention of Lord St. Abbs.

"We're all getting better by degrees," said she, with a comic little sigh. "But it has been a disastrous day, and I believe everybody feels just as I do myself."

"How?" demanded his lordship, while the eye-glass bounced into his plate.

"Like the man who won a shilling and lost eighteenpence," she answered, laughing.

"Why?" he asked, yet more austerely, screwing the instrument into position the while, with a defiant scowl.

She was out of patience—no wonder.

"Good gracious, Lord St. Abbs!" said she. "Haven't we all been on the wrong horse? Haven't we all been backing Daisy?"

She spoke rather loud, and was amused to observe the effect of her observation. It was like dropping a squib in a boys' school during lessons. Everybody must needs join in the excitement.

"A bad job indeed!" said one.

"A great race entirely!" added another. "Run fairly out from end to end, and only a neck between first and second at the finish!"

"I wish I'd taken old Sullivan's advice," moaned a third; "or backed the mare for a place, annyhow."

"Ye might have been wrong even then, me boy," interrupted a jolly, red-faced gentleman, "unless ye squared the ould woman! I wonder would she take three half-crowns a day to come with me twice a year to the Curragh?"

"I knew of the mare's trial," drawled one of the London dandies, "and backed her to win me a monkey. Daisy put me on at once, like a trump. It was a real good thing—and it has boiled over. (Champagne, please.) Such is life, Miss Douglas. We have no hope of getting home now till Epsom Spring."

Miss Douglas, not the least to his discomfiture, stared him scornfully in the face without reply.

"I'm afraid it's a severe blow to young Walters," observed the General. "They tell me he has lost a good deal more than he can afford."

"Got it, I fancy, very hot!" said the dandy. "Gad, he rode as if he'd backed his mount. I thought his finish one of the best I ever saw."

Norah Macormac threw him the sweetest of glances, and wondered why she had considered him so very uninteresting till now.

"They say he hasn't a shilling left," continued the General, but stopped short when he caught the flash of Satanella's eye, under its dark, frowning brow.

"I dare say he'll pull through," said she bitterly, "and disappoint his dearest friends, after all."

"I'll engage he will, Miss Douglas!" exclaimed Macormac's hearty voice from the end of the table. "It's yourself wouldn't turn your back on a friend, lose or win. Take a glass of that claret now. It'll not hurt ye. Here's the boy's health, and good luck to him! A pleasanter fellow, to my mind, never emptied a bottle, and a better rider never sat in a saddle, than he's proved himself this day!"

Norah would have liked to jump up and hug papa's handsome white head in her embrace on the spot, but Lady Mary had been watching the girl to-night with a mother's anxiety, and fearful lest her daughter should betray herself if subjected to further trial, gave the signal rather prematurely for the ladies to withdraw.

While they trooped gracefully out, the gentlemen were still discussing Daisy's defeat, and the catastrophe of the Great United Service Handicap.

Everybody knows what men talk about when left alone after dinner; but none, at least of the rougher sex, can venture to guess the topics with which ladies beguile their seclusion in the drawing-room. Whatever these might be, it seems they had little interest for Mrs. Lushington, whose habit it was to retire for ten minutes or so to her own chamber, there, perhaps, to revise and refresh her charms ere she descended once more upon a world of victims.

Her bedroom was gorgeously furnished, supplied with all the luxuries to which she was accustomed; but the windows did not shut close, and a draught beneath the door lifted the hearth-rug at her fire-place, therefore she made but a short stay in her apartment, stealing softly down-stairs again, so as to be well settled in the drawing-room before the gentlemen came in.

Traversing the library, she heard Lady Mary's voice carrying on, as it seemed, a subdued, yet sustained conversation, in a little recess adjoining, which could hardly be called a boudoir, but was so far habitable, that in it there usually stood a lamp, a chess-board, and a card-table. Mrs. Lushington would not have *listened*, be sure, to save her life, but the *Dublin Evening Mail* lay close at hand on a writing-table. She became suddenly interested in a Tipperary election, and the price of pigs at Belfast.

Lady Mary's accents were low, grave, even sorrowful. It was difficult to catch more than a sentence here and there; but, judging by the short, quick sobs that replied to these, they seemed to produce no slight effect on the other party to the conversation.

Mrs. Lushington smiled behind her paper. What she heard only confirmed what she suspected. Her eyes shone, her brow cleared. She felt like a child that has put its puzzle together at last.

Lady Mary warmed with her subject; presently she declared, distinctly enough, that something was "not like *you*, my dear. In any other girl I'd have called it bold, forward, unwomanly!"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! don't say that!" pleaded a voice that could only belong to poor Norah. "If *you* think so, what must *he* have thought? Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"It's never too late to remember your duty, my child," answered Lady Mary, "and I'm sure your father thinks as I do;" but though the words sounded brave enough, there was a tremble in the mother's voice that vibrated from the mother's heart.

"And I'll never see him again now, I *know!*" murmured Norah, so piteously that Lady Mary could hardly keep back her tears.

"Well, it's not come to that yet," said she kindly. "Annyways, it's wise to make ready for the worst. Kiss me, dear, and mind what I've been telling ye. See now, stay here a bit, till ye're more composed. I'll send in little Ella to keep ye company. The child won't take notice, and ye can both come back together into the drawing-room, and no more said."

But long ere Lady Mary could finish her caresses, and get her motherly person under weigh, Mrs. Lushington had slipped into the billiard-room, where she was found by the gentlemen practising winning hazards in solitude, and where, challenging Lord St. Abbs to a game, she was left discomfited by his very uncivil rejoinder.

"I don't play billiards," said his lordship, and turned on his heel without further comment or excuse.

It was a new sensation for Mrs. Lushington to find herself thus thrown on general society, without at least one particular admirer on whose devotion she could rely. She didn't like it. She longed to have a finger in that mischief which is proverbially ready for "idle hands to do." On three people she now resolved to keep close and vigilant watch. These were Norah, St. Josephs, and Satanella.

The conduct of this last seemed baffling in the extreme. She had scarce vouchsafed a word to the General during dinner, had scowled at him more than once with the blackest of her black looks, and comported herself altogether like the handsome vixen she could be when she chose. Now, under pretence of setting down her coffee-cup, she had brought him to her side, and was whispering confidences in his ear, with a tenderness of tone and bearing he accepted gratefully, and repaid a hundred-fold.

"How tolerant are these *old* men!" thought Mrs. Lushington, "and how kind! What lovers they make, if only one can bring oneself not to mind wrinkles, and rheumatism, and grey hair! How gentle and how chivalrous! What patience and consideration! They don't expect a woman to be an angel, because they *do* know a little about us; and perhaps because it *is* only a little, they believe there is more than one degree between absolute perfection and utter depravity. If jealous, they have the grace to hide it; if snubbed, they do not sulk; if encouraged, they do not presume. They know when and where to speak, and to hold their tongues; to act, and to refrain. Besides, if one wants to make them unhappy, they are so sensitive, yet so quiet. A word or a look stings them to the quick, but they take their punishment with dignity; and though the blow be sharp and unprovoked, they never strike again. Let me see. I don't think I've had an admirer above forty—not one who owned to it, at least. It's a new experience. I declare, I'll try! This romantic old General would suit the place exactly, and I couldn't do a kinder thing for both, than to detach him from Blanche. The man is regularly wasted and thrown away. My gracious! isn't it ridiculous? If he could see us as we really are! If he only knew how much more willing a woman is to be controlled than a violent horse; how much easier to capture than a Sepoy column, or a Russian gun. And there he sits, a man who has ridden fearlessly against both, shrinking, hesitating, before a girl who might be his daughter—afraid, absolutely afraid, the gallant, heroic coward, to look her in the face! Is she blind? Is she a fool, not knowing what she throws away? or is she *really* over head and ears in love with somebody else? She can't be breaking her heart for Daisy, surely, or why has she taken the General up again, and put herself so much *en evidence* with him to-night? I'm puzzled, I own, but I'm not going to be beat. I'll watch her narrowly. I've nothing else to do. And it's an awful temptation, even when people are great friends. Wouldn't it be fun to cut her out with both?"

Thus reasoned Mrs. Lushington, according to her lights, scrutinising the couple she had set herself to study, while languidly listening to Lady Mary's conversation, which consisted, indeed, of speculations on the weather in the Channel, mingled with hospitable regrets for the departure of her guests, and the breaking-up of the party, which was to take place on the morrow.

"But ye'll come again next year," said this kind and courteous lady, who, anywhere but in her own house, would have disliked Mrs. Lushington from her heart. "And ye'll bring Miss Douglas with ye. If Miss Douglas she continues to be (with a significant glance at the General, holding clumsily enough a skein of much tangled silk).

But, anyhow, I'll be lookin' for ye both Punchestown week, if not before, to give us a good long visit, and we'll teach ye to like Ireland, that we will, if kind wishes and a warm welcome can do't."

But even while she spoke, Lady Mary looked anxiously towards the door. Little Ella, a flaxen-haired romp of eleven, had jumped off long ago with a message for sister Norah, but neither having yet returned, the mother's heart ached to think of her handsome darling, smarting perhaps even under the mild reproof she had thought it wise to administer, perhaps weeping bitterly, to her little sister's consternation, because of the pain that burns so fiercely in a young unwearied heart—the longing for a happiness that can never be.

Presently, Lady Mary's brow cleared, and she gave a little sigh of relief, for Miss Ella's voice was heard, as usual, chattering loudly in the passage; and that young person, much elated at being still out of bed, came dancing into the room, followed by Norah, from whose countenance all traces of recent emotion had disappeared, and who looked, in her mother's eyes, only the prettier that she was a shade paler than usual. While the younger child laughed and romped with the company, fighting shy of Lord St. Abbs, but hovering with great glee about papa, and entreating not to be sent up stairs for five more minutes, her sister stole quietly off to a lonely corner, where she subsided into an unoccupied sofa, with the air of being thoroughly fatigued.

Mrs. Lushington, covertly watching Satanella, wondered more and more.

Breaking away from her General, her silks, and her unfinished cup of tea, Miss Douglas walked across the room like a queen, took Norah's head in both hands, kissed her exactly between her eye-brows, and sat down composedly by her side.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GARDEN OF EDEN.

In a comic opera, once much appreciated by soldiers of the French nation, there occurs a quaint refrain, to the effect that the gathering of strawberries in a certain wood at Malieux is a delightful pastime,

Quand on est deux,
Quand on est deux—

and the sentiment, thus expressed, seems applicable to all solitudes, suburban or otherwise, where winding paths and rustic seats admit of two abreast. But however favoured by nature, the very smoothest of lawns and leafiest of glades surely lose more than half their beauty if we must traverse them unaccompanied by somebody who makes all the sunshine, and perhaps all the shade, of our daily life.

To wait for such a companion is nevertheless an irritating ordeal, even amidst the fairest scenery, trying both to temper and nerves. It has been said that none realise the pace at which Time gallops till they have a bill coming due. On the other hand, none know how slow he can crawl who have not kept an uncertain tryst with over-punctuality "under the greenwood tree!"

General St. Josephs was not a man to be late for any preconcerted meeting, either with friend or foe. It is a long way from Mayfair to Kensington Gardens; it seemed none the shorter for an impatient spirit and a heart beating with anxiety and hope. Yet the old soldier arrived at the appointed spot twenty minutes too soon, there to suffer torments from a truly British malady called "the fidgets," while diligently consulting his watch and reconnoitring his ground.

How many turns he made, pacing to and fro, between the round pond and the grove through which he longed to behold his goddess advancing in a halo of light and beauty, he would have been ashamed to calculate.

Some women never *can* be in time for anything, even for a lover; and after half an hour's waiting, that seemed a week, he drew a little note from his breast-pocket, kissed it reverently, and read it once more from end to end.

It said twelve o'clock, no doubt, and certainly was a very short epistle to be esteemed so sweet. This is what, through many perusals, he had literally learnt by heart—

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I want a long talk. Shall I find you in Kensington Gardens, where you say it's so pretty, at twelve o'clock?—Ever yours, "BLANCHE."

Now, in this composition there appeared one or two peculiarities that especially delighted its recipient.

She had hitherto signed herself "B. Douglas," never so much as writing her Christian name at length; and here she jumped boldly to "Blanche," the prettiest word, to his mind, in the English language, when standing thus, like Falstaff's sack, "simple of itself." Also, he had not forgotten the practice adopted by ladies in general of crossing a page on which there is plenty of space, to enhance its value, as you cross a cheque on your banker, that it may be honoured in the right quarter. One line had Satanella scrawled transversely over her note to this effect, "Don't be late; there is nothing I hate so much as waiting."

Altogether the General would not have parted with it for untold gold.

But *why* didn't she come? Looking round in every direction but the right, she burst upon him like a vision before he was aware. If he started and turned a little pale she marked it, we may be sure, and not with displeasure.

It was but the middle of May, yet the sky smiled bright and clear, the grass was growing, butterflies were already on the wing, birds were singing, and the trees had dressed themselves in their fairest garments of tender, early green. She too was in some light muslin robe, appropriate to the weather, with a transparent bonnet on her head, and a pink-tinted parasol in her hand. He thought, and she *knew*, she had never looked more beautiful in her life.

She began with a very unnecessary question. "Did you get my note?" said she. "Of course you did, or you wouldn't be here. I don't suppose you come into Kensington Gardens so early to meet anybody else!"

"Never did such a thing in my life!" exclaimed the General, quite frightened at the idea, but added, after a moment's thought, "It was very good of you to write, and better still to come."

"Now, what on earth do you suppose I wanted to speak to you about?" she continued, in rather a hard voice. "Let us turn down here. I dare say you'd like all London to see us together; but that wouldn't suit me at all."

This was both unprovoked and unjust, for a more discreet person in such matters than the accused never existed. He felt hurt, and answered gravely, "I don't think I deserve *that*. You cannot say I have ever shown myself obtrusive or impatient with regard to *you*."

"Don't look vexed," she replied; "and don't scold me, though I deserve it. I am in one of my worst tempers this morning; and who can I wreak it on but *you?*—the kindest, the bravest, the most generous of men!"

His features quivered; the tears were not far from his eyes. A little boy with a hoop stood still, and stared up in his face, marvelling to see so tall a gentleman so greatly moved.

He took her hand, "You can always depend on *me*," he said softly; and, dropping it, walked on by her side in silence.

"I know I can," she answered. "I've known it a long time, though you don't think so. What a hideous little boy! Now he's gone on with his hoop, I'll tell you what I mean. One of the things that first made me like you was this—you're a gentleman down to the heels of your boots!"

"There's not much in that," he replied, looking pleased nevertheless. "So are most of the men amongst whom you live. A fellow ought to have something more than a good coat and decent manners to be worthy of your regard. And you *do* like me, Miss Douglas? Tell me so again. It is almost too much happiness for me to believe."

"That's not the question. If I hated anybody very much, do you think I would ask him to come and walk with me in Kensington Gardens at an hour when all respectable people are broiling in the park?" said she, with one of her winning laughs. "You're wrong, though, about the people in good coats. What I call a gentleman is —well—I can't think of many—King Arthur, for instance, in 'Guinevere.'"

"Not Launcelot?" he asked. "I thought you ladies liked Launcelot best."

"There are plenty of Launcelots," she answered dreamily, "and always will be. *Not Launcelot, nor another*, except it be *my* General!"

Could he do less than take her arm and press it fondly to his side?

They had loitered into the seclusion of a forest glade that might have been a hundred miles from London. The little boy had vanished with his hoop, the nursery-maids and their charges were pervading the broad gravel walks and more frequented lawns of this sylvan paradise; not a soul was to be seen threading the stems of the tall trees but themselves, and an enthusiastic thrush straining its throat in their ears seemed to ensure them from all observation less tolerant than its own.

"Now or never!" thought Satanella. "It *must* be done; and it's no use thinking about it!"

Turning round on her companion, she crossed her slender hands over his arm, looked caressingly in his face, and murmured—

"General, will you do me a favour?"

Pages could not have conveyed the gratification expressed by his monosyllable, "Try!"

She looked about, as if searching for some means of escape, then said hurriedly—

"I am in a difficulty. I want money. Will you help me?"

Watching his face, she saw it turn very grave. The most devoted of lovers, even while rejoicing because of the confidence reposed in him, cannot but feel that such a question must be approached with caution—that to answer it satisfactorily will require prudence, forethought, and self-sacrifice. To do the General justice, which Satanella at the moment did not, his circumspection was far removed from hesitation; he had no more idea of refusing than the gallant horse who shortens his stride, and draws himself together for a larger fence than common, that he may collect his energies and cover it without a mistake.

For one delightful moment Miss Douglas felt a weight lifted from her heart, and was already beginning to unsay her words as gracefully as she might, when he stopped her, with a firm, deliberate acquiescence.

"Of course I will! And you ought to know by this time nothing can make me so happy as to be of use to you in any way. Forgive me, Miss Douglas—business is business—how much?"

Her face fell; she let go of his arm, and her lips were very dry, while she whispered, "Three thousand!"

He was staggered, and showed it, though he tried hard not to look surprised. Few men can lay their hands on three thousand pounds of hard money, at a moment's notice, without some personal inconvenience. Now the General was no capitalist, though in easy circumstances, and drawing the half-pay of his rank; to him such an outlay meant a decreased income for the rest of his life.

She was quite right about his being a gentleman. In a few seconds he had recovered his composure; in half a minute he said quietly—

"You shall have it at once. I am only so glad to be able to oblige you, that I wish it was more difficult. And now, Miss Douglas, you always say I'm a sad fidget, I'll go about it directly; I'll only ask you to come with me to the end of the walk."

She was crying beneath her veil; he saw the tears dropping on her hands, and would have liked to kiss them away on any other occasion but this.

"To the end of the world!" she answered, with the sobs and smiles of a child. "There's nobody like you—nobody!—not even King Arthur! Ask what you will, I'll never refuse you—never—as long as I live!"

But it need hardly be said that the General would rather have cut off his right hand, than have presumed on the position in which her confidence had placed him. Though she appreciated his consideration, she hardly understood why his manner became so unusually respectful and courteous, why his farewell—under the supervision of a cabman and gate-keeper—should be almost distant; why he lifted his hat to her, at parting, as he would to the Queen—but, while he replaced it on his bald and grizzled head, Blanche Douglas was nearer being in love than she suspected with this true, unselfish admirer, who was old enough to be her father.

In women, far more than in men, there can exist an affection that springs from the head alone. It is the result of respect, admiration, and gratitude. It is to be won by devotion, consistency, above all, self-control; and, like a garden flower, so long as it is tended with attention, prospers bravely till autumn cools the temperature, and saddens all the sky. But this is a very different plant from the weed, wild rose, nightshade—call it what you will—that is sown by the winds of heaven, to strike root blindly and at haphazard in the heart; sweeter for being trampled, stronger for being broken, proof against the suns that scorch, the winds that shatter, the worm that eats away its core, and, refusing to die, even in the frown of winter, under the icy breath of scorn and unmerited neglect.

Which of these kindred sentiments the General had succeeded in awakening was a problem he shrank from setting himself honestly to solve. He tried to hope it might be the one; he felt sadly convinced it was only the other. Traversing the gardens with swift, unequal strides, so as to leave them at the very farthest point from where his companion made her exit, for he was always loyal to *les convenances*, he argued the question with his own heart till he dared not think about it any longer, subsiding at last into composure with the chivalrous reflection, that, come what might, if he could but minister to the happiness of Blanche Douglas, he would grudge no sacrifice, even the loss of his money—shrink from no disappointment, even the destruction of his hopes.

Satanella meanwhile had selected a Hansom cab, in which to make her homeward journey, characteristically choosing the best-looking horse on the stand. To be seen, however, spanking along, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, in such a vehicle, she reflected, might be considered *fast* in a young unmarried lady, and originate, also, surmises as to the nature of her expedition; for it is quite a mistake to suppose that people in London are either blind or dumb, because they have so much on hand of their own, that they cannot devote all their attention to the business of their neighbours. With commendable modesty, therefore, she kept her parasol well before her face, so as to remain unrecognised by her friends, while she scanned everything about her with the keen, bright glances of a hawk. Bowling past Kingston House, then, and wondering whether it would not be possible, in time, to raise a domestic pedestal for General St. Josephs, on which she might worship him as a hero, if she could not love him as a Cupid, her Hansom cab passed within six inches of another, moving rapidly in the opposite direction; and who should be seated therein, smoking a cigar, with a white hat and light-coloured gloves, but ruined, reckless, never-to-be-forgotten Daisy!

She turned sick, and white even to the lips. In one glance, as women will, she had taken in every detail of his face and person, had marked that the one seemed devoid of care, the other well-dressed, as usual. Like a stab came the conviction, that ruin to *him* meant only a certain amount of personal inconvenience, irrespective of any extraneous sorrow or vexation; and in this she misjudged him, not quite understanding a nature she had unwittingly chosen for the god of her idolatry.

Though they passed each other so quickly, she stretched her arms out and spoke his name, but Daisy's whole attention was engrossed by a pretty horse-breaker in difficulties on his other side. Satanella felt, as she rolled on, that he had not recognised her, and that if she acted up to her own standard of right, this miserable glimpse must be their last meeting, for she ought never to see him again.

"He'll be sure to call, poor fellow!" she murmured, when she reached her own door. So it is fair to suppose she had been thinking of him for a mile and a quarter. "I should like to wish him good-bye, *really* for the last time. But no, no! Honour, even among thieves. And I'm sure *he* deserves it, that kind, noble, generous old man. Oh! I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!" Then she paid the cabman (more than his fare), told her servant, in a strange, hoarse voice, that "She was at home to nobody this afternoon—nobody, not even Mrs. Lushington!" and so ran fiercely upstairs, and locked herself in her room.

CHAPTER XVII.

"SOLDIER BILL."

Daisy, placidly smoking, pursued the even tenour of his way, thinking of the pretty horse-breaker more than anything else; while disapproving, in a calm, meditative mood, of her hat, her habit, her bridle, and the leather tassels that dangled at her horse's nose.

The particular business Mr. Walters had at present on hand in London, or rather Kensington, must be explained.

Perhaps it may be remembered how, in a financial statement made by this young officer during the progress of a farce, he affirmed that should he himself "burst-up," as he called it, a certain "Soldier Bill" would become captain of that troop which it was his own ambition to command. With the view of consulting this rising warrior in his present monetary crisis, Daisy had travelled, night and day, from Ireland, nor could he have chosen a better adviser in the whole Army List, as regarded kindness of heart, combined with that tenacious courage Englishmen call "pluck."

"I'm not a clever chap, I know," Bill used to acknowledge, in moments of expansion after dinner. "But what I say is this: If you've got to do a thing, catch hold, and do it! Keep square, run straight, and ride the shortest way! You won't beat *that*, my boy, with all the dodges that ever put one of your nobblers in the hole!"

It is but justice to admit that, in every relation of life, sport or earnest, this simple moralist acted strictly in accordance with his creed. That he was a favourite in his regiment need hardly be said. The younger son of a great nobleman, he had joined at seventeen, with a frank childish face and the spirits of a boy fresh from school. Before he was a week at drill, the very privates swore such a young dare-devil had never ridden in their ranks since the corps was raised. Utterly reckless, as it seemed, of life and limb, that fair-haired, half-grown lad would tackle the wildest horse, swim the swiftest stream, leap the largest fence, and fight the strongest man, with such rollicking, mirthful enjoyment, as could only spring from an excess of youthful energy and light-heartedness. But, somehow, he was never beat, or *didn't know* it when he *was*. Eventually, it always turned out that the horse was mastered, the stream crossed, the fence cleared, and the man obliged to give in. His warlike house had borne for centuries on their shield the well-known motto, "Go on!" To never a scion of the line could it have been more appropriate than to this light-footed, light-headed, light-hearted Light Dragoon!

In his own family, of course, he was the pet and treasure of all. His mother worshipped him, though he kept her in continual hot water with his vagaries. His sisters thought (perhaps reasonably enough) that there was nobody like him in the world. And his stately old father, while he frowned and shook his head at an endless catalogue of larks, steeple-chases, broken bones, &c., was more proud of Bill in his heart than all his ancestors and all his other sons put together.

They were a distinguished race. Each had made his mark in his own line. It was "Soldier Bill's" ambition to attain military fame; every step in the ladder seemed to him, therefore of priceless value, and promotion was as the very breath of his nostrils.

But a man who delights in personal risk is rarely of a selfish nature. In reply to Daisy's statement, made with that terseness of expression, that total absence of circumlocution, complimentary or otherwise, which distinguishes the conversation of a mess-table, Bill ordered his visitor a "brandy-and-soda" on the spot, and thus delivered himself.

"Troop be d—d, Daisy! It's no fun soldiering without your 'pals.' I'd rather be a Serrafile for the rest of my life, or a bâtman, or a trumpeter, by Jove! than command the regiment only because all the good fellows in it had come to grief. Sit down. Never mind the bitch, she's always smelling about a strange pair of legs, but she won't lay hold, if you keep perfectly still. Have a weed, and let's see what can be done!"

The room in which their meeting took place was characteristic of its occupant. Devoid of superfluous furniture, and with an uncarpeted floor, it boasted many works of art, spirited enough, and even elaborate, in their own particular line. The series of prints representing a steeple-chase, in which yellow jacket cut out all the work, and eventually won by a neck, could not be surpassed for originality of treatment and fidelity of execution. Statuettes of celebrated acrobats stood on brackets along the walls, alternating with cavalry spurs, riding-whips, boxing-gloves, and basket-hilted sticks, while the place of honour over the chimney-piece was filled by a portrait of Mendoza in fighting attitude, at that halcyon period of the prize-ring,

> When Humphreys stood up to the Israelite's thumps,
> In kerseymere breeches and "touch-me-not" pumps.

"It's very pleasant this," observed Daisy, with his legs on a chair, to avoid the attentions of Venus, an ill-favoured lady of the "bull" kind, beautiful to connoisseurs as her Olympian namesake, but for the uninitiated an impersonation of hideous ferocity and anatomical distortion combined.

"Jolly little crib, isn't it?" replied Bill; "and though I'm not much in 'fashionable circles,' suits me down to the ground. Wasn't it luck, though, the smallpox and the regimental steeple-chase putting so many of our captains on the sick-list, that they detached a subaltern here to command? We were so short of officers, my boy, I thought the chief would have made you 'hark back' from Ireland. Don't you wish he had? You'd better have been in bed on the 17th; though, by all accounts, you rode the four miles truly through, and squeezed the old mare as dry as an orange!"

"Gammon!" retorted Daisy. "She had five pounds in hand, only we got jostled at the run-in. I'll make a match to-morrow with

Shaneen for any sum they like, same course, same weights, and—— But I'm talking nonsense! I couldn't pay if I lost. I can't pay up what I owe now. I'm done, old boy; that's all about it. When a fellow can't swim any farther, there is nothing for it but to go under."

His friend pulled a long face, whistled softly, took Venus on his lap, and pondered with all his might.

"Look here, Daisy," was the result of his cogitations; "when you've got to fight a cove two stone above your weight, you don't blunder in at him, hammer-and-tongs, to get your jolly head knocked off in a couple of rounds. No; if you have the condition (and that's everything), you keep dodging, and waiting, and out-fighting, till your man's blown. Then you tackle to, and finish him up before he gets his wind again. Now this is just your case. Ask for leave; the chief will stand it well enough, if he knows you're in a fix. *I'll* do your duty, and you must get away somewhere, and keep dark, till we've all had time to turn ourselves round."

"Where can I go to?" said Daisy. "What a queer smell there is in this room, Bill. Something between dead rats and a Stilton cheese."

"Smell!" answered his host. "Pooh; nonsense. That's the badger; he lives in the bottom drawer of my wardrobe. We call him 'Benjamin.' Don't you *like* the smell of a badger, Daisy?"

Now, "Benjamin" was a special favourite with his owner, in consideration of the creature's obstinate and tenacious courage. Bill loved him from his heart, protesting it was the only living thing from which he "took a licking;" because on one occasion, after a *very* noisy supper, the man had tried, and failed, to "draw" the beast from its lair with his teeth! Therefore, "Benjamin" was now a free brother of the guild, well cared-for, unmolested, living on terms of armed neutrality with the redoubtable Venus herself.

Ignoring as deplorable prejudice Daisy's protest that he did *not* like the smell of a badger, his friend returned with unabated interest to the previous question.

"You mustn't stay in London, that's clear; though I've heard there's no covert like it to hang in for a fellow who's robbed a church. But it would not suit *you*. You're not bad enough; besides, it's too near Hounslow. The Continent's no use. Travelling costs a hatful of money, and it's very slow abroad now the fighting's over. A quiet place, not too far from home; that's the ticket!"

"There's Jersey," observed Daisy doubtfully. "I don't know where it is, but I daresay it's quiet enough."

"Jersey be hanged!" exclaimed his energetic friend. "Why not Guernsey, Alderney, or what do you say to Sark? No, we must hit on a happier thought than that. You crossed last night, you say. Does any one know you're in town?"

"Only the waiter at Limmer's. I had breakfast there and left left my portmanteau, you know."

"Limmer's! I wish you hadn't gone to Limmer's! Never mind; the waiter is easily squared. Now, look here, Daisy, you're not supposed to be in London. Is there no retired spot you could dodge back to in Ireland, where you can get your health, and live cheap? Who's to know you ever left it?"

His friend Denis occurred to Daisy at once,

"There's a farm up in Roscommon," said he, "where they'd take me in and welcome. The air's good, and living *must* be cheap, for you can't get anything to eat but potatoes. I shouldn't wonder if they hunted all the year round in those hills, and the farmer is a capital fellow, never without a two-year-old that can jump."

"That sounds like it," responded the other, with certain inward longings of his own for this favoured spot. "Now, Daisy, will you ride to orders, and promise to be guided entirely by *me?*"

"All right," said Daisy; "fire away."

"Barney!" shouted his friend, in a voice that resounded over the barracks, startling even the sergeant of the guard. "Barney! look sharp. Tell them to put a saddle on Catamount, and turn him round to go out; then come here."

In two minutes a shock-headed bâtman, obviously Irish, entered the apartment, and stood at "attention," motionless, but for the twinkling of his light blue eyes.

"Go to Limmer's at once," said his master; "pay Mr. Walters's bill. Breakfast and B. and S., of course? Pack his things, and take them to Euston Station. Wait there till he comes, and see him off by the Irish mail. Do you understand?"

"I do, sur," answered Barney, and vanished like a ghost.

"You've great administrative powers, Bill," said his admiring friend. "Hang it! you're fit to command an army."

"I could manage the commissariat, I think," answered the other modestly; "but of course you're only chaffing. I'm not a wise chap, I know; never learnt anything at school, and had the devil's own job to pass for my cornetcy. But I'll tell you what I *can* do. When a course is marked out, and the stewards have told me which side of the flags I'm to go, I *do* know my right hand from my left, and that's more than every fellow can say who gets up for a flutter in the pig-skin. And now I'm off to head-quarters to see the chief and ask leave for you till muster at any rate."

"You won't find him," observed Daisy. "It must be two o'clock now."

"Not find him!" repeated the other. "Don't you know the chief better than that? He gets home-sick if he is a mile from the barrack-yard. It's my belief he was born in spurs, with the 'state' of the regiment in his hand! Besides, he's ordered a parade for fitting on the new nose-bags at three. He wouldn't miss it to go to the Derby."

"You *are* a good chap," said his friend. "It's a long ride, and a beastly hard road!"

Bill was by this time dressing with inconceivable rapidity, and an utter disregard of his comrade's presence.

"A long ride," he repeated, in high scorn, while he dashed into a remarkably well-made coat. "What do you call a long ride with a quad. like Catamount? Five-and-forty minutes is what he allows me from gate to gate; and it takes Captain Armstrong all his time, I can tell you, to keep him back to *that!* The beggar ran away with me one night from Ashbourne to the Royal Barracks in Dublin; and though it was so dark you couldn't see your hand, he never made a wrong turn, nor let me get a pull at him, till he laid his nose against his own stable-door. Bless his chesnut heart! he's the worst mouth and the worst temper of any horse in Europe. Look at him now. There's a pair of iron legs, and a wicked eye! It's rather good fun to see him kick directly I'm up. But I've never had such a hack, and I wouldn't part with him to be made Commander-in-Chief."

Daisy could do no less than accompany his host to the door, and see him mount this redoubtable animal, the gift of a trainer at the Curragh, who could do nothing with it, and opined that even Soldier Bill's extraordinary nerve would be unequal to compete with so restive a brute. He had miscalculated, however, the influence utter fearlessness can establish over the beasts of the field.

Catamount's first act of insubordination, indeed, was to run away with his new master for four miles on end, across the Curragh, but over excellent turf, smooth as a bowling-green: he discovered, to his surprise, that Bill wished no better fun. He then repeated the experiment in a stiffly-fenced part of Kildare; and here found himself not only indulged, but instigated to continue, when he wanted to leave off. He tried grinding his rider's leg against the wall: Bill turned a sharp spur inwards, and made it very uncomfortable. He lay down: Bill kept him on the ground an hour or two by sitting on his head. At last he confined himself to kicking unreasonably, at intervals, galloping sullenly on, nevertheless, in the required direction, and doing a vast amount of work in an incredibly short space of time. He was never off his feed, and his legs never filled, so to Bill he was invaluable, notwithstanding their disputes, and a certain soreness about a cup the horse ought to have won, had he not sulked at the finish: they loved each other dearly, and would have been exceedingly loth to part.

"My sergeant's wife will get you some dinner," said the rider, between certain preliminary kicks in getting under way. "She's an outside cook, and I've told her what you'd like. There's a bottle of brandy on the chimney-piece, and soda-water in the drawer next the badger. I'll be back before it's time for you to start. Cut along, Catamount! Hang it! don't get me off the shop-board before half the troop. Forrard, my lad!—forrard away!" and Bill galloped out of the barracks at headlong speed, much to the gratification of the sentry manipulating his carbine at the gate.

This true friend proved as good as his word. In less than three hours he was back again, Catamount having hardly turned a hair in their excursion. The Colonel had been kindness itself. The leave was all right. There was nothing more to be done but to pack Daisy off in a Hansom for Euston-square.

"Take a pony, old man," said Bill, urging his friend to share his purse, while he wished him "good-bye." "If I'd more you should have it. Nonsense! I don't want it a bit. Keep your pecker up and fight high! Write a line if anything turns up. I'll go on working the job here, never fear. We won't let you out of the regiment. What is life, after all, to a fellow who isn't a Light Dragoon?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

DELILAH.

In consoling his friend, *Xanthias Phoceus*, for the result of a little flirtation, in which that Roman gentleman seems to have indulged without regard to station, Horace quotes for us a triad of illustrious persons whose brazen-plated armour and bull's-hide targets were of no avail to fence them from the shafts of love. If neither petulant Achilles, nor Ajax, son of Telamon, nor the king of men himself, could escape, it is not to be supposed that a young cavalry officer in Her Majesty's service, however simple in his habits and frank in his demeanour, should be without some weakness of the same nature, unacknowledged perhaps, yet none the less a weakness on that account.

"Soldier Bill," notwithstanding his kindly disposition and fresh comely face, seemed the last man in the world to be susceptible of female influence, yet "Soldier Bill" felt, to a certain extent, in the same plight as Agamemnon. Though in dress, manners, and appearance, anything but what is usually termed "a ladies' man," he was nevertheless a prime favourite with the sex, on such rare occasions as threw him in their way. Women in general seem most to appreciate qualities not possessed by themselves; and while they greatly admire all kinds of courage, find that which is mingled with good-humoured, hap-hazard recklessness, perfectly irresistible. They worship their heroes, too, and believe in them with ludicrous good faith. Observe a woman in a pleasure-boat. If there comes a puff of wind, she never takes her eyes off the boatman, and trusts him implicitly. The more frightened she feels, the more confidence she places in her guardian, and so long as the fancied danger lasts, clings devotedly to the pilot, be he the roughest, hairiest, tarriest son of Neptune that ever turned a quid.

Now, the converse of this relation between the sexes holds equally good. To live entirely with men and horses; to *rough it* habitually from day to day, enduring hardships voluntary or otherwise, in the pursuit of field-sports; to share his studies with a dog, and take his pastime with a prize-fighter, does not necessarily unfit a man for the society of gentler, softer, sweeter, craftier creatures. On the contrary, in many natures, and those perhaps the strongest, such habits produce a longing for female society, deeper and keener that it has to be continually repudiated and repressed.

When he had started Daisy for the station, Bill renewed his toilet with peculiar care, and in spite of a few scars on his face, some the effects of falls, others, alas! of fights, a very good-looking young gentleman he saw reflected in his glass. Smoothing a pair of early moustaches, and sleeking a close-cropped head, he searched about in vain for a scent-bottle, and actually drew on a pair of kid gloves. Obviously, "Soldier Bill" was going to call on a lady. He could not help laughing while he thought how the cornets would chaff him if they knew. Nevertheless, with a farewell caress to the badger, fresh, radiant, and undaunted, he sallied forth.

It was quite in accordance with the doctrine of opposites, propounded above, that Bill should have experienced a sensation of refreshment and repose in the society of a charming married woman, very much his senior, who made light of him no doubt, but amused, indulged, and instructed him while she laughed. Her boudoir was indeed a pleasant change from his barrack-room. He could not but admit that in *her* society tea seemed a more grateful beverage than brandy and soda; the tones of a pianoforte sweeter than any stable-call; and the perfume that pervaded every article about her far more delightful, if less pungent, than that which hung round his retiring friend, "Benjamin," in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe.

In his wildest moments, however, Bill never dreamed of making love to her; and it is not difficult to understand that his goddess, being no less experienced a person than Mrs. Lushington, was well able to take care of herself.

"I like the boy," she used to say to any one who would listen—even to her husband, if nobody else could be found. "He is so fresh and honest, and he looks so *clean!* It's like having a nice child about one; and then I can do him so much good. I form his manners, teach him the ways of society, prevent his being imposed upon, and generally make him fit for civilised life. If there were no good-natured people like me, Frank, these poor young things would fall a prey to the first designing girl who comes across them on the war-path, looking out to catch a husband *coûte que coûte.* I'm sure his mother ought to be infinitely obliged to me. She couldn't take more pains with him herself! When he began coming here he didn't know how to waltz, or to take off his hat, or to answer a note even; in short, he couldn't say Bo to a goose! And now I've made him learn all these things, and he does them well, particularly the last. He's still absurdly shy, I grant you, but it's wearing off day by day. When I'm grown old, Frank, and wrinkled (though I'd sooner die first), he'll be grateful, and understand what care I've taken of him, and what a sad fate might have befallen him but for *me!* Isn't there something in Dr. Watts, or somebody,

Regardless of their doom.
The little victims play?

Frank! I don't believe you're listening!"

"Oh yes, I am," answers Frank, whose thoughts have wandered to Skindle's, Richmond, Newmarket—who knows where? "What you say is very true, my dear—very true—and nobody understands these things better than yourself. Good gracious! is that clock right? I had no idea it was so late. I must be off at once, and—let me see—I'll get back to dinner if I *can;* but don't wait."

So *exit* Mr. Lushington on his own devices, and enter a footman with tea, closely followed by the butler ushering in "Soldier Bill."

"Talk of somebody," says the lady, graciously extending her hand, "and, we are told, he is sure to appear. How odd, I was abusing you not five minutes ago to Frank—you must have met him as you came in—and, behold, here you are—not having been near me for a month!"

"A week," answered her visitor, who always stuck to facts. "You told me yourself one ought never to call again at the same house till after a decent interval. A week is decent, surely! It seems a deuced long time, I know."

"You don't suppose I've missed you," said she, pouring out the tea. "It's all for your own good I have you here. You'd get back to savage life again if I neglected you for a fortnight; and it *is* provoking to see all one's time and trouble thrown away! Now put your hat down, have some tea, make yourself agreeable, and you may stay for exactly three quarters of an hour!"

To "make himself agreeable" at short notice, and to order, is a difficult task for any man. For Bill it was simply impossible. He fidgeted, gulped hot tea, and began to feel shy. She had considerable tact, however, and no little experience in the ways of young men. She neither laughed at him nor took notice of the blush he tried to keep down, but bade him throw the window open, and while he obeyed, continued carelessly, though kindly—

"In the first place, tell me all about yourself. How's Catamount?"

She knew every one of his horses by name, and even some of the men in his troop, leading him to talk on such congenial topics with considerable ingenuity. It was this tact of hers that rendered Mrs. Lushington such a pleasant member of society, enabling her to keep her head above water deep enough to have drowned a lady with less *savoir-faire*, and consequently fewer friends.

His face brightened. "As fresh as paint!" he replied. "I beg your pardon; I mean as well as can be expected. I rode him two-and-twenty miles to-day in an hour and a half, and I give you my word when I got off him he looked as if he'd never been out of the stable."

"I should pity *you* more than your horse," she replied, with a commendable air of interest, "only I know you are never so happy as when you are trying to break your neck. You've had the grace to dress since, I see, and not badly, for once, only that handkerchief is too light a shade of blue. Now, confess! Where does she live? and is she worth riding eleven miles, there and back, to see?"

"I never know whether you're chaffing or not!" responded Bill.

"You cannot believe I would gallop Catamount twenty-two miles on a hard road for any lady in the world. I don't suppose he'd take me if I wanted to go. *She*, indeed! There's no *she* in the matter!"

"You might have made *one* exception in common politeness," said Mrs. Lushington, laughing. "But I'm not satisfied yet. You and Catamount are a very flighty pair. I still think there's a lady in the case."

"A lady in boots and spurs, then," he answered; "six foot high, with grey moustaches and a lame leg from a sabre-cut—a lady who has been thirty years soldering, and never gave or questioned an unreasonable order. Do you know *many* ladies of that stamp, Mrs. Lushington? I only know one, and she has made *my* regiment the smartest in the service."

"I *do* know your Colonel a little," said she. "I met him once at Aldershot, and though he is anything but an old woman, I consider him an old *dear!* So I am not very far wrong, after all. Now, what did he want you for? Sent for you of course, to have—what do you call it?—*a whigging.* I'm afraid, Master Bill, you're a sad, bad boy, and always getting into scrapes."

"Wigging!" he repeated indignantly. "Not a bit of it; nothing could have been kinder than the Chief. He's the best old fellow in the world! I wasn't sent for. I didn't go on my own account; I went down about Daisy."

Then he stopped short, afraid of having committed himself, and conscious that at the present crisis of his brother-officer's affairs, the less said about them the better.

But who, since the days of Samson, was ever able to keep a secret from a woman resolved to worm it out? As the strong man in Delilah's lap, so was Bill in the boudoir of Mrs. Lushington.

"Daisy," she repeated; "do you know anything of Daisy? Tell me all about him. We're so interested, you can't think, and so sorry for his difficulties. I wish I could help him. Is there nothing to be done?"

Touched by her concern for his friend's welfare, he trusted her at once.

"You won't mention it," said he;" Daisy was with me at Kensington to-day. He can't show yet, you know; but still we hope to make it all right in time. He's got a month's leave for the present; and I packed him off, to start by the Irish mail to-night, just before I came to see you. He'll keep quiet over there, and people won't know where he is; so they can't write, and then say he doesn't answer their letters. Anything to put off the smash as long as possible. One can never tell what may turn up."

"You're a kind friend," she replied approvingly, "and a good boy. There! that's a great deal for me to say. Now tell me *where* the poor fellow is gone."

"You won't breathe it to a soul," said honest Bill—"not even to Mr. Lushington?"

"Not even to Mr. Lushington!" she protested, greatly amused.

He gave her the address with profound gravity, and an implicit reliance on her secrecy.

"A hill-farmer in Roscommon!" she exclaimed. "I know the man. His name is Dennis; I saw him at Punchestown."

"You know everything," he said, in a tone of admiration. "It must be very jolly to be clever, and that."

"It's much jollier to be 'rich and that,'" was her answer. "Money is what we all seem to want—especially poor Daisy. Now, how much do you suppose it would take to set him straight?"

He was not the man to trust any one by halves. "Three thousand," he declared frankly; "and where he is to get it beats me altogether. Of course he can't hide for ever. After a time he must come back to do duty; then there'll be a show up, and he'll have to leave the regiment."

"And you will get your troop," said Mrs. Lushington. "You see I know all about that too."

His own promotion, however, as has been said, afforded this kind-hearted young gentleman no sort of consolation.

"I hope it won't come to that," was his comment on the military knowledge of his hostess. "I've great faith in luck. When things are at their worst, they mend. Never say die till you're dead, Mrs. Lushington. Take your 'crowners' good humouredly. Stick to your horse; and don't let go of the bridle!"

"You've been here more than your three-quarters of an hour," said Mrs. Lushington, "and you're beginning to talk slang, so you'd better depart. But you're improving, I *think*, and you may come again. Let me see, the day after to-morrow, if the Colonel don't object, and if you can find another handkerchief with a deeper shade of blue."

So Bill took his leave, and proceeded to "The Rag," where he meant to dine in company with other choice spirits, wondering whether it would ever be his lot to marry a woman like Mrs. Lushington—younger, of course, and perhaps, though he hardly ventured to tell himself so, with a little less chaff—doubting the while if he could consent so entirely to change his condition and his daily, or perhaps rather his *nightly*, habits of life. He need not give up the regiment, he reflected, and could keep Catamount, though the stud might have to be reduced. But what would become of Benjamin? Was it possible any lady would permit the badger to occupy a bottom drawer in her wardrobe? This seemed a difficult question. Pending its solution, perhaps he had better remain as he was.

(To be continued.)

* * *

ART IN FAIRYLAND.

VENICE SKETCHED FROM A GONDOLA. BY CHARLES KENT.

IT really matters nothing how, for the first time in your life, you enter Venice. Whether it be in winter or in summer, by night or by day, on board a steamboat or ensconced in a railway carriage. Once you have actually quitted packet or station, once you have fairly stepped into your gondola, and are afloat among the hundred islands, so long as your sojourn there shall last, you are launched in a scene of enchantment. My own acquaintance with the beautiful city began under circumstances that any one might have regarded as unpropitious—approaching it, as I did, in the grey dawn and blighting cold of a Sunday morning in November. Yet, for all that, I was not in the least degree disillusioned. During the night I had crossed the Adriatic from Trieste, and was now entering the lagoon on board the *Dalmatia* just as the day was breaking. Rapidly as the light increased, gradually as the city was neared, the dream of a lifetime was surpassed by the waking reality. It was thus already, piecemeal, while I was yet standing on the deck of the steam-packet, gazing over the bulwarks at the Riva Schiavoni—immediately fronting from the North the Isola San Giorgio. But when, soon after this, one's valise, and wraps, and minor impedimenta had been tossed down to the expectant gondolier, in whose picturesque conveyance, in another moment, I found myself seated in solitary state, skimming over the waters of the Grand Canal, past the familiar Dogana (even though never seen before, so instantly recognised, thanks to Canaletto and others, to say nothing of photography), as my boat swerves to the right up a narrow water-way, and thence, in and out, among the overshadowing houses—adieu! for the time being to simply every-day existence, to mere common-place and matter-of-fact. My destination is soon reached—the landing-place, that is, leading me across the threshold of the Grand Hotel Victoria, known until yesterday as the Regina d'Ingleterra. Thawed back into something like an ordinary sense of warmth before a crackling wood fire, which I have caused at once to be kindled on the old-fashioned hearth of my apartment, and enjoying, besides the glow, my first taste of Venetian cookery in a thoroughly Italian breakfast, I eagerly sally forth immediately afterwards, alternately afloat and afoot, upon my wanderings, hither and thither, through all the windings of that wonderful labyrinth of city and sea—Venice, for more than a thousand years the Bride of the Adriatic. From that moment, from that very forenoon, my recollections of Venice begin to date in their integrity. Thenceforth, not upon the instant, it is true, but later on, in the retrospect, they assume to themselves a certain air of substance and consistency. The peregrinations I then entered upon were in no way made systematically. Whithersoever I listed, I went; now alone, now at the chance suggestion of my gondolier, now under the guidance of the intelligent cicerone happily engaged to direct my footsteps, once in a way, for several hours together. It is only after carefully threading the mazes of that amphibious capital, and then recalling to mind long afterwards what one has there been examining, that it is possible to realise even proximately the marvellous variety, profusion, and splendour of the magnificent spectacle that has been witnessed. While you are viewing it, you are for the most part dazzled and bewildered. It is subsequently, when your wanderings are over, when you come to look back at all you have been seeing in Venice, that you are at length enabled to regard scenes, localities, structures, masterpieces, with anything like a due sense of their relative proportions, of their full artistic significance, and of their grand historical associations. Summoning back to recollection, at this moment, the hall and galleries I have there traversed, the churches and palaces I have there visited, the shining perspective of those liquid highways and byways intersecting one another in such endless diversity, but above all, the lavish grandeur of the decorations squandered upon the walls of all those noble edifices, I can still in imagination wander again through Venice, whenever I so please, as through a world of Art in Fairyland.

Time out of mind the peninsula of Italy has been likened to a boot—to one of the long tight-fitting boots, a hessian or a wellington. Precisely in the same way I can't help seeing a resemblance in the general outline of the archipelago on which the city of Venice is built to a boot of Charles I., or of one of the Cavaliers. The Italian boot, as will be remembered, lies at an angle in the Mediterranean, as though, according to someone's whimsical remark, it were momentarily withdrawn, preparatory to giving a kick in the back to Sicily. The Cavalier boot of Venice, instead of being in any way so placed, however, lies horizontally, it might be said, toe downwards, at the north-western corner of the Adriatic, the broad bucket-shaped top of it directed landwards. Roughly trace such an outline exactly in that position, and you will have at once before you the frame or outer-tracing of a plan of Venice. On the block or ball of the heel, mark San Pietro di Castello, the first landmark you sight on approaching the city, as I did, from the Adriatic. Nearly at the middle of the Cavalier's shin jot down the grandest of all the Venetian piazzas, the Piazza di San Marco. Almost opposite to this, pendant, as it were, from the tip of the tassel, or laced fringe, define the stand-point of the Dogana. There it is, as might be said, between the boot and the tassel, that appears the entrance to the main thoroughfare—watery like all the other thoroughfares and nearly all the no-thoroughfares of Venice—the Canale Grande. This broad highway, which meanders in an eccentric series of bends through the chief part of the great sea-city, has been compared in its twisted outline to a reversed or inverted ∽. Otherwise described, it might be spoken of as, in shape, like a distorted sickle—the butt-end of the handle of it placed on the rough sketch of the Cavalier boot between the front of the boot and the tassel-point, already mentioned, of the Dogana—the contorted extremity of the bent blade of the reaping-hook, representing the Grand Canal, coming out about the middle of the broad end or opening of the boot lying towards the mainland. As nearly as possible midway at the curve of the sickle, in other words at almost the very centre of Venice, spanning the wide current of the winding Grand Canal, is the noble, historic, single arch of the renowned Ponte di Rialto. Symbolled thus in homely fashion, by the pencilling of a reaper's sickle on the boot of a Cavalier, you will have sketched for yourself off-hand the salient points in the outline of a chart of Venice. But Venice itself, as you have beheld it from your gondola, as you have examined its quays, and domes, and pinnacles, and palaces, while you glided among them, giving place to one another in seemingly endless diversity, as though the blade of your gondolier's oar were nothing less than the wand of a necromancer—how by any possibility can *that* be symbolised? As well attempt to describe the changes of a dream, to enumerate the fluctuating hues and appearances of the clouds at sunset, to delineate, either with written words or with the aid of pigments from a palette, the sheen and glory and glamour of a *mirage* or of the *fata morgana*. What Lady Morgan called that "Rome of the Ocean" is but another "phantom of delight" in one's remembrance of it. Floating like the swan at Yarrow, "double swan and shadow," one thinks of it as compounded of all the elements, and yet as, distinctly, belonging to none among them. I hardly know whether it strikes me as being in form or in colour the more beautiful. Variety in itself, according to the proverb has a certain charm and grace and fascination of its own. An owhere else can there be seen such abounding variety architecturally. ot one palazzo is the counterpart of another. Each has an indivi-uality of its own, as indeed also for that matter has each minor enement. Built up solidly as they are from the very water's edge, ising as many of the noble structures do to a great elevation, con-tructed as all the public edifices are of ponderous and costly aterials reared in the grandest proportions, midway apparently etween sea and air, the aspect of the whole scene is simply magical r miraculous. The marvellous effect of this one perceives at a glance nmediately on one's arrival there. Stepping for example just for a oment on to the Molo in front of the Palazzo Ducale, and looking ack across the entrance to the Grand Canal towards the Dogana, ou seem to recognise there at once the visible type of it all on the ther side of the glittering current, where the domed summit runs up nto an aërial turret, upon the topmost pinnacle of which is a golden rb, poised above which again in midair, upon the extreme point of ne foot *à la* Taglioni, with a gossamer scarf blown out sailwise in s extended hands, is the Cupidon effigy of Fortune. Graceful yet ajestic, at one and the same instant, though the architectural effects roduced by the fairylike structure of this veritable Aphrodite among e capitals of Europe unquestionably are, its distinctive characteristic fter all seems to me to be discernible in the glory of its colouring. his in truth is what struck me the most forcibly in regard to Venice t the first moment of my approaching it. Entering it, as I have said, n a grey wintry morning, I noted first of all even then the opaline ush of the varied hues by which the whole scene was irradiated. he very decay and dilapidation observable there in all directions, dd no doubt considerably to the prevailing effect thus produced of a eneral and dominant warmth of colouring. Beautiful and all aglow as is, its beauty is pathetically perfected as by a hectic flush of con-umption. If its ultimate doom can be described as in any way idden even from conjecture, one would say that, meanwhile,

> Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feeds on its damask cheek.

What one sees there is a city that is still resplendent, but a city hat is decayed and that is decaying. Toned by age, rivelled by me, the picture it presents to view is perhaps for that very reason as work of art just simply in its perfection. The Venetian houses, as a le, are one mass of chipped, and cracked, and peeled-off, and ropped-away, stucco or stone veneering—revealing ruddy glimpses of e raw rough brickwork underneath. It looks no doubt as if, to ensure its material prosperity, it needed the advent of a Trajan, having as his Minister of Public Works, as his worthy and unstinting Ædile, a Haussmann of Renovation. Already, indeed, during these last few years, one or two private palaces and public buildings have in point of fact had their façades completely reconstructed—the effect thereby produced being in no way detrimental. Venice is, at those few points, what a royal ruler of the place would probably like to see it throughout. But even if it were possible to have it comprehensively renovated it would lose, in the very process of its renewal, what is now the secret of its witchery — the sense of a ruin that defies reparation, the visible attestation of a series of historical calamities from which there is no hope of that sometime Queen of the Adriatic ever emerging. Even before actually sighting Venice, I had a sort of foretaste of what has been here noted as to the glories of her colouring, namely, through the charming effect produced by the fishing boats going out to sea as we were entering the lagoon, their patched sails of varied tints resembling in their motley dyes a fading autumn leaf, paler or deeper yellow ripening here and there in one corner to the richest scarlet or the darkest crimson. They were like shreds of the splendid colouring of Venice, blowing past me as I neared it. Its sumptuous wealth in that dominant characteristic I think I first began to realise in earnest, however, when I passed in through the porchway of its great cathedral church of San Marco. The interior of that wonderful temple is like the interior of a most precious casket, upon the whole surface of which the priceless gems it is designed to preserve are most lavishly and exquisitely encrusted. The sheer magnificence of the colouring there, and the gorgeous profusion of gold throughout that colouring—gold indeed, as one may say, forming the background of the elaborate picture—gold being the tissue, so to speak, upon which all the manifold dyes are overlaid or embroidered—not along the walls only, but upon the concave surface of the domed and arched ceilings—it would be difficult to afford anything like an adequate notion of by mere written language. Wherever the materials are not gold or pigments they are marbles of the most beautiful and rare descriptions—marbles full of colour, streaked and pied and dappled, and for the most part of the darkest and most luscious hues. The antique pavement of the building is one glorious tesselation or enamelling of these rare marbles in designs of the most intricate character — the whole being so ancient and seemingly so rich in every sense, like an aromatic conserve or a spiced and candied cake, that there is nothing like an uniform level preserved. The floor of San Marco, in fact, is all up hill and down dale, sloping hither and thither in every imaginable direction, as though the foundations had crumbled away, sinking and yielding from the very richness of the materials heaped together upon them with such abounding prodigality. When I first entered the cathedral on that Sunday forenoon, I could not help particularly remarking the reverent and attentive aspect of the congregation which was densely crowded together, the male portion of it to my surprise immensely preponderating.*

Within and without San Marco, holding up its gigantic roof-beams and its five grand domes arranged in the form of a Greek cross, are no less than five hundred costly pillars of jasper and agate and porphyry and verde antique, all of them brought from the East for the purpose to which they are here applied. Founded as St. Mark's was, A.D. 828, it actually possesses and bears all the internal and external appearance of possessing an antiquity of more than a thousand years. Those who enter its baptistry have their attention directed to a reddish-coloured dappled stone imbedded in one of the walls, a stone of considerable dimensions, brought ten centuries ago from the prison floor of St. John the Baptist, and said to be the very one above which the Angel of the Lord suffered decapitation. There also is displayed an enormous block hewn at about the same time from the rock of Mount Thabor, above which our Lord was transfigured. Apart from venerable memorials like these, brought thither from the Holy Land, there are traditionally enshrined under the high altar the relics of St. Mark the Evangelist, the patron of Venice, he whose winged lion was emblazoned on the banners that so often conducted her warriors both by sea and by land to victory—relics which were translated so long ago as in the year 828 from their original place of sepulture, at the very scene of his martyrdom in Bucoles on the seashore at Alexandria. The whole of this stately pile is a mingling of gothic and oriental architecture. The combination is in many respects bizarre and incongruous; but the effect of the whole, particularly when you are inside, is one of sombre but surpassing magnificence. As there are five domes over the body of the edifice, giving the general outline of the building the appearance rather of a mosque than of a cathedral, so also there are five bronze gates in the lofty arched recess of the grand entrance, the bronze of these gates being of elaborate workmanship, and lavishly inlaid with the most intricate gold and silver traceries. Very indifferently placed immediately over this colossal portico, partially concealed, in fact, by the porch windows above, or rather by the overhanging galleries beneath those windows, are the four world-famous bronze horses of Lycippus, the eagerly claimed spoil and trophy of so many conquerors, Greek, Roman, Gallic, Venetian. A ludicrously illogical inscription in reference to these horses is lettered in gold over the principal doorway of the basilica. *Signa Venetis Byzantio capta* is one line there legible: and another—*Hostilis cupiditas abstulerat!* The removal of the horses by Napoleon to Paris being clearly a very heinous robbery, their original removal to Venice from Constantinople being as clearly a glorious achievement. Better than this surely would it have been had nothing whatever been said in regard to either purloining.

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* If only, however, one could but induce the devout frequenters of these continental churches and cathedrals not to spit, as they are perpetually doing loudly and unrestrainedly, immediately in front of the sanctuary and in the crisis of the most solemn offices! Spittoons are so abundantly provided in the hotels of the continent, no less lavishly, indeed, than they are in America, that one longs to have them reverently introduced into the ecclesiastical edifices also, as a means of saving their sacred precincts from the horrid profanation resulting from this sickening habit of a squandered and promiscuous spitting.

Scattered broadcast all around the great basilica of San Marco are other and yet more conspicuous memorials of the vanished pride and power and pomp of the Venetians. Yonder, for example, immediately in front of the grand portico, are three gigantic blood-red flagstaves, on which floated, during so many centuries, the blazoned standards won by the Republic upon the occasion of three among its most memorable triumphs: its conquest of the Morea, of Cyprus, and of Candia. Here, in the very vestibule of the cathedral, is indicated the exact spot on the marble pavement where, in the presence of the Doge Ziani—to whose daring and adroit diplomacy this astounding incident was in a great measure attributable—Pope Alexander III., arrayed in full pontificals, planted his foot upon the neck of the prostrate Emperor Barbarossa. Yonder is the quay of the piazzetta whither that haughty potentate, having held the Holy Father's stirrup and kissed his embroidered slipper when he mounted, conducted him to the attendant galley, until the Pope, with tears in his eyes, affectionately dismissed him with a benediction. It is here, fronting the Mole, and placed on either hand at the entrance of the piazzetta, that the pillared symbols of Venetian glory arrest the glance and claim the attention of every passing traveller. Two giant columns, evidently of great antiquity, each curiously top-heavy in appearance —the one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the other by a statue of that earlier patron of Venice, St. Theodore, who is there represented as standing upon *his* symbol, the effigy of a crocodile.

Looking back—yonder again, soaring upwards of three hundred feet into the blue sky, in the midst of the Grand Piazza, and attached to the basilica of San Marco, is the Campanile, from the summit of which such a wondrous panoramic view is obtained of the whole of that marvellous city, with its maze of roof-tops and water-ways, its flitting two thousand gondolas, its hundred and fifty domed and pinnacled churches, its two hundred canals and three hundred bridges and nine hundred streets, its outer rim of the green lagoon melting away eastwards and southwards into the blue sheen and shimmer of the Adriatic.

It is hardly possible for an Englishman to traverse the "silent highways" of Venice without exulting over the genius of those among his own compatriots who have helped, as much as any who could possibly be named, even among the Venetians themselves, to render these lovely precincts and localities classic ground in the whole world's literature. The gondoliers will point out to you eagerly, and without any knowledge of your nationality, here the palace of Othello, with the warrior's head carved on the keystone of the arched entrance; there the house in which Desdemona lived before her marriage; yonder in the Palazza Morinigo, distinguishable to me at the moment as it happened by the blue curtains fluttering in the window of the room inhabited by Lord Byron when he was writing the last and noblest canto of his "Childe Harold," the inimitable opening cantos of his undoubted masterpiece, "Don Juan," his sprightly "Beppo," his impassioned "Manfred," his impetuous "Mazeppa." The professional guides conduct you as on a pilgrimage into the old public square or market-place, in which you are introduced into a very den of a tenement, as the veritable office of Shylock the money-changer. When you are conducted into the great council chamber of the Ducal Palace, here it is, you are told, that the heroic Moor addressed to the Senate the memorable oration beginning with the apostrophe "Most potent, grave and reverend Signiors!" Crossing, high up in mid air, from the palace to the prison, by the covered archway of the "Bridge of Sighs," you think instinctively and by necessity of the exquisite stanza in which the awful pathos of that flitting-point between life and death has been so tenderly celebrated. If you glide in your gondola under the white marble bow of the Rialto, spanning the whole width of the Grand Canal, a width of no less than three hundred feet altogether, or if, at another time, you traverse its triple causeways on foot, wandering in and out among the bazaar-like shops, clustered together upon it after the same fashion as those upon old London-bridge, your recollections at once are of the Merchant who spat upon the Jewish gaberdine. The Rialto of Venice is Shakspere's Rialto. The Bridge of Sighs is Byron's hardly less than it is the Venetians'. Thanks to the master of New Place and to the master of Newstead, the travelling Englishman is at home here under these Italian skies and among these picturesque surroundings which the genius of those two peerless poets have for him at once beautified and familiarised. Whose canvas has more faithfully mirrored those marvellous effects of sea and sky and cloudland and architecture, than that of Turner, our English Royal Academician? And, for a profound and subtle appreciation of it all, but more particularly of the abounding variety and the inimitably harmonised graces of that time-toned architecture, where else would any one look than to the "Stones of Venice," by Ruskin, another Englishman, in himself it is true, neither poet nor painter, but whose prose is poetry and whose writings are pictorial.

In passing hither and thither among these Stones of Venice, I could not by any possibility of course do otherwise than regard with intense interest the different historical localities I visited. Some of them I passed through not without emotion, others I looked at with awe, others yet with horror and abhorrence. Here at the foot of the Giant's Stairs, for example, is the very spot upon which old Francesco Foscari, after having yielded up the ducal bonnet, and surrendered his ring of office, and laid aside his robes of state, leaning wearily on his crutch-handled staff, turned to take his last look at the palace in which he had so long reigned, only in the end to be thus ignominiously dethroned. Here he paused for a moment before tottering past the Campanile, at the sound of whose bell announcing the accession of his successor he ruptured a blood-vessel and died so soon afterwards. Here again, at the top of those same Giant's Stairs, is the very spot, it is even said the very stone, upon which the head of another Doge, Marino Faliero, was struck off by the executioner—that gory head rolling down the whole flight of steps while the bloody sword was held aloft by one of the Council of Ten, who cried aloud in a solemn voice: "The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!" Hard by the porchway of the palace, at this fatal stairhead, are the formidable Lions' mouths, now dwindled down to no more than two grim slits in the solid masonry of the wall. Not only have the Lions' teeth been drawn, but those gaping jaws of theirs have long since been removed altogether, into which of yore were stealthily dropped afte nightfall by anonymous slanderers accusations of the deadlies import, resulting, by an all but inevitable rule, in secret torture and official assassination. Passing up the Golden Staircase, and alon the gigantic halls and galleries of this sumptuous palace of the Doges, one recalls to recollection the long array of one hundred and twenty-two sovereign dukes who there held their state in succession during a grand historical epoch of exactly eleven centuries—from the accession to power of the first Doge, Anafesto Paululio, in 697, to the downfall of the last Doge, Luigi Manin, in 1797, when the independence of Venice was finally abolished on the signing of the treaty of Campo Formio by young Napoleon Bonaparte. All thought of sympathy for the Venetians is lost, however, in one's remembrance of that catastrophe, immediately upon entering one of the inner chambers of the palace—an apartment entirely walled round with panelling—entered at one side, quitted at the other, by ponderous doors that turn smoothly upon their hinges, and that exactly fit in when closed with the surrounding panelling, so that doors and walls are indistinguishable. Here sat in awful conclave the terrible Council of Ten. Through this door the accused was brought before his judges—strongly guarded, inexorably manacled, pitilessly questioned, hopelessly condemned. Through the door immediately opposite he was led forth after condemnation to his doom. As I follow the trail of so many long-lost footprints across that fatal threshold, along a dark narrow winding passage out into the momentary sunburst of the Bridge of Sighs—where I look forth, as they did, for an instant through the barred lattice windows upon the fresh air, the sparkling waters, and the radiant heavens—passing directly afterwards through a ghastly portal that was for so many the yawning entrance of the tomb: as I descend, flight after flight, a series of precipitous stone staircases, black as Erebus, down into the lower dungeons, down into the lowermost dungeons, so far from lamenting the fall of Venice, I thank God that its devilish rule is a thing now entirely of the past, I exult, even in that subterranean Gehenna, that the sway of that inhuman oligarchy is no more. Whoever has been to Venice, and has even but once visited those infernal dungeons, need thenceforth only cast his thoughts at any moment in this direction to be consoled n the remembrance that the pride and glory of that great maritime epublic have been long since scattered to the winds of Heaven. Under the granite flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge re the twelve state dungeons, below the level of the ooze and lime of the canal—*Pozzi* or wells, they are called, with a terrible ignificance. Into each den through a small hole in the wall the lank atmosphere of the prison passage was admitted, and there hrough that small hole the scanty food of the doomed prisoner was ntroduced. These horrible cells, which are of the narrowest dimensions, were entirely without furniture. By whole generations of captives the blackened walls are scrawled and scratched over with despairing lamentations. You are shown in sequence the place where the victim was shrived, the compartment in which he was strangled, the low doorway through which his corpse, huddled into a sack, was silently and secretly shot forth at midnight into the death-boat below, by which it was carried out to sea, and sunk past all chance of recovery. You have but to recall these detestable and cavernous haunts of human agony, I repeat, at any moment to your recollection, to rejoice instead of lamenting over the downfall of the political power of the Venetians. Or to that same end you have but to summon back to remembrance for a single instant those diabolical instruments of torture which are still to this day treasured up there in her Armoury, cramps, and screws, and racks, and tormenting contrivances that one would think demons only could have fabricated and employed; most notably perhaps of all amongst them an iron helmet in the atrocity of its inhuman manipulation worse even by far than the iron shroud of fable, or than the brazen bull of Phalaris. Haunted by these reflections whenever I think of Venice in her pride, I like to muse over her rather as she is than as she was—to recall her to the mind as what she remains to this hour, a very treasury of art, not as, thanks be to Heaven, she never can be again, the wielder of a power that in its noblest days was only most cruelly and maddeningly despotic.

As for the glory of Venetian art, it simply beggars all description. It is squandered with a most lavish abundance over the walls and ceilings of its churches and palaces, more particularly over those of the Palazzo Ducale, and most notably of all, over the grand galleries of the Academia della Belli Arte, formerly known in ancient times as the Convento della Carita. When I stepped into a gondola to ascend the Grand Canal and cross over to the foot of the first Ponte di Ferro, bound upon an expedition to the Academia, it was as if I had embarked in a fairy shallop. Apart from the funereal black in which the gondolas are all of them painted and draped, they nevertheless always appear to me, *pace* Byron, in their construction at least, to have a delicate and elfin appearance. Lightly floating in thei tapering length apparently on the mere surface of the water, an ai line gleams under each, fore and aft, more especially under the elevate whorl, or curl, or volute of the prow, which is fantastically twisted in i extension like the string-end or neck of a violin. There too, in th raised prow, with the long blade of his single oar balanced in th quaintly contorted prongs or antlers of the oar-rest, propelling ar guiding the boat with magical dexterity by that simple agency, stands the gondolier. In the whole aspect of it, even under the most ordinary circumstances, it is to me the daintiest mode of progression. The wayfarer by this means glides whithersoever he pleases, twining in and out among a swarm of other gondolas as glibly and unerringly as though he were but one in a cloud of flies on a summer's evening, or in a throng of steel-shod skaters on a wintry rink. Years ago the perfecting charm of the Venetian scenery was lost in the hushing for ever of the songs of the gondoliers. So that no one there can hope to hear any longer, as Isaac Disraeli did just at the turn of the century, even an unsentimental companion exclaiming with enthusiasm—as the verses of Tasso, sinking and swelling, echoed and re-echoed, came chiming across the water—*E singolare come quel canto intenerisee, e molto più quando la cantano meglio.* The songs are hushed, it is true, but happily not the warning cries of the gondoliers. After nightfall you may hear them repeatedly, when the stars are reflected by myriads in the glassy pavements of Venice,—at uncertain intervals you may hear them somewhat less frequently in the daytime. Whenever a gondola approaches the turn of a canal, the musical call of the boatman gives note of his coming to a liquid, lengthened cry, as though, like nearly every other word in that mellifluous language, it were seemingly thus all syllabled in vowels—*Ai-ooooo starall'erta !* Elfin-like as the ordinary means of transit always appeared to me in Venice, to my fancy they seemed to be carrying me into fairyland when conveying me, to and fro, between the great art galleries of the Academia and of the Palazzo Ducale, to the halls and walls glorified by the noblest works of the great masters of the Venetian school of painting. Here, that school—the most gorgeous of all the schools—can, as a matter of course, be seen, as it can be seen nowhere else, in its perfection. Here, its development can be traced from its rise to its completion. Priceless specimens are to be found more abundantly in Venice than anywhere else of the original founders of the school, the Bellini, Gentile and Giovanni, but more especially of *the* founder, Giovanni. It was by their hands that the Hall of Council in the Ducal Palace was originally covered with grand frescoes, in fourteen compartments, delineating the heroic incidents of the Venetian wars with Frederick Barbarossa, the fierce combats and overwhelming victories won on the Gulf by the Republican forces, the reconciliation already described between the Emperor and the Pontiff, and, not the least interesting and curious among these historical occurrences, the presentation to the Doge Ziani by Pope Alexander III. of the gold ring with which from that time forward the former and his successors went forth annually to the stately ceremonial of the marriage with the Adriatic. Only that the Salla Maggiore—surely the grandest reception-room or hall of audience in Christendom—has been since then completely renovated, it would be almost intolerable to remember that all these elaborate frescoes by the Bellinis were in 1577 destroyed by fire. Happily, however, the artistic capacity of the two brothers is otherwise splendidly attested. Their reputations are independent of that calamity—as who is there will not acknowledge who has scanned the products of their skill in Venice alone, even cursorily? It is of the elder of the two, namely, of Gentile Bellini, that the half fantastic, half-horrifying anecdote is related—how, when he was at the Court of the Sultan at Constantinople, on his presenting to Mohammed II. a picture he had just been painting of the decollated head of St. John the Baptist, the Sultan, in order to convince the artist that in one respect at least the severed muscles of the neck were not true to nature, smote his hands together, and on the entrance of an attendant, struck the poor wretch's head off at a blow with his scimetar. Of Giovanni Bellini, on the other hand, is told a far more incredible incident—namely, that of his slyly entering in disguise the studio of Antonella da Messina, and there robbing him of the newly-discovered secret of mixing colours with oil instead of water—an account falsified by the whole character of Giovanni Bellini, to whom belongs unquestionably the merit of having first introduced the fashion of portrait painting.

It was from the midst of the pupils of this *maèstro* besides that the glory of the Venetian school rose eventually in all its splendour. To Giovanni Bellini, therefore, more than to any one else, belongs the honour of having been its prime originator. His disciples were those who, by advancing and elevating, and, so far as might be in in any way possible, perfecting his whole system, have squandered upon the walls of the palaces and churches of Venice, and more especially upon the superb galleries of the Academia, treasures of art of priceless and peerless magnificence. For depth and richness of colouring there are no paintings in the world in any way comparable to those of the great Venetian masters, those by Titian, and Giorgione, and Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto. Of one among them, who, if named with these, must be pronounced, comparatively speaking, a lesser painter, meaning the elder Bassano, it has been said, and really not extravagantly, that such is the gemlike radiance of colouring in some of his pictures that they look for all the world like handfuls of rubies and emeralds! And this Jacopo da Ponte of Bassano, and his four artist-sons, it was, by the way, who were the earliest introducers of what is familiarly known now as the genre style of painting.

It is strikingly illustrative, as it seems to me, of the affectionate interest and admiration with which artists are regarded by the world at large that so many of the great painters are known to fame by some loving *sobriquet*, by some pet name that has altogether superseded their patronymic. By right of the royalty of genius, the greatest among them all are known as sovereigns are known, simply by their christian names, such for instance as Leonardo, or as those two Archangels in the Heaven of Art, Raphael and Michel Angelo; but there are others to whom a kind of nickname has so clung through life and after death that the real names for which they are the substitutes have come at last to be almost forgotten. Scarcely anyone, for example, would recognise in Jacopo Robusti that gorgeous and affluent painter whose father was a dyer (tintore), and who himself when a little child handled the colours artistically with such magical dexterity that he won for himself even then, on the very threshold of his career, the now glorious title of Il Tintoretto. How very few are there, again, who would identify upon the instant in Giorgio Barbarelli, that noble artist, the "Byron of painters" as he has been termed, who gained for himself in his handsome youth by his graceful and dignified carriage the designation among his admiring contemporaries of George the Great, or Il Giorgione—his whole life, the life of this gifted Giorgione, being a very romance of love and ambition. Why has it never been adopted as a theme by one of the master-novelists? A hero more fascinating in his way could hardly be selected than Giorgio Barbarelli. A villain more execrable could hardly be imagined than Pietro Luzzo, better known in one sense, worse in another, as Morto da Feltre. Living with Barbarelli as his intimate friend, almost his brother, Morto seduces and runs off with a beautiful girl who is beloved by Giorgione—the latter, stricken doubly to the heart by this treachery of love and friendship, sinking into despair and dying prematurely at thirty-three, when his genius was at its brightest. Happily one is comforted by a remembrance of the poetical justice that pursues the infamous Morto to the death—his flying from Venice, abandoning art, entering the army, and dying in 1519 at the battle of Zara. To him it is, according to Vasari, that we are indebted for the invention or revival of arabesque painting—the idea having been caught by him from the antique fragments discovered in the vaults of subterranean Rome. As for the victim of his heartless profligacy, as for the rarely gifted and renowned Giorgione, who is there at all loving art who has not, even before going to Venice, a profound admiration for him as a *maéstro* in many ways simply unapproachable? But, after visiting the Venetian galleries, after wandering among the triumphs of his brush in the very scenes in the midst of which they were accomplished, how much more fully and vividly then are his varied powers appreciated! His facile mastery or careless freedom in execution, what the Italians express in one word untranslateably as *sprezzatura!* His colour, so intense and glowing! His sentiment, touched by such a serene and refined melancholy! The frescoes he painted with Titian on the Hall of Exchange, the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, are unhappily, through exposure to the elements in a damp atmosphere, crumbled and faded away past all recognition. But his exquisite garden scenes, home concerts, domestic pastorals, call them what you please, are scattered up and down in Venice abundantly. There, too, are numerous and wonderful specimens of his almost perfect skill in portraiture. Framed portraits of his are often lit upon startlingly like living people seen through a cavernous doorway! Hence there is quite reasonably a couplet in "Beppo" which says of some Venetian beauties—

> They look when leaning over the balcony
> As stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione.

Although scarcely any nobler exemplar of his need be looked for than his Judgment of Solomon at Bologna, in the Mariscalchi gallery, his masterpiece is indubitably discoverable at Venice in his Christ carrying his cross to Calvary. Here also at Venice in the Academy is a splendid illustration of his poetical power in his idealisation of the stupendous tempest that in 1340 all but overwhelmed the city of the lagoon.

Another disciple of the Bellini, many admirable paintings from whose easel help to adorn the galleries of Venice, is Cinna da Corne-gliano. But one among those pupils of Giovanni, the grandest and the most imperial reputation of them all, more than all the Venetian Doges, more than all the Venetian victories, whether won by sea or by land, the pride and glory of the great sea capital, is—Titian. Born at Capo del Cadore in Friuli, Tiziano Vecellio was, at any rate so far as birth in the city itself could have made him such, strictly speaking, scarcely a Venetian. Nevertheless he was so by every other title—by education, by genius, by prolonged residence. Arriving in Venice when he was nine years of age, he lived there until he was nearly a hundred. For upwards of ninety years he was counted among its inhabitants as one who was by his incomparable gifts a very prince amongst them, as the most illustrious and at the last, the most venerable of its citizens. His personal history is as complete as it is unique. You recognise this literally at a glance, whether you stand before his tomb or before what is now regarded as his masterpiece. His burial place is in the church of Santa Maria dei Fiori, for the high altar of which he originally painted his famous picture of the Assumption. The edifice is now remarkable as containing within it two wonderful monuments. They are built up against the wall exactly opposite each other. They commemorate, the one Titian, the other Canova. According to the jumbled tradition related there by the guides in regard to these two monuments, the design originally intended by Canova for the memorial of Titian is the very one which now confronts the painter's tomb in memory of Canova himself, the sculptor's pencilled idea having been executed in marble by his grateful pupils in his own honour instead of being carried out as proposed under his hand in honour of Tiziano Vicellio. A charming legend—had it only been true! One that might have fittingly companioned that which tells of Mozart unwittingly composing his own Requiem. As it happens, however, Canova's model for the monument which it was proposed should have been raised in 1794 to the fair fame of Titian was otherwise applied—having been appropriated at Vienna to the cenotaph of the Archduchess Christina in the church of the Augustines. Such as Titian's tomb is, however, such as Canova's—each is in simple truth entitled to all admiration. Upon Titian's cenotaph the effigy of the great master is given, lifesize, in white marble, thrice—as a young man, as in his maturity, and as a patriarch just verging upon a hundred. Remembering that while he was yet but an infant he drew even then the figure of a madonna, colouring it with the juices squeezed from certain flowers, and that he painted his last picture in his ninety-ninth year, being still at that grand old age bright of eye and firm in touch, one would say that here in the person of Titian was the very archetype of a great painter. His reputed masterpiece now, I have said, is the picture of the Assumption which was removed some time since from the church in which his remains are interred to the walls of the Academia. Closely adjoining it, where it now hangs, are the earliest picture of importance that he ever painted, and the latest, his age when he produced the one being fourteen, and when he produced the other nearly a century. The masterpiece of Titian, however, one of the four or five noblest pictures in the world, was lamentably burnt in 1867 on the 15th of August, the feast of the Assumption. It was the renowned altarpiece of the church of SS. Giovanni e Paulo—representing the death of St. Peter Martyr the Dominican. If only that painting also had been removed betimes out of harm's way into the Academia! As it is, its destruction was only less lamentable than would have been that of Raphael's Transfiguration in the Vatican, or of Rubens' Descent from the Cross at Antwerp, or of the ruined glories of Leonardo's Last Supper in the Milan monastery, or of what to my eyes is the loveliest and most august picture the genius of man ever produced, the matchless Madonna di San Sisto, the treasure and boast of the royal gallery at Dresden, the sweetest and the sublimest creation of the divine Raphael! The destruction thus of Titian's masterpiece was nothing less surely than one of the calamities recorded in the history of civilisation. As an isolated misfortune, it is as regrettable and as irreparable in its way as the wholesale and wanton destruction of historical buildings and works of art by the execrable Communists who in the later half of the nineteenth century so entirely surpassed in atrocity the infamous iconoclasts of the eighth and of the seventeenth! Consoled though one cannot but feel in regard to Titian, by one's remembrance of his Venus in the Florence gallery, of his Jupiter and Antiope, popularly called the Venus del Pardo, in the Louvre, of his Bacchus and Ariadne in our own National Gallery, but above all by a delighted recollection of his wonderful pictures great and small squandered all about the chief buildings of the beautiful city of his adoption, I have only at any time to think of the greatest painting that ever came from his studio having been reduced to ashes by the careless flare of a few tapers and a fluttering curtain to feel myself by sheer sympathy burning with indignation. Scanning his house, the house he purchased opposite Murano, and in which when he was ninety-seven years of age he sumptuously entertained Henry III. of France, then on his road home from Poland, I seem to realise more readily the man himself as he was when living. The princely painter to whom, when he dropped his brush at Augsburg, the Emperor Charles V. returned it saying, *Tiziano è degno essere servito da Cesare.* The patrician centre, the very cynosure of that charming group assembled so often towards sunset in the little garden attached to his palazzo. Here his lovely daughter Lavinia, whose blooming features (she being his favourite model) he so frequently painted—radiantly looking back at us over her shoulder, while lifting to a level with her sunny eyes now a dish of piled-up fruit, now some ponderous and ornate casket, now a golden charger bearing upon it the head of St. John the Baptist. Here those two most cherished among his intimates, Jacopo Sansovino the architect, and (bewildering even now to think of as Titian's chosen friend) Pietro Aretino, the witty profligate, the "Scourge of

Princes" so called, though really their sycophant, cynic, satirist, poet, debauchee. Yonder, as startlingly contrasted as night from day, the great master's two other children, his sons,—Pomponio, consistently throughout life, both in youth and in age, the worthless and abandoned; Orazio just as consistently from first to last the filial and accomplished. Repeatedly there, too, conspicuous among those clustering figures—Titian's cherished disciple, the Elder Palma, Palma il Vecchio, with his three bewitching daughters, the loveliest among them all, the beloved of the *maèstro*, the dimpled, riant, violet-eyed, golden-haired Violante.

Although in looking back at Venice as to some dreamy region in which Art is strangely afloat in Fairyland, the glory of Titian seems to me always paramount in its pre-eminence, others there are among the great masters of the Venetian School whose fame and whose achievements are, in my grateful remembrance of them, second only to those associated with his supreme reputation. Not that I am thinking here, precious and almost peerless though these are, of Chiavoni's exquisite portraitures of women, some of which have been mistaken before now for women painted by the hand of Titian himself—or of Morone's life-like portraits of Doges and Senators and other men of thoughtful and austere demeanour, worthy in every way of coming from the great master's easel; very notably one among them familiar to the lovers of art in this country, that all but living and breathing portrait of a Jesuit in the Duke of Sutherland's collection, which goes by the name erroneously of Titian's Schoolmaster. Two other far greater .masters of the Venetian school of painting I am here thinking of—giants even among the giants—Robusti and Cagliari, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese. Of the latter, that is of Paolo Cagliari of Verona, have I not still as vividly before me in my astonished remembrance, as when I stood gazing upon it in one of the noblest halls of the Academia, his stupendous picture of Christ in the House of Levi? A picture akin in its dimensions and its splendour to his Marriage Feast at Cana in the Louvre—a painting 30 feet long by 20 feet high, and containing at the least 130 figures of life size, together with a profusion of sumptuous furniture and apparel, the artist receiving for the whole of this gigantic work no larger sum than is equivalent in our moneys to £40 sterling. As for Tintoretto, again, am I not as conscious now in my recollection of them as when I was gazing there in Venice upon the exploits of his affluent fancy and his lavish hand, that his work was accomplished upon a scale of even yet more colossal proportions? One of his paintings, the largest picture ever produced, his Vision of Paradise in the Ducal Palace, being 74 feet long by 30 feet high; another, the School of Roch, containing within it 57 huge compositions, each comprising many figures of life size. Paintings fabricated upon the scale of a plasterer or a house decorator, but by an artist so keenly alive to the glory of his labours and the dignity of his profession, that he could inscribe upon the wall of his own studio, as a perpetual remembrancer, "Il disegno di Michel Angelo: il colorito di Tiziano." Grander works from the hands of Tintoretto and of Paolo Veronese may have met my gaze as I wandered through those gorgeous galleries of the Venetians, but certainly none remain so vividly to this moment in my grateful recollection as Tintoretto's Miracle of St. Mark, in the Academia, and that perfectly exquisite Rape of Europa in the Palazzo Ducale, which is incomparably to my mind the masterwork of the wizard brush and rainbow palette of Paolo Veronese.

It is through such a halo as this of magnificent colouring that I always recall Venice now to my remembrance. It is as thus, crowned and invested with the radiance of her art, that I love best to think of her as she is now, with all her—

Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears.

So regarded, that beautiful city always resembles in my memory of it a crowd of fairy palaces of art moored on a cluster of floating islands in the lagoon from which they emerged ages ago like the fairy palace of Aladdin, at the rubbing of a ring, the ring with which in the days of the Doges Venice annually married the Adriatic, and into which nowadays one might almost expect to hear at any moment of its abrupt submergence.

FOR LILYBELL.

BY EDWARD CAPERN.

PRETTY maiden, must I write
On this tablet dainty-white;
Own'd by such a charming Grace,
Who can the fair thing deface?
If so, prithee tell me plain
What must be the chosen strain.

Shall I sing a song of mirth,
Shall I celebrate thy birth,
Or of bane shall be my lay?
Pretty maiden, what dost say?
It is thine to give the theme:
Shall it be the maiden's dream?

Yes, I read it in thine eyes;
Yes, I hear it in thy sighs;
Yes, thy every feature speaks,
Dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And those lips so full of song,
Though all silent be the tongue.

As thou wilt so let it be,
Pretty Lilybell, to thee,
And perchance within this book
One to love thee soon may look,
And interpret every thought:
Poets seldom write for nought.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

'Tis a vision of the May
With a pleasant meadow-way,
Where a hand enclasps a hand,
Links which lovers understand,
And a damsel fair and coy,
Showing love's first flush of joy.

Then a saunter through the vale
Listening to a low-breathed tale,
Though the fitful blushes run
Crimson as the setting sun,
And a pain is at the heart
Where the god has shot his dart.

Then the radiance of a face,
Rapture of a fond embrace,
Mute enjoyment of a feeling
Which will never brook concealing,
And that marriage made above,
Soul with soul, and love with love.

TENNYSON AND THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

BY T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.

THE "Last Tournament" is intended by its author to occupy a place amongst the "Idylls of the King," between Pelleas and Guinevere, forming as it does a fitting introduction to the doom of Tristram, and to the full disclosure of Lancelot's ill-starred attachment to the queen of the "blameless king," who loved both his wife and his knight too well to dream of suspicion. Here we have depicted in detail the ruin of all Arthur's highest purposes, the failure of his noblest hopes in founding "the Table Round." That ruin is æsthetically rendered magnificent as it shines in the light of the poet's splendid idealisation; that failure is rendered morally grander than ordinary successes, as it points to a faith in an Almighty Disposer who shatters our hopes only to purify and to elevate them, while high above the "broken music," the discords, and the moral chaos of society, the poet sings to us the true harmony—not to be found on earth—

That makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur, and the angels hear.

Here in detail we have all that Arthur glanced at in that most tenderly terrible scene of his parting with Guinevere:—

Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot,
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt,
Then others following these, my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain.

For the story of the "Last Tournament" we must refer our readers to the poem itself, as we have space only for a few comments upon it. It is, in the first place, singularly coherent as a part of a coherent and comprehensive Arthurian epic, a subject which some of our readers may be surprised to learn was twice contemplated by

Milton himself. The first mention of such a purpose is found in the verses which Milton sent to Manso in 1639, before leaving Naples—

Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arthurumque etiam sub terris bella moventem
Aut dicam *invictæ* sociali fœdere *mensæ*
Magnanmos heroas.

Again, on his return to England, our greatest epic poet professes his determination to make Arthur and his Round Table the subject of an epic poem; as we may see in the *Epitaphium Damonis,* in a passage too long to quote.

"The Idylls" are an Arthurian epic, of various, but harmonious parts, with each part, not like the limbs of a living body, necessarily dependent upon and co-ordinate with other limbs in the same frame, but correlated to other parts in that true epic unity which requires that the incidents shall have one common bearing and one common centre of interest, and all the characters shall co-operate towards one common object. King Arthur, and his sublime effort to regenerate society by putting down all that is base or mean, and lifting up all that is pure—is the centre and circumference of this epic circle, in which the Laureate has idealised and sublimated into the highest inspiration of poetry the sombre and half-forgotten legends of "the blameless king." A nobler mark was never aimed at by the winged words of any poet—save Milton himself, as he sang—

To assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

As each part of the "Idylls" is in perfect harmony with the other parts, echoing the same sentiment, coloured with the same colour, though in varying shades, so is each part of this last Idyll in perfect harmony of form and colour and tone with its every other part. It is a marvel of subtle harmonies, of delicate consistencies. It sings of the glory of the Round Table as "no more;" of the downfall of King Arthur's hopes at a time when he looked for the golden fruit of his labour, and found only the withered leaf. Hence it becomes the saddest of all the poet's Idylls; its very words weep, its music falls upon our heart like a dirge for the dead, its verses wail like the wailing winds of Autumn, that scatter the leaves at our feet. Then look to the true art of the poet, in choosing Autumn—"the Fall," (as the Americans beautifully call it) —as the season of the "Last Tournament," and so running a parallel between the moral decline of chivalry, and the decline of nature at the "Fall" of the year, with its "yellowing woods," "the faded fields," "the withered leaf"—

When fell thick rain, plume droopt, and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness.

When Arthur has to mourn over his broken hopes, and baffled purposes,

All in a death-dumb autumn dripping gloom,

Then, like its own "autumntide," the poem is singularly rich in colouring and in picturesqueness, to a degree not to be found in the other Idylls, as if the poet wished to gild the departing day of chivalry with an aureole of glory—with "a wide-winged sunset" of many splendours. In this short poem there are no fewer than about fifty passages descriptive of colour, in which the yellow and golden hues of autumn are most conspicuous. Nor is this all. Metaphors and similes are drawn from the same season of sadness and corruption. The fond and faithful fool of King Arthur

Danced like a *withered leaf* before the Hall.

King Arthur speaks of his younger knights as not yet reaching the harvest of their promise.

My younger knights: new made, in whom the flower
Waits to be *solid fruit of golden deeds.*

Then the ruby carcanet is set forth as

The *red fruit*
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid heaven.

It has been objected to little Dagonet, King Arthur's Fool, in the Idylls, that he is out of place in so sad a strain, and out of nature in the bitterness of his grief, as he grieves with his royal master's grief. On the contrary, we think the introduction of Dagonet is a master touch of the poet. It answers many purposes of the poem which could in no other way be so well answered. It supplies a chartered tongue, free as the winds of Heaven, to blow upon the vices of the Court; it heightens by contrasted lights the darkest shadows of the appalling features of moral grandeur in ruins, and the whole tone of melancholy which pervades the poem. The conception of Dagonet is partly Homeric, partly Shakespearian. His stinging sarcasm, his forbidding appearance, his incessant babble, and even the expression "hedge of teeth," ἕρκος ὀδόντων, are thoroughly Homeric. On the other hand, his loyalty to his lord, his true tenderness of heart, and the sound sense he masks under the "motley" garb of folly, remind us of King Lear's Fool. Who will venture to blame Shakespeare for introducing "a fool" to babble folly with King Lear in that "tragedy of tragedies" as it has been happily termed? Like Lear, King Arthur has fallen the victim of too generous and trustful a heart; like Lear, his household gods have been shattered around him; like Lear, from the abyss of his riven heart he cries from earth to heaven, and on earth finds his poor Court fool the only faithful amongst all the faithless, as he clings and sobs to Arthur's feet, with a world of sadness on his lips:—

I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again,

How nobly does the fool vindicate his royal master in these lines, which we quote in full:—

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses, geese
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answered, "Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were King by courtesy,
Or King by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
Fool's treason: is the King thy brother fool?"
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet combs,
And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools!"

The wealth of illustration in the poem is not its least charm. How true to nature is this picture :—

> Far over sands *marbled* with *moon* and *cloud.*

And how charming this :—

> And down a street-way hung with folds of pure
> White sarcenet, and by fountains running wine,
> Where children sat in white with cups of gold.

And this :—

> Tintagil—half in sea, and high on land,
> *A crown of towers.*

Then how resonant of nature's sweetest and grandest melodies are such sounds as "the wandering warble of the brook," and the "low roll of autumn thunder," and

> The voice that bellowed round the barriers roar
> An ocean-sounding welcome to the knight.

And lastly we must note that here too, as elsewhere in Tennyson's great epic, we find those single gems of thought reflecting the light of experience and wisdom as well as the splendour of genius—proverbial as well as poetical, teaching us even while they charm us, individual indeed, like those of Shakespeare, as illustrative of particular points of character, but universal, as applicable to all humanity. Such, for example, as

> The greater man, the greater courtesy.

In a recent *Quarterly* there is a very unfair attack, from whatever motive, on Tennyson as a poet, compared with Byron as a poet. We will not say that this attempt to win back the fading popularity of Byron at the expense of Tennyson was dictated by any commercial motives, but we must be allowed to say that the proprietors of the *Quarterly* and of Byron's works seem, in this case, to have degraded a great literary review into what looks very much like an advertising medium. The writer of this singular article professes to deal only with the *comparative* reputation of Tennyson, not with his *positive* merits. But how this can be accomplished is beyond our simple comprehension, believing as we do that all comparisons are worthless as means of determining the comparative merits and demerits of poets, unless in the first case we determine something of the positive merits of the poets to be compared. Let this pass. But with whom does this writer elect to compare Tennyson ? Is it with his living contemporaries ? Is it with the mighty masters of minstrelsy long gone down to the grave, who wrote in the same metre, touched upon like topics, and sang in a kindred strain ? It is with none of these that the comparison is made, but with a poet with whom Tennyson has little or nothing in common, and this too, under the transparent guise of reviewing a German work, of which "the English translation is in hand," but which has not yet appeared. This too wears a very ugly look, but not one whit worse than the fulsome praise written in the same journal on Lord Lytton's "Horace" (one of the worst translations ever written, as we have shown elsewhere)—even before the translation appeared to the public eye. If such things are done in the green tree, what are we to expect in the dry?

1. The writer of the article in question has spared us some trouble in refuting his attack on Tennyson, for he has refuted himself. At one time this writer accepts the critical canon of Chamfort, that "what makes the success of numerous works is the affinity between the *mediocrity* of the ideas of the author and the *mediocrity* of the ideas of the public." Now, if this is a valid rule to account for Tennyson's present and ever growing popularity, it is equally valid to account for Byron's once unrivalled popularity, when his sunrise passed at once into the meridian of fame. But will the writer here stick to his theory, and maintain that the popularity of the poet of his heart was based upon "*mediocrity of ideas*," even against his own assertion of the transcendent genius of the poet? What, however, becomes of this theory and its application to Tennyson, when, as the writer admits, this poet has become the chosen bard of the educated classes of England; that is, of those who know best how to appreciate and appraise poetry? If we judge poems too commonly, as we are here told, "rather by our own feelings, prejudices, and passions, than by their inherent and individual qualities, and no man is a fair judge who does not habitually analyse his impressions as they are caught up or imbibed," then on this writer's own showing the most highly cultured classes are the best judges of poetry, as they can best analyse their own feelings. It is notorious that the world of poetic wealth to be found in the meditative poetry of Milton and Wordsworth was lost to the English nation for a considerable time, until its eyes were opened by culture. What Addison accomplished in this way in the "Spectator" for Milton's poetry, De Quincey accomplished in his "Essays" for Wordsworth's muse. Time and culture we look upon as the best tests of the poetry that is most worthy to live.

2. We cannot go along with this writer in his assumption that the best poems are those which best bear literal or prose translation. This test holds good only of poems when the matter is all in all, rather than the spirit and the manner of the poet. Is this a test in any

way fair to poets such as Virgil and Tennyson, whose marvellous beauty of presentation is one of their greatest charms, whose tender grace and subtlest idealisation are untranslatable, like the pale roses of Lesbos, which lost their honey when they breathed an alien air, like the plant of Milton, which bore its "own bright golden flower" only upon "one soil"? Does it follow that that poet has failed in his art who, by a perfect mastery over his own language, and the metre of that language, has sung forth marvellous melodies, which ring in the brain and the heart of an educated and an enraptured nation, which can understand him, because, forsooth, he becomes less powerful as a poet when translated into the tongue of others who do not understand him? Why, even this writer confesses that "Tennyson's greatest beauties are untranslatable," *they are too delicate*, and as M. Taine, speaking of the female characters of the poet, observes, that "I could never try to translate a single one of these portraits; every word is like a tint, curiously heightened or softened by a neighbouring tint, with all the hardihood and the success of the happiest refinement. The least alteration would upset all."

Far truer is another test supplied elsewhere in this article that "the highest quality of the highest genius is to dispense with exact knowledge of what it paints or shadows forth, to grasp distant ages by intuition, like Shakespeare, or to pierce the mind's eye like Milton." This quality the writer has not shown to belong to Byron, while he denies it to Tennyson, and goes on to observe: "but when a poet habitually mixes up his *individuality* with extreme objects, or draws largely on his own impressions and reminiscences, the tone of his poetry will necessarily be much influenced by his commerce with the world, and as Tennyson is fond of appearing in his own person in his works, he certainly is under some disadvantage in this respect." This charge, we take it, is far more applicable to Byron than to Tennyson. Self, selfish conceits, selfish indulgences, selfish hatreds and loves, are the staple of Byron's songs, from the largest to the least. In Tennyson's greatest poems—his "Œnone" and the Arthurian Epic—and in a large number of his other poems, there is "no appearing in his own person." In the "Idylls of the King" more than in any poem of Byron's we certainly find that "highest quality of the highest genius" which dispenses with exact knowledge, as it paints and "grasps the distant ages" of a remote past, and pierces to the misty grandeur of our noblest national legends.

Can this writer be serious when he tells us the voice of Tennyson is "mild as the sucking dove when he communes with nature or rails against mankind?" Has he forgotten the heart-shaking speech of

King Arthur to the guilty Guinevere, when he denounces her as his "kingdom's curse"—and the burning reproaches he pours from a heart of fire upon his faithless "Amy" in "Locksley Hall"? Are such the utterances of a "sucking dove"? Let any one read the description of the storm in the "Holy Grail," and catch, if he can, especially in these lines, the mild utterance of the sucking dove :—

> Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
> Though heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea.

The highest place in creative art belongs, we think, to those who have best combined originality and range of imagination with felicity of execution. Of the delicacy of Mr. Tennyson's workmanship and the felicity of his execution there can be no question—in this respect, Byron when compared with him, or rather contrasted, is nowhere. The originality of Byron's creations, and the range of his imagination, are as "moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," when compared with those of Tennyson. In the freest and highest flight of his imagination, Byron never liberates himself from the narrow range of self. No great poet had so little of imaginative power; he could not project himself into another, and every character he casts is cast in his own mould. As M. Taine writes, "They are his own sorrows, his own results, his own travels, which, hardly transformed and modified, he introduces into his verses. He does not invent, but observes; he does not create, but narrates." On the contrary, how varied in colour, how multiform in shape, is the creative energy of Tennyson's imagination in all his poems! Uniform only in their artistic excellence, without iteration; wealthy in a manifold imagination, which gilds their varied sentiments; fertile in fancy in constructing, or embellishing his story with novelty ofincidents, and enriching it with almost every type of character, with moods, and feelings, and passions of all kinds and all degrees. Again, to quote M. Taine, the first of Continental critics, "Tennyson wrote in every accent, and delighted to enter into the feelings of all ages. He wrote of St. Agnes, St. Symon Stylites, Ulysses, Œnone, Sir Galahad, Lady Clare, Fatima, the Sleeping Beauty. He imitated alternately Homer and Chaucer, Theocritus and Spenser, the old English poets and the old Arabian poets. He gave life successively to the little real events of English life and the great fantastic adventures of extinguished chivalry. He was like those musicians who use their bow in the service of all masters."

THE PROSPECTS OF ARMY ORGANISATION.

IN that interesting Chinese Classic, "The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih," we have a lively picture of the high appreciation in which the Art of War was held at that early period and under a *régime* of Competitive Examinations. Uncontaminated by, what the translator calls, the "Curious Amusements" of the court, the War Minister had evidently introduced into his own family *that* study which, by a paradox, shows government the best method of preserving peace.

On the arrival of the messengers announcing the decease of the Minister, they found the children of the latter, "along with their mother, in the Middle Hall, *discussing a work on Military Science*."

At the present day, in England, paramount as the subject of national defence must be, in the presence of the vast armaments of Europe, and the preposterous pretensions of America—it is still no easy matter to discover the art of making questions of military organisation attractive to the general reader; as, in comparatively few households will the literary tastes of the Lady of Chin Ting Yan and her children be found.

According to the army estimates, for the current official year, it is assumed that we have, in round numbers, a force comprising regulars, militia volunteers and departmental corps, amounting to the somewhat imposing grand total of 407,717, of all ranks.

In stating so large a number, it must of course be borne in mind that our defensive armament can only be fully appreciated by an arithmetical reference; and that it by no means follows that each cipher has its effective man in the background. Still we may give our War Minister credit for laying the foundation of a better system, by the preliminary abolition of purchase, which, except with a small, but noisy party, seems to have found favour amongst the leaders of the Conservative, as well as of the Liberal party; and, notably, with the ex-Premier, who was too astute not to foresee the ultimate fate of that question.

Mr. Cardwell having thus secured his chosen base of operations, it now remains for him to fulfil his pledges.

The old system certainly preserved a fair exterior; and many superficial observers were satisfied that it would at any rate serve our purposes. But its very *convalescence* was more dangerous to our security, at a crisis, than more obtrusive maladies.

A sound system, and an *elastic* one, is now necessary; and it is to be hoped that no party feelings may be allowed to stay the work in hand; for, although there may be no Army Bill introduced this session, Parliament will not the less keep an eye on such measures as the Minister may introdnce—(and that, too, within the ensuing half year)—otherwise it would be its duty to interfere.

The real difficulty with which a civilian War Minister has to contend, in the elaboration of his plans, is doubtless the negative opposition of those subordinates who, while they may seem to assist their chief, are nevertheless apt to be swayed by their fears of innovations.

Amongst the more prominent questions to be dealt with are—the recruiting of the army; the local connection between the militia and the line; and the reorganisation of the volunteers.

In these questions of course lies the secret of an *effective reserve* force; and it must in candour be owned, that at present there are no appreciable signs of such a reserve coming into existence. Doubtless, on paper, we have a fine and reliable reserve; but the moment we essay to call it out, and place it in the field, it is discovered that statistics are not always to be trusted, and that even to extemporise sham fights (as we see practised on the stage), the *same* troops are moved from place to place; and have their exits and their entrances, much in the style of their mimic brethren.

But we presume there is to be an end of such *sham* manœuvres, and that on the establishment of the new military districts something may be done to realise our hopes.

While volunteering enlistment is maintained, in its integrity, there can be no very great radical change in our army organisation. But if we had, what might be called, "parochial gymnasia," the application of conscription to such local centres of intelligence might be found advantageous to the civil community as well as to the exigencies of the service—for, as a rule, at present, a recruit's *education commences* in barracks.

A great improvement has certainly taken place in the recruiting service, within the last two years; the useless and expensive journeys of "conductors" have been abolished, and the recruit is allowed to exercise his own discretion in carrying out his instructions, in sober earnest, and is not as formerly, subjected to the degrading preliminaries of cajolery, chicanery and drunkenness.

Hitherto, instead of drawing together in *co-operative* bonds our various forces, the tendency of our system has been to create disunion. And in illustration of this, we may cite the instance brought forward by the Inspector-General of Recruiting of a young militia man, severely punished for fraudulent enlistment, because he concealed the fact of his being a militia man, and so joined the Line, in defiance of his commanding officer's vexatious prohibition.

Lord Derby last year only expressed the conviction of all thoughtful military men, for the last twenty-years, when he remarked that the system of offering *bounties* was, at best, a coarse and clumsy expedient, liable to the objection of holding out a temptation to fraud and desertion. But as the "Estimates" had generally been cheerfully voted — especially during the Crimean war — and as the *recruiters* were more or less interested in the continuance of this wanton and wasteful expenditure, and the question had never been *philosophically* discussed, the abuse continued.

A conscription from the militia might be objectionable to some interests, but it appears to be a compromise with the voluntary system, which might at any rate be tried as an experiment.

One tendency of such an innovation would be to raise the popular estimate of the Line men, and to correct the erroneous impression that the latter are derived chiefly from the dangerous, or, at any rate, worthless classes.

On this subject, Lord Sandhurst shrewdly rebuked a late general officer, who has been taken as the type of useful military conservatism. "It had been said," observed the former, "that the ranks of the army were composed of two constituents, being taken from the highest or lowest portions of society; but I do not concur in that view. The great majority of the army is taken from the *middle-class.* It is important to dwell on this point, because, if one thing more than another has prevented the army from finding favour with the community at large, it is an idea that the ranks are in a great degree composed of the scum of the population."

The militia seem to have escaped this slur by incurring one of a professional nature, and no less unfounded.

The truth is, the popular idea of our military citizens seems still to be derived in a great measure, from the novels of a bygone generation. The dangerous captain of "The Children of the Abbey" still affrights the ladies' boarding school and the farmer's hospitable household, while Corporal Trim has made all corporals trustworthy.

On the occasion referred to, Lord Sandhurst, continuing the subject to promotion from the ranks, probably spoke the feelings of the rank and file themselves, when he gave it as his opinion that we should "not get amongst officers so raised* that high standard of *general* and professional *training*, which is admitted to be one of the chief wants."

Promotion from the ranks is deceptive, inasmuch as it is rather the officious and useful parasite, than the martial and independent spirited serjeant, that generally receives this reward—hence the real cause of the disfavour with which this principle is regarded amongst soldiers. Nevertheless, some of the highest official military appointments in England are now held by men who have sprung from the ranks, and against whom there is nothing to be said.

Turning now to the local connection between the regulars and the militia, Mr. Cardwell's system seems to be almost identical with one which was put forward in a Scotch paper early last year.

The old depot system having been found to interfere with discipline, by involving as it were a *dual* regimental authority, the establishment of district training centres for the regular and auxiliary forces has been determined.

Mr. Cardwell has already assured us that, in giving to the militia a more *military* character, it is far from his desire to deprive them of their *local* character; while, on the other hand, it is his aim that the infantry regiments which have now a *local* designation should be attached to the *sub-districts* in which the counties after which they are named are situate; and that those corps which have no local designation should be attached to other sub-districts—"regard being had to the population and its recruiting power."

Great as these promised improvements are, they are scarcely sufficient; and there is a danger, through excessive caution, of working back through details into the former state of things. A bold conception may be entirely neutralised by weakness of execution; and the admission of party considerations, which are always

> Letting I dare not wait upon I would.

Of the volunteers we should, of course, be proud, as parents are of children with great natural ability, who only require education to make them useful members of society.

In this force, the great defect is, not the incapacity of the men, but the technical ignorance of their officers—a circumstance arising from the selection of the latter being restricted by social considerations, while, at the same time, their ordinary business avocations prevent their acquiring even a competent knowledge of a profession which to the *uninitiated* invariably presents the idea only of total idleness and ignorance—a fallacy discovered by many a volunteer to his cost, when it has dawned on him that something more is required than the *Manual* and *Platoon* and *Marching past.*

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* Without previous compulsory national education.

The late Sir John Burgoyne, in a letter just published, has pointed out how inferior "the volunteers must *necessarily* be to the regulars in all that goes to make up an army fit to take the field;" and has recommended that they "should only be called upon for services of the simplest nature"—and precisely for this reason, that military knowledge is not so easily acquired as the general public suppose; and that the volunteers cannot really afford the time necessary for becoming proficient.

We must not despair, however, as at the recent opening of the City of London Rifle ranges, the Duke of Cambridge made some reassuring remarks on the suggestive good feeling existing between the regulars and the volunteers.

Let us now take a glance at the opinions of military men. In commenting on the elevation to the peerage of Sir W. Mansfield, the following remarks of a daily paper seem to be deserving of attention, as regards the conscription question, for it will readily be admitted that few general officers, if indeed any, have the comprehensive grasp of mind of the latest military peer. "He can hardly be prepared to undertake the support of the miserable half measure in the way of army consolidation that the present bill offers; indeed his own utterances show that he is altogether opposed to the *principle* of the bill, and would base the defence of the country on the *principle of obligation.*" This principle indeed seems to be the only one on which a *radical* reconstruction of our army can be attempted. Mere expedients, and patching old garments with new cloth can only tend to endless trouble, and will lead to those fragmentary War Office *circulars* and *warrants* which for years past have been the very *mosquitoes* of the service, keeping every one from his natural rest; perplexing with their eccentric buz, and doing good to no one, while at the same time keeping up an irritation and confusion of ideas on those questions at which they have aimed.

General Walpole in discussing the wider subject of general organisation seems to have formed his opinions on those of the military peer just mentioned, and a few other sensible men have followed in the same line, while the late estimable, but scarcely gifted Sir J. Y. Scarlett drew in his train that large class who consider anything better than change—in other words "*The let well alone*" school.

The truth is, people are apt to attach an undue importance to the utterances of men whose professional position ensures them the reputation of wisdom; while on the other hand the active-minded civilian who takes up the subject, as an amateur, is liable to lead others into his own errors; and a felicitous diction and considerable confidence often become the harmless causes of superficial assumptions, if not of egregious blunders.

In addition to the foregoing subjects, we have now before us the transmutation of ensigns and cornets into sub-lieutenants—with what real advantage remains to be seen.

Then, amongst other prominent topics, are those of "*selection*"—"tests of proficiency"—"the arming of forts"—"mounting of troopers," and those complicated and crafty devices, by which the regulations governing "brevet promotion and retirement" have been so contrived as to give a skeleton key to the genius of jobbery.

As regards *selection*, nothing can be more satisfactory than the natural theory. The giraffe finds abundance where shorter necked animals would perish. But *artificial* selection, as it may be termed, being undirected by unerring wisdom, too many securities for its impartial exercise cannot be taken; for otherwise the A.D.C. will as assuredly as ever be selected from the family of the official patron; and the crafty orderly-room clerk or quartermaster-sergeant will as certainly be promoted in preference to the gallant and ingenious sergeant-major.

Of *proficiency*, the tests in early life are extremely illusory, insomuch that the successful competitor at a Civil Service examination will often in a few years forget all the knowledge forced into his brain, and prove ultimately inferior to the defeated candidate. Moreover, there are some qualities and attributes of genius and even talent—that could not be tested by a board of examiners, for they are often only called forth by some stirring emergency, and are not subject to rules.

Of the corrupt system by which promotion by brevet and "retirement" are governed, our reprehension cannot be too strong, for, by its regulations, both merit and seniority have been considered secondary to personal favour. By skilful manœuvres at the Horse Guards and War Office in former times—for we must say nothing of the present—officers have been lifted into promotion, and then the *ladder has been taken away*, lest others, less favoured, should also profit by the occasion. But *this* subject is too complicated for a hasty review, and we must be content to remark that even the Indian system was more equitable than this, for, at any rate, it considered the claims of *seniority*, by *length of service*, as opposed to *seniority by rank*, in the appropriation of pensions.

But we have no inclination to follow the prevalent fashion of covering a hard subject with a profusion of statistical hieroglyphics, which must be taken, to save trouble, at the writer's own value, and seldom convince the reader.

The scientific branches of the service have certainly been, relatively, in advance of the rest of our forces, in *general* military knowledge, as well as *special*. But private enterprise is coming to the rescue of Cavalry and Line, by affording, at a small cost, the means of acquiring a competent knowledge of the hitherto grossly neglected science of strategy. To Colonel Hamley and Captain Stone the Educational Department of the Army must be grateful for having anticipated their neglected labours.

In former days—between 1815 and 1853—officers died generals without ever having been disturbed by questions of "*interior lines*," "*bases of operation*," and so forth—and, if tolerably *well connected*, in course of time, during their service, a command in the Windward or Leeward Islands, occupied their abilities in the half-yearly inspection of the troops, and the endorsement of Commissariat transactions. A poorer class of officers were compelled by necessity to master the routine business of the various military offices; while some few, animated by a better spirit, made themselves generally obnoxious, like Sir C. J. Napier, by opposing reason and commo-nsense to the military absurdities which were enforced by the highest authorities.

At the present day, it has been observed that, with stupendous modern appliances, we have been reverting, in a great measure, to ancient principles.

The remark applies to the employment of Infantry in action, where a less rigid tactical system, and more freedom of individual intelligence, is permitted.

But the remark also applies to our Artillery, or gunnery. Rib-bound Ordnance has lately been in favour; while the family of Woolwich Infants reduce to insignificance the once famous *Mons Meg* of Edinburgh Castle.

The most *original* conception, however, if not the only one, has been the utilisation of the *recoil*, as exemplified in the Moncrieff gun carriage—an ingenious, and, after all, simple invention, by which the aspect of war, under certain favourable circumstances, may yet be considerably altered.

In glancing cursorily at the different branches of the service, the difficulty of mounting our Cavalry must not be overlooked, for it is one of the most serious defects of the present organisation.

Although not always practicable to adopt in England our Indian system still some approach to it, in respect of *Government Studs*, might with advantage be attempted. At the same time party spirit runs so high at home, that no Ministry would be secure of office a single day were it to attempt such radical innovations as would interfere with the *vested interests* of the commercial classes, or the political prospects of the landed interest.

There is some hope, however of a Minister, who has so boldly and calmly grappled with such fiery opposition; and, with the advantage of more technical knowledge, he might judiciously cast loose from his subordinates, and pursue his own course to its legitimate end, untrammelled by professional influences, which, in the nature of things must be ever lying in ambush to thwart his progress. But in this progress it will be well for him if he keeps steadily in view the evident fact that we English are staunch in our attachment to what has been called, in contradiction to the American or Republican—"*the Monarchical development of the Democratic principle*," and are as little disposed to keep up an Army of educated Roundheads,—but without any strong religious convictions—as we are to fall into the opposite extreme.

S. P. A. L.

PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.

XIII.—MR. J. MONTAGUE AND THE "JEUNES PREMIERS."

THE performances of Mr. Montague may not be considered of sufficient importance to deserve an article to themselves, but he represents a special class. The English stage a short time ago was supposed to be sadly deficient in "young firsts" or titular lovers: and various young gentlemen of tolerable physical gifts left fair employment to try their fortunes on the stage. There is a deeply-rooted impression that for these parts average good looks and an interesting manner are all that is required. To this impression we owe the contribution of Messrs. H. J. Montague, Lin Rayne, Coghlan, and some others to the stage. In the belief that "young swells" in real life have only to simper and smile and say "awfully pleasant," they are not prepared with the ordinary careful elaboration of acting. It suffices to wear well-made clothes, got at a good tailor's, whom the swells are known to patronise, walk in a careful gentlemanly way, and look languishingly at the young lady of the piece. But, indeed, the love-making made fashionable by the late Mr. Robertson requires the most moderate qualification to interpret. Who does not recall the rather insipid procedure, and, above all, the elaborate platitudes with which the amorous aristocrat in those pieces made his advances? He spoke in a low monotone—his eyes on the ground—with a glade for a background, the young lady twining flowers. "I wish I were that rosebud," he says, mournfully. "What!" she will answer; "to be all over nasty thorns? How dreadful!" "No" (sadly), "no; but to feel your fingers closing on me; to be lifted up close to those rosy lips—to be placed where I know that flower will be placed." "What! in a tumbler of water! with your head dangling over the edge." "Yes, Hetty" (solemnly); "if it were some great pond instead of a tumbler, I would bargain to stay for hours up to my neck, to win a smile, which perhaps you wouldn't give." "Oh, yes! I'd smile, even laugh." "Yes, you'd laugh at anything," &c., &c. We can hear Mr. Montague pleasantly chaunting this stuff. But much more is necessary. Granting that there are such characters abounding in country houses, such have no purpose in life, nothing dramatic occurs in their proceedings. To interest at all, they must fall in with the regular course of life, and though full of such affectations, are certain to throw them off when they become involved in a dramatic crisis. But to turn such loose in a drama, for the sole purpose of uttering their tame platitudes, is a false principle, and ends speedily by tiring out the audience, who will not endure the repetition. In proof of this, it was evident that the late Mr. Robertson, who was using the same figures over and over again, and putting them in the same attitudes, under the delusion that he was representing phases of modern society, would very soon have lost his hold on the town. It has been often shown how the dramatist is beguiled by the fallacy of mistaking the mere outward *accidents* of modern society, *e.g.*, the mingling in drawing-rooms, croquet parties, small-talk, guardsman's inanities, &c., for pure dramatic interest and action. And on the same principle, the good-looking young men who leave commercial offices for the stage, and are received there without training or practice, and adopt the parts of fashionable walking gentlemen, will never make any mark. The element in French plays which imparts interest at the expense of morals, unhappily redeems the fashionable young man at the sacrifice of character. But this aid is luckily not open to our English "Young First," who cannot be consumed with a passion for his neighbour's wife without outraging the propriety of his audience.

The extraordinary popularity of that pleasing adaptation, "School" was really a phenomenon. It was a pretty piece and prettily acted; but an impartial umpire could have named dozens of pieces on the French stage which, submitted to the same conditions of representation, would have been equally successful, and have had far more interest. Perhaps, indeed, they might not have been equally successful, as being above the capacity or taste of the audience; and the enjoyment of "School" may have been founded on what could be called the pleasure of "recognition." Just as a woman in a crowd staring at a group of distinguished personages will be eager to know "what coloured bonnet she has on," so an audience is tickled by seeing ladies and gentlemen taking tea, having a pic-nic on the grass, the servants laying the cloth; it is something that they *know*, and are familiar with. This is a low order of enjoyment, and perhaps hard to explain; but it exists. The nobleman, Lord Beaufoy, bore himself with aristocratic dignity, and it would be pardonable if, after the three hundred and odd nights during which the play was presented, what with the "My lording," the well-cut suit of clothes, and the two powdered footmen who attended as he entered with his bride, he came, like Elliston at his stage coronation, to fancy himself connected in a shadowy way with the peerage. Mr. Bancroft was always Mr. Montague's inseparable companion. His playing was perfect of its kind, though the "kind" was not perfect. There was a surprising naturalness in all he said and did; all he said and did was exactly as it might have been said and done off the stage. There were little shadings and colourings which showed that he had gone the right way to work, and studied the *character* of such beings, not merely their dress and peculiarities of bearing and diction. On this ground alone he deserves high rank, and at present this is where Mr. Montague is deficient. Mr. Montague was in happy hunting grounds at Tottenham Court Road, and, if he were wise, should have remained there. He will find his wings to be waxen; his gifts are too fragile to bear the rude "shovings" and competition of larger houses. Already he is beginning to wander, and finding himself overborne at the Vaudeville by the robust horse-play of Messrs. Thorne and James, he has taken another theatre for himself, where he has shown a wise discrimination in the selection of plays and parts.

We also possess Mr. Lin Rayne, whilom of the St. James's Theatre, later of the Vaudeville, from which house may be drawn a profitable moral. It was sagacious enough, on opening, to choose a good play on its merits, not on the merits of a known name. The good play, "The Two Roses," not only developed its own attractions, but, what is always the case, developed admirable actors and an admirable *ensemble* of acting, bringing forward Mr. Irving, Mr. Honey, Miss Fawsett—in fact, the whole company. The result was one of the most remarkable "runs" of the stage. Instead of persevering in so encouraging anexample, for their next venture they reverse their practice and go upon *name* alone. Further, they allow the two leading players, Mr. Irving and Mr. Honey, to desert them. The result is not promising. In lieu of these old hands they recruited Mr. Lin Rayne, a player who combines in himself the disagreeable peculiarities of other actors: who is conscious, stiff, and "mincing" to an incredible degree. The freaks he performs with his eyes, his voice, his shoulders, are indescribable; yet all are governed by a surprising complacency. These oddities are developed whenever he wishes to be very impressive. There was a part in "The Two Thorns," that incoherent piece, in which he became unique, as it were. The part was that of Handsome Jones—that of a compliant, gentlemanly idiot, who fancied all the world was in love with him. The extraordinary effect he contrived to produce out of this character, the pauses before he spoke, the stare in his eyes, curious laughs, &c., made up an effect opposed to the author's intentions, such as they were. It must be said, however, that in "Fernande" he did much better, possibly because a good play helps out deficiencies. Why did not he, and all "young firsts," go and make a special study of M. Delaunay—the most charming of French lovers—particularly in the part of Perdican? There they would have seen the most engaging and irresistible air and manner, a persuasion on his lips, an indescribable fascination. French actors forget themselves, and French lovers really do make love on the stage.

Mr. Coghlan is "nice" and agreeable, but he has laid himself out to imitate Mr. Montague, and has already succeeded in getting his tone of voice. The young men of position on the "Prince of Wales's" stage, when they fall in love, seem to be affected by the gentle passion in a most disastrous and depressing way. They dwindle, peak, and pine. They talk in the most lugubrious strain. They fall on their knees and go into raptures of delirious admiration. This is surely not the fashion with our English youth, especially those who are in the army, as nearly all the Tottenham Court Road gentlemen are. Such, when unfortunate or unlucky in love, take the blow manfully, laugh it off—to their friends at least. Indeed, such carelessness is rather a blemish in our young warriors, whose tone in such matters is rather more Voltairean than fathers and mothers in garrison towns quite relish. Mr. Bancroft is, perhaps, of all actors the one most familiar to the genteel, and especially to the guardsman, or typical swell. To such the name of "Vewezin," or "Barwy Sulliwan," or Irving, might sound strange, or at best be recognised as that of one of "those acting fellows," but Mr. Bancroft is about as well known as a genuine exquisite of position who figures in the journal called "Vanity Fair." The figures in "Caste," "Ours," "School"—the pert ladies, interesting officers, and "heavy," good-humoured friends, are all thoroughly known; and none so much as that of Mr. Bancroft. It is a great homage to the skill and ingenuity of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson that he should have obtained this firm hold on the public.

Mr. Bancroft was for a long time the leading "young first" at Dublin, where good judges had often been satisfied with his clever and satisfactory performance in characters of quiet humour. These gifts made him useful at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and the popularity of Mr. Robertson's comedies—we say the popularity, *not* the pieces—did the rest. As each of these runs for over a year, and as after a year or two the series commences afresh, the critic has very little variety to help him to judge. But the three or four characters allotted to Mr. Bancroft, though virtually the same, were by his art given with fine and delicate distinction — a proof of his tact and cleverness. Thus, in "Ours," the character of the *blasè* man of fashion, roused into exertion by example and a crisis of difficulty, was of a different order from the robust "swell" in "School," which, again, differed from the vapid but would-be sagacious brother of the same order who figured in "Caste." And there were touches in his reading of Captain Hawtree which showed the highest histrionic skill; as where, in the first act, he sat on one chair, and "poked" with his walking stick at another, emphasising his sage advice on marriage. Nothing could be better, by way of suggestion, than his mere *bearing*—his good-humoured smiling, which seemed to convey a sense of superiority and a complacent descent to the level of those among whom he was thrown. But this "Caste," on its present reproduction, seems to us singularly "thin" and inartistic; in many parts howing an ignorance of human character and development. But for he laborious skill of the actors who supplement all that is wanting by laborate little touches and "business," it would be considered very at indeed. For instance, this Hawtree starts well, and with such starting the key of the character would have been found. But Mr. Robertson seemed to think all his strength lay in a sort of word-atching or word-hitting, which wanted robustness and was of poor uality. It required the support of healthy and natural development of character. One situation in "Caste" will illustrate what is meant. An aristocratic mother has come to see her son at his rooms, ot knowing that he has married a "low" girl out of the ballet. he discovery is made; and with what result? The mother in real e would be crushed by the news, would give way to vehement and assionate invective, and even fury; while the son would take up an titude of dignified grief, trying to defend himself and soothe her, if e was an affectionate son; or turning sulky or angry if he was the verse. But in "Caste," the situation becomes the occasion of some mart "epigrams," as critics who did not know what an epigram was ere fond of styling Mr. Robertson's smart speeches. The mother uietly puts her glass up, and asks "who that is," &c. Her son's ay of breaking the news is, not a hurried, "Mother, I have done hat will displease you; but you will forgive me—I was in love, and ought it better not to tell you;" or some such speech; but this lowing:—"Permit me to introduce to you the Hon. Mrs. George lroy!" The drunken father-in-law comes in. "Who is this?" aks the mother, calmly. "My father-in-law," says her son, deliberately, and the audience laugh. "What, this shocking creature?" says the mother. "Yes," answers her son, with deep sarcasm, "he lives; *ventures even to breathe.*" This shows a surprising ignorance of nature in a successful dramatist; and a kindred defect is to be found in all his pieces, save in those which he adapted, where the plot and general treatment were ready made, and he had only to garnish. The success of his pieces has been sufficiently assured to warrant speaking with this candour, pointing out blemishes, even though the writer has passed away. The plays are drawing as large audiences as ever, and such criticism is fairly challenged, and is appropriate here, as concerning Mr. Bancroft. For with more powerful comedy, where each speech flows from character, and reveals character, though not cast in the shape of a pseudo "epigram," Mr. Bancroft might reveal powers of a high order, that could be illustrated by something more significant than helping to make puddings, or eating lobster salad at a picnic, or carrying a tea kettle in and out of a room. These trifles may be called in aid of character, but are not to take the place of character.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

ASSURANCE was first practised at a very early period of the world's history. The Emperor Claudius is generally believed to have been the first insurer; while our Saxon ancestors, as their annals inform us, carried out the broadest principles of assurance by providing for casualties by a system of mutual support and assistance; and I think not a few will be surprised to learn that, at the time of the Crusaders, when travellers were frequently journeying, for the purpose of fulfilling a vow to the Holy Sepulchre, they were in the habit of paying pecuniary deposits to certain merchants for the purpose of securing a ransom in the case of capture by the Saracens, the said merchants to retain the deposit or premium should the voyager return home in safety.

For a long time after this Assurance seems to have been lost sight of, and the germ which is shown to have existed at a very early age to have been left neglected and without cultivation. It is to be concluded that our ancestors found something more suitable to their tastes and more profitable in the engrossing pursuits of Lombard-street than in speculating in a direction in which the results were certainly in their time of the most vague and uncertain nature. It required, indeed, centuries to develop this germ, to render it what it has now become, one of the most valuable institutions of modern days; to rear it through its early and undefined struggles and years of attendant absurdities; to show the fallacies of the different systems and calculations which long encumbered its gradual advance towards perfection; to reduce the enormous premiums once charged, and bring them to proportions within the reach of all; to make the uncertainty of life a certainty to the initiated, and finally to produce a science which places a Life Office, when conducted with integrity and economy, among the very safest of commercial undertakings.

Numerous indeed have been the writers on assurance matters, and great writers many of them; for it is natural that such a field should attract the attention of deep thinkers. Pascal, John de Witt, Leibnitz, John Graunt, Sir William Petty, Adam Smith, Tooke, and many others have interested themselves deeply in the "Doctrine of Chances." Dr. Halle, of Breslau, was, I believe, the first who compiled the practical tables which formed the real commencement of

Life Assurance, and which are even now regarded with esteem; and after him Abraham de Moivre, in his "Doctrine of Chances," and later in "The Doctrine of Chances Applied to the Value of Annuities on Lives," rendered much service to the cause of which I am treating.

Little by little, then, men's eyes were opened, and persons of a speculative turn of mind soon began to appreciate the splendid opportunities that were here offered them; and, though the numerous schemes that were at first originated appear now ridiculous and impracticable, still they were of great service, inasmuch as, by attracting the attention of honest observers, they in the end led to results of a most valuable nature. It raises a smile at the present day to read that an office was once started for the purpose of providing the needy with marriage portions; the amount of premium to be paid being the modest sum of two shillings per quarter, the subscribers, on the happy day when they came to be united in the bonds of matrimony, receiving two hundred pounds. Such an office was, however, too good to last. The knowing ones soon discovered the unusual advantages it offered, and intending man and wife effected each a policy—if policies were granted—united themselves without delay in the bonds of wedlock, and applied for their four hundred pounds. Let us hope they received them; and at the same time we will heave a sigh of regret that such offices do not now exist, for they would be a boon indeed to many an aspiring youth and willing spinster doomed at present, for want of means, to waste and pine in single blessedness; waiting, like the great Micawber, "for something to turn up." There was a Baptismal office too, connected probably with the above, to which every member contributed half-a-crown towards each infant baptised until his own wife came to be blessed with a little stranger, when the exulting father received the usual two hundred pounds. I do not know but what the latter institution would be of more benefit to the general public than the former.

Many other curious projects of assurance there are on record, the absurdity of which is sufficient to assure us of their shortlived nature. We have had an association for the suppression of thieves and robbers, now represented (far better, let us hope!) by the police. Another society, held at the Devil Tavern, professed to compensate masters and mistresses for the losses and damage their servants might entail upon them. There have been also insurance from housebreakers, insurance from highwaymen, insurance from death by drinking Geneva, rum insurance, and best of all, perhaps, a society for assurance against purgatory, at the rate of threepence per week!

These must have been grand times indeed for projectors; sad ones indeed for projectors. London streets must have bristled with insurance offices just as those of Hamburg did (and do now, for aught I am aware of to the contrary) with lottery *bureaux*. The newspapers, too, must have reaped golden harvests, for in their columns (as now) appeared tempting advertisements by means of which rogues dangled their tempting bait before the eyes of the unwarily eager.

From all the rubbish, which rose like fungi, to wither as rapidly, the Royal Exchange Company (termed Onslow's Insurance) and the London Assurance Corporation (then called by the not very flattering title of Chetwynd's Bubble), after floundering about a long time in darkness and uncertainty, contrived to emerge; and the Equitable, established in 1762, which, by the bye, saves enormously by allowing no commissions, and boasts to be the oldest Life Office on the mutual principle, experienced innumerable difficulties at starting. The story goes that its promoters, early managers, and policy-holders displayed for the first years of its existence such utter indifference to the affairs of the society that it was impossible to get a full Court together until a bribe was offered of five guineas to the first twenty-one members who should arrive before twelve o'clock on the appointed days of meeting!

It is not generally known that the Mercers' Company, now so celebrated for its wealth, once took to granting annuities, but, unfortunately, the basis chosen was such an utterly ill-founded one that the Company soon found itself in a hopeless state of insolvency by becoming liable for payments far exceeding its income. A petition to Parliament was had recourse to, and, by means of the assistance Government afforded, the Company was enabled to retrieve its shattered fortunes, and has ever since been rapidly increasing in prosperity.

At one period, until Parliament interfered, there was as much betting done on the lives of well-known persons as, at the present time, there is on racehorses. When George the Second fought at Dettingen 25 per cent. was paid (or laid) against his returning alive; and during the Rebellion sporting assurances were made on the Pretender's different adventures, and policies effected on his life. The life of Lord Lovat was largely ventured upon; and when Wilkes was sent to the Tower the probable term of his incarceration was freely speculated upon, and policies issued accordingly. Napoleon the Great, exposed as his life was to innumerable dangers, was a splendid subject for wagers, and made use of accordingly. Was the King indisposed, his life was immediately insured; premiums rose or fell as each successive bulletin informed the public of a change for better or worse : in fact, scarcely a man of note died without policies being taken out during his last ilness. The life of this man was staked, as to duration, against the life of that ; the father insured the life of his son, and the son opened policies upon the life of his father ; and a terrible interest was thus created, lurking silently in men's bosoms, causing them to long for the early decease of those most dear to them, and overwhelming the voice of nature in that torrent, often far more powerful, love of gain.

Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, even long after Parliament had interfered to stop the above nefarious practices, contrived to obtain several large sums of money by insuring the lives of his friends and then quietly making away with them. The Sun Life Office, I believe, refused to pay one of these policies, and so saved its shareholders some thousands of pounds.

Of course, as Life Business is well known to produce profitable results when properly managed, fresh companies are always being started, and generally some new and apparently advantageous feature is introduced to attract the custom of the public. Some few prosper, but many go the same road that hundreds of other offices have gone before ; the road of which the bourne is the Court of Chancery.

The law passed not long ago and known as Mr. Cave's Life Bill, must naturally tend, if properly enforced, to improve the state of Life Assurance ; inasmuch as it compels all Life Companies to publish a yearly statement of their affairs, and insists that all new offices shall deposit a certain sum with the State as a security to the policy holders. Such a practice has long been in vogue in the United States, but whether it works satisfactorily there is a matter of doubt. It is certain that unless the most strict scrutiny be observed by the officials deputed to investigate and pass accounts, unsound companies may yet continue their business ; and under countenance, as it were, of government be rendered far more dangerous than when left to stand on their own merits and subject to the judgment of a discriminating public. A law such as affects the Life Companies has yet to be passed for the fire offices, which, on the Continent, would not be allowed to go on, as some of ours do, without submitting a yearly balance-sheet to their customers.

In choosing a Life Office, the would-be insurer should be careful not to be led away by persons calling themselves agents, who persuade the unwary often to patronise an unworthy office, because it offers a large commission as an inducement to procure lives. Neither should any one choose a company whose medical officer has the reputation of passing people easily; for both a high rate of commission and a careless surgeon do not conduce to a prosperous state of affairs, but tend largely to spoil profits. A Life Office needs the best of medical advisers, who should take the utmost pains in the examination of all who offer themselves for assurance. Palpitating hearts, hereditary disease, unsound lungs have to be anxiously sought for; though at the same time the cleverest men may be mistaken, and the utmost human foresight does not always succeed in securing that necessary basis of a successful business—a preponderance of good lives. For, as people gifted with a healthy constitution are oftentimes apt to trifle with the treasure they possess, so others who are or fancy themselves of a delicate turn proverbially take all possible care of themselves, and frequently live to a great age. Many fear proposing their lives to an office, in case they should be rejected; forgetting, what they ought to remember, that in successfully passing the ordeal they obtain as it were a certificate of their soundness, which tends to make them feel comfortable, thereby increasing the chance of their longevity, while, if rejected, they are really in no worse position than they were before offering themselves.

Numerous are the tests popularly supposed to be resorted to by life office doctors, to discover the unsoundness of the applicant, causing him to run a few times up and down a very steep staircase; thumping him suddenly in the lower region of his waistcoat; stamping on his toes if he be inclined to stoutness and wear on the nose a suspicion of old port; shouting suddenly in his ear. Such are generally imagined to be the wiles practised by the cunning ones of the profession, to catch the unsuspecting proposer off his guard.

As the profits attendant upon a good agency to a Life Office are large, it stands to reason that life agents are numerous. In America they are said to swarm, so as to become an intolerable nuisance. A man there fears even his best friend, in case touting for a life office should lurk beneath his professions of amity. A newspaper lately informed us that a tree which fell during a thunderstorm in Alabama killed no less than fourteen insurance agents; so that companies in the United States seem to be widely (should we say *thickly?*) represented! In the territory of the renowned Brigham Young, however, Life Assurance does not flourish, if we are to judge from the following letter received by a certain manager from an agent whom he had sent to canvass that country:—

"DEAR SIR,—For three months past I have faithfully laboured with this people. In the morning I have sown my seed to find in the evening nary sprout. While I preached the gospel of Life Assurance they replied with a 'revelation' of a near at hand Millennium, and with it the destruction utter of all life insurance societies. I then bought the book of Mormon, the book of Covenants, Celestial Marriage, and the *Desert News*, took a regular course in Mormon theology, and managed to adjourn the Millennium; but to no purpose, for the next objection I find more difficult to answer, and ask to refer it to you, and through you to the profession. On proposing to insure the life of a 'saint,' he replies: 'I do not need it, neither does my family need it. See here, I have seven wives, all healthy, industrious women; for each I have a home, separate and comfortable. They are all self-sustaining, not dependent upon me for anything more. They do not need the protection you offer; and what use have I for it, as I just board around with these women and have a certainty? If one of them pegs out, I can replace her in a week; and if I should die, they would readily find another man to take my place on the same terms.' What think you, Sir? not with reference to the desirability of such a position (as I would not ask you publicly to commit yourself), but as to how this objection is to be met? In a word, is there an 'insurable value' in this class of lives? Meanwhile, I will respectfully haul off for repairs, assuring you of my best wishes for the success of Life Assurance."

In this country agents are everywhere at work, and are assisted by certain journals of a not very able or interesting character. Tracts, too, are largely disseminated, and these are very much like those we have thrust into our hands by the shabby-genteel gentlemen who skirmish around the crowd assembled to listen to the perspiring preachers who hold forth, on a Sunday evening at suburban street corners. These tracts generally bear a preliminary flourish in the shape of a poetical quotation, such as:—

"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer!"

and other stock sentences of a like nature; and contain terrible tales of people who always meant to insure *to-morrow*, but are unfortunately *to-day* blown up in a powder mill, or smashed in a railway accident, or run over by a three-horse omnibus! Life Assurance should hardly need such terrors to induce people to avail themselves of the numerous benefits it holds out to mankind. By means of it the poor clerk, on paying a small premium yearly or quarterly, can secure to his family, should his death happen at any moment, a round sum which, if he should live to the allotted three-score of years and ten, he would probably never be able to scrape together, and enjoy on his death-bed the consolation that he is not leaving them dependent upon the mercy of that empty sound—the World! And in the words of a great English judge: "There is no doubt that the man who, being able to do so, fails to insure his life, and, dying, leaves his wife and children to trouble his friends, is guilty of a great crime."

WALTER SAVILLE.

THE SITUATION IN UTAH.

ON that day of doubtful Saintship which is regarded by the ladies, in America at least, as a highly privileged one, the passengers travelling west on the Union Pacific Railroad found their progress impeded between Cheyenne and Laramie by ten feet of snow. This natural blockade caused a detention of several hours, the travellers meanwhile being exposed to a freezing temperature. After an ineffectual attempt to cut through the drift it was resolved to leave the track, and endeavour to reach the nearest station, which was Sherman, the highest point on the Rocky Mountains. This was accomplished before nightfall, and upon arrival there, the benumbed and half-frozen passengers made the agreeable discovery that the authorities had considerately provided for their immediate wants and comfort. The announcement of a further delay of twenty-four hours consequent upon the state of the road was accepted with by no means philosophical resignation, but the occasion was improved by an exchange of civilities among the travellers, the freemasonary of the situation promoting a freedom of intercourse that was somewhat restrained when on board the cars. The Americans are nothing if not political, and a discussion arose upon a topic immediately affecting the interests of the territory which soon became general. Among the motley group of snow-bound individuals assembled around the stove was a venerable and dignified elder of the Mormon church. Entering into conversation with the latter personage, who had expressed himself with great clearness on the subject discussed, I soon perceived that my acquaintance, in addition to possessing easy conversational powers, was a man of considerable culture and great shrewdness.

Profiting by the chance opportunity which had created between us a quasi-companionship for the time, I accepted an invitation to attend the service at the tabernacle upon my arrival in Salt Lake City, and thanks to the success of the snow ploughs in cutting through the blockade, the remainder of our journey was speedily accomplished. On the following Sabbath, I directed my steps towards the Mormon temple of worship, a building of enormous size and peculiarity of structure, and of course an objective point in Salt Lake. Entering the large auditorium, which will accommodate over 12,000 persons, and was then more than half filled, I was politely shown to a seat opposite the great organ.

Orson Pratt, a reputed theologian and Greek professor of the church, was announced as the preacher of the day.

As my eye rested upon the plainly-attired elder who ascended the pulpit, I recognised my acquaintance of the railway cars. "Despise not prophecy." Closing the holy book, the preacher commenced by observing that revelation was in accordance with the doctrines of the Mormon church, and that the spiritual gift of prophecy, as an accepted principle in its profession of faith, was not inconsistent with the teachings of the apostles. He avowed a support of the doctrine in its broadest interpretation, and endeavoured to show that there was no denial or reservation of the divine impulse in any future age, contained in the word of God, and cited numerous passages of Scripture in support of the proposition he so boldly advanced.

There was much, he continued, in the impressiveness of the Mormon expression of faith which had been misunderstood, and the conclusions which had been drawn therefrom were entirely erroneous. There was not a portion of the ceremonies of the church but which was capable of explanation, and the exercise of its rites was, in each case, in conformity and consonance with the fundamental institution of its creed and belief—a belief which had been steadily promulgated and earnestly maintained by its supporters since the death of Joseph Smith.

Raising aloft the holy book, the professor hurled defiance at the apostles who had tampered with their religion, and who, sheltering themselves under the cover of dissent, and aided by an unscrupulous bigotry, had sought to bring discredit upon the church by vile and unsupported statements. The speaker concluded this portion of his subject by an assurance that the impending disruption among them but helped to strengthen his conviction that the prime tenet of the Mormon church was significantly in accordance with Scriptural authority.

After a brief allusion to the doctrine of plurality of wives and the recognition of it by the church, Orson Pratt took a retrospective glance of the Saints' persecution in Nauvoo, drawing a vivid picture of the sufferings which the brethren had undergone when driven from the State of Illinois; Jackson County, Missouri; and other temporary resting-places in the West, until the band of enthusiasts, now greatly reduced by privation and sickness, their last forced exodus occurring in mid-winter, halted on the confines of the Rocky Mountains and reared their temple to the service of God in the valley of the Great

Salt Lake. At the conclusion of a sermon of more than an hour's duration, some really good music was rendered by the choir, one lady, a soprano, possessing a voice of singular sweetness and compass.

Mr. Pratt's discourse, aside from the peculiar ideas and strange doctrine enunciated, was distinguished by some remarkable passages and felicitous illustrations, the preacher eloquently pourtraying the fortitude and religious zeal which had sustained the people during their crucial trials of the past, their gradual advancement and final success in overcoming the natural disadvantages of their new situation, in transforming what was once but a barren plain into a fertile valley, and making the wilderness "to blossom as the rose."

The situation in Utah is daily becoming one of absorbing interest. The conviction of Hawkins for adultery, the indictment of Brigham Young for murder, and the political agitation existing generally for converting the territorial into a state government, are questions of the hour.

The admission of Utah into the Union is regarded as being of paramount importance to the Mormon church, and although it is being strenuously opposed by an influential portion of the gentile or anti-Mormon community, the political transferrence is believed to be a question of time only, and may possibly be effected during the present session.

Hitherto the legislation of the territory has been controlled by influential members of the church, who constituted a theocratic government drawn from the bishops and priests, under the presidency of Brigham Young.

By the organic act of the territory the chief political and legal appointments to office have proceeded from Washington, but the territorial appointments are elective, and, whether civil or ecclesiastical, have been largely dominated by the President, the necessities of the case, in all selections for office, being held subordinate to the interests of the church.

It is this nearly arbitrary independence in the incorporation of a civil with a religious polity, due largely no doubt to geographical and political isolation, which has so strongly marked the administration of President Young.

The economic policy of his government is best indicated in the institution of a co-operative system, which, having for its basis the mutual principle, has been adapted to all commercial transactions throughout the Mormon territory. That this association has proved a success may be ascribed to the fact that it has been homogeneous in its character and in the support it has received, the geographical situation of the Mormon settlements, and the natural barriers by which they were surrounded, depriving them of any available source of competition. But it may be fairly questioned whether a society which is so restrictive in its character, when regarded in its more important bearings, does not constitute a mixed evil, so nearly allied as it is, in its leading features, to the system of protection. A consideration of the politico-economical value and future influence of this association may, however, be dismissed, since during the last eighteen months Salt Lake City has witnessed a large influx of the gentile element, an immense accession to its labouring population, and the establishment of mercantile houses successfully competing with the "church" institution in every branch of its commerce.

The enrolment of Utah among the States of the Republic, although it is ardently desired by the great body of the Mormons, threatens the disintegration of the church. The doctrinal principle of plurality of wives, which is a cardinal feature of the Mormon faith, conflicts with the laws of the United States; and the surrender of this twin relic of barbarism will be made a condition precedent of the admission of the territory into the Union.

There is no doubt that the majority of men and women who practise and uphold polygamy do so as a matter of religious conviction, and it is possible that the motives of those who engrafted polygamy upon a faith not otherwise especially obnoxious were sincere and conscientious.

Public opinion, however, has wrought a considerable change among the Mormon community of late years. It is asserted that of the whole fraternity not more than one in twenty practise polygamy. Certainly it is capable of proof that polygamous marriages have declined between December, 1869, and December, 1871, in the remarkable proportion of 90 to 6.

Much of this result is due, beyond doubt, to the influx of population from the east and west; to the distribution among the Mormon settlements of an intelligent standard of skilled labour "since the Lord hath uncovered the mines," and consequent spread of social intercourse; while not a little of the *motif* in contending with this peculiar institution is attributed to the cost of keeping the ladies, who, it is said, have of late years imbibed expensive tastes.

The sentiment of the country is decidedly adverse to any further prosecutions for polygamy, and a wise solution of the question would seem to point to a legislative enactment which would render the commission of polygamy, from and after a certain date, a criminal offence, and which would also extend to the offspring of all marriages contracted prior to that date legitimate rights.

The Mormons are an astute people. They have had to contend with difficulties and obstacles which appeared insurmountable, but which were overcome by a determined will, united to a faith and zeal almost fanatical in its fervour.

The doctrine of plurality of wives was not publicly sanctioned by the church and announced in the tabernacle until August, 1852, yet there can be but little doubt that the disciples of Joseph Smith practised polygamy for several years previously. As the indulgence came in by revelation, it is earnestly to be hoped that it may be found convenient, as it is politic, to dispense with the offending canon by a like spiritual manifestation.

The advantages which the Mormon institution will derive from an early admission into the Union—that is before the introduction of a gentile population in sufficient numbers to counterbalance the influence of the church support—will be a consolidation of the Mormon territorial and executive power, and consequently a suspension of the present criminal prosecutions, an administrative control sanctioned by legal authority, and the ultimate exaltation of the church and its interests.

Public opinion on the subject may be said to be unfavourable to the present State Convention, the anti-Mormon portion of the community urging that if the Bill is successfully carried through Congress, the power which will be placed in the hands of a determined and fanatical people may be abused, and the mining and commercial interests of the territory retarded.

The fears of the minority having regard to the excess of Mormon population existing at the present time are justly excusable, and the objections which they urge against the impolicy of investing the Saints with an irresponsible authority are entitled to full consideration. Considering, however, that the so-called gentile population is increasing daily; that railroad enterprise has placed the inhabitants of Utah within two days' direct communication with the great centres of the east and west; that both European and American interests are largely identified with the future of the territory, it is more than probable that a broad and catholic view of the situation will be taken by Congress, and that the wishes of a people numerically and otherwise qualified will not be disregarded.

The social aspect of the political struggle now impending has been intensified by a public knowledge of the peculiar and abnormal situation in which some of the principal personages in this Utah drama have recently been placed.

The harsh and vindictive course pursued by the Federal authorities in the criminal prosecutions which have been instituted here has evoked a considerable amount of sympathy for the Mormons. That a few unscrupulous office-seekers should have established a series of petty persecutions in the treatment of Mormon offenders does not surprise any one who is acquainted with the general character of political adventurers on the Pacific coast, but that a United States judge should have sanctioned their acts by throwing around them the ægis of his authority, lending to his judgment the full influence of the animus so plainly exhibited, excites universal disgust. These judicial decisions, which could proceed only from prejudice and intolerance, aided, it is said, by a packed jury, will probably meet with a reversal upon a determined appeal to the Supreme Court.

The first important case which came under Federal jurisdiction was that of a Mr. Hawkins, who was charged with having committed bigamy, fined heavily and imprisoned. The territorial Act which was relied upon by the prosecuting attorney in this case reads as follows :—"If any man or woman, not being married to each other, lewdly and lasciviously associate and cohabit together, he or she shall be imprisoned not more than ten years nor less than six months, and fined not exceeding £200 nor less than £20."

The law, it may be observed, was passed by Mormons, of whom this said Hawkins was one, who practised polygamy at the time, and it was expressly framed by its promoters to punish prostitution and adultery in cases where there was *no claim or pretence of marriage.* It cannot be denied, therefore, that the conviction of a polygamist by a Federal tribunal, depending upon an Act passed by the local legislature for a specific purpose, was a deliberate perversion of the law. It must be understood that, however illegal they may be, Mormon marriages are *de facto* marriages, and were not contracted in violation of this statute. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

Following closely upon Hawkins' conviction, came the indictments against Brigham Young and the Mayor of the city, in each case for murder. The civic magistrate, in consideration of his official position and having regard to the wholesome necessity of preserving law and order in Salt Lake, was released from his confinement at Camp Douglas, and held to bail in a large amount. Brigham Young, whose case after a preliminary hearing in November had been adjourned, went on a Southern tour during a portion of the winter months, and surrendered to his bail at the expiration of the time allowed. The trial of the Prophet was again adjourned and a further extension of bail having been refused by the judge, President Young, in consequence of his great age and bad health, was permitted to remain in one of his own tenements under the surveillance and protectorate of the United States marshal.

In the majority of cases (numerous other arrests having also taken place) the Mormon trials have been postponed until spring. Thus, the situation, *in presenti*.

The territory of Utah occupies an area of about 65,000 square miles, and extends from the 37th to the 42nd parallel of north latitude, and from the 109th to the 114th degree of longitude. It possesses great natural resources, and public attention has been, for some time past, directed especially to the extraordinary metalliferous wealth contained in its mountains. Gold and copper have been found in inconsiderable quantities,* but the great mineral belt of the territory consists of silver chlorides, argentiferous galena and argentiferous carbonate of lead. The high quartzite and limestone ranges which encircle the valley of Salt Lake contain some of the richest deposits or "ledges" of silver-bearing ores yet developed, among which may be named the "Emma," "Flagstaff," and "Wellington" mines. To the westward and south of Salt Lake are valuable copper lodes, and in the adjoining district of Wyoming, iron mines are being worked producing a quality of ore said to be the finest in the world.

The galena mines, which are the most numerous, consist of both high and low grade ores, varying, of course, considerably in their respective values, the average of which, however, is about 50 per cent. lead and from 25 to 30 ounces silver. The "true silver ores" yield a product which assays from 30 to 500 ounces of silver.

The principal mines and many of the reduction works throughout the territory are situated on graded slopes of lofty mountains, and sometimes even at the summits, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, the ore-smelters presenting, when in full blast, a lively appearance.

These nuclei of future developments and enterprise, which are to a large extent isolated and dependent upon local resources, possess their social pivot in the shape of a small trading camp or commissariat, which is generally located in the centre of a promising mining region.

The scenery, when viewed from these higher elevations, is bold, and in some parts strikingly picturesque, the rugged character of the mountains being relieved by the rich variety and hue of the vegetation in the valleys and lower terraces; the bright foliage of the currantum major intermingling with the golden tint of the sweet maple; while numerous streamlets dash through the narrow defiles or canons which communicate with the open country, emptying themselves into the rivers and lakes which irrigate the valley.

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* The deposits of gold in alluvium, or "placer washings," are too inconsequential to attract more than a passing notice, while the gold-bearing rock or quartz veins have as yet to be developed.

The temperature, which during the summer months rivals that of Eastern Australia, undergoes a rapid change during the fall of the year, and for several successive months an almost Arctic severity prevails. The mountains are enveloped in a thick mantle of snow, reproducing in their clear outline much of the natural appearance presented by the upper spurs of the Pyrenees, to which, in their physical characteristics, they bear a striking resemblance.

The capital of Utah is a city *sui generis*. Its main street, which during the day is pregnant with business life, is flanked on either side by large mercantile establishments, palatial saloons, hotels, banks, and public offices thickly piled together, bullion beneath and law above—Broad-street running neck and neck with Chancery-lane, the great centre presenting every phase of commercial activity; while but a block or two distant is a veritable *rus in urbe*. A few strides eastward, and orchards bright with blossoms and fruit, gardens blooming with flowers, which divide the residences of the citizens from each other, greet the eye; while the umbrageous foliage of the green locust trees thickly planted along the side walks call forth a benison from the grateful traveller on a hot and dusty day; but the latter fails to realise half the charm and novelty of the situation until refreshed from the clear rivulet of sweet water which flows beside him, and which meanders through the principal portions of the city.

A noticeable feature connected with the Mormon administration, and one that quickly attracts the attention of a stranger in the city, is the number and variety of business houses, bearing upon their facias the following inscription: "Holiness to the Lord—Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," immediately above which is a representation of the all-seeing eye, the whole being surmounted by a beehive, as the emblem of industry.

These co-operative institutions, which were established during the early days of Mormon settlement in the territory, continue to receive a large amount of support, but they are being rapidly supplanted by eastern and other houses, presided over by Gentiles, and by not a few seceders from the Morman church. Prominent among the latter class may be reckoned one whose place of business is situate immediately opposite to a branch of the "Co-op." Institution, and whose heresy is doubtless commensurate with the magnitude of the inscription which is placed above the door, which reads "Joseph Silver, the Apostate." There is much in the history of the colonisation of Utah which commands the sympathies of an outside public; and, notwithstanding the presumption that the Mormon rulers, in the institution of a theocratic government which arrogated to itself an irresponsible and undisciplined control, have largely provoked the chastisement impending, it cannot be denied that the adherents of Joseph Smith have progressed with a singular unanimity of action, and have wrought a work the parallel of which can hardly be found in the experience of either ancient or modern times. The history of their pilgrimage across the desert reads like a wild legend of the past.

Quitting civilisation when they crossed the Missouri river, the Mormon band commenced their weary march overland, penetrated into the interior of the continent, and on the banks of that mysterious inland sea, which few travellers had then seen, they planted the foundations of a city, and laid out the boundaries of a little empire.

The evidences of material wealth and prosperity which abound in the valley of Salt Lake and its surrounding settlements attest the remarkable organisation of the Mormon Commonwealth, and, whether the result is mainly due to a zeal fostered and sustained by fanatical enthusiasm, or whether it has been achieved by a will independent of religious influences, the product is, to-day, a monument of their courage and industry.

KANGAROO BULL.

OUR LAWYERS.

THE social condition of the great State of New York is deplorable. Everywhere in America, especially in the Empire City, the affair of the Erie Ring has been stigmatised as a national disgrace. It seems almost incredible that a cruel, gigantic, and manifest fraud was carried on in the midst of a rich commercial community, in defiance of the protests of society and of the public press. Messrs. Gould and Fisk succeeded by the aid of the law courts. Now, let no one hastily conclude that the laws of New York are radically bad. They are analogous to the laws of England, and in commercial cases it is common for counsel and judges to cite English decisions. The lawyers, and not the laws, are at fault. Far be it from me to condemn the whole Bar of New York; but beyond dispute it is largely leavened with members unworthy of their high calling, and it supplies to the Bench such men as Judge Barnard. The system of electing judges is no doubt injurious to the Bar; but whatever the cause or causes, certain it is that the Bar of New York is not creditable to the State, and the bad lawyers have injured and degraded the community.

According to Mr. Hain Friswell—I refer to his article on Barristers in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—our lawyers are as debased as it is possible to conceive. I will quote two or three passages from that remarkable article to justify my assertion:—

> But it is not alone in criminal cases that the bad taste and folly of the Bar is apparent. In civil and commercial cases there is hardly a day passes but that some educated gentleman will get up and defend the most atrocious and apparent dishonesty, and will utter the most ruinous and foolish suggestions as to commercial morals in the course of such defence. Not content, with Belial, to "make the worse appear the better reason," he will make vice virtue and virtue vice. He will browbeat and bully witnesses, and formulate such atrocious suggestions as to to the virtue of the women or the honesty of the men opposed as witnesses to his client, as in plain clothes and society he would blush to utter. . . . . Counsel have long ago in their pleas overstepped the modest nature which is that of gentlemen, and their right as honest and Christian men. We appeal to the Bar, if the most shameless bullying, the most termagant browbeating, the most impudent evasions, have not been indulged in, and the most solemn oaths have not been falsely taken by various advocates. . . . . Brass hilted swords, borrowed or stolen linen, things stolen from the barber and the cutler and borrowed from

"my hostess;" mounted upon nags which are begged or borrowed from the client, these barristers who sally forth—

Through town and through village
All to plunder and to pillage
All to murder equity
And to take a double fee—

are not very noble beings. Their practices are no better now than formerly.

If these charges are true, the national prospects are dark indeed. What hope is there of progress and prosperity when the men who plead in our courts of justice, who recruit the judicial bench, who are largely represented in the House of Commons, who find their way to the House of Lords, who administer justice to three hundred millions of our fellow-subjects, are thieves, perjurers, and licentious bullies? If these charges are false they are calumnies that ought not to remain unanswered. I propose to set forth a few facts that will, I hope, be a sufficient reply to Mr. Friswell's extraordinary indictment.

Mr. Friswell has read and quotes from a humorous poem about lawyers. Has he not read humorous denunciations of divines and physicians? Has he not read about drinking, sporting, and swearing parsons? Has he not, in his readings of the humorists, met with scandalous stories about doctors? The satirists who ridiculed lawyers were not a whit kinder to the other learned professions. Is it scrupulously fair, does it not savour of smart practice, to cite the satires anent lawyers, and not to cite the satires about doctors and parsons?

Mr. Friswell observes that "no dishonesty or taint of fraud can be imagined that has not been perpetrated by attorneys or defended by barristers." Will he mention a crime that has not been committed by clergymen and physicians? What would he think of an advocate who thus argued: "Parsons have ere now been stripped of their gowns for immoral conduct, imprisoned and hanged for felonies, and therefore the clerical profession is infamous?"

Mr. Friswell says, "Any person who wants *status* in life enters as a barrister, although he does not intend to practise. Mr. Charles Dickens was of the Inner Temple; and so Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. S. C. Hall are equally members of the bar." For a censor intolerant of even an appearance of error, the author of the "Gentle Life" is very inaccurate in his statements. Mr. Charles Dickens did at one time contemplate a career at the bar, and I understand that the same remark applies to Mr. Hepworth Dixon. And note the modesty of Mr. Friswell:—"Persons who want *status* in life enter as barristers. Dickens, Dixon, and Hall have followed that course. And I, the author of the 'Gentle Life,' say that the practices of barristers are no better now than they were when they begged, borrowed, stole, plundered, and pillaged." I had a crumb of comfort for Mr. Friswell. I was about to tell him that henceforth persons who aspire to the *status* of barristers will be obliged to pass an examination in law. But I turn over the page, and I find the writer of the article virtuously indignant because the profession is "a separate guild," and that "You and A, who know Jones best, and who are, let us say, learned and eloquent, may not defend Jones when accused." No one can charge Mr. Friswell with being coy, but assuredly he is very uncertain and very hard to please.

Mr. Friswell asks, "How far is a barrister warranted in pleading for a guilty man? Is he to defend him when he *knows* him to be guilty?" The doctrine of the law is that a man is to be esteemed innocent until he is found guilty by a jury of his peers. Does Mr. Friswell object to this doctrine? Does he want mere accusation to be taken as proof of guilt? If not, how can the jury determine upon the question of guilt or innocence until they have heard both sides? It is the duty of the barrister to make the best of his case, and it would be immoral for him, or for the judge, or for the jury, or for a public writer, or for any other person to assume the guilt of the accused until the evidence for the defence had been fairly, fully, and strongly put before the Court. Mr. Friswell may think it unnecessary to hear both sides, and, unlike Solomon, may be ready to pronounce judgment without hearing the defence; but the prejudice of the public against condemning a man without a hearing is invincible. And if the accused has a right to answer the accuser, what harm can there be in a barrister conducting the case for the defence? Mr. Friswell refers to a certain *cause célèbre* in which the counsel for the prisoner said, "Gentlemen of the jury, I appeal to Almighty God, and say that I know my client to be innocent;" and Mr. Friswell adds, "when that client had confessed to him that he had perpetrated the crime." The advocate is dead, and I think Mr. Friswell should have read his pathetic and brilliant reply to the charge, which appeared some years ago in the *Examiner* and other papers. I do not believe in the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The lives and works of the dead should be criticised without favour, but when we strike at the reputation of the dead we should be exceedingly careful to state the case fairly. This Mr. Friswell has not done with respect to Mr. Phillips, though I think that Mr. Phillips did exceed his duty in the trial referred to; and what was the consequence? The career of one of the most eloquent advocates who ever pleaded in an English court of justice was ruined, and he was afterwards obliged to accept the appointment of a Commissioner of Insolvency. Why does Mr. Friswell omit the sequel? Let me tell him that if he so stated a case before an English judge he would be reprimanded for the *suppressio veri.*

Mr. Friswell is very unfortunate with his authorities. Lord Brougham told him "he had been looking for years for a man to arise out of the law, and to reform the law," and he adds: "Lord Brougham's acute saying instantly occurred to us as we thought over the vapid personalities, the folly, and the feeble 'doddering' exhibited of late notoriously enough in such and such trials." Biographies of Lord Brougham are numerous, and I venture to recommend the author of the "Gentle Life" to buy or borrow one, and to read it. He will find that Lord Brougham advanced the doctrine that an advocate was to forget all the world save his client, and to uphold the cause of his client, although his advocacy involved suffering to innocent persons. Lord Brougham—*vide* the Queen's trial—was not averse to brow-beating witnesses. I am not finding fault with the conduct of Lord Brougham, but it is strange, not to say comic, for Lord Brougham to be cited as an authority in an article denying the right of counsel to do the best for their clients.

Mr. Friswell refers to the trial of Kelly in Dublin. He thus states the case:—

> A loads a revolver, fires it at B, hits B in the neck, B falls, is carried to a surgeon, the surgeon does all he can, extracts the ball, and treats him with the utmost medical skill, as attested by nine of the first surgeons in the world. It is necessary to bear this in mind, because the fact that A killed B with a pistol shot was disputed by B's counsel. A did not kill B, *the surgeon killed B in endeavouring to aid him!* It is quite true that A fired the shot, hit B in the neck, that the bullet lodged in the bones of the atlas, that it was certain death if left there, but how an Irish barrister must have chuckled at the satanic ingenuity of the suggestion—that the doctor who endeavoured to assuage the evil was the homicide! Upon this the jury, an Irish jury let us remember, declare, as good men and true, and in the presence of Almighty God, that they thought that the surgeon was the cause of death—in other words they acquitted A.

Mr. Friswell may think that a man ought to be legally responsible for the remote consequences of any act done with intent. Thus if A intends to kill B, shoots at him, and does not wound him, but B suffers from the nervous shock, seeks medical advice, and the doctor unknowingly or negligently administers a dose of poison, and so kills B, A ought to be hanged for the murder of B. Well, that may be the philosophic view of the author of the "Gentle Life," but it is not the law of England, or, so far as I know, of any other country.

In regard to crime, a man is legally responsible only for the direct results of his act. It being strictly lawful, I fail to see why Mr. Friswell blames the counsel's "satanic ingenuity" for putting forth the plea of the surgeon's inability. Whatever I may think of the verdict of the jury, I take leave to tell the author of the "Gentle Life" that it would have been "satanic," when a prisoner was on trial for his life, not to have allowed the plea that the act of the prisoner was not the cause of death.

Mr. Friswell is very severe about the "apple-pip" case. He says it was foolish, and involved most "intense ignorance of chemistry." Sir Fitzroy Kelly, acting upon the instructions in his brief, suggested that the presence of the poison in the stomach might be the result of swallowing apple pips. The suggestion was an error, but it was at least allowable. Mr. Friswell rushes in where toxicologists fear to tread. The latter feel it a most responsible and anxious duty to offer an opinion upon the presence of poison in the stomach or intestines of a dead man. The confidence begotten by study and experience is no match for the confidence of Mr. Friswell.

The author of the "Gentle Life" thinks that when our laws are codified and reformed the function and license of the barrister will surely be greatly curtailed. In criminal courts and at *nisi prius*, questions of fact, not points of law, are decided, and unless Mr. Friswell will reform human nature so that all witnesses will speak the truth without prejudice, all justly accused persons will frankly admit their guilt, and all false accusers will discover and confess their mistake, I apprehend that juries will still need the help of counsel to state the case *pro* and *con.*, and to subject witnesses to the ordeal of cross-examination. Mr. Friswell says that "Silvertongue of the Inner Temple, who knows nothing of the case, is assigned and is paid, not according to his talent, but according to his popularity and the amount of briefs he has to plead for him." No doubt that clients do seek the services of men who have a large business, and for the sound reason that men do not get a large business at the Bar unless they are successful advocates. But when Mr. Friswell says that Silvertongue, the successful and sought-after advocate, "is a wild about-town man of some sixty," he evinces an astounding ignorance of the life of a barrister in full practice. A leading barrister has little time for recreation save in the Long Vacation, and then he is glad to get away from town.

By the way, why did not Mr. Friswell refer to Mr. Edwin James? There we have a barrister who wrote Q.C. and M.P. after his name, who was disbarred for dishonourable conduct. To be sure that case would hardly do for Mr. Friswell, because it shows that if a man is guilty of dishonourable conduct he is turned out of the profession. I felt disposed to be angry with Mr. Friswell for his rude and unsupported assault on the honour of a profession which is free to every man of talent, and is connected with so many of our best and noble families. But there is an excuse for Mr. Friswell. He is angry with the law and lawyers, and wanted to vent his spite. Having no case, what could he do but follow the advice of an Old Bailey Sampson Brass and abuse the other side?

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

MARCH 24TH, 1603.

SHE sat a Queen in stillness and in gloom,
Her sprightly pages, silent, stood aloof,
Grave visaged nobles thronged her ante-room,
Dark whispers echoed from the vaulted roof.

The wild March winds about her palace moaned ;
Within, the arras shook for very fear.
Heart-struck, she knew and, knowing, dumbly owned
Him who, with scythe for sceptre, swift drew near.

Four days and nights upon the cushioned floor,
Scarce moving, had she passed ; her wan, grand face
Looking more ghastly as each long night wore
To morning with a slow, unpitying pace.

Four days and nights, across her throbbing brain,
Appeared like pictures all her glorious years.
Flashing athwart the brilliance of her reign,
She saw, like jewels, hapless Mary's tears.

Then from her breast she hurled the diamonds bright
That mocked her, sparkling in the twilight grey ;
The cowering pages trembled at the sight,
And longed devoutly for the coming day.

Of what avail is all her hoarded gold,
The changeful opal, or the emerald's blaze,
Torn from the Spaniard's grasp by seamen bold,
The blood-bought guerdon of adventurous days ?

Barbaric splendours of uncounted worth,
Brought from the world beyond the purple sea
Surround her ; they are useless ; mother Earth
Asks none of these ; the rest she gives is free.

Image on image, scenes of various range,
  Pageant and show; the lurid, awful light
Of martyrs' death—brave souls who scorned to change
  For present gain the sanctity of right.

Once more she trembles 'neath her father's frown;
  A prison's massive walls enclose her yet;
Now bears she on her brow fair England's crown,
  One glistening gem amid its treasures set,

Nobler than any there—a priceless pearl—
  Her people's love; true charm 'gainst many an ill,
When first she wore it, scarcely more than girl,
  She held it dearest, as she holds it still.

So creep the lingering hours, until again
  The haunting shadows in the chamber crowd,
Without the emblazoned, many-tinted pane,
  Awakening winds begin to sob aloud.

From the grey eve each face has caught a tinge,
  Low voices murmur in a hollow tone;
The queenly hands are toying with the fringe
  Of cushions brought her from the empty throne.

In what far labyrinth is her mighty mind
  Wandering apart, as though to try its wings
For the last flight, before it leaves behind
  This lower world and all its transient things?

Where is it straying? what is that it sees
  Amid those shades, where human frailties shrink
From retribution? when no more can please,
  Life's darling joys recalled on death's dark brink.

Does it retrace the past? the future dread?
  Or is it lulled by some mysterious touch
Of those far-reaching hands with gifts outspread
  Which take so little, and bestow so much?

Above fair Richmond Hill the stars look down,
Upon the budding boughs the white frost lies,
There comes no murmur from the distant town,
Kind sleep hath closed its thousand weary eyes.

Broad-breasted Thames by night-winds lightly curled
Is rippling onward ; he shall bear no more,
In gilded barge with silken sail unfurled,
The mistress gallant Raleigh knelt before.

With hands which sleep had clasped and not despair,
Majestic more in death than life had been,
At earliest dawn the bishop ceased his prayer,
From earth had passed the lion-hearted Queen.

ST. GERMAIN.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

XIII.—THE ESSAYISTS.

THE Essay in a prose composition may bear some analogy to the sonnet in a poetical one. It comprises a condensation of thought upon a given subject, to be delivered within a certain limited space. In the sonnet, the thought, or reflection upon the thesis, must, by law, be prescribed within the compass of fourteen lines. In the essay the restriction, it is true, is not so stern; but a conventional dilation is understood and generally adhered to, or the essay extends into the more important character of the "Treatise."

The first, I believe, and certainly the most important of English essays, are those immortal quintessentialisms of wisdom, the essays of Lord Bacon, in which each subject, or thesis of his discourse, is treated in the most brief, and at the same time in so comprehensive and plenary a manner, that it were difficult to conceive how anything more could be said upon the topic, and, consequently, still less how that more could elucidate and improve the writer's argument. The author might well say, with an honest appreciation of their quality (although the offspring of his own brain), that they were composed of the stuff and matter that "come home to men's business and bosoms," and that he believed they "would last as long as books should last"; and so they certainly will, or another hyperborean darkness will have spread over the world's wisdom and literature, or, to apply by metaphor his own sublime picture of physical and material dissolution, wherein he says, "Deluges and earthquakes are the two great winding-sheets that bury all things in oblivion"; so a deluge of barbarism only will deprive the world of Bacon's essays. Of all the books in my own little collection (Shakespeare only excepted) no one is so scored, or has so many marginal recognitions of the author's wisdom—moral, practical, and theoretical, as that little microcosm of ethical philosophy—"little body, indeed, but with a mighty heart."

It is not my intention, because it would not suit my space and purpose, to enter into any account of the foreign essayists upon the morals, manners, and customs of their contemporaries—such writers as Casa, in his treatise on "Manners," and Castiglione, in his book entitled the "Courtier": works universally esteemed in their day for their grace and purity of diction; but which, like vegetable and animal growths, having fulfilled their mission, have passed from the modern world's recognisance, or are known only to the literary antiquarian. Their authors addressed themselves to their own, and not to "all time," and hence their mortality.

The most vigorous and undying book of foreign essays, in my own recollection, I should pronounce to be that highly interesting record of individual feelings, thoughts, reflections, and egoistical sensations by the celebrated Montaigne: a book which, from its very egoism and individuality, with quaint and varied matter, will remain for ever a classic in its rank of literature. It is needless to inform any one who is acquainted with our English version of the work that Cotton, the angler and pupil of old Izaak Walton, was our first translator of it, and I remember hearing the late Mr. Barnes, of the *Times*, pronounce it to be one of the finest translations he knew of any book.

Besides Bacon in our own nation, we have had several grave and sound writers—as essayists—upon the morals and manners of their several ages, such as Peacham and Braithwaite, and Sir Francis Vere—men of no insignificant standing in their day, although, like some of their contemporaries, they were more to be esteemed for their weight of matter than for a captivating popularity of manner. We have also had our essayists upon general subjects and topics: Feltham's "Resolves," for instance, at one time claimed a large share of popular favour, and they who seek for, and can appreciate sound and sincere, with original thought, and who look for something beyond mere evanescent entertainment, will arise from the perusal of some of his tracts and reflections with an elevated feeling of the author's mind, and with an improvement of their own.

But nothing had yet been projected of a periodical nature—light and airy in manner, which should attract the attention of the thoughtless many, at the time that it was preaching to them lessons of moral rectitude, and at the same time was chastising their vices, or laughing at their follies and impertinences. The drama and the stage had in the first instance been the chief exemplars of good manners, and the satirists of vice and folly, till both writings and representations had sunk into that revolting state of corruption and licentiousness as we find them when that tide of obscenity poured in upon us with the Restoration. The public amusements (which should always respect if not elevate the manners of a nation) had in that period (and a short time before it) of our history reached a pitch of grossness and absurdity that we, in our day, can scarcely realise, even while we read them.

Nicholl, in his preface to an edition of the periodicals of Steele and Addison, makes the following observation :—" In all changes of English manners a foreign influence has long been predominant. The earliest accounts inform us that those who were allowed to prescribe the modes in dress, language, and sentiment, collected their knowledge in their travels, and were not ashamed of being conquered by the *follies* of a nation whose *arms* they despised. About the time we now treat of, foreign fopperies, ignorance of the rules of propriety, and indecorous affectations, had introduced many absurdities into public and private life, for which no remedy was provided in the funds of public instruction, and which consequently prevailed with impunity until the appearance of the essayists." Nicholl here means distinctly the essayists of the 18th century—the periodical essayists, and the father and originator of these was Richard Steele. " This useful and intelligent class of writers (and he at their head), struck with the necessity of supplying the lesser wants of society, determined to subdivide instruction into such portions as might suit those temporary demands and casual exigencies which were overlooked by graver writers and more bulky theorists, or, in the language of Addison, ' to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.' "

This great and important work of public improvement—moral and intellectual, Steele originated in the *Tatler*. I have heretofore spoken of this eminent and very useful man ; and I do not find that I have much to add to what I then advanced respecting his genius and career of public utility. That Steele had more inventive talent than Addison must strike every one who canvasses the productions of the two authors. Addison does not exhibit much originality in developing character ; nevertheless, his portraits of the several members of the club in the *Spectator* are drawn with much elegance of manner and delicacy of finish ; and another important exception to the opinion just given must be made in the instance of Sir Roger de Coverley, one of the chastest and most exquisite specimens of individuality in literary portraiture that could well be quoted. Sir Roger stands out distinctly as *the* exemplar of the country gentleman of the 18th century. Addison also exhibited a graceful imagination in his allegorical inventions; and of these "The Vision of Mirza" stands in the first rank of this class of writing. But in his dramatic inventions he has betrayed how very little genius he possessed for that department of composition; his "Cato" being totally barren both of plot and character; while his "Drummer" (taken for a sample of comic humour) is as melancholy as a morass. The brilliant quality of Addison's genius displayed itself in the sterling purity and elegance of his wit, with a classical correctness of diction. These phases of his intellectual character Steele placed constantly in his view for the purpose of his own improvement in style; and the result was, that his latter papers bear so strong a resemblance to the manner of his model, that it is difficult to distinguish them. The style and manner of this era, and of those two graceful writers in particular, bear a close affinity to the social deportment of the intellectual better circles of the same period: precise, and yet gay; fluent and easy, yet unfrivolous; graceful, polished, and keen, yet not acrimonious—never indeed ill-tempered, and therefore gentlemanly. I do not think that our feelings ever rise into the glow of admiration at their effusions, either of wit or pathos; at the same time, they rarely sink into indifference; and never into contempt. Some of Steele's little stories, written for a social and moral purpose, will be read with a grateful interest so long as true love, and the principles of *just* equality are held in any esteem in the world: while the wickedness of avarice, selfishness, and cruelty stand illustrated for ever in that most bitter of all sarcasms upon commercial cupidity, the "History of Inkle and Yarico."

In the first paper of the *Tatler*, Steele in his pleasant and gay manner announces that he had "invented its title in honour of the fair sex." The *Tatler*, in fact, consists of a running fire of comment upon the follies, the gaieties, the levities, the humours, the absurdities, the fashions, and the vices of the wits, the beauties, and the "pretty fellows" about town; recording the sayings and doings, and comings and goings, the hundred thousand nothings that comprise the life of the fashionable world—and a most faithful mirror of the age it is. He (the *Tatler*) laughed at frivolity, rebuked vice, and reformed both with a quill of spontaneous natural wit and buoyant humour; and effected with the airy wave of his pen, what might have been attempted in vain by a whole crusade of ponderous moralists, with voluminous gravity. He rallies the women out of the preposterous amplitude of their hoop-petticoats; and laughs the beaux out of the ridiculous length of their swords; he banters and shames the ladies out of the scantiness of their tuckers, while he mocks the gentlemen out of the extravagance of their wigs. His manner were well worth the consideration of many a censor and critic of our own day; for he is never rough and unkind, and consequently he is always the gentleman.

Almost the only occasions on which Steele allows himself to be seriously sedate, and to argue gravely—are, when he is upon the subject of seduction or duelling. On the latter point he felt deeply—as has already been recorded in a former essay. A quarrel was fastened upon him, which he endeavoured to avoid; and when forced into the fight, he killed his antagonist by accident.

It is to be observed that in questions involving an arbitration of justice between the two sexes, Steele is uniformly inclined to favour the women. He was a true "knight of dames." He chivalrously pleads the cause of the weak against the strong; and almost forgets the sternness of the judge in the zeal and warmth of the advocate. It was Steele who uttered that ever memorable and witty sentence upon the subject of seduction. He said: "To the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among men is not reproachful; but credulity in women is infamous."

Upon the subject of marriage too, although he is wonderfully outspeaking on those alliances of worldly convenience, he yet frequently expresses himself with so tender a consideration, and with such gentleness of feeling towards the feebler party, that his precepts contributed in no slight degree to induce a better state of social feeling between man and wife than had ever existed before the period when those essays were written. Here is a passage on this same subject which affords a good specimen of Steele's style—sufficiently earnest to gain attention; yet sly and playful enough to attract the butterfly readers to whom he addressed himself.

> There is a relation of life (he says) much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship; that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions [Steele here means his temper]; if not for his own ease, in compliance with a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do so on this subject: but I must go on to say that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior qualities to theirs. The Virtues have respectively a masculine and a feminine cast. What we call in men Wisdom, is in women Prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man, and the

> scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state anything but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple should frequently remember that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable,—nay becoming, when considered as such, but without that reflection, must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family is as worthy an instance of capacity as to execute a great employment; and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties as well as men do theirs; so, in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a snuff-box.

Steele will sometimes hit off a satire in a few words, or in a happily-turned sentence. Here is one where he is animadverting on the folly of giving children an indiscriminately similar education, and one unfitted for their mental constitution, as well as for their future sphere in life (a sentence accurately in tone with the present educational question); and of setting them all to learn the classics, whether they will hereafter require them or not. He says in the character of Old Isaac Bickerstaff:—

> The pastry-cook here in the lane the other night told me, he would not yet take away his son from his learning; but has resolved, as soon as he had a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler.

The papers in the *Guardian* (as may be expected from its name) are of a graver tone generally than those in the *Tatler* and *Spectator;* but there is one playful paper by Steele upon those pestilent burrs in society, who may be called the "button-holders." He files a vehement protest against these "ingenious gentlemen" (as he styles them), who, he pronounces, "are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution." He complains that "this humour of theirs of twisting off your buttons" leads him into some cost; as he is compelled to order his tailor to bring him home with every suit at least a dozen spare ones, to supply the place of the buttons he thus loses. He tells of one of these active and boring arguers, who, while he is discoursing to him of the Siege of Dunkirk, "makes an assault upon one of his buttons, and carries it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding as handsome a defence as possible." He computes his losses on these occasions, and winds up with the following estimate:—

> In the coffee-houses here, about the Temple, you may harangue, even among our dabblers in politics, for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and find this morning that it has not stood me in above one button.

Swift contributed some papers to these periodicals; but I do not recollect any that would be apt for quotation, being imbued with his bitterly cynical faculty, and not distinguished for their delicacy. I have heretofore said so much (and with mental recreation) of this extraordinary genius, that I may, without offence, pass him upon the present occasion with a bare record among his contemporaries. One specimen of Swift's quieter satire in essay-composition occurs in a parody upon the philosophy of the Honourable Robert Boyle; who with all his undisputed excellences was not untinged with a pompous pedantry. Swift has humorously imitated his manner in a paper which he entitles "Thoughts on a Broomstick." By the way, that homely implement appears to have been a favourite object with Swift for comical illustration. In the "Tale of a Tub" the reader will remember that he makes Brother Peter interpret one of the injunctions in their father's will that his sons shall in no wise wear silver fringe upon their coats. Peter, who is the learned brother, observes, that he finds the same word, "fringe," also to mean a "broomstick;" he therefore concludes that their father never intended to prohibit their wearing broomsticks on their clothes. How fine this satire upon the warping of texts in Scripture for the purpose of evasion, or of propping a rickety argument. No wonder that Swift was an object of aversion to the temporisers and the self-seeking.

There are two agreeable papers in the *Guardian* ascribed to the pen of that very amiable man and sterling wit, John Gay: one on "Flattery," where he acutely says: "Of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying anything which argues that he does it for your sake." The other essay is on "Dress;" wherein he deduces an ingenious analogy between the sciences of Poetry and Dress, declaring that "the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other." This he proceeds to show in a playful argument, and then says:—

> A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word; so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion: but, as Horace advises that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dress as Greece was of literature. Dress may bear parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady, at sight, fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time, I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural "humble servant" move her indignation. She is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! Alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottomed wig! Who can tell the resistless

eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane?

In the *Guardian*, again, there is a sprightly picture of the French people by Addison, which in its sarcastic painting is still so faithful to the national character that it shall be quoted; also as a specimen of his well-bred and pointed style.

It may not be irrelevant to notice, by the way, how palpably each era in our literature has its distinctive feature and manner, as generic of its class of writers; so much so, and so decided in their several characters, that an essay of no ordinary interest might be composed upon the collective individuality of the writers in the great ages of our literary history: the brawny and Atlean strength of the Elizabethan era; the light horseman and foraging scamper and vivacity of the Cavalier style, in the Second Charles's reign; and the refinement upon that, with the courtly and epigrammatic sententiousness, that distinguishes the Augustan age of Queen Anne, and which, to a certain extent, is a reflex of the manner belonging to the Academy of Louis XIV.

The short specimen just quoted from Gay might easily be mistaken for an extract from Addison, so strong is the family likeness of that school of writers. Speaking of the French people, Addison says:—

> One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in everything about the king; but at the sametime it makes half his subjects go barefoot [this was in the so-called "good old times" of the *ancien régime*]. The people, however, are the happiest in the world, and enjoy—from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution—such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Everyone sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in the art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs.

The polished antithesis of Addison's style here is almost like French writing itself; for that language is remarkable for its susceptibility of such treatment, and its authors are prone to a frequent employment of this kind of rhetorical inversion; a peculiarity of style so predominant among them that I have been struck with the character of wit which is thus given to some of their gravest compositions. In the classical tragic writers, for instance, Corneille and Racine, there may be found many of their most passionate periods composed of a startling paradox, and their most mournful cadences rounded with a brilliant antithesis. Out of the numbers that could be instanced, it may be sufficient merely to adduce the celebrated expression of Hermione, in Racine's "Andromache." When she has engaged Orestes to murder Pyrrhus, her lover, who has roused her jealousy by his preference for Andromache, she exclaims in her anguish: "Je *percerai* le cœur que je n'ai pu *toucher*."

There is a delightful paper by Pope, again, in the *Guardian*, wherein, with his lighter vein of wit, he satirises the mere "mechanical rules" of poetry manufacture, and gives "a receipt for making an epic poem," after the style of a cookery-book. He promises to show how "epic poems may be made without a genius—nay, even without learning and much reading;" and which, he says, "must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn." He wittily proceeds:—

> What Molière observes of making a dinner—that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing—the same may be said of making a poem; it is easily brought about by him that has a genius; but the skill lies in doing it without one.

The "Recipe," admirable as it is, will not, on account of its length, allow of quotation; but it can be read at full in No. 78 of the *Guardian*, and here these scraps may serve for a taste of it:—After describing how to prepare the "Fable," the "Argument," the "Hero," the "Machinery" of your "Epic," he proceeds to the "Descriptions." For instance,—"For a Tempest,—Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse."

> [Una Eurusque, Notusque ruunt; Creberque procellis Africus.—*Virgil.*]

"Add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a blowing." "For a Battle,—Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's 'Iliad,' with a spice or two from Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle." "For the Moral and Allegory,—These you may extract out of the 'Fable' afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

I have purposely avoided allusion to the *Spectator* in my present reference to the writings of Steele and Addison, because that delightful collection of essays formed an important feature in my previous remarks upon those two eminently brilliant wits. The *Spectator* succeeded the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian* was, in effect, no more than a continuation of the *Spectator* under another name. Steele, having had a quarrel with his bookseller, Tonson, abruptly concluded the *Guardian,* and commenced the *Englishman*, which he called "A Sequel to the *Guardian*." He afterwards originated and conducted a multitude of other works of a similar character: the mere titles of the books that Steele projected, as well as those which he actually undertook, would form a considerable list. His activity of invention in this direction only was extraordinary. In addition to the periodicals already named, we have the *Spinster* the *Reader*, the *Plebeian*, the *Lover*, the *Tea-table*, the *Town-talk*, the *Examiner*, the *Connoisseur*, and the *Theatre*. It is in the last-named publication that he pays that honourable and affectionate tribute to the memory of his wife, whom he styles "the best woman that ever man had," and he adds that "she frequently lamented and pined at his neglect of himself." Steele was a thoughtless and unthrifty man, so that his wife, being a true friend to him, and probably his monitor (what Charles Lamb used to say of his sister—his "second conscience"), Lady Steele obtained the character among his associates of being "cold and penurious." The prudent partners of extravagant husbands must expect to be called "stingy" —it is the eulogy of squanderers. Steele, however, was not the mere talker about matrimonial interchanges of little kind actions: some of his letters to his wife—and some of them consisting of two or three lines only—express an unaffected and exquisite tenderness of sentiment; in short, with all his errors—and they were errors of the head alone,—Steele was as loveable as a man as he was refined as a wit.

The next eminent writer to be named in the list of our Essayists is Doctor Johnson, and in doing so the question might be started whether the great lexicographer and burly moralist can be said to take any station among the humorous writers of England. Johnson, however, was not deficient in a certain comic vein of a peculiar cast: it was satiric, austere, and ponderous. Its freaks and sallies were elephantic. He himself compared the intellect of a genius to the trunk of that animal which "could knock down a man and pick up a pin." The illustration was unfortunate as applied to his own mental conformation, for so little could he descend to the livelier and lighter graces of intellectual exercise, that one could hardly point to a more monographic and mannered style than his own in the whole range of our literature. He could doubtless have "knocked down the man" with his trunk, but it would have "picked up the pin" like a leg of beef. He was always magniloquent and unwieldy: had he had to describe the machinery of the universe, or to write a receipt for pickling cabbage, the phraseology would have been the same. The finer phase of Johnson's character evidently appears in his social and conversational hours, as we gather from that very industrious shorthand report of his commonest sayings and doings by Boswell.

Much has been said of Johnson's greatness and independence of soul, and Mr. Carlyle has placed him in his temple of heroes, laying frequent and much stress upon his magnanimous indignation in hurling out a pair of new shoes that some kind-hearted and (be it observed) anonymous worshipper had placed at his chamber door. He scorned the eleemosynary pair of shoes, but his "independence" did not extend to the consistency of rejecting a pension from the whole country. I can perceive no difference between receiving alms from one man and from one million of men, and rather would I receive, upon principle, from the unknown one than from the ostentatiously bounteous million. When the pension was announced to him he acknowledged the boon in the following speech:—"The English language is incapable of expressing my sentiments upon the occasion; I must refer to the French,—I am *accablé* with His Majesty's bounty." Can he have intended this for an irony? He, however, accepted the gratuity.

Nevertheless, in many—very many—points of his character, Johnson was a grand fellow: grand in some of his conceptions; grand in his social emotions. He was constant and steady to those whom he loved. There was a sort of intellectual conjugality in his friendship: he would satirise and even scourge those whom he esteemed; but to no one else would he allow the same privilege. Both Goldsmith and Garrick were subject to his tremendous sarcasms, but in their absence he was their champion and eulogist. Of Goldsmith especially he would bear glowing testimony to his fine qualities both of head and heart. Mr. Forster has recorded some noble eulogies of Goldsmith's talent from the conversations of Johnson. And not the least grand feature in the Doctor's character is the strenuous and honest way in which he went on for years, steadily and sturdily, through huge obstacles, carving out and raising the monument of his own fame and fortune. Here, indeed, he was the honourable, the magnanimous, the truly "independent" man, and, for an example of his fearless and sturdy independence of soul, it is needful only to refer to his celebrated letter, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, when his great labour of *the* "Dictionary" was completed and made public; in which he states that his lordly patron had neglected him during the progress of the work; but when he found that it was really finished he thought to secure the dedication of it to himself by launching two "little cock-boat puffs" (as Johnson called them), announcing the approaching advent of the great undertaking. Johnson's sarcasm upon this occasion was sufficiently formidable to produce an explanation, if not a *defence*, on the part of the nobleman, and this has been attempted by an editor of Boswell's life of the Doctor; it has therefore been thought sufficient for this purpose to state that the Earl was so conscious of the wilfulness of the Doctor's misstatement that he laid the public letter upon his own drawing-room table, assuming that act to be sufficient to clear his conduct in the mind of every visitor who might read it. The act was doubtless a very ingenious one and perfectly aristocratic in character; but we are to suppose that the general and public reader of the original charge would never suppose for a moment that Doctor Johnson would concoct so fierce and so formidable a statement, which, from beginning to end, would be an elaborate and a positive falsehood. The future reader of the whole transaction will therefore form his own opinion of it.

The *Idler*, which is perhaps the least known of his periodical essays, at all events less than the *Rambler*, was written professedly in the manner of the *Spectator*. But it was hardly to be expected that the pen of the lofty and sonorous Doctor could be wielded with the ease and lightness so peculiarly characteristic of Steele and Addison in this walk of literature. There is accordingly a stiffness in the *Idler's* slip-shod moods; a consciousness in his assumed unconcern; while his playfulness is uncouth and grim. Among the papers, however, of this periodical, is one of a somewhat pleasant cast upon the preparations for war that were then making, and the encampment of the troops "in the pathless deserts of the Isle of Wight." The *Idler* condoles with the "two hundred thousand ladies that are thus left to languish in distress, who (he says) in the absence of these warriors must run to sales and auctions without an attendant; sit at the play without a critic to direct their opinion; buy their fans by their own judgment; dispose shells by their own invention; walk in the Mall without a gallant; go to the gardens without a protector; and shuffle cards with vain impatience, for want of a fourth to complete the party." "Of these ladies, some (he says) have lap-dogs, and some monkeys; but they are unsatisfactory companions. Many useful offices are performed by men in scarlet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot indeed is as fine as a colonel; and, if he has been much used to good company, is not wholly without conversation; but a parrot, after all, is a poor little creature, and has neither sword nor shoulder-knot; can neither dance, nor play at cards." When Johnson and Garrick were once introduced to a person who was reported to have great conversational powers, and had given a detailed specimen of his talent, the lively actor turned to his companion's ear, and imparted the following condensed criticism upon what they had heard :—"Flabby, I think, flabby!" I fear that the same judgment must be passed upon the specimen just produced of the Doctor's humour. And here is a sample of the true Johnsonian style, from another paper in the *Idler*, wherein he maintains that the "qualities requisite to conversation are very exactly represented by a bowl of punch." The argument is conducted with his own portentous swing of diction. Thus, he tells us, that "Acids unmixed will distort the face, and torture the palate;" that "the taste of sugar is *generally pleasing*, but it cannot long be *eaten by itself!*" And he concludes with the following peroration :—

> He only will please long who, by tempering the *acidity* of satire with the *sugar* of civility, and allaying the *heat* of wit with the *frigidity* of humble chat, can make the true punch of conversation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water, so that companion will be the oftenest welcome whose talk flows out with inoffensive copiousness, and unenvied insipidity!

Surely Poole's parody upon the Johnsonian style, in the notes to his "Hamlet" travesty, was no caricature; but one would ask, which of our Magazine editors of the present day would accept, and pay for the above article, coming from an unknown writer?

We are to speak of Goldsmith, sincere Oliver Goldsmith, in the character of an essayist. Heretofore he has claimed our attention as a historian, a biographer, a naturalist, a poet, a dramatist, and writer of fiction. In the two last compartments of literature he shines to the greatest advantage, having taken his position among our classics as one of the elect. If anything could prove the true test of genius under the cloud of prejudice; or say, of misapprehension arising from misrepresentation, it would be the gradual and firm hold that the writings of this enchanting author have taken upon the affections of the civilised world, in the face of an insinuated contempt for his social character, and which produced an unrecognised influence upon that of the intellectual man. It is remarkable, that in consequence of the stupid misconceptions by Boswell of Goldsmith's real nature and disposition, his talent has rarely been the subject of conversation, without the accompanying remark of his having been a very vain man, and a very weak man: vain to a Narcissus-like admiration of his own person; and weak, even to envy, upon hearing a young lady praised for her beauty. And so the true character of Goldsmith has waited its time—"it could afford it," as Douglas Jerrold happily said; and it has now received retribution at the hands of Mr. Forster, in his ample biography of the man. I request emphatically to express my own individual thanks for the completion of this "labour of love"—for such it has evidently been; and thereby, for the justice rendered to the character and fame of a true genius, and an estimable being; for from my youth I have felt the necessity of the vindication that has, at length, been so fully, and ably, and gracefully fulfilled.

In the essays of Goldsmith, as in his "Citizen of the World" (which is but a series of lively essays, in another form, upon the national character, habits, and customs), the same *un*laboured fine sense is apparent in every page; the same shrewd perception of human nature in all its workings and petty chicaneries; the same sweet-tempered rebuke and raillery; the same toothless sarcasm; the same gentle wit and bland humour. What can be more lively and pleasant than his dialogue with the seaman who has lost a leg in the wars, and is deprived of assistance from his country, because the accident happened in a privateer's and not in the Government service: with his amusing and rational antipathy to our "national enemies," as Christian rulers have called the French. "I hate the French (says Jack), because they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes." The philosophy of fortitude, endurance, and cheerfulness in the midst of privation, so beautifully illustrated in the hero's own simple memoir, who although his whole career has been a series of disaster, is merry and hopeful to the last. This is quite in the philosophy of Shakespeare.

> If I had had the good fortune (he concludes) to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love Liberty and old England. Liberty, Property, and old England for ever, Huzza!

And then succeeds one of Goldsmith's unostentatious little pieces of worldly wisdom:—

> So saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Again, in the conversation between the soldier, the porter, and the debtor, at the Counter-prison window, upon the prospect of an invasion from the French. The debtor's apprehension lest we lose our liberties; the porter's remark that the French are all slaves, and fit only to carry burthens; while the soldier's alarm is—

> Not so much for our liberties as for our religion. What will become of our religion, my lads? May the devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his adjuration) if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.

And so might be cited from the little volume of his "Essays" alone, a hundred shrewd, and lively, and amiable passages and descriptions.

Again, and lastly, how thoroughly wise and practical (in the thick of its sprightly humour) is the moral at the end of his account of the friend who in his penury and destitution seeks in vain to borrow the sums which had been volunteered when he needed no assistance; and who ends in missing his aim even to be invited to a dinner that he wanted. There is something pathetic in the satiric truth and jesting that conclude this essay. It may appear trite to our ears, but many of Goldsmith's axioms have been re-fused, and remodelled, and re-applied, till they are like old-world sayings. Few authors, indeed, have been more ruthlessly pillaged than Goldsmith was in his day. He was compelled to collect his essays, and subscribe his name to them, in order to prevent their being wholly and irredeemably claimed and possessed by mere marauders. In his preface to the collection he pleasantly excuses himself for the publication of papers so well known to the reading world:—

> Most of these Essays [he says] have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the channel of some *engaging publication*. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names Philantos, Philalethes, Philalentheros, and Philanthropos. These gentlemen have kindly stood sponsors to my productions; and, *to flatter me more, have always taken my errors on themselves.*

This pleasantry has all the satiric grace of Steele or Addison. And here is the passage of half humorous, half pathetic advice that concludes his account of the man who could not compass an invitation to dinner:—

> O, ye beggars of my acquaintance! whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent-street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise as a friend—Never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress: you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice; but from compassion, never. The

> very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting. . . . . To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pea-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth. Hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of their bellies. If, again, you are obliged to wear flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing or darning, say that neither you nor Samson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. . . . . In short, however caught, *never give in*, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the Great is hateful; in the Wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

And admirably has he illustrated the principle of this philosophy in the well-known account of that most amusing of all coxcombs and mendicant tuft-hunters, the inimitable little Beau Tibbs.

Goldsmith was a fine, warm-hearted, honest fellow; and the emotions of his heart are to be quite as much reverenced as the emotions of his head; and, of a surety, the results of the one are dependent upon the constitution of the other—they act in concert.

The cant phrase has been constantly applied to him (and has in a former essay been repeated); that "he was no man's enemy but his own;" and, as Hazlitt well replied, "Then every man ought to have been his friend." In alluding to that truly fine writer (William Hazlitt) it will naturally be inferred that he should be introduced among our national "Essayists;" and he stands indeed in the first rank with the greatest. But in this essay, forming one of the series upon the "Comic Writers of England," I could—with consistency—do little more than *allude* to him in his essay-character. Hazlitt was essentially a grave writer, possessing a metaphysical faculty of high order; also possessing a formidable power of contemptuous sarcasm; and at times displaying a lustrous feeling for and effusion of the poetical in his language. It has been objected to him that he was too prone to the paradox in his writing—a charge not groundless; but I think that upon almost every occasion of his using the paradox, he will be found both to prove his case and reconcile the apparent inconsistency. His "Table Talk," and other essays; his criticisms, dramatic and other lectures, have deservedly become standard classics; and he himself in his public character will live in the memory of posterity as being almost the only one of a knot of political out-and-out reformers, who to the last "held fast his integrity"—living and dying an honest, consistent lover and worshipper of liberty, in the abstract.

They among my readers who happen not to have read Charles Lamb's two essays—the one upon "King Lear," and the other upon the "Genius of Hogarth," have yet to become acquainted with two among the most masterly compositions in this class of writing. They are to be read for their perfect comprehensiveness of the subjects; for their completeness of argument; for their refinement of taste; and for the choice and classic structure of the language. I never knew Lamb, in conversation, fail to establish his position in an argument; and moreover, he was sure to attain his end by an unexpected and original train of thought. It was perfectly true what Hazlitt said of him; that whoever, or how many soever might have been of the party, Lamb always said the wittiest and best thing of the evening. So in his written compositions I could not name one of his contemporaries who would have been able to have treated the subjects he selected with more definitiveness of reasoning, more rareness and elegance of illustration; more novelty and delicacy of wit and humour; for the character of Lamb's wit and humour are quite as original as they are exquisite and true. Who could have surpassed him in that paper in the "Elia" series which is entitled "The Two Races of Men;" wherein he merges all classes and distinctions, and varieties of the human animal into two master-races; and these he denominates "The Borrowers and the Lenders?" "The human species (he says), according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races; the men who borrow, and the men who lend. To these original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, and red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former (the borrower), which I choose to designate as the great race, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter (the lenders) are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the borrower." The delicacy and polish of this satire is worthy of Addison in his richest vein; indeed, it is worthy of any wit, it is worthy of Rabelais; and Rabelais has a wonderful chapter in commendation of borrowing: one of his arguments is, that the debtor has this advantage over the creditor, and the man of wealth with his heirs and his expectants, that the debtor is sure to have the prayers of all his creditors; because they take an intense interest in his existence and well-doing in the world. Not so the man of wealth—the sooner he is out of it, the sooner others will be benefited. Lamb's portrait of one of the "Great Race" is sketched in his best manner. He says, "What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! What a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest; taking no more thought than the lilies! What contempt for money! accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*. . . . He is the true taxer. who 'calleth all the world up to be taxed,' and the distance is as vast between him and one of us, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions too have such a cheerful voluntary air! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. . . . He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand." If this be not wit and of the first water, then are the terms convertible, and dullness has the ascendant. They have little perception and judgment who consider Lamb a mannered reflector of our old writers. He did live in the past, confessedly: he was a link in the golden chain of intellect that has descended from our Olympus; and he is one of the high conclave. Lamb thought like our great wits; but he thought also for himself; and he was a very original thinker; so much so, that I know no one to whom I could strictly liken him, either in his sedate and grave moods, or in his wit and his humour. The choice and even fastidious delicacy of his fancy; his quickness of perception; the felicity and wisdom of his humour, all linked and glittering in sportive combination throughout his writings, are distinctly and implicitly his own.

The least original of his compositions, in point of manner, and perhaps the most artificial in style and sentiment (notwithstanding the beauty and gentleness of the machinery), is the "Rosamund Gray;" and he once, of his own accord, acknowledged to me that it was "affected in its construction, and that he wrote it in imitation of the sentimental school of Mackenzie."

One prominent characteristic of Lamb's mind consisted in an orthodox reverence for opinions and customs that have received ancestral sanction and respect. I never knew a more practical quietist than he. He disturbed no one's opinions where he thought them sincere, and he thwarted not the customs of his friends. It is not here inferred that he would refrain from a joke or a banter, but it would be a harmless one. Those whom he inclined to like (young people especially) he would try with sallies of satire; and if they endured his ordeal with temper they at once ensured his friendly consideration. And what a "friend" he was to possess!—what frank and sincere advice!—and what a sound and unerring judgment! For, with all his living in the "past," and his remôte associations with the Old World, Lamb had a social communion with the present. No one more truly sympathised with his species. He never chattered about sympathy—he acted. He allowed his infant schoolmistress thirty pounds a-year till her death. What millionist that ever existed dispensed the same proportion of his income to his mental nurse? Lamb had his reward here; for no man could have received more sincere respect and friendly affection than he. His grateful worshipper, Moxon, well and truly says of him: "His very failings were such, that he was loved rather for them than in spite of them."

A worthy monument has been erected to his memory in the two last volumes of his Life and Letters. They ought to be known to all readers, for he there appears in a glory of unselfishness and magnanimity that of itself alone is sufficient to make one hopeful for human nature in an age of speculative more than practical loving-kindness. Nothing but the divulging of Lamb's conduct towards his sister could have extenuated the publication of that awful catastrophe which befel her. We will not dwell upon the fact but to justify the recording of the sad event, on the ground that she most assuredly would have been the first to have sacrificed her own feelings upon the occasion, and in doing so have exalted the character and conduct of her brother.

The finest of Lamb's essays (after those already alluded to) are, "The New Year's Eve," "Mrs. Battle's Opinion of Whist," an exquisitely playful paper; "The Old and the New Schoolmaster," in which the touching description of the teacher's wife is from the pen of Mary Lamb; the essay upon "Imperfect Sympathies;" "Mackery End in Hertfordshire;" "Grace before Meat," and which contains some of his finest and most varied thought; the description of "Some of the Old Actors;" that perfect one, "On the Acting of Munden," whose talent deserved such a recorder; and lastly, his most humorous and best known, the "Dissertation on Roast Pig." The mock gravity and quiet drollery in this remarkable paper has, I should suppose, rarely been exceeded. How amusing the record of the infant dawn of the culinary art!—that the first discoveries of the glories of roast pork and of crackling should be traced to the burning down of a pigstye! And then the slow progress of human improvement—that houses were to be slightly built (for the sake of economy) in order that they might be fired when a pig was to be roasted; and lastly, the apotheosis upon the suckling when he is brought to table! "There is no flavour (says the eulogy) comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted crackling, as it is well called. The very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance with the adhesive oleaginous—oh, call it not *fat!*—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food; the lean no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or rather fat *and* lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance." The "Almanach des Gourmands" has no eloquence comparable with this. Apicius, or Dartneuf, or any other epicure (Dr. Kitchener in the list), would have turned pale at such a *carmen triumphale* to the perfection of the art.

Lamb's Letters, I was going to say, are as fine as his Essays, and I do not feel inclined to withhold the opinion. In their class of composition—as letters—familiar communings with his friends, they are incomparable: so spontaneous; so little of the professor of literature in them: so natural, so reflective, so wise, so profoundly pathetic, so cheerful, so polished, so humorous—in short, so totally unconscious of their being converted into an epistolary apotheosis.

The one to Baron Field, who was a judge in South Australia, is absolutely perfect for its wit and originality of thought. Those also to Manning are full of pleasantry. One of this complexion, dissuading him from a project of making a tour to "Independent Tartary," is a complete transcript of his peculiar vein of drollery. "For Heaven's sake (he says), don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' . . . . I tremble for your Christianity. . . . . There is a Tartar man now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favourable specimen of his countrymen! But perhaps the best thing you can do is to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words 'Independent Tartary—Independent Tartary,' two or three times, and associate them with the idea of oblivion." Again he says:—"Some say these Tartar people are cannibals! and then conceive a Tartar-fellow eating my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar!" Further on he returns to the charge:—"The Tartars are really a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought originally). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. . . . . Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies); only now and then a romance to keep your fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts. *That has been your ruin.*" And he concludes:—"Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fip-pence a pound! To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat! God bless you! Air and exercise may do great things. . . . . Talk with some minister,—why not your father?"

In taking leave of a subject that has naturally run out some length, I cannot, nevertheless, conclude without naming one essayist of our own time who may rank with the very best I have enumerated. I mean the ever sparkling, ever graceful-minded Leigh Hunt, whose conversation was the champagne of colloquial wine; whose breakfast-table was as vivacious as most men's supper-tables; whose lips flowed with sentences that might have figured in papers on blithe themes, or have suggested essays upon mirthful wisdom. Charmingly as Leigh Hunt wrote,—and few writers possess such an ever-fresh charm in their style,—his talk was even yet more charming. Effortless, brilliant, full of a delightful ease and spontaneity of expression; teeming with kindly and liberal thoughts towards his brother men; pregnant with the enchanting impression that he himself enjoyed what he was speaking of; possessing the added attraction of lively manner and demeanour, sweet voice and look, with a vast fund of animal spirits,—Leigh Hunt's spoken effusions surpassed his written effusions in vivacity and impulse; although his essays are among the most vivacious and impulsive of animated writings. He had the gift of investing the most ordinary of subjects with a quite peculiar grace and zest, and could make even commonplace attractive by reason of his power in getting at the core of whatever beauty lay natively enshrined therein. The mere titles of some of his best papers in his *Indicator* and *Companion* testify this gift of Leigh Hunt's: witness his essay "On Coaches," "On Hats," "On Sticks," and "On a Pebble," each of which serve exquisitely to illustrate the philosophy of our great poet's significant words:—

> Most poor matters point to rich ends.

UNTOLD INCIDENTS OF THE TICHBORNE CASE.

NO more remarkable consideration is suggested by recollections of the Great Tichborne Trial than the alternate fatigue and intensity of interest evinced by the public throughout its progress. For instance, during some of the twenty-six days through which the Attorney-General's address extended, many of those who had made a fierce struggle to secure a glance at the principal actors in the scene would have been delighted to escape from the poisonous atmosphere of the Court—so described by Chief Justice Bovill—if exit were possible. This was especially the case whilst the head of the English Bar was wading through the wearily-repeated evidence given before the Chili Commission. It was only those who were in the vicinity of Miss Braine—who stood her ground "manfully" from the first day of the hearing to the last—who had an opportunity of being diverted at times during this uninteresting stage of the memorable case. A gentleman—apparently the soul of good nature, whose interests were said by some to be neutral in the case, and who was described by others as "the fat bond-holder"—took up his place in the earlier part of each sitting, near this lady, who was indefatigable in her tatting and crochet work. Whenever the Attorney-General made a joke, which frequently occurred, at the expense of "Mr. Castro," her well-conditioned neighbour laughed hilariously, at which he was immediately called to order by Miss Braine with an acerbity of remonstrance which instantly restored him to a position of repose. The unhesitating alacrity with which he relinquished his own seat for any newcomer in order that he might extricate himself from close contiguity with the lady aforesaid was one of the most amusing features of the case—it may be called a feature, as the display of this transparent cheerfulness was of constant recurrence. Towards the termination of the suit, as it eventuated in Westminster Hall, our friend, as if he had obtained a foresight of what was about to happen, "chummed" with one of the fair witnesses for the defendant, by whom his now almost unintermittent merriment was more cordially appreciated than it had been by the lady who was described as "the peevish-looking little woman, with the very high forehead." To this unprepossessing person, however, those who were in Court from day to day were indebted for many a hearty laugh, as at intervals, when the Claimant was hit very hard by counsel, Miss Braine retorted to audiences "fit, though few" in her vicinity, to whom she conveyed her opinion of the Attorney-General in words not less vigorous than the now historical "five"* by which, at the commencement of the speech for the defence, the Claimant was designated.

However sceptical people may be regarding the possession by lawyers of human emotions which, it is generally assumed, have been eradicated from the legal bosom by a course of indifferent dinners at one of the Inns of Court, no one who attended the Tichborne trial from day to day could doubt for a moment that in it—as expressed by himself in a figure of speech perhaps not rhetorically perfect—the private feelings of the Attorney-General were largely embarked. Although a conventional phrase is employed in making the proposition, it may be unhesitatingly stated that never in the course of a civil trial has greater emotion been evinced by an advocate—indeed, many lawyers whose horse-hair has grown brown in the dingy atmosphere of law courts, assert that such a display has never been witnessed in their time—than by the Attorney-General, when denouncing the Claimant for his "foul and detestable" attack on Mrs. Radcliffe's honour. Solemnly and earnestly, as he approached the subject, he reminded the jury of how bravely "that stainless lady" had met the charge made against her—how, though the pains and perils of childbearing were impending over her, she chose to meet her slanderer face to face and would appear in the witness-box to prove the falsehood of his infernal calumny. Here his voice faltered, and with a power of pathos, almost devout in its impressiveness, he said that though it was not his duty to sing her praises, whenever in after life he wished to point to an example of mingled gentleness and firmness in a woman, he would recall the presence of Mrs. Radcliffe in the Westminster Sessions House. It was manifestly by a great struggle that the learned gentleman was able to complete the sentence, and the last words of it were uttered in half-finished syllables, while the tears which ran down his cheeks were full and frequent. The effect on the audience was almost overwhelming; as it seemed to influence alike those interested on both sides. Miss Braine, whose movements could not fail at any eventful moment to attract attention, kept her eyes stedfastly shut, her cheeks being deadly pale. At such a moment, indeed, it may be surmised that she wished she had never become party to a cause of which after a time the most prominent single incident was the vindication against a charge of foul dishonour of the lady who had been under her own charge whilst passing from youth to womanhood. Old and apparently hardened lawyers dropped their eye-glasses, or fiddled with their watch-chains, some of them at the same time making a strenuous effort not to appear moved in the slightest degree by the scene of which they were spectators. Where, at this hour, was the lady in the defence of whose reputation the advocate had stirred up the sympathetic emotions of so many? In her accustomed place—her husband by her side, and as she wept with head bent down, her sobs showed how deeply she felt what had been said so fervently in defence of her outraged name.

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* Conspirator, perjurer, forger, slanderer, and villain.

After the splendid appeal thus briefly depicted, an accident occurred which saved the Attorney-General from certain embarrassment; some papers he had to refer to were mislaid and a short interval was thus given him to recover himself—it was evident that he could not proceed at once. The enunciation of the passages quoted was followed by an almost painful silence, which continued until it was broken by the buzz of conversation which normally ensued at the mid-day adjournment of the court. Even then those who saw the Attorney-General's feelings yielding to his own words, continued to speak of the impressiveness of the episode, and no hearing was given to a few unbearded legal functionaries, apparently interested in the fortunes of the plaintiff, when these juvenile luminaries gave it as their opinion that "emotion and orange brandy won't do, you know, at the price"—the beverage referred to having been sometimes used by the Attorney-General during the progress of his address.

The only other "untold incident" of that day happened at the conclusion of the reading by the Attorney-General of the verses written by Chidiock Tichborne just before his execution, not on Tower Hill as stated by the learned counsel, but in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When Sir John Coleridge had finished the second verse, the last lines of which run thus:—

> My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
> And now I live, and now my life is done,

one of the jurymen, doubtless carried away by the sentiment, amply conveyed as it was through the exquisite elocution of the Attorney-General, initiated the applause which followed by rapping on the desk before him; he was instantly reminded, however, of this slight manifestation of partiality by his immediate neighbour, and at once expressed by gesture his own surprise that he could be possibly betrayed into such an involuntary movement.

Before leaving the speech for the defence it may be cited as a curious fact in journalism, that in no paper was the telling sentence which formed the last words of the address correctly reported. The speaker, having said that it was the privilege of the jury to hold the scales of equal justice, went on to suggest the consequences of their verdict according to the side it favoured; then winding up with a manifestly finished rhetorical antithesis, with emphasis which may be characterised as majestic, he demanded that verdict from the jury, for, he exclaimed, looking towards them, "*I* am right, and *you* are just." In the newspapers the sentence was reported "For my cause is right and you are just"—the almost dramatic effect of the figure described being thus altogether lost.

The first "untold incident" worthy of note during the examination of the defendant's witnesses was the exclamation by several when Mr. Alfred Seymour, M.P., uncle of Roger Tichborne, was examined:—"By Jove! isn't he like the Claimant?" "He'll ruin the case for the defendant!" "Well, if the Claimant isn't Roger, that man is!" Mr. Seymour's evidence, however, was too strong and ingenuous to allow any slight accidental resemblance with another man to interfere with its cogency; and Mr. Sergeant Ballantine showed that he felt the strength of the testimony against his client, for his last question to the witness would have been that in which he was asked whether he did or did not see any resemblance between the plaintiff and Roger Tichborne, had not Mr. Giffard bent behind the examining counsel, and whispered a suggestion which was embodied in the question, "Do you think there is any resemblance between yourself and the Claimant?" It is unquestionable, and no breach of secrecy is involved in the disclosure, that the likeness referred to had an influence, on one of the jurors at least, for some short time. While Mr. Seymour was in the box he treated his auditors to two very amusing bits of what may be called unconscious comedy, for it was plain by his manner that nothing was farther from his intention than to act the funny man. Not understanding one of Mr. Sergeant Ballantine's questions, the witness asked: "Do you mean"—pointing at the same time to the place where the Claimant usually sat while in court. The examining counsel hinted that the gesture was generally used when reference was made to a being who resided under the earth; Mr. Seymour indicated by his manner that he was not quite sure that there was not some affinity between "this man," as he always contemptuously designated the Claimant, and the more ancient personage to whom Mr. Sergeant Ballantine alluded. The witness's estimate of the plaintiff's character—though indirectly given—was conveyed to those present in court with irresistible comic effect, though, as stated, the intention was plainly different, and the reason adduced for not letting the Claimant's advisers know anything about the tattoo marks on Roger Tichborne's arm—because "this man" would have tattooed himself—was the cause of repeated shouts of laughter, in which the plaintiff's counsel did *not* heartily join.

Undoubtedly the keystone of the defendant's case was the effective disproval by Mrs. Radcliffe of the accusation made against her by the Claimant. Now that the civil case is over, it may be said that never was so foul a charge, which at first sight it appeared impossible to utterly and satisfactorily refute, so completely and conclusively destroyed. From sitting to sitting—"I never missed a day," was her own expression in the witness box—she appeared before the Court and jury, and an audience which at times included many who within her hearing asked, with rude impetuosity, "Where is Mrs. Radcliffe?" In the face of all that has been so often urged in deprecation of Cockney ignorance, it must be said that nearly all who knew her appearance refrained from a vulgar and obtrusive display of knowledge, which might have been obtained from one, at least, of the ushers—that is, the most garrulous and insolent of them—for a shilling. On the day on which it was anticipated that she would be sworn, the Court was densely crowded—so much so that the Judge made a peremptory order that some of the approaches should be cleared. When, after the examination of some other witnesses was concluded, Mrs. Radcliffe was called, there was an instantaneous movement, but the lady, whose name, as announced by the Attorney-General, was heard distinctly throughout the Court, made no reply. After a lapse of a few seconds, however, Mrs. Radcliffe, dressed in black, rose from her seat at the back of the Court, and was assisted by another lady in loosening her veil, so that she might be able to raise it readily on being sworn in the box. Leaning on her husband's arm, she struggled through two dense lines of people, who, if pardonably curious, were manifestly sympathetic. It might have been expected, considering her condition of health, the charge made against her honour, and the constant excitement of the trial, that Mrs. Radcliffe would appear dejected; so far from that, however, was her demeanour, that her replies were given with a ready cheerfulness, which qualified her answers to Mr. Sergeant Ballantine as well as to the accomplished gentleman who so gallantly asserted, not only her name, but also that of the ill-starred youth whose love for her was the only romance and passion of his life. When the Attorney-General justly said that those who believe in the honour and virtue of their own wives and sisters, and yet disbelieve in the honour and virtue of the wives and sisters of others, are objects of loathing and detestation, there was a murmur of approving applause; yet the eagerness of the public to hear some explanation of the plaintiff's accusation gave an indirect contradiction to their quasi-generous sympathy with a lady in the hour of her triumph—for the Attorney-General had shown in the course of his speech that when the time came at which she would have to speak, that would be the hour of her triumph, and that her word would prove the Claimant's lie to be "gross and palpable."

On the 22nd of February, then, began the most interesting scene in that memorable drama, which, whilst violating all the unities of time, place, and action, has maintained its interest with slight intervals since the 8th of May, 1871. To all the questions put to her regarding her youthful companionship with Roger Tichborne she answered readily—an indescribably pathetic strain running through the recital. It was only when the sacred souvenirs of her early love were dragged into light that her voice faltered or her hand trembled.

Some time ago, when the relics of the happiness of a ducal family were put up to auction before the usual audience which invades the mansions of the noble when misfortune falls upon them, even the journal which so often boasts of its cold philosophy dwelt on the sudden destruction of all the happy associations of that house. During the hearing of the Tichborne case no word of generous pity was uttered for the lady who had to drag forth into the idle gaze of an inquisitive public all the tokens of Roger Tichborne's devotion to her, and all the mementoes of her early love for him. Yet they were dragged forth and treated with ruthless indifference. Locks of hair — the inscriptions on the coverings almost obliterated — were passed from hand to hand for curious inspection, just as transfixed butterflies are handed round at a *soirée* of *savants* learned in natural history. Birthday presents from Katherine Doughty to Roger Tichborne, and from him to her, were treated with as little reverence as if they were the remnants of some bankrupt stock, and rosaries dear to one living being for more reasons than their religious associations were tossed from usher to attorney, from attorney to clerk, from clerk to counsel and back again, as if they were pieces of stolen property handed round for examination during the adjournment of a criminal court. This almost sacrilegious treatment of things sacred to her from a thousand sad and happy memories certainly seemed to oppress Mrs. Radcliffe grievously; and the only time during her trying examination she might have been said to "give way" was when a note accompanying one of her birthday presents to Roger Tichborne was read by the Attorney-General. How unhesitatingly she denied not only the specific accusation made against her by the Claimant, but also almost every detail which he related to substantiate his story is now part of journalistic history. When Mr. Sergeant Ballantine rose to cross-examine her every neck was strained to catch every syllable he and the witness uttered; and the interest became almost oppressive in intensity when the learned Sergeant premised his last interrogatory by imploring Mrs. Radcliffe to answer him as seriously as he put his question. But that question had no relation to the accusation against her honourable name; and as she walked from the box, at that moment began the rapid decline of the Claimant's fortunes, so long in the ascendant.

Mrs. Radcliffe's cheerfulness during the trying ordeal through which she passed was the subject of surprise to every one. Perhaps it was the reaction of "an innocent wife and mother" after the terrible suspense of the past two years. To the reporters she signified more than once, through a gentleman who, with her husband, stood near the witness-box, that her name should be spelt "Katherine," not with the initial "C," as had occurred frequently before during the progress of the case. When her cross-examination had ended a seat was found for her, strangely enough, by Mr. Spofforth, the Claimant's attorney, who, with gallant elegance, pointed out the place which, by a curious accident, was on the Claimant's side. In fact, for a while she was next neighbour to Mr. Sergeant Ballantine. The day after her examination was concluded Mrs. Radcliffe left for home. Chief Justice Bovill has expressed the opinion of the nation regarding her triumphant vindication of her reputation from the slander of a villain; and though a few of the loathsome sceptics to whom the Attorney-General referred may still be abroad, no child of Katherine Radcliffe's need ever blush at the mention of its mother's name.

The lengthy evidence of Lady Doughty was destructive of a great part of the Claimant's case. Doubtless its cogency was enhanced by the clearness and conciseness with which every statement was made by the witness, who is now seventy-six years of age. Now and then—very seldom—she hesitated about a date, but her testimony about facts was irrefragable. On one reply elicited in the course of her examination but little stress has been placed by commentators—a reply on which one of the strongest arguments against the Claimant in the summing up by defendant's counsel would probably have been based. Lady Doughty, it may be remembered, stated in her evidence that the little faith she ever had in the Claimant was entirely destroyed by the expression in one of his letters—"May the blessed Maria *have mercy* on your soul." The certainty that that phrase would not have been used by a Catholic was not sufficiently explained by Lady Doughty; it would doubtless have been shown by some of the clerical witnesses who were to follow, but it may be noted that a Catholic never uses the supplication "Have mercy," except in direct appeals to the Deity, and as there was at least one Catholic on the jury, it may be presumed that he explained the distinction to his fellows.

Though the case ended somewhat suddenly, such a termination was not by any means a surprise to those who attended the hearing from day to day. The evidence about the tattoo marks was conclusive, the variations between the statements regarding them given by the different witnesses showing plainly that the testimony was not "trumped up," and that collusion was impossible. The finishing stroke to the Claimant's case may be said to have been dealt by the Abbé Salis, whose remembrance of the marks on Roger Tichborne's arm was fixed by the fact that he expressed disapprobation of his former pupil's conduct when they were first shown to him.

Before the Abbé left the box the foreman rose and read the decision of the jury. Every one seemed stunned by the announcement; dead silence for a few seconds prevailed. On the defendant's side there was no semblance of triumph; the few words uttered prompted thoughts of thankfulness too deep for exultation. It would be impossible to say whether the Attorney-General or Mr. Sergeant Ballantine was most affected by the announcement—both grew what would be under other circumstances alarmingly pale, and a few minutes elapsed before the latter was able to ask for the adjournment which was granted. Then the court broke up; friends crowded round the lady the hopes of whose son depended on the issue of the trial, and with that came the beginning of the end.

T. F. O'DONNELL.

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

How rapid are the changes in the fashion of intellectual thought and the mode of literary treatment! The periods come and go, to all appearance quite independently of the advent and the departure of particular authors. A man's idiosyncracy, I suppose, remains with him through life, without much modification; but if it does, the world very soon runs past it. I can call to memory a good many celebrities who have been lights of greater or less brilliancy for a period, and who continue to be estimated highly; but their brilliancy is no longer a light in the public highways, and though as individuals they are still living amongst us, they are estimated very much as if they were dead, so far as their speciality in the world of thought and of letters is concerned. Where shall I begin to name these "Representative" men and women, so as not to seem invidious? The question itself, by a happy reminiscence, suggests a name. It is still the good fortune of intellectual circles in the United States to enjoy the society of Ralph Waldo Emerson, but Where are the present readers of the "Essays," and Where shall we look for young disciples of his captivating pantheism to take the places of those who are no more? Do we ever meet a man under thirty years of age who has been touched by the philosophic talisman of "Self-Reliance," "Compensation," or any of the strange topics so strangely treated by the author of "English Traits?" I know not how it may be in America, but in this country, where the works had a great sale a quarter of a century ago, the man who should be heard to philosophise in the spirit of the essay on "Compensation" would be supposed to have risen from the dead. Again, I am happy to know that the author of "Westward Ho!" is still a conspicuous figure among English men of letters; but Where is "muscular Christianity," and who are its disciples? That Mr. Kingsley, as well as Mr. Emerson, has put his mark on the age there cannot be a doubt; but the period of the actual burning of the light which it was the particular mission of these men to kindle has been so marvellously brief, that though a quarter of a century will pretty nearly cover the literary career of each of them their work is now rather a tradition than a living fact. Right glad is every man of intelligence in the two hemispheres to know that the "Philosopher of Chelsea" still occupies a proud place in the land of the living, but What is the news respecting "The Universal Yea," and "The Universal Nay," "Chartism," "Hero Worship," and "Shams"? Who is there under thirty years of age who could expound the faith of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh? It seems but yesterday when a sentiment which may be described as "Ruskinism" seemed to pervade the mind and thought of the hour; but that is gone. So is Pre-Raphaelitism, though some of its professors continue to be famous year by year at the Academy. Among other living writers who exercised a notable degree of influence in particular directions for a season, but are not now conspicuous elements in the forces of the hour, are George Henry Lewes, Thornton Hunt, Harriet Martineau, Francis Newman, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer. It would be easy to make a longer list, but names will occur to all who have been readers of books during thirty or forty years. Some of the work that lies for the hour more or less under the shadow of this qualified oblivion will emerge by-and-by and become classic. Meanwhile I am not sure that men do not occupy an enviable position who can join hands with a new generation, to whom they and their fame are in a certain sense matters of history.

THE Saturday morning entertainments at the Gaiety Theatre are quite unique in their way. I am glad to see that the management is well supported by the public on these occasions. The programme is made up of light pieces, such as "Our Clerks," "The Spitalfields Weaver," "Uncle Dick's Darling," and "Off the Line." The latter work is an effective little play from the French, in which Mr. J. L. Toole and Mrs. Billington are admirably fitted with characteristic parts. In an engine-driver, with "a rolling eye," which barmaids at refreshment-rooms find irresistible, Mr. Toole has added another stock character to his special *rôle*. As something between the "Pigskin" and "Uncle Dick," "Off the Line" will take a permanent place in the Toole-drama. There is a combination of manliness and rough honest affection with the grotesque and ridiculous in Mr. Toole's engine driver which is highly artistic. Mrs. Billington, as the artisan's wife, carries one back to her remarkable acting in "Rip Van Winkle."

IT is a good sign when such a piece as "Off the Line" is received with rounds of applause. In the midst of so much that is meretricious and weak, this little play affords a pleasant glint of light. Of a far higher order of merit, however, is "Pygmalion" at the Haymarket. The piece continues to run. Mrs. Kendal has taken the town by storm in this charming play of Mr. Gilbert's. I do not altogether agree with my accomplished critic's notes upon Mrs. Kendal in "Players of Our Day;" but I am glad to learn that his fearless, independent, and thoughtful articles are appreciated and understood by those who have a true feeling for the drama and a high sense of its mission. There is a tendency to overpraise ordinary talent when it is surrounded by stupidity. Mrs. Kendal's is not so great a light, perhaps, as we imagine it to be in the midst of so many farthing candles; but it is an increasing and growing brilliancy, and is destined, I believe, to cast no uncertain ray on the history of the drama. We owe much to Mrs. Kendal's brother, Mr.

T. Robertson, whose pieces have had a marked influence for good upon playwrights, actors, and audiences. It would be a grand thing for the stage if the Gaiety management, taking a lesson from the Prince of Wales's, and the success of its own minor pieces at morning performances, would give us good sterling plays, instead of wild nonsensical burlesques. The prettiest and perhaps the most comfortable theatre in London, the Gaiety, as a fashionable house, might rival the Haymarket and Prince of Wales's in light and elegant comedy, and do quite as successful a business as at present. There are signs in the Gaiety programme for the next few months which induce me to hope that Mr. Hollingshead intends to strengthen his bill in the best sense of the word. Mr. Toole is not to go into the country until October.

It is a matter of surprise to me that no ingenious investigator of the curious experiences and fancies of mankind has ever elaborated a theory of relationship between witchcraft and mesmerism. No doubt the two things have been associated together in many minds. The doings of Frederick Anthony Mesmer and his immediate followers, about a century ago, could not fail to awaken suspicions of the old crime of witchcraft. But it has never occurred to me to read or hear of any serious attempt to upset modern scepticism as to sorcery by rehabilitating the evidence of its existence and accounting for it on the mesmeric hypothesis. In these days of "spiritualism," of *séances*, of the literature of table turning, and of "psychic force," I do not see why witchery should not be restored to its old place of honour among the beliefs of mankind. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that our ancestors were correct about witchcraft. We can then inquire into its history, and compare its deeds and its proofs with those of mesmerism and spirit-rapping. On this basis might, perhaps, be raised a superstructure of hypothesis superior in its claims to psychic force. If the editor of one of the several publications known as the organs of spiritualism will take this subject up I am in a position to help him to some useful and suggestive speculations on witchcraft. I am indebted to the Cyclopædia of E. Chambers, F.R.S., of which the fifth edition before me was published in 1743. Mr. Chambers was a man of great learning and vast information. His Cyclopædia was given to the world about a quarter of a century before Mesmer published his doctrines in Germany. I am compelled to condense those portions of the article on witchcraft which suggest these associations. This philosopher of a century and a half ago seems almost to have anticipated mesmerism. He begins with the premise that all living things emit effluvia, both by the breath and by the pores of the skin, and he concludes that all bodies within the sphere of such "perspiratory or expiratory effluvia" will be affected by them. So much he sets down as incontestable, and then he proceeds to argue that of all parts of the animal body the eye is the quickest; that its coats and humours are as permeable as any other part of the body ("as witness the rays of light it so copiously receives"), and that the eye therefore, "no doubt emits effluvia like the other parts." The fine humours of the eye must be continually exhaling. The heat of the pervading rays will rarefy and attenuate them. "The subtile juice or spirit of the neighbouring optic nerve, supplied in great abundance by the vicinity of the brain, must make a fund of volatile matter to be dispensed and, as it were, determined by the eye." "Here, then," declares Mr. Chambers, somewhat triumphantly, "we have both the dart and the hand to fling it; the one furnished with all the force and vehemence, and the other with all the sharpness and activity one would require. No wonder if their effects be great!" "Do but conceive the eye as a sling," says our author, "capable of the swiftest and intensest motions and vibrations; and again as communicating with a source of such matter as the nervous juice elaborated in the brain, a matter so subtile and penetrating that it is supposed to fly instantaneously through the solid capillaments of the nerves, and so active and forcible that it distends and convulses the muscles, and distorts the limbs, and alters the whole habitude of the body—giving motion and action to a mass of inert inactive matter. A projectile of such a nature, flung by such an engine as the eye, must have an effect wherever it strikes." All this is not quite science; but Mr. Chambers, F.R.S., would have been a tower of strength to the mesmerists, and his reasoning, if it is not quite convincing to some of us, is cogency itself compared with the logic of the doctors of psychic force. If it were given me to be a spiritualist and a medium, I think I would also adopt witchcraft, and make Mr. Chambers's Cyclopædia my text-book.

THE author of "Players of Our Day" writes to me as follows:—"I have just seen the letter of your correspondent, 'A Subscriber from No. 1,' who thinks there is some 'slight error' in the account of 'The Bells' given in 'Players of Our Day.' The statement is substantially accurate that the English version is founded on a story of MM. Erckmann-Chatrain. The original is now before me, and makes part of a yellow miscellany bearing the title of 'Romans Populaires.' It is true the story is written in theatrical shape—in dialogue; but we are told that the authors never intended it for the stage, and were much surprised at its success upon the boards. Giving every credit to Mr. Leopold Lewis's version, I cannot help thinking that it would have gained in originality and strength by retaining the arrival of the living Polish Jew. By the present arrangement we are reminded of the first act of the 'Corsican Brothers,' which is reproduced almost literally.—THE AUTHOR OF 'PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.'"

AMONG the books which have found their way to my library table is one in which many of my readers will feel an especial interest. The late Mr. W. Greener, C.E., wrote a very useful book on "Gunnery in 1868," and his son, Mr. W. W. Greener, follows up his father's work with "Modern Breech-loaders, Sporting and Military" (Cassells). Everything that it is necessary to know about breech-loaders, historically and practically, is here set forth by a manufacturer. Dr. Johnson, when he resided in the neighbourhood of the hardware village, would have been considerably astonished at a gunmaker writing and publishing a thoughtful and learned series of essays on the subject of his own manufactures. Nowadays everybody writes, and technical education is becoming a popular cry. What can be better than technical books written by technical men? For my own part, I still occasionally use a favourite muzzle-loader of Manton's and read my "Hawker;" but the breech-loader has become a necessity, like telegraphs and postal cards, and it is good to know all about the new weapon. To M. Lefaucheux, a Frenchman, is due the honour of inventing the modern breech-loading sporting gun.

HOW prettily a man may puzzle himself, and puzzle his friends at the same time, by an over-reliance upon the apparent meaning of words. I dare say the ancient philosopher was convinced by his own paradox when he demonstrated that the hare starting on a race a hundred paces behind the tortoise, and running ten times as fast as his competitor, would never overtake the tortoise. Those who have interested themselves in these odd problems will remember the logic by which the hare loses the stakes. While the swift-footed quadruped runs a hundred paces the tortoise runs ten; the hare continues and does the ten paces, but the tortoise is one pace ahead; the hare accomplishes the one pace, but the tortoise is then one-tenth of a pace to the fore; and so goes on the contest *ad infinitum*. The hare never comes quite up with the tortoise because matter is infinitely divisible. I am reminded of this amusing paradox by a passage in a pamphlet published in defence of the theory of Mr. John Hampden, of Swindon. I need hardly say that this is the gentleman who believes, with so much earnestness of faith, that the earth is a plane and does not move. The reading world have been made spectators of the quarrel between him and Mr. Walsh, the umpire in the famous demonstration, Mr. Walsh having decided that the experiment proved Mr. Hampden's theory to be incorrect. This pamphlet runs over with wrath at the "notorious rascality of the scientific world," but I do not care so much for the writer's wrath as for his logic. He says, somewhat tauntingly, that the man of science assumes himself to be, at any point on the earth's surface, "on the top;" and, if the world is round, and the circumference is about 24,000 miles, the champion of its rotundity will have to show a fall, in either direction, of ten feet eight inches in the first four miles. Well, let him try the experiment in any given direction. Grant him a fall of ten feet eight inches in four miles due south. But if there is a fall from this end of the four miles to that, there must be a corresponding rise from that end of the four miles to this. There is Mr. Hampden's puzzle, and ten to one it will bother the large majority of readers who have never before been called upon to consider the point. One hundred pounds per mile Mr. Hampden was ready to give to the engineer or surveyor who would take him to any spot in the United Kingdom and show him the rise and the fall. The offer was, of course, a safe one. Any surveyor would undertake to show the fall from this point to that, but none would attempt to prove the corresponding rise from that point to this; simply because there is no corresponding rise. What the advocates for rotundity contend is that if it were possible to get an absolutely straight bar of metal eight miles long and balance it upon a given point at sea-level, each end of the bar would be upwards of ten feet higher than the balancing point at sea-level. There is no "corresponding rise" from the other end of the four miles in Mr. Hampden's sense; but if he insists that a fall from this point to that implies a rise from that point to this, then the reply is that there is at the surface of the earth at the other end of the four miles a perpendicular "rise" of upwards of ten feet to the end of our straight metal bar.

TWO or three hundred years have effected a great difference in our conceit of our position in the world of history. I do not imagine that there are many people to be found in this island to-day who are willing to contend that English life, English thought, English literature, are more ephemeral and less important in relation to the world's story, than the life and thought and literature of ancient Rome. My notions of the manner in which our posterity will look upon the work we are doing, and upon our good and evil performances during these eight or nine hundred years are, I have no doubt, very much like the notions of my contemporaries; and I am not conscious of any particular modesty or humility of feeling when I compare our life and accomplishments with those of old Rome, or even of old Greece. I see as much reason to predict immortality for our masterpieces of poetry, literature, speculation, statesmanship, war, heroism, and greatness of whatever kind, as for those of the two chief nations of the ancient world; and that, I think, is the common feeling of our time. But how long is it since we began so to estimate our position and our work? Hardly so long as the life of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Doctor Johnson would have treated with sublime scorn such gross presumption; Addison would have regarded the notion as one reflecting the absence of genuine scholarship. But if this might be a matter in dispute in the days of Johnson and Addison, it was not even an open question two centuries earlier. Before me lies the dedication of Lord Bacon's Essays to the Duke of Buckingham, wherein the famous Englishman—a more masterly reasoner than Aristotle, a greater thinker than Plato, a philosopher for whom no worthy rival can be found in the annals of Rome, *naïvely* expresses the curious faith in the superior chances of immortality of the Roman tongue contained in the following sentence:—"I thought it agreeable to my affection and obligation to your Grace to prefix your name before them [the Essays], both in English and Latin; for I do conceive that the Latin volume of them, being in the universal language, may last as long as books last." This dedication was written at about the time when Shakespeare was finishing the last of his plays. "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" had been for some years before the public. The author of the Essays and of this dedication had been a witness of the lives of the famous men of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was a golden age of English greatness, and it was a time when the Anglo-Saxon language, having been put to as severe a test as ever tongue was tried by, had been found to be a sufficient engine in the hands of a host of eminent writers, one of whom for genius has never been matched in ancient literature or modern. Bacon himself was a great master of English, and knew all its range, its flexibility, and its resources. But in the face of all this Lord Bacon thought that, whatever might become of his works written in English, his volume in Latin, because of the language, might live for ever. Buckle, Auguste Comte, De Tocqueville, and some others have recognised the truth that the power to form a conception of progress is limited by the conditions of the age in which a man lives. If Bacon in the seventeenth century could so far remain under the shadow cast over the Middle ages by the old Roman Empire, How can any of us hope to form even an approximately trustworthy estimate of the present position of things in relation to the past and the future?

THE
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SATANELLA.

A STORY OF PUNCHESTOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," &c

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE RIVER'S BRIM."

DAISY was sick of the Channel. He had crossed and re-crossed it so often of late as to loathe its dancing waters, yawning in the face of Welsh and Wicklow mountains alike, wearied even of the lovely scenery that adorns the coast on either side.

He voted himself so tired in body and mind, that he must stay a day or two in Dublin to refresh.

A man who balances on the verge of ruin always has plenty of mone[illegible] his pocket for immediate necessities. The expiring flame leaps up with a flash; the end of the bottle bubbles out with a gush; and the ebbing tide of wealth leaves, here and there, a handful of loose cash on the deserted shore.

Daisy drove to the most expensive hotel in Dublin, where he ordered a capital breakfast and a comfortable room. The future seemed very uncertain. In obedience to an instinct of humanity, that bids men pause and dally with any crisis of their fate, he determined to enjoy to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself.

Nobody could be more unlikely to analyse his own sensations. It was not the practice of the regiment; but had Daisy been given to self-examination, it would have puzzled him to explain why he felt in such good humour, and so well-satisfied — buoyed up with hope, when he ought to have been sunk and overwhelmed in despair.

"Waiter," said the fugitive, while he finished his tea and ordered a glass of curaçoa, "Has Mr. Sullivan been here this morning?"

"He *did*, sur," answered the waiter, with a pleasant grin. "Sure he brought a harse for the master to see. Five years old, Captain. A clane-bred one, like what ye ride yerself. There's not the aqual of him, they do be braggin', for leppin', in Westmeath, an' thim parts, up there, where he was trained."

Now Daisy wanted a horse no more than he wanted an alligator. He could neither afford to buy nor keep one, and had two or three of his own that it was indispensable to sell, yet his eye brightened, his spirits rose, with the bare possibility of a deal. He might see the animal, at any rate, he thought, perhaps ride it—there would be others probably to show; he could spend a few pleasant hours in examining their points, discussing their merits, and interchanging with Mr. Sullivan those brief and pithy remarks, intelligible only to the initiated, which he esteemed the essence of pleasant conversation. Like many other young men, Daisy was bitten with hippomania. He thoroughly enjoyed the humours of a dealer's yard. The horses interested, the owner amused him. He liked the selection, the bargaining, the running up and down, the speculation, and the slang. To use his own words—"He never could resist *the rattle of a hat!*"

It is no wonder then, that "the Captain," as Mr. Sullivan called him, spent his whole afternoon at a snug little place within an easy drive of Dublin, where that worthy, though not by way of being in the profession, inhabited a clean white-washed house, with a few acres of marvellously green paddock, and three or four loose boxes, containing horses of various qualities, good, bad, and indifferent. Here, after flying, for an hour or two, over the adjoining fields and fences, Daisy, with considerable difficulty, resisted the purchase (on credit) of a worn-out black, a roan with heavy shoulders, and a three-year-old, engaged in the following autumn at the Curragh; but afforded their owner perfect satisfaction by the encomiums he passed on their merits, no less than by the masterly manner in which he handled them, at the formidable fences that bordered Mr. Sullivan's domain.

"An' ye'll take nothing away with ye but a fishing-rod!" said the latter, pressing on his visitor the refreshment of whiskey, with or without water. "Ye're welcome to't, annyhow—more by token that ye'll bring it back again when ye've done with it, Captain, and proud I'll be to get another visit from ye, when ye're travelling the country, to or from Dublin, at anny time. May be in the back end of the year I'll have wan to show ye in thim boxes that ye niver seen the likes of him for lep-racin'. Whisper now. He's bet the Black Baron in a trial; and for Shaneen, him that wan the race off *your* mare at Punchestown—wait till I tell ye—at even weights, he'd go and *lose* little Shaneen in two miles!"

Promising to return at a future time for inspection of this paragon, and disposing the borrowed fishing-rod carefully on an outside car he had chartered for his expedition, Daisy returned to Dublin, ate a good dinner, drank a bottle of dry champagne, and went to sleep in the comfortable bedroom of his comfortable hotel, as if he had not a care nor a debt in the world.

Towards morning, his lighter slumbers may have been visited by dreams, and if so, it is probable that fancy clothed her visions in a similitude of Norah Macormac. Certainly, his first thought on waking was for that young lady, as his opening eyes rested on the fishing-rod, which he had borrowed chiefly on her account.

In truth, Daisy felt inclined to put off as long as possible the exile—for he could think of it in no more favourable light—that he had brought on himself in the Roscommon mountains.

Mr. Sullivan, when the sport of fly-fishing came in his way, was no mean disciple of the gentle art. Observing a salmon-rod in that worthy's sitting-room, of which apartment, indeed, with two foxes'-brushes and a barometer, it constituted the principal furniture, Daisy bethought him, that on one of his visits to Cormac's-town, its hospitable owner had given him leave and licence to fish the Dabble whenever he pleased, whether staying at the Castle or not. The skies were cloudy—as usual in Ireland, there was no lack of rain—surely, this would be a proper occasion to take advantage of Macormac's kindness, protract his stay in Dublin, and run down daily by the train to fish, so long as favourable weather lasted, and his own funds held out.

We are mostly self-deceivers, though there exists something *within* each of us that is not to be hoodwinked nor imposed upon by the most specious of fallacies.

It is probable Daisy never confessed to himself how the fish he *really* wanted to angle for was already more than half-hooked; how it was less the attraction of a salmon than a mermaid that drew him to the margin of the Dabble; and, how he cared very little that the sun shone bright or the river waned, so as he might but hear the light step of Norah Macormac on the shingle, look in the fair face that turned so pale and sad when he went away, that would smile and blush its welcome so kindly when he came again.

He must have loved her without knowing it; and perhaps such insensible attachments, waxing stronger day by day, strike the deepest root, and boast the longest existence—hardy plants that live and flourish through the frowns of many winters, contrasting nobly with more brilliant and ephemeral posies, forced by circumstances to sudden maturity and rapid decay—

> As flowers that first in spring-time burst,
> The earliest wither too.

Nevertheless, for both sexes—

> 'Tis all but a dream at the best:

and Norah Macormac's vision, scarcely acknowledged while everything went smoothly, assumed very glowing colours when the impossibility of its realisation dawned on her, and Lady Mary pointed out the folly of an attachment to a penniless subaltern, unsteady in habits, while addicted overmuch to sports of the field.

With average experience and plenty of common-sense, the mother had been sorely puzzled how to act. She was well aware that advice in such cases, however judiciously administered, often irritates the wound it is intended to heal; that "warnings"—to use her own words—"only put things in people's heads;" and that a fancy, like a heresy, sometimes dies out unnoticed, when it is not to be stifled by argument nor extirpated with the strong hand. Yet how might she suffer this pernicious superstition to grow, under her very eyes? Was she not a woman, and must she not speak her mind? Besides, she blamed her own blindness, that her daughter's intimacy with the scapegrace had been unchecked in its commencement, and, smarting with self-reproach, could not forbear crying aloud, when she had better have held her tongue.

So Miss Norah discovered she was in love, after all. Mamma said so; no doubt mamma was right. The young lady had herself suspected something of the kind long ago, but Lady Mary's authority and remonstrances placed the matter beyond question. She was very fond of her mother, and to do her justice, tried hard to follow her ladyship's advice. So she thought the subject over, day by day, argued it on every side, in accordance with, in opposition to, and independent of, her own inclinations, to find a result, that during waking and sleeping hours alike, the image of Daisy was never absent from her mind.

Then a new beauty seemed to dawn in the sweet young face. The very peasants about the place noticed a change; little Ella, playing at being grown-up, pretended she was "Sister Norah going to be married;" and papa, when she retired with her candle at night, turning fondly to his wife, would declare—

"She'll be the pick of the family now, mamma, when all's said and done! They're a fair-looking lot, even the boys. Divil thank them, then, on the mother's side! But it's Norah that's likest yourself, my dear, when you were young, only not quite so stout, maybe, and a thought less colour in her cheek."

Disturbed at the suggestion, while gratified by the compliment, Lady Mary, in a fuss of increased anxiety, felt fonder than ever of her child. In Norah's habits also there came an alteration, as in her countenance. She sat much in the library, with a book on her knee, of which she seldom turned the page; played long *solos* on the pianoforte, usually while the others were out; went to bed early, but lay awake for hours; rode very little, and walked a great deal, though the walks were often solitary, and almost invariably in the direction of a certain waterfall, to which she had formerly conducted Miss Douglas, while showing off to her new friend the romantic beauties of the Dabble.

The first day Mr. Walters put his borrowed rod together on the banks of this pretty stream it rained persistently in a misty drizzle, borne on the soft south wind. He killed an eight-pound fish, yet returned to Dublin in an unaccountable state of disappointment, not to say disgust. He got better after dinner, and, with another bottle of dry champagne, determined to try again.

The following morning rose in unclouded splendour—clear blue sky, blazing sun, and not a breath of wind. A more propitious day could scarcely be imagined for a cricket-match, an archery-meeting, or a picnic; but in such weather the crafty angler leaves rod and basket at home. Daisy felt a little ashamed of these paraphernalia in the train, but proceeded to the water-side nevertheless, and prepared deliberately for his task, looking up and down the stream meanwhile with considerable anxiety.

All at once he felt his heart beating fast, and began to flog the water with ludicrous assiduity.

It is difficult to explain the gentleman's perturbation (for why was he there at all?), though the lady's astonishment can easily be accounted for, when Norah, thinking of him every moment, and visiting this particular spot only because it reminded her of his presence, found herself, at a turn in the river, not ten paces from the man whom, a moment before, she feared she was never to see again!

Yet did she remain outwardly the more composed of the two, and was first to speak.

"Daisy!" she exclaimed—"Captain Walters—I never thought you were still in Ireland. You'll be coming to the Castle to dinner, anyhow."

He blushed, he stammered, he looked like a fool (though Norah didn't think so), he got out with difficulty certain incoherent sentences about "fishing," and "flies," and "liberty from your father," and lastly, recovering a little, "the ten-pounder *I* rose and *you* landed, by the black stump there, under the willow."

As he regained his confidence, she lost hers—almost wishing she hadn't come, or had put her veil down, or she didn't exactly know what. In a trembling voice, and twining her fingers nervously together, she propounded the pertinent question—

"How—how did you find your brother-officers when you got back to the regiment?"

Its absurdity struck them both. Simultaneously they burst out laughing; their reserve vanished from that moment. He took both her hands in his, and the rod lay neglected on the shingle, while he exclaimed—

"I *am* so pleased to see you again, Miss Macormac—Norah! I fished here all yesterday, hoping you'd come. I'm glad, though, you didn't; you'd have got such a wetting."

"Did you now?" was her answer, while the beautiful grey eyes deepened, and the blood mantled in her cheek. "Indeed, then, it's for little I'd have counted the wetting if I'd only known. But how *was* I to know, Captain Walters—well, Daisy, then—that you'd be shooting up the river, like a young salmon, only to see *me?* And supposing I *had* known it, or thought it, or wished it even, I'm afraid I ought never to have come."

"But now you *are* here," argued Daisy, with some show of reason, "you'll speak to me, won't you, and help me to fish, and let me walk back with you part of the way home?"

It seemed an impotent conclusion, but she was in no mood to be censorious.

"I'm very pleased to see you, and that's the truth," she answered; "but as for fishing, I'll engage ye'll never rise a fish in the Dabble with a sky like that. I'll stay just five minutes, though, while ye wet your line, anyhow. Oh! Daisy, don't you remember what a trouble we had with the big fish down yonder, the time I ran to fetch the gaff?"

"Remember!" said Daisy, "I should think I *do!* How quick you were about it. I didn't think any girl in the world could run so fast. I can remember everything you've said and done since I've known you; that's the worst of it, Norah. It's got to be different after to-day."

She had been laughing and blushing at his recollections of her activity; but she glanced quickly in his face now, while her own turned very grave and pale.

"Ye're coming to the Castle, of course," said she. "I'll run home this minute, and tell mamma to order a room, and we'll send the car round to the station for your things."

She spoke in hurried, nervous accents, dreading to hear what was coming, yet conscious she had never felt so happy in her life.

Formerly she considered Daisy the lightest-hearted of men. Hitherto she scarcely remembered to have seen a cloud on his face. She liked it none the worse for its gravity now.

"I've been very unlucky, Norah," said he, holding her hand, and looking thoughtfully on the river as it flowed by. "Perhaps it's my own fault. I shall never visit at Cormac's-town, nor go into any society where I've a chance of meeting *you* again. And yet I've done nothing wrong nor disgraceful as yet."

"I knew it!" she exclaimed; "I'd have sworn it on the Book! I told mamma so. He's a *gentleman*, I said, and that's enough for *me!*"

"Thank you, dear," answered Daisy, in a failing voice. "I'm glad *you* didn't turn against me. It's bad enough without that."

"But what *has* happened?" she asked, drawing closer to his side. "Couldn't any of us help you? Couldn't papa advise you what to do?"

"*This* has happened, Norah," he answered gravely. "I am completely ruined. I have got nothing left in the world. Worse still, I am afraid I can scarce pay up all I've lost."

The spirit of her ancestors came into her eyes and bearing. Ruin to these, like personal danger, had never seemed a matter of great moment, so long as, at any sacrifice, honour might be preserved. She raised her head proudly, and looked straight in his face.

"The last *must* be done," said she. "*Must* be done, I'm telling you, Daisy, and *shall* be, if we sell the boots, you and me, off our very feet! How near can you get to what you owe for wagers and things? Of course, they'll have to be paid the first."

"If *everything* goes, I don't see my way to pay up all," he answered. "However, they *must* give me a little time. Where I'm to go though, or what to do, is more than I can tell. But Norah, dear Norah! what I mind most is, that I mustn't hope to see *you* again!"

Her tears were falling fast. Her hands were busy with a locket she wore round her neck, the only article of value Norah possessed in the world. But the poor fingers trembled so, they failed to undo the strip of velvet on which it hung. At last she got it loose, and pressed it into his hand. "Take it, Daisy," said she, smiling with her wet eyes; "I don't value it a morsel. It was old Aunt Macormac gave it me on my birth-day. There's diamonds in it—not Irish, dear—and it's worth something, anyway, though not much. Ah, Daisy; now, if ye won't take it I'll think ye never cared for me one bit!"

But Daisy stoutly refused to despoil her of this keepsake, though he begged hard, of course, for the velvet ribbon to which it was attached; and those who have ever found themselves in a like situation will understand that he did not ask in vain.

So Miss Macormac returned to the Castle and the maternal wing too late for luncheon; but thus far engaged to her ruined admirer, that while he vowed to come back the very moment his prospects brightened, and the "something" turned up which we all expect but so few of us experience—she promised, on her part, "never to marry (how could you think it now, Daisy?), nor so much as look at anybody else, till she saw him again, if it wasn't for a hundred years!"

I am concerned to add that Mr. Sullivan's rod remained forgotten on the shingle, where it was eventually picked up by one of Mr. Macormac's keepers, but handled by its rightful owner no more. There was nothing to keep Daisy in Dublin now, and his funds were getting low. In less than twenty-four hours from his parting with Norah Macormac, he found himself crossing that wild district of Roscommon where he had bought the famous black mare that had so influenced his fortunes. Toiling on an outside car up the long ascent that led to the farmer's house, he could scarcely believe so short a time had elapsed since he visited the same place in the flush of youth and hope. He felt quite old and broken by comparison. Years count for little compared to events; and age is more a question of experience than of time. He had one consolation, however, and it lay in the shape of a narrow velvet ribbon next his heart.

Ere he had clasped the farmer's hand at his own gate, and heard his cheery, hospitable greeting, he wondered how he could feel so happy.

"I'm proud to see ye, Captain!" said Denis, flourishing his hat round his head, as if it was a slip of blackthorn. "Proud am I an' pleased to see ye back again—an' that's the truth! Ye're welcome, I tell ye! Step in now an' take something at wanst. See, Captain, there's a two-year-old in that stable; the very moral of your black mare. Ye never seen her likes for leppin' ! Ye'll try the baste this very afternoon, with the blessin'. I've had th' ould saddle mended, an' the stirrups altered to your length."

CHAPTER XX.

TAKING THE COLLAR.

THE General thought he had never been so happy in his life. His voice, his bearing, his very dress seemed to partake of the delusion that gilded existence. Springing down the steps of his club, with more waist in his coat, more pretension in his hat, more agility in his gait than was considered usual, or even decorous, amongst its frequenters, no wonder they passed their comments freely enough on their old comrade, ridiculing or deploring his fate, according to the various opinions and temper of the conclave.

"What's up with St. Josephs now?" asked a white-whiskered veteran of his neighbour, whose bluff, weather-beaten face proclaimed him an Admiral of the Red. "He's turned quite flighty and queer of late. Nothing wrong *here*, is there?" and the speaker pointed a shaking finger to the apex of his own bald head.

"Not *there*, but *here*," answered the sailor, laying his remaining arm across his breast. "Going to be spliced, they tell me. Sorry for it. He's not a bad sort; and a smartish officer, as I've heard, in *your* service."

"Pretty well—so, so. Nothing extraordinary for *that*," answered the first speaker, commonly called by irreverent juniors "Old Straps." "He hadn't much to do in India, I fancy; but he's been lucky, sir, lucky, and luck's the thing! Luck against the world, Admiral, by sea or land!"

"Well, his luck's over now, it seems," grunted the Admiral, whose views on matrimony appeared to differ from those of his profession in general. "I'm told he's been fairly hooked by that Miss Douglas. Black-eyed girl, with black hair—black, and all black, d——me!—and rides a black mare in the park. Hey! Why, she might be his daughter. How d'ye mean?"

"More fool he," replied Straps, with a leer and a grin that disclosed his yellow tusks. "A fellow like St. Josephs ought to know better."

"I'm not so sure of that," growled the Admiral. "Gad, sir, if I was idiot enough to do the same thing, d'ye think I'd take a d——d old catamaran, that knew every move in the game? No, no, sir;

youth and innocence, hey? A clean bill of health, a fair wind, and a pleasant voyage, you know!"

"In my opinion, there's devilish little youth left, and no innocence," answered "Straps." "If that's the girl, she's been hawked about to my certain knowledge, for the last three seasons; and I suppose our friend is the only chance left—what we used to call a 'forlorn hope' when I was an ensign. He's got a little money, and they might give him a command. You never know what this Government will do. It's my belief they'd give that crossing-sweeper a command if they were only sure he was quite unfit for it."

"Command be d——d!" swore the Admiral. "He'll have enough to do to command his young wife. What? She's a lively craft, I'll be bound, with her black eyes. Carries a weather-helm, and steers as wild as you please in a sea-way. I'll tell you what it is—— Here, waiter! bring me the *Globe.* Why the —— are the evening papers so late?"

In the rush for those welcome journals, so long expected, so eagerly seized, all other topics were instantaneously submerged. Long before he could reach the end of the street, General St. Josephs was utterly forgotten by his brother officers and friends.

Still he *thought* he had never been so happy in his life. The word is used advisedly; for surely experience teaches us that real happiness consists in tranquillity and repose, in the slumber rather than the dream, in the lassitude that soothes the patient, not the fever-fit of which it is the result. Can a man be considered happy who is not comfortable? and how is comfort compatible with "anxiety, loss of appetite, nervous tremors, giddiness, involuntary blushing," and the many symptoms of disorder, which should be cured heretofore by advertisement, and which are the invariable accompaniments of an epidemic, invincible by pill or potion, and yielding only to the homœopathic treatment of marriage.

In this desperate remedy St. Josephs was anxious to experimentalise, and without delay. Yet his tact was supreme. Since the memorable walk in Kensington Gardens, when he had laid her under such heavy obligations, his demeanour had been more that of a friend than a lover—more, perhaps, that of a loyal and devoted subject to his sovereign mistress than either. She wondered why he never asked her what she had done with all that money? Why, when she alluded to the subject, he winced and started as from a touch on a raw wound. Once she very nearly told him all. They were in a box at the Opera, so far unobserved that the couple who had accompanied them seemed wholly engrossed with each other. Satanella longed to make her confession—ease her conscience of its burden, perhaps, though such a thought was cruel and unjust—shake the yoke from off her neck. She had even got as far as, "I've never half thanked you, General——" when there came a tap at the box-door. Enter an irreproachable dandy, then a confusion of tongues, a laugh, a solo, injunctions to silence, and the opportunity was gone! Could she ever find courage to seek for it again? Nevertheless, day by day she dwelt more on her admirer's forbearance, his care, his tenderness, his chivalrous devotion. Though he never pressed the point, it seemed an understood thing that they were engaged. She had forbidden him to visit her before luncheon, but he spent his afternoons in her drawing-room; and, on rare occasions, was admitted in the evening, when an elderly lady, supposed to be Blanche's cousin, came to act chaperone. The walks in Kensington Gardens had been discontinued. Her heart could not but smite her sometimes, to think that she never gave him but that one, when she wanted him to do her a favour.

Had he been more exacting she would have felt less self-reproach, but his patience and good humour cut her to the quick.

"You brute!" she would say, pushing her hair back, and frowning at her own handsome face in the glass. "You *worse* than brute!—unfeeling, unfeminine. I wish you were dead!—I wish you were dead!"

She had lost her rich colour now, and the hollow eyes were beginning to look very large and sad, under their black arching brows.

Perhaps it was the General's greatest delight to hear her sing. This indulgence she accorded him only of an evening, when the cousin invariably went to sleep, and her admirer sat in an arm-chair with the daily paper before his face. She insisted on this screen, and this attitude, never permitting him to stand by the pianoforte, nor turn over the leaves, nor undergo any exertion of mind or body that should break the charm. Who knows what golden visions gladdened the war-worn soldier's heart while he leaned back and listened, spell-bound by the tones he loved! Dreams of domestic happiness and peaceful joys, and a calm, untroubled future, when doubts and fears should be over, and he could make this glorious creature wholly and exclusively his own.

Did he ever wonder why in certain songs the dear voice thrilled with a sweetness akin to pain, ere it was drowned in a loud and brilliant accompaniment that foiled the possibility of remonstrance, while the ditty was thrown aside to be replaced by another less fraught, perhaps, with trying memories and associations? If so, he hazarded no remark nor conjecture, satisfied, as it seemed, to wait her pleasure, and in all things bow his will to hers, sacrificing his desires, his pride, his very self-respect to the woman he adored.

For a time nothing occurred to disturb the General's enforced tranquillity, and he pursued the course he seemed to have marked out for himself with a calm perseverance that deserved success. In public people glanced and whispered when they saw Miss Douglas on his arm; in private, he called daily at her house, talked much small-talk, and drank a great deal of weak tea; while in solitude he asked himself how long this probation was to last, resolving nevertheless to curb his impatience, control his temper, and if the prize was only to be won by waiting, wait for it to the end!

Leaving his Club, then, unconscious of the Admiral's pity and the sarcasms of "Old Straps," St. Josephs walked jauntily through Mayfair till he came to the well-known street, which seemed to him now even as a glade in Paradise. The crossing-sweeper blessed him with considerable emphasis, brushing energetically in his path; for when going the General was invariably good for sixpence, and on propitious days would add thereto a shilling as he returned.

On the present occasion, though his hand was in his pocket, it remained there with the coin in its finger and thumb; for the wayfarer stopped petrified in the middle of the street; the sweeper held his tattered hat at arm's-length, motionless as a statue, and a bareheaded butcher's-boy standing erect in a light cart, pulled his horse on its haunches and called out—

"Now then, stoopid! d'ye want all the road to yerself?" grazing the old officer's coat-tails as he drove by with a brutal laugh.

But neither irreverence nor outrage served to divert the General's attention from the sight that so disturbed his equanimity.

"There's that d——d black mare again!" he muttered, while he clenched his teeth, and his cheek turned pale. "I'll put a stop to this one way or the other. Steady, steady! No; my game is to be won by pluck and patience. It's very near the end now. Shall I lose it by failing in both?"

The black mare, looking but little the worse for training, was indeed in the act of leaving Blanche's door. Miss Douglas had evidently ridden her that morning in the Park. She might have told the General, he thought. She might have asked him to accompany her as he used. She ought to have no secrets from him now; but was he in truth any nearer her inner life, any more familiar with her dearest thoughts and wishes than he had been months ago? Surely she was not treating him well! Surely he deserved more confidence than this. The General felt very sore and angry; but summoning all his self-command, walked up stairs—and for this he deserves no little credit—with an assured step, and a calm, unruffled brow.

"Miss Douglas was dressing," the servant said. "Miss Douglas had been out for a ride. Would the General take a seat, and look at to-day's paper? Miss Douglas had said '*partic'lar*' she would be at home."

It was irritating to wait, but it was soothing to know she was at home "*partic'lar*" when *he* called. The General sat down to peruse the advertisement sheet of the paper, reading absently a long and laudatory description of the trousseaux and other articles for family use supplied by a certain house in the City at less than cost price!

CHAPTER XXI.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

His studies were soon interrupted by the rustle of a dress on the staircase. With difficulty he forbore from rushing out to meet its wearer, but managed to preserve the composure of an ordinary morning visitor, when the door opened, and—enter Mrs. Lushington!

She must have read his disappointment in his face; for she looked half amused, half provoked, and there was no less malice than mirth in her eyes while she observed—

"Blanche will be down directly, General, and don't be afraid I shall interrupt your *tête-à-tête*, for I am going away as soon as I have written a note. You can rehearse all the charming things you have got to say in the meantime."

He had recovered his *savoir-faire.*

"Rehearse them to *you?*" he asked, laughing. "It would be pretty practice, no doubt. Shall I begin?"

"Not now," she answered, in the same tone. "There is hardly time; though Blanche wouldn't be cross about it, I dare say. She is liberal enough, and knows she can trust *me*."

"I am sure you are a true friend," he returned gravely. "Miss Douglas—Blanche—has not too many. I hope you will always remain one of her staunchest and best."

She smiled sadly.

"Do you *really* mean it?" said she, taking his hand. "You can't imagine how happy it makes me to hear you say so. I thought you considered me a vain, ignorant, frivolous little woman, like the rest."

Perhaps he did, but this was not the moment to confess it.

"What a strange world it would be," he answered, "if we knew the real opinions of our friends. In this case, Mrs. Lushington, you see how wrong you were about mine."

"I believe you, General!" she exclaimed. "I feel that you are truth itself. I am sure you never deceived a woman in your life, and I *cannot* understand how any woman could find it in her heart to deceive *you*. One ought never to forgive such an offence, and I can believe that *you* never would."

He thought her earnestness unaccountable, and wholly uncalled for; but his senses were on the alert to catch the first symptoms of Blanche's approach, and he answered rather absently—

"Quite right! Of course not. Double-dealing is *the* thing I hate. You may cheat me once; that is *your* fault. It is my own if you ever take me in again."

"No wonder Blanche values your good opinion," said Mrs. Lushington meaningly. "She has not spent her life amongst people whose standard is so high. Hush! here she comes. Ah! General, you won't care about talking to *me* now!"

She gave him one reproachful glance, in which there was a little merriment, a little pique, and a great deal of tender interest, ere she departed to write her note in the back drawing-room.

It was impossible not to contrast her kind and deferential manner with the cold, collected bearing of Miss Douglas, who entered the room like a queen about to hold her court, rather than a loving maiden hurrying to meet her lord.

She had always been remarkable for quiet dignity, in motion or repose.

It was one of the many charms on which the General lavished his admiration, but he could have dispensed with this royal composure now. It seemed a little out of place in their relative positions. Also, he would have liked to see the colour deepen in her proud, impassive face, though his honest heart ached while he reflected how the bright tints had faded of late, how the glory of her beauty had departed, leaving her always pale and saddened now.

He would have asked a leading question, hazarded a gentle reproach, or in some way made allusion to the arrival of his *bête noir*, but her altered looks disarmed him; and it was Satanella herself who broached the subject by quietly informing her visitor she had just returned from riding the black mare in the Park. "Do you *mind?*" she added, rising in some confusion to pull a blind down while she spoke.

Here would have been an opportunity for a confession of jealousy, an appeal to her feelings, pleadings, promises, protestations—to use the General's own metaphor—"an attack along the whole line;" but how was he thus to offer battle, with his flank exposed and threatened, with Mrs. Lushington's ears wide open and attentive, while her pen went scribble, scribble, almost in the same room?

"I *mind* everything you do," said he gallantly, "and object to nothing? If I *did* want to get up a grievance, I should quarrel with you for not ordering me to parade in attendance on you in the Park. My time, as you know, is always yours, and I am never so happy as with you. Blanche (dropping his voice), I am never *really* happy when you are out of my sight."

She glanced towards the writing-table, and though the folding doors, half shut, concealed that lady's person, seemed glad to observe, by the continual scratching of a pen, that Mrs. Lushington had not yet finished her note.

"You are always good and kind," said Blanche, forcing a smile. "Far more than I desire. Will you ride another day, early? Thanks; I knew you would. I should have asked you this morning, but I had a head-ache, and thought I should only be a bore. Besides, I expected you in the afternoon. Then Clara came to luncheon, and we went up-stairs, and now the carriage will be round in five minutes. That is the way the day goes by; yet it seems very long too, only not so bad as the night."

Again his face fell. It was up-hill work, he thought. Surely women were not usually so difficult to woo, or his own memory played him false, and his friends romanced unpardonably in their narratives. But, nevertheless, in all the prizes of life that which seemed fairest and best hung highest out of reach, and he would persevere to the end. Ay! even if he should fail at last!

Miss Douglas seemed to possess some intuitive knowledge of his intention, and, conscious of his determination to overcome them, was perhaps the more disposed to throw difficulties in his path. He should have remembered that, in love as in war, a rapid flank movement and complete change of tactics will often prevail when vigilance, endurance, and honest courage have been tried in vain.

Satanella could not but appreciate a delicacy that forbade further inquiry about the black mare. No sooner had she given vent to her feelings in the little explosion recorded above, than she bitterly regretted their expression, comparing her wayward, petulant disposition with the temper and constancy displayed by her admirer. Sorrowful, softened, filled with self-reproach, she gave him one of her winning smiles, and bade him forgive her display of ill-humour, or bear with it, as one of many evil qualities, the result of her morbid temperament and isolated lot.

"Then I slept badly, and went out tired. The Ride was crowded, the sun broiling, the mare disagreeable. Altogether, I came back as cross as two sticks. General, are *you* never out of humour? And how do you get rid of your ill-tempers? You certainly don't visit them on *me!*"

"How *could* I?" he asked in return. "How can I ever be anything but your servant, your slave? Oh! Blanche, you must believe me *now*. How much longer is my probation to last? Is the time to be always put off from day to day, and must I——"

"Clara! Clara!" exclaimed Miss Douglas to her friend in the back drawing-room, "shall you never have done with those tiresome letters? Have you any idea what o'clock it is? And the carriage was ordered at five!"

The General smothered a curse. It was invariably so. No sooner did he think he had gained a secure footing, wrested a position of advantage, than she cut the ground from under him, pushed him down the hill, and his labour was lost, his task all to begin again! It seemed as if she could not bear to face her real position, glancing off at a tangent, without the slightest compunction, from the one important topic he was constantly watching an opportunity to broach.

"Just done! and a good day's work too!" replied Mrs. Lushington's silver tones from the writing-table, and it must have been a quicker ear than either Satanella's or the General's to detect in that playful sentence the spirit of mischievous triumph it conveyed.

Mrs. Lushington was delighted. She felt sure she had fathomed a secret, discovered the clue to an intrigue, and by such means as seemed perfectly fair and justifiable to her warped sense of right and wrong.

Finding herself the third person in a small party that should have been limited to two, she made urgent correspondence her excuse for withdrawing to such a distance as might admit of overhearing their conversation, while the lovers, if lovers indeed they were, should think themselves unobserved.

So she opened Satanella's blotting-book, and spread a sheet of note-paper on its folds.

Mrs. Lushington had a quick eye, no less than a ready wit. Blanche's blotting-paper was of the best quality, soft, thick, and absorbent. Where the writing-book opened, so shrewd an observer did not fail to detect the words "Roscommon, Ireland," traced clear and distinct as a lithograph, though reversed. Looking through the page, against the light, she read Daisy's address in his hiding-place with his humble friend Denis, plainly enough, and the one word "Registered" underlined at the corner.

"*Enfin je te pince!*" she muttered below her breath. It was evident Satanella was in Daisy's confidence, that she knew his address—which had been extorted indeed with infinite trouble from a lad whom he sent to England in charge of the precious mare—and had written to him within the last day or two. It was a great discovery! Her hand shook from sheer excitement, while she considered how best it could be turned to account, how it might serve to wean the General of his infatuation, to detach him from her friend, perhaps at last to secure him for herself. But she must proceed cautiously; make every step good as she went on; prove each link of the chain while she forged it; and when Blanche was fairly in the toils, show her the usual mercy extended by one woman to another.

Of course she wrote her notes on a fresh page of the blotting-book. Of course she rose from her employment frank, smiling, unsuspicious. Of course she was more than usually affectionate to Blanche; and that young lady, well-skilled in the wiles of her own sex, wondering what had happened, watched her friend's conduct with some anxiety and yet more contempt.

"Good-bye, Blanche."

"Good-bye, Clara."

"Come again soon, dear!"

"You may depend upon me, love!"

And they kissed each other with a warmth of affection in no way damped or modified because Blanche suspected, and Clara resolved, henceforth it must be war to the knife!

In taking her leave of the General, however, Mrs. Lushington could not resist an allusion to their previous conversation, putting into her manner so much of tender regard and respectful interest as was pleasing enough to him and inexpressibly galling to her friend.

"Have you said your say?" she asked, looking very pretty and good-humoured as she gave him both hands. "I'm sure you had lots of time, and the best of opportunities. Don't you think I'm very considerate?"

"More—very generous!"

"Come and see me soon. Whenever you like. With or without dear Blanche. She won't mind; I'm always at home to either of you—or both."

Then she made a funny little curtsey, gave him one more smile, one sidelong sorrowful glance, with her hand on the door, and was gone.

Blanche's spirit rose to arms; every instinct of her sex urged her to resist this unconscionable freebooter, this lawless professor of piracy and annexation. After all, whether she cared for him or not, the General was her own property. And what right had this woman to come between mistress and servant, with her becks and leers, her smiles and wiles, and meretricious ways? She had never valued her lover higher than at the moment Mrs. Lushington left the room; but he destroyed his advantage, kicked down all his good fortune, by looking in Miss Douglas's face with an expression of slavish devotion, while he exclaimed—

"How different that woman is from you, Blanche. Surely, my queen, there is nobody like you in the world!"

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXPERT.

Returning from morning stables to his barrack-room, Soldier Bill found on his table a document that puzzled him exceedingly. He read it a dozen times, turned it upside down, smoothed it out with his riding-whip, all in vain. He could make nothing of it; then he summoned Barney.

"When did this thing come, and who brought it?"

"Five minutes back," answered the bâtman. "Left by a young man on fatigue duty."

So Barney, with military exactitude, described a government official, in the costume of its telegraphic department.

"Did the man leave no message?" continued Bill.

"Said as there was nothing to pay!" answered Barney, standing at "attention," and obviously considering this part of his communication satisfactory in the extreme.

"Said there was nothing to pay!" mused his master, "and I would have given him a guinea to explain any two words of it." Then he took his coat off, and sat doggedly down to read the mysterious sentences again and again.

The soldier, as he expressed it, was "up a tree!" From its mode of transmission, he argued that the message must be of importance.

The sender's name was legible enough, and his own address perfectly correct. He felt sure Daisy would not have telegraphed from the wilds of Roscommon, but on a matter of urgency; and it did seem provoking that the only sense to be got out of the whole composition was in the sentence with which it concluded—"Do not lose a moment." In his perplexity, he could think of no one so likely to help him as Mrs. Lushington.

"She has more 'nous' in that pretty little head of hers," thought Bill, as he plunged into a suit of plain clothes, "than the Horse Guards and the War Office put together. *She'll* knock the marrow out of this, if anybody can! I've heard her guess riddles right off, the first time she heard them; and there isn't her equal in London for acting charades and games of that kind, where you must be down to it before they can say 'knife.' By Jove, I shouldn't wonder if this was a double acrostic after all! Only Daisy wouldn't be such a flat as to telegraph it all the way from Ireland to *me.* I hope she'll see me. It's awfully early. I wonder if she'll blow me up for coming so soon."

These reflections, and Catamount's thoroughbred canter, soon brought him to Mrs. Lushington's door. She was at home, and sufficiently well prepared for exercises of ingenuity, having been engaged, after breakfast—though it is but fair to say such skirmishes were of unusual occurrence—in a passage-of-arms with Frank.

The latter was a good-*natured* man with a bad *temper.* His wife's temper was excellent; but her enemies, and indeed her friends, said she was ill-*natured.* Though scarcely to be called an attached couple, these two seldom found it worth while to quarrel, and so long as the selfishness of each did not clash with the other, they jogged on quietly enough. It was only when domestic affairs threw them together more than common that the contact elicited certain sparks, such as crackled on occasion into what observers below-stairs called a "flare-up."

To-day they happened to breakfast together. After a few "back-handers," and some rapid exchanges, in which the husband came by the worst, their conversation turned on money matters—always a sore subject, as each considered that the other spent more than a due share of their joint income. Complaints led to recriminations, until at length, goaded by the sharpness of his wife's tongue, Mr. Lushington exclaimed—"Narrow-minded, indeed! Paltry economy! I can tell you, if I didn't keep a precious tight hand, and deny myself—well—lots of things. I say if I didn't deny myself *lots* of things, I should be in the Bench—that's all!"

"Then you are a very bad financier," she retorted; "worse than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I don't believe it. I believe you're saving money every day."

He rose from his chair in a transport of irritation, the skirts of his dressing-gown floating round him like the rags of a whirling dervish.

"Saving money!" he repeated, in a sort of suppressed scream. "I can only tell you I had to borrow five hundred last week, and from the little Sharon too. That doesn't mean getting it at three per cent.!"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said she. "No gentleman borrows money from Sharon."

"No gentleman!" he vociferated. "Upon my life, Mrs. Lushington, I wish you would try to be more temperate in your language. No gentleman, indeed! I should like to know what you call General St. Josephs? I fancy he is rather a favourite of yours. All I can tell you is, *he* borrows money of Sharon. Lumps of money at exorbitant interest."

"It's very easy to *say* these things," she replied. "But you can't prove them!"

"Can't I?" was his rejoinder. "Well, I suppose you won't doubt my word when I give you my honour, that he consulted me himself about a loan from this very man. Three thousand pounds, Mrs. Lushington—three thousand pounds sterling, and at two days' notice. Didn't care what he paid for it, and wanted it—Well, *I* didn't ask him why he wanted it—*I* don't pry into other people's money matters. *I* don't always think the worst of my neighbours. But you'll allow I'm right, I hope? You'll admit so much at any rate."

"That has nothing to do with it," replied his wife; and in this highly satisfactory manner their matrimonial bicker terminated.

Mrs. Lushington while remaining, in a modified sense, mistress of the position—for Frank retired to his own den when the servants came to take away breakfast—found her curiosity keenly stimulated by the little piece of gossip thus let fall under the excitement of a conjugal wrangle. What on earth could St. Josephs want with three thousand pounds? She had never heard he was a gambler. On a racecourse, she knew, from personal observation, that beyond a few half-crowns with the ladies, he would not venture a shilling. He had told her repeatedly how he abhorred foreign loans, joint-stock companies, lucrative investments of all sorts, and money speculations of any kind whatever; yet here, if she believed her husband, was this wise and cautious veteran plunging overhead in a transaction wholly out of keeping with his character and habits. "There *must* be a woman at the bottom of it!" thought Mrs. Lushington, not unreasonably, resolving at the same time never to rest till she had sifted the whole mystery from beginning to end.

She felt so keen on her quest, that she could even have found it in her heart to seek Frank in his own snuggery, and sinking her dignity, there endeavour to worm out of him further particulars, when Catamount was pulled up with some difficulty at her door, and his master's card sent in, accompanied by a humble petition that the early visitor might be admitted. Having darkened her eyelashes just before breakfast, and being, moreover, dressed in an unusually becoming morning toilet, she returned a favourable answer, so that Soldier Bill, glowing from his ride, was ushered into her boudoir without delay.

Her womanly tact observed his fussed and anxious looks. She assumed, therefore, an air of interest and gravity in her own.

"There's some bother," said she kindly; "I see it in your face. How can I help you, and what can I do?"

"You're a conjuror, by Jove!" gasped Bill, in a paroxysm of admiration at her omniscience.

"*You're* not, at any rate!" she replied, smiling. "But come, tell me all about it. You're in a scrape. You've been a naughty boy. What have you been doing? Out with it!"

"It's nothing of my own, I give you my honour," replied Bill. "It's Daisy's turn now. Look here, Mrs. Lushington. I'm completely puzzled—regularly knocked out of time. Read that. I can't make head or tail of it."

He handed her the telegram, which she perused in silence, then burst out laughing, and read it again aloud for his edification:—

"*Very strong Honey just arrived—bulls a-light on Bank of Ireland—Sent by an unknown Fiend—fail immediately—Sell Chief—consult a Gent, and strip Aaron at once—Do not lose a moment.*"

"Mr. Walters must be gone raving mad, or is this a practical joke? and why do you bring it here?"

"I don't think it's a joke," answered Bill ruefully. "I brought it because you know everything. If *you* can't help me, I'm done!"

"Quite right," said she. "Always consult a woman in a tangle. Now this thing is just like a skein of silk. If we can't unravel it at one end, we begin at the other. In the first place, who is Aaron? and how would you proceed to strip him?"

"Aaron?" repeated Bill thoughtfully; "Aaron? I never heard of such a person. There's Sharon, you know; but stripping *him* would be out of the question. It's generally all the other way!"

"Sharon's a money-lender, isn't he?" she asked. "What business have *you* to know anything about him, you wicked young man?"

"Never borrowed a sixpence in my life," protested Bill, which was perfectly true. "But I've been to him often enough lately about this business of Daisy's. We've arranged to get fifteen hundred from *him* alone. Perhaps that is what is meant by stripping him. But it was all to be in hard money; and though I know Sharon sometimes makes you take goods, I never heard of his sending a fellow bulls or strong honey, or, indeed, anything but dry sherry and cigars."

She knit her brows and read the message again. "I think I have it," said she. "'*Strip Aaron*'—that must mean 'Stop Sharon.' '*Sell Chief*'—that's 'tell the Colonel.' Then '*fail immediately*' signifies that the writer means to cross by the first boat. Where does it come from—Dublin or Roscommon?"

"Roscommon," answered Bill. "They're not much in the habit of telegraphing up there."

"Depend upon it Daisy has dropped into a good thing. Somebody must have left, or lent, or *given* him a lot of money. I have it! I have it! This is how you must read it," she exclaimed, and following the lines with her taper finger, she put them into sense with no little exultation, for the benefit of her admiring listener. "'Very strange! Money just arrived. Bills at sight, on Bank of Ireland. Sent by an unknown Friend. Sail immediately. Tell Chief. Consult Agent, and stop Sharon at once. Do not lose a moment.' There, sir; should I, or should I not, make a good expert at the Bank?"

"You're a witch—simply a witch," returned the delighted Bill. "It's regular, downright magic. Of course, that's what it means. Of course, he's come into a fortune. Hurrah! hurrah! Mrs. Lushington, have you any objection? I should like to throw my hat in the street, please, and put my head out of window to shout!"

"I beg you'll put out nothing of the kind!" she answered, laughing. "If you must be a boy, at least be a good boy, and do what I tell you."

"I should think I *would* just!" he protested, still in his paroxysm of admiration. "You know more than the examiners at Sandhurst! You could give *pounds* to the senior department! If you weren't so—I mean if you were old and ugly—I should really believe what I said at first, that you're a witch!"

She smiled on him in a very bewitching manner; but her brains were hard at work the while recapitulating all she had learned in the last twenty-four hours, with a pleasant conviction that she had put her puzzle together at last. Yes, she saw it clearly now. The registered envelope of which she found the address, in reverse, on Blanche's blotting-paper must have contained those very bills mentioned in Daisy's telegram. It had struck her at the time that the handwriting was stiff and formal, as if disguised; but this served to account for the mysterious announcement of an "unknown fiend!" She was satisfied that Miss Douglas had sent anonymously the sum he wanted to the man she loved. And that sum Bill had already told her was three thousand pounds—exactly the amount, according to her husband's version, lately borrowed by the General from a notorious money-lender. Was it possible Satanella could thus have stripped one admirer to benefit another? It must be so. Such treachery deserved no mercy, and Mrs. Lushington determined to show none.

She considered how far her visitor might be trusted with this startling discovery. It was as well, she thought, that he should be at least partially enlightened, particularly as the transaction was but little to the credit of any one concerned, and could not, therefore, be made public too soon. So she laid her hand on Bill's coat-sleeve, and observed impressively—

"Never mind about my being old and ugly, but attend to what I say. Daisy, as you call him, has evidently found a good friend. Now, I know who that friend is. Don't ask me how I found it out. I never speak without being sure. That money came from Miss Douglas."

Bill opened his eyes and mouth. "Miss Douglas!" he repeated. "Not the black girl with the black mare?"

"The black girl with the black mare, and no other," she answered. "Miss Douglas has paid his debts, and saved him from ruin. What return can a man make for such generosity as that?"

"She's a trump, and he ought to marry her!" exclaimed the young officer. "No great sacrifice, either. Only," he added, on reflection, "she looks a bit of a Tartar—wants her head let quite alone at her fences, I should think. She'd be rather a handful; but Daisy wouldn't mind that. Yes; he's bound to marry her, no doubt; and I'll see him through it."

"I quite agree with you," responded Mrs. Lushington, "but I won't have you talk about ladies as if they were hunters. It's bad style, young gentleman, so don't do it again. Now, attend to what I tell you. Jump on that poor horse of yours; it must be very tired of staring into my dining-room windows. Go to your agent, and send *him* to Sharon. Let your Colonel know at once. When Daisy arrives, impress on him all that he is bound in honour to do, and you may come and see me again, whenever you like, to report progress."

So Bill leapt into the saddle in exceedingly good spirits, while Mrs. Lushington sat down to her writing-table with the self-satisfied sensations of one who has performed an action of provident kindness and good-will.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO THE SULTAN'S CITY.

THERE are few spots whose names awaken more pleasant fancies or more sweet illusions than Constantinople. I do not know whether the reader has had the same experience as I in this matter, but I believe many persons connect the name of Constantinople in a vague and indefinite way with boundless luxury and splendour, piquant mystery and strange romance. Whether this be the prevailing feeling or not, at any rate, I for one had always somehow looked forward to seeing Constantinople as the realisation of many pleasant musings about the land "of the cedar and vine, where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine." Accordingly, when I left London bound for the City of Constantine, or as the Turks call it the "Gate of Felicity" (*Der-u-Saadet*), it was with my brain full of agreeable anticipations. I was about to visit the East, under very favourable circumstances, I considered. I had letters of introduction to many notables in Constantinople, and, amongst others, to a minister of the government. Moreover, oriental languages having been a pet study of mine at college, I had the rare advantage of being able to dive into the thickest mazes of Stamboul, without the terrible bore of a *dragoman*. The weather in London, for a long time before my departure, had been fearfully rainy and muddy. It was with no regret, therefore, but almost with delight, that I turned my back on it to visit a land where, at least, I thought, I should be sure of brilliant weather. It was true that it was only the middle of February, and one could scarcely expect fine weather anywhere. Nevertheless, I did expect, from the descriptions I had read so often, that if there were occasional storms and showers, I should certainly find an immense improvement. What tended still more to confirm me in this hallucination was that on arriving on the shore of the Mediterranean at Marseilles the weather was delicious. How grateful after the heavy pelting rain and thick mud I had left in London, and the severe frost I had seen in Paris and through the greater part of France, to suddenly find myself transported as if by magic into a land with a beautifully blue sky, brilliant sunshine, and gentle zephyrs! With what delight did I find myself compelled to throw off great coats and wrappers and to open my windows at the hotel, through which a balmy air glided. When I made this change

I thought I had left cold and rain, mud and drizzle behind me for ever. The evening on which the steamer left Marseilles was charming. The sky was of a beautifully transparent azure colour, the setting sun brilliant in the extreme, but not uncomfortably hot. As we steamed past the Chateau d'If, which Dumas' romance of "Monte Cristo" has rendered so familiar to us all, the sea was as calm as a lake, and one might be excused for imagining that he had taken leave for ever of storms and dull skies, mist and mud. Things continued thus for some days, until we came off the coast of Messina, where to my, and every one's great disgust, the sky suddenly became overcast, and thick inky clouds warned us that some unpleasant change was at hand. Ere long these clouds which had arisen seemed suddenly to burst over us in a deluge of rain and tremendous gusts of wind. No one could retain his equilibrium on deck without holding very fast to the masts, ropes, or other fixed objects, but very soon the deck was cleared of all the passengers except myself and two others, who determined to remain, however rough the sea might be, rather than go below and be made sick, as all the rest were, by the stifling atmosphere combined with the rocking of the ship. To us inexperienced in such matters the waves behind and around us seemed like mountains, and when one of them struck the ship and it quivered from the shock, we could scarcely believe that the vessel could stand that sort of thing long. Again, when the ship plunged down into some gaping chasm in the waves in front of us, and we who were aft were lifted up as on the end of some gigantic swing, it seemed as if we were rushing down an immense gulf to certain destruction. Little or no damage was done, however, except to the crockery ware and glass; for, spite of the plates, glasses and dishes being lashed to the tables, the breakage was considerable, and the clatter below terrible. When darkness compelled us to go below, I must confess I felt anything but comfortable with my heels considerably higher than my head, and the waves dashing against the sides of the vessel with a noise like thunder. After a day and night of this weather the wind suddenly dropped, and after we had passed Cape Matapan it completely subsided. We soon began to forget all the inconveniences of taking our soup, holding the plates in our hands, and having to perform gymnastic feats to feed at all, and divers other *desagrémens* of rough weather; and I now fancied that my troubles were definitely over, and that I should be fully compensated for them by the delights of Constantinople, which would soon be reached.

During the journey I had been told several times of the beauty of the view of Constantinople from the sea; but, as ill-luck would have it, we arrived on a dark murky evening, so cloudy and lowering that one might have easily imagined himself in London, and certainly the city itself, although presenting a very quaint and *bizarre* appearance, was by no means enchanting. But, seen with the accompaniments of a bright sun and clear blue sky, it certainly has from the sea a most imposing effect, as I afterwards found. After a week's sea journey we were all naturally anxious to land as early as possible, and eager to revel in the comforts of good hotels and the other delights of *terra firma.* Alas, however, this was not such an easy affair as most of us had imagined. The captain told us that there was a regulation that no ship could discharge its passengers and cargo after sunset, and he was afraid the Turks would think it too late for us to land, as the sun was just going down. It was somewhat difficult to the uninitiated to determine whether the sun had set or no, as the evening was so lowering that no sun was to be seen and a small fine rain was falling. In a short time the ship was surrounded by a crowd of small boats, of the most curious forms and colours. The appearance of the boatmen, half-naked or dressed in very gay colours, was no less extraordinary. Now began a scene of the wildest confusion, boats jostling, boatmen vociferating, and everyone not seeming to know what he was about. In the hope of being able to land that evening everybody had brought up his luggage on deck, and was standing on guard over it, but now it appeared that there was a great probability that we should have to pass another night on board. At length, an official-looking boat boarded us, and a venerable old gentleman, with a long white beard and very oriental appearance stepped on board. He came to bring us the welcome intelligence that the sun had set, and that we were precisely in time to be too late. The captain and every one seemed very indignant, and complaints and entreaties were uttered in all languages and in all tones to the stolid Ottoman, who remained perfectly unruffled by the storm of raging voices around him. Finally, one of the officers went on shore and by some occult means induced the authorities to consider that the sun had not completely set. As soon as this became known, what a rush was made to the boats, and what a scene of inextricable confusion ensued. The boatmen began offering their services in a jargon composed of fragments of every known and unknown tongue, and in their emulation shouted and abused each other in a terrific manner. A stranger might very naturally hesitate about trusting himself or his luggage to such keeping, even for so short a passage as that from the ship to the shore, and now, to make matters better, there could be no mistake about the sun having set, for it had suddenly become quite dark. I had just made up my mind to swallow the disappointment and remain on board till morning rather than trust myself to the care of one of these noisy and savage-looking ruffians, when a somewhat respectable looking man came up to me, and asked which hotel I was going to. I mentioned the name of the hotel which some of the officers of the ship had recommended to me. Thereupon he brought out a card with the name of that hotel printed on it and told me he was an agent for it. Being a complete stranger in the place, I thought it better to have some one who could show me the way, and therefore, although in general I have a decided objection to these touters, consented to accept his offer of conducting me to my destination. Accordingly I engaged a boat of his recommendation and put my luggage in it, after no slight trepidation lest some portion of it would be consigned to the waves amidst the darkness and confusion. At last we gained the shore. I had reached the charmed spot, and lo! what did I behold? A miserable collection of hovels, the like of which it would be difficult to find in any civilised spot, and a few shabby, disreputable-looking, dirty individuals who, I was informed, were custom-house officers. After all the tales I had heard about *bakshish* in the East, I did not anticipate much trouble in the matter of inspecting luggage, and was therefore no little disgusted by these ruffianly looking gentlemen ordering me to deposit my trunks in the gutter and peering most inquisitively into each of them and at everything they contained. This somewhat unexpected and decidedly irritating performance over, these zealous officials held out their hands for *bakshish.* Imagine my indignation! I had had to submit to every trifling article of mine being turned over in the middle of a dirty alley on a dark and rainy night, and after having been put to every possible inconvenience was requested, although I had nothing contraband with me, to pay them for their trouble. Therefore I naturally responded in none of the calmest of voices *nichun* (what for)? This appeared unanswerable, and accordingly, no doubt to their surprise and horror, I told my conductor to proceed.

It would be impossible to describe the terrible labyrinth of wretched, muddy, narrow alleys full of deep ruts and big stones, through which I was led. What a contrast to the fairy scenes I had anticipated! Nothing but miserable little shops, roads with no foot pavement and so rugged and uneven as to put the traveller in imminent peril of his neck at every step; no light to guide you but that emitted from a few strange paper lanterns exhibited at an occasional shop door, or carried by some solitary passenger (it being prohibited to walk the streets after nightfall without the said luminaries). Slipping at every step over the great boulders of stone supposed to be pavement, and yet obliged to hurry on, for fear of losing sight of the *hammal*, bearing my luggage on his back as he wended his way through a maze of narrow irregular paths, apparently leading nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general, and with grave misgivings whether I or my luggage would ever turn up in safety anywhere, I did not feel any of the ecstatic emotions which I had fondly imagined I should experience on first treading the classic ground of the capital of Constantine the Great and the City of the Sultans. I consoled myself with the reflection that no doubt these dirty streets belonged to some poor *faubourg*, and that I should eventually come out into the city proper. Narrow lane after lane was traversed, hovel followed hovel, but the thoroughfare never widened and the aspect never improved. No carriages, cabs, or carts enlivened the road, nor could any such vehicles have passed owing to the precipitous slope of many of the streets, the close proximity of the houses on either side, and the fearful inequalities of the ground. All was darkness, solitude and mystery, broken only by occasional passers threading their way with difficulty by means of the aforesaid paper lanterns, a stock of which is always kept on hand at every tobacconist's shop, and which cost only the modest sum of threepence. Such was my first sight of the Queen of Eastern cities, and my disenchantment may be better imagined than described. Still clinging to the hope that I had landed in a wretched quarter of the city, and that on the morrow or speedily after I should come upon that *Eldorado* of cities of which European travellers in general talk so rhapsodically, I at last saw my guide and *hammal* stop in front of a most unpromising looking establishment, half French, half Turkish in appearance, which to my amazement I was informed was the hotel to which I had been recommended. Alas, thought I, if this be one of the best hotels in the European quarter of this place, what must the worst be? Having been shown into a dirty, dingy apartment, where I reluctantly deposited my luggage, and having ascertained of the proprietors that this really was the hotel in question, I thought that in all probability I might go farther to fare worse; my unpleasant meditations were interrupted, but by no means dispelled, by the appearance of the *soi disant* agent of the hotel, who demanded the small sum of twelve shillings for the trouble of showing me to this delightful retreat. I burst forth into a torrent of indignant exclamation at his impudence. If he were the agent to the hotel, why should I pay him at all? I asked the host, and, if I were required to pay for his obtaining him a customer, why should I be called upon to remunerate him at the rate of about fifteen shillings an hour? The people of the hotel, who, it was clear, were in tacit league with these rascals, could give me no better reason than that "it was the custom." Finally, to save myself from the fellow's importunities, I gave the wretch one-half his demand (although conscious that in so doing I was being disgracefully robbed), and shut the door of my apartment in his face. It will be understood that this fee to the hotel agent was distinct from the pay to the boatman and *hammal*, who had both charged some ten times what was their due. On the morrow, after having passed anything but a pleasant night, and having paid for very third-rate accommodation at very first-rate prices, I sallied forth in quest of romantic Eastern architecture. Mounting one of the street horses, waiting in readiness at the street corners, like cabs in London (and which, by the way, are not such a bad institution), I directed the *saïs* (groom or driver) to proceed to the house of a great Minister, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Doubtless, thought I, if there be any beauty in the place, I must discover it on my road to the quarter inhabited by the *élite* of Turkish society. Picking my way, as well as I could, down awfully steep, narrow, and tortuous paths, frequently leading through deserted cemeteries, across which my nag wended his way, dodging the tombstones in a most marvellous manner; on, on, I went for a mile or two down to the Golden Horn, across which a most wretched and rickety bridge of boats led into the Turkish town *par excellence*, Stamboul. What did I see? Once more the dilapidated, dirty, dingy rows of wooden houses, in lines so irregular that it is only by a euphemism one can call them streets. No horse road, properly so called, no pavement; ruts and pools of stagnant water, through which I splashed and stumbled at the imminent risk of my neck; knots of half-naked, savage-looking creatures, either lounging in the road doing nothing, or busy in strange booth-like establishments with open fronts, which for convenience sake we will term shops; occasionally a group of female figures enveloped from head to foot in long loose garments (which give one the idea that they are escaped lunatics, who have purloined the sheets from their asylum, and adopted them as cloaks), shuffling along in loose yellow slippers down at heel, carefully veiling their mouths and foreheads with some flimsy piece of muslin or cloth, but not particular at all about exposing stockingless legs; water-carriers, such as one reads of in the "Arabian Nights," with their leathern bottles slung over their shoulders, roaring "*Soo, soo*" ("Water, water"); beggars lying at every corner, in a picturesque state of rags and filth, which quite distances that of their Western *confrères*; *hammals* bearing huge loads on their backs of the most miscellaneous descriptions, chairs and tables, chests of drawers, fruit, fish, flowers, bottles, casks, enormous cages filled with poultry, &c., &c., displaying feats of strength every day which would astonish an English acrobat; donkeys laden with piles of wood and coal, under which they stagger from side to side along the street, knocking against the foot passengers and horsemen in a most embarrassing fashion; itinerant vendors of fruit, vegetables, and Turkish pastry, roaring "*Sheker, sheker*" ("Sweetmeats"), or the name of some other Oriental edible—such were the sights which greeted me as I stumbled on through Stamboul. I occasionally descried, it is true, amidst the mass of hovels, here and there dingy big houses, inhabited, I was told, by Pashas, the windows all closed up by Turkish wooden lattice blinds, through which the inhabitants can see, but which effectually prevent an outsider from obtaining any view of the interior. All this was strange enough, you may say, to satisfy the most ardent lover of novelty; but where were the Oriental splendour, the quaint buildings, the piquant scenes, which we are generally led to believe characterise the East? I am sadly afraid nowhere but in the excited brains of tourists not over-particular about telling the truth. Certainly, here and there, amidst the wretched wooden houses and loathsomely dirty lanes, you will occasionally be surprised by a picturesque tomb of some Sultan, all marble and gold, cypress trees, grass, and flowers. Also almost in every street there is a pretty drinking-fountain of marble, ornamented with Turkish or Arabic inscriptions in blue and gold, telling the name of the donor, or conveying some appropriate precept of morality. The mosques, too, and the omnipresent cemeteries, with most grotesque and elaborately-inscribed tombstones, covered with eulogiums on the defunct Mussulmans lying at your feet, or Arabic verses in blue and gilt letters, worked up sometimes into the most undecipherable monograms, relieve the generally dismal appearance. The bright coloured flowing robes of the picturesque costume of the old-fashioned Turks, the variety of dress exhibited by different nationalities; the Greek, Armenian, Persian, Croat, Arnaout, Kurd, Russian, and many others, tend to enliven the scene. But the vast open spaces, caused by the ever-recurring fires, left covered with the ruins of the houses destroyed, the unpaved, uncleaned, stinking streets, the absence of all traffic except in eatables and clothes, and the other most indispensable necessaries of life, the non-existence of carts and cabs and all other vehicles, except a few lumbering old carriages, which remind one of the first attempt at coach architecture in the middle ages, the gloom caused by seeing no one at the windows, except an occasional veiled figure looking down stealthily and withdrawing immediately on perceiving you, the ragged and filthy appearance of nine-tenths of the people you meet—all proclaim misery and decay, sloth and hopelessness. The indolent groups of wretched idlers smoking long *chibooks* or *narghilés* (water-pipes) at the cheap and nasty coffee-houses, where you can indulge in a Turkish cup of coffee and pipe for the small price of one halfpenny each, and lounge for hours, the street vendors of bread and cheese, from whom thousands purchase their daily meal, and consume it sitting in the road-way, the wandering vendors of cheap ices, displaying this refreshment on stands somewhat like those in which hot potatoes are retailed in England, the public letter writers, squatting in rows, waiting with pens, ink, and paper, ready to pen a letter, receipt, or *billet-doux* for you, for a few piastres, the money-changers with small heaps of gold and silver before them, sitting at stalls like apple-women in England—all these heterogeneous sights are typical of the strange mixture of barbaric love of idleness and luxury, apathy and indolence, ignorance and oddity, everywhere apparent here. Such was the impression given me by this morning's ride, and many subsequent wanderings on horse and foot, through many a mile of Turkish alleys, in all quarters, many of which are a *terra incognita* to ordinary European tourists, and even to European residents, who content themselves generally with a glance at the bazaars, confirmed this idea. True it is that during the fine weather which prevails nine months out of the twelve in Turkey, the clear dry atmosphere and sparkling blue waves of the sea investing the town on three sides throw a kind of halo over all; and Constantinople when viewed from the water, generally covered with numerous vessels from all nations and studded with gaily painted caïques, ferry boats all gold and carving work, is splendid. But once having entered the town all the beauty of the climate can scarcely veil the squalor and wretchedness which everywhere obtrude themselves on your notice; and should it rain in Stamboul, and rain it does with a vengeance when it does rain in the "glowing East," the mud inches deep, the pools in the vast ruts, the water running down in torrents from the house tops on your devoted head, the horses splashing over you and jostling against you, as the riders dash on regardless of consequences through the hurrying multitude, form a scene of misery quite indescribable. True it is, too, that the villages on the Bosphorus, in the environs of Constantinople, where the rich have their summer residences, present a panorama of fifteen or twenty miles of as beautiful scenery as can be found anywhere in Europe, and perhaps in Asia as well; but even these villages with their romantic wooden residences lapping over the water, their minarets, mosques, and quaint coffee-houses and public grounds attached, their gorgeous gardens sometimes hanging in six or seven terraces, and their inhabitants dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, must also be viewed from the water, for once land and enter them, and the inevitable dirt and squalor will repel you; and then, moreover, they are not Constantinople proper, which is, to tell the unvarnished truth, oh! know ye would-be tourists to the East, about as tumble-down and heterogeneous a mass of filthy hovels, dingy wooden mansions and break-neck muddy lanes, cut-throat looking men and uninviting looking females, savage dogs and half naked children, as you can find in a thousand miles' walk anywhere in Europe.

C. W.

Our Stag Hunt.

CLOSE beside the grave of Harry King moulders the carcass of "The Doctor," the famous stag "than whom a stouter or swifter quarry never was uncarted at Ruislip or on Warfield-green." King was a worthy successor to Charles Davis, and well was the character of the Royal huntsman upheld in his hands; but the Earl of Cork could not stand the vagaries of The Doctor any longer, and he was accordingly shot along with Pantaloon, the famous steed, to grace the huntsman's obsequies. The Doctor had become "one too many" for Her Majesty's Stag Hounds, and from an intimate knowledge of the country and the comparatively innocuous character of his pursuers, he was doing much to bring the sport of stag-hunting into ridicule and contempt. "He knew always how to shorten the runs, and, preferring town to country when the hounds were after him, he always made for the first village or farm-house, where he generally contrived to get into comfortable quarters." This was bad enough in all conscience, but when in his last run he actually walked into a farm-house, and thrust his nose into a lady's lap, his fate was sealed. The "stout and noble quarry" being led about by the nose was rather too much of a "good thing" with the Royal Stag Hounds, and for the gallant hunters who had known The Doctor in happier days. He was, indeed, as Marlborough said when looking at his own portrait taken after the battle of Blenheim, "Something then, but now—what?" How different from the red deer to be found on Exmoor, and from the dun deer of Sir Walter Scott's novels! And what a sorry figure animals of The Doctor class would have cut before Fitzjames's "two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed!" Not but that The Doctor was a fair and average specimen of the modern quarry uncarted for the popular delectation in "vert and venison"—you can hardly call it venery—in these degenerate days.

It was not at all uncommon in Arthur Way's time, when he was master of the Cheltenham stag-hounds, for the most famous stag in the paddocks to run straight home to Prestbury from Uckington, traversing in his headlong career the entire length of the High-street, regardless of the fashionable equipages that partially obstructed his progress, and unmindful of his fame. And this ignoble conduct too after a swell breakfast given by a sporting farmer, at which all the *élite* of the hunt had assembled to do justice! Here was an ignominious finish to what promised to be a glorious day's sport! It was in vain that men rode in this direction and in that to make The Ranger take a line of country, and to keep him from the town. He was too many for them all, and neither Ned Griffiths, "Black Tom Oliver," nor Lindsey Gordon could persuade him, emphatic though they were, to forego the enervating pleasures of "the High" for a breather over the Cotswold hills. Mr. John Jorrocks, an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and therefore disposed to look unfavourably upon stag-hunting, was not fortunate in his experience of that sport, and one run with the Surrey was sufficient for his disgust. "Old Tunbridge" was the celebrated animal turned out on the occasion of his joining the meet, and it was fondly hoped that a comfortable wind-up and dinner might take place at the town from which the "antlered monarch" derived his name. But it was not to be. "Why," said Jorrocks, slapping the whip down his leg again, "there's a little girl tells me, that as she was getting water at the well at the end of the wood, where we lost him, she saw what she took to be a donkey jump into a return post-chaise from the Bell, at Sevenoaks, that was passing along the road with the door swinging wide open! and you may rely upon it, it was the deer. The landlord of the Bell will have cut his throat before this, for you know he "wowed wengeance" against us last year, because his wife's pony-chaise was upset, and he swore that we did it." It *was* the stag, and the end may be imagined.

Was there ever a county in England without a Fancy Wood in it? Anyhow there was one in ours, and a famous fox-covert it was. It is unnecessary to particularise. "There's a river in Macedon, and a river in Monmouth," saith Fluellen; and it is by no means certain that many men who distinguished themselves in the stag-hunt about to be described would care to remember where this particular wood was and is. A local poet has immortalised it in the following lines:—

Oh, tell me where is Fancy Wood,
For I would be there if I could.

Information was brought to us that a stag had escaped from the park of a gentleman not a hundred miles off, and that the quarry had been seen by several rustics crossing the famous "forty-foot ride" of Fancy Wood. We sported a trencher pack of dwarf fox-hounds, with which considerable execution had been done upon the hares in the surrounding district; but we never ran a fox except upon very rare occasions, and then only surreptitiously, or when we could not call off. It was proposed, and carried *nem. con.*, that the pack should be tried upon the stag, with no matter what ulterior consequences to our neighbours' muttons. The affair soon got wind, and active preparations were soon being made on all sides on the part of members of the hunt and others to put in a respectable appearance at such a truly royal sport as a stag-hunt. Lincoln green was the prevailing colour, though there was no lack of pink, and a most liberal and unwelcome supply of fustian. Probably from an ignorance concerning the due equipment of a stag-hunter, and from a laudable desire to leave nothing undone to the honour of the occasion, most of the peerless riders had each provided himself with a horn. It is to be feared some inaccurate ideas prevailed among the hunt—attributable, possibly, to romantic young ladies interested in its fortunes, and favourably impressed with the appearance of the Ancient Order of Foresters at the Crystal Palace on a *fête* day—on this subject of equipment. This unhappy misconception on an important matter led to such a succession of recheats and attempts at recheating, that any other hounds than ours, accustomed though they were to a good deal of unnecessary and unsportsmanlike noises, would have thrown up the business altogether.

There was something "realistic" about this stag-hunt of ours very gratifying to the sportsman's pride. None of your carting, uncarting, and horsewhipping here, but the real, unsophisticated animal, who must have jumped the park palings, or have availed himself of the depredations of some local Hyde Park rioters to make his escape into the jungle. "Oh, then, it was a park deer after all?" questioned the lady wit of the hunt. "Well, yes, mum; Squire Tanner's, they do say, of Trewdale Park." This same lady had the cruelty afterwards to inquire if we considered that we were hunting venison or mutton! We had many practical proofs in after times that the hounds were unable to distinguish between the scent of one and the other, and much expense and many misunderstandings that unfortunate inability occasioned us. For a long time after our memorable stag-hunt, in fact, the hounds would leave any kind of scent for mutton, and they were as eager after it and as vulturine as any London policeman. Still our deer was living in a state of nature, and to that extent he was wild enough. There was no artificiality about the park in which he luxuriated, and he would have fled at the approach of a child with a biscuit *à la* Greenwich or Mount Edgcumbe, as if a legion of devils had been after him. His park had all the advantages of "flood and fell," being originally an intake from the moor, and it is a matter of surprise that he should have been such a fool as to leave such a paradise, instead of being as fond of it as Xenophon tells us Cyrus was of his, "stocked with wild animals, which he used to hunt when he or his horses required exercise," at Celænæ. This was a stag—or deer if you will be censorious and hypercritical—who, as may be seen from his roving disposition and excellent education, was not one of that species

> Whose bauldest thought is but a hankerin' swither
> Whether to rin or stay,

when the hounds are fairly at his heels, and thirsting madly for his blood. He knew little of vales or villages, had never enjoyed the luxury of a ride in a cart, had never submitted to the indignity of a horse-whipping, and most decidedly had never nestled his head in a lady's lap.

The meet was fixed for ten o'clock sharp, and a goodly company enough assembled at the Lodge gates to see the hounds throw off, and certain human animals thrown. The horn-blowing, for no earthly reason, began with great spirit before the hounds were fairly in the wood. One gentleman, a noted hard rider, made an involuntary circuit of the field, and his horse—or rather colt—carrying him over a drop-fence, struck his head against the branch of a tree, and laid him low for that day at least. The horse was afterwards captured, with the saddle flaps torn completely off. The stag was slotted by the river—more of a brawler than a meanderer—and being a timorous animal was soon a-foot. The hounds did not take to the scent kindly at first, having probably vague recollections of a licking for doing so to a very similar kind of scent before. Upon encouragement, however, they soon got the better of their conscientious scruples, and commenced action on the luckless stag in very determined earnest. That animal, finding his antlers more ornamental than serviceable, was driven to the open running of the forty-foot ride; and here it is satisfactory to say he was viewed by the entire field, and his identification as a veritable dun deer of Trewdale Park established beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil. Such a hallooing as he got there was enough to drive any ordinary deer out of his senses, but he retained these sufficiently to enable him to make for the river, and endeavour to cross it with a view of getting out on the open and away home. Three times was he foiled in his attempts to cross, but at last, favoured and occasionally concealed by the bank, he forded the stream, and was soon out upon the down and making for Trewdale with the speed of light. The hounds, when they got upon the heather, no longer hesitated on the scent, and went at it "heads up and sterns down" with a will. Now for a shaking off of the cocktails. Ullo! here goes the master—for the occasion—bowled over like a shot rabbit, his horse having indeed put his foot into a rabbit-hole and come to temporary grief. It is soft upon the heather, however, and the horse, being a steady hunter, waits quietly for his rider as if nothing had happened, and they are soon endeavouring to make up for lost time again. But what have we here? A mine shaft? No, not a mine shaft, but a new conduit in a beggarly corner of a new "intake," and right in the line, unless you make a detour of half a mile or so to where you may get over without a leap for it.

The conduit is a poser, and few of that gallant company see their way to its effectual "negotiation." Leading over is as bad as jumping, for the clay dug out of the conduit and thrown up on the bank makes taking off and landing equally matters of difficulty. Some daring spirits charging with headlong impetuosity cleared the wretched concern in safety, though not without scrambling and with plenty of whip and Latchford. Not so a gallant captain of Her Majesty's Royal Fusiliers. His mare, a chestnut with white hairs in her mane and tail, essayed her best, but the ground proved too "holding" for her, as a Turf scribe would say, and into the gutter she went, while her rider rolled out on the far bank a very pretty lump of yellow clay as any man would wish to see. The mare, after the manner of the celebrated Emblem, whom, from this peculiarity, George Stevens was the only man who could ride with any degree of security, had jumped the affair sideways, and the consequence was that she jammed herself fore and aft in the trench as safe as houses. There was nothing for it but to dig her out, and this was done after much delay and an assembling of louts with the necessary pickaxes. As Trewdale Park became visible we perceived the quarry careering round the palisading, and looking in vain for a practicable breach. It is one thing to get out of paradise, but quite another to get into it again. The stag was evidently not a frequent trespasser, and as the event proved, his knowledge of country was confined to his park and Fancy Wood, and the tract lying between those renowned spots. He made the entire circuit of the park without effecting his object; and this was a good thing for us, for if our now thoroughly alive hounds had got into the "paradise," goodness knows how we should ever have got them out and together again. He was headed back just as he had completed the survey of his home, and away he went amid a thundering volley of tally-hos across the moor again for Fancy Wood. He got no further than the river, where, having slaked his thirst, he stood bravely at bay. But it was all up with him, and the meanest hunter who could "man but a rush against Othello's breast" might have pulled him down. The master performed this ceremony with his hunting-whip, and with his hunter's knife inflicted the mortal wound.

Forming a sort of basin with the skin of the neck, the master "christened" such of the hunt as were lucky enough to be up at the finish, and proud enough were they to go home bearing "their blushing honours thick upon them," no matter to what detriment of shirt fronts and waistcoats. That we had a sumptuous dinner afterwards to celebrate the event it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add; as also that the Squire of Trewdale honoured the feast with his presence, and accepted the best haunch for his private use. It remains but to remark, that in honour of the glorious exploits performed that day under the disadvantage of riding an untrained horse, the writer of this article was presented with the hide, which, after the manner of Brian O'Lynn's unmentionables, was transformed, with the aid of sartorial art, into a waistcoat, "with the skinny side in and the woolly side out;" and it has since often gleamed upon his manly breast in the forefront of battle when following even a nobler quarry than we found for "Our Stag Hunt."

SIRIUS.

A MORN OF MAY.

——In the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance to a morn of May.—*Shakespeare.*

When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.—*Herrick.*

May, with al thyn floures and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, wel faire freissche May.—*Chaucer.*

SCENE: A FOREST BY MOONLIGHT.

Bigbud, Starwink, and Streamfly.

BIGBUD.

FLOW'RS, sleeping flow'rs; flow'rs tinted white,
Drink in the honey-dew to-night,
And by the morn be canty clear,
And daint of all days in the year,
For morrow is the morn of May—
Merry morn of merry May.

STARWINK.

Moon, minion moon; moon, large and light,
Moon, looming moon; moon of delight,
Shed milky shadow, sheeny shine,
Show crystal countenance divine,
Until the dewy dawn of day,
For morrow is the morn of May.

STREAMFLY.

Brooks, blobbing brooks; brooks, breezy, fine,
Brooks, brimming brooks; brooks crystalline,
Be beautiful, and good and glad,
Sing lovingly to lass and lad,
Froth and bubble, shine and play,
When they come to gather May.
Bounce about the braided bramble,
Brush the briar, glow and gambol.
Bibble-babble pretty prattle,
Run among the reeds and rattle
Tinkling water-bells on boulders.
Carry hawthorn on your shoulders,

To the meeting and the swell
Of rills that dribble to the dell.
Root up every stinging-nettle,
Wash and whiten every petal
Brush each daisy in your care,
And be frolicsome and fair,
For lads will sing in the morning air
To merry maidens debonnair,
On this merry morn of May—
Merry morn of merry May.

BIGBUD.

Ho ! ho ! green leaves and greener leaves,
The mazy oaks with mossy sleeves.

STARWINK.

Ho ! ho ! the lake, a mirrored mass
Of lilac in the water glass,
And moony clouds to peer and pass.

BIGBUD.

Ho ! ho ! the budded boughs that play
Music by night, and by the day
Swing linnets under scented spray.

STARWINK.

Ho ! ho ! the sky with silver bars,
The silver moon 'mong silver stars.

STREAMFLY.

Ho ! ho ! the moths in lunar light,
The Purple underwing and white,
Brindle moth and Golden Spot,
Bramble moth, Buff Tip, and Dot.
Mottled Willow, Peach and Pearl,
With dusty stripe and crimson curl.
Silk and satin, brown and red,
Burnished brass and Devil's-head.
Miller moth and Muslin moth,
Clouded Buff and Orange moth,
Beauty Pine and Purple Shade,
Holding revel in the glade,
Fairies all, for fairies made.
Ho ! ho ! the moths in lunar light,
The Purple underwing and white.

BIGBUD.

Let us go, while go we may,
Ere the shades shake hands with day.
At the village windows tap,
Lazy lasses' faces slap,
Bob and Bill, and Jim and Jack,
Take their whips and make 'em crack.
Bess and Jane, and Sal and Meg,
Pinch 'em, arm, and cheek, and leg,
Till they stretch and open eyes,
Yawn and yawn, and roll and rise;
And as we go I'll sing the song
I've made me for the village throng:—

May, May, white May,
  Through the village spread,
Come and make a garland
  Of white May and red.

May, May, sweet May,
  All about the green,
All about the May-pole,
  All about the queen.

May, May, red May,
  All the lads do wear;
With whitest of the white May
  Lasses trim their hair.

May, May, musk May
  Growing in the lane,
What is half as sweet as May
  Washed with gentle rain?

CHORUS.

May, May, new May
  Through the village spread,
Come and make a garland
  Of white May and red.

YACHT RACING FOR 1872.

THERE is a great deal taking place in the yachting world just now to remind us that the approaching season will be an unusually lively one afloat. If our Government can only get through the Alabama difficulty without sending the Glatton, Cyclops and Hotspur to New York, we shall most likely be visited by several American yachts, and our yacht owners will have their hands pretty full if they accept all the challenges that we hear are to be made. We confess to a little eagerness in looking forward to this promised visit and the matches that are likely to ensue, inasmuch as an impression seems to prevail among the members of the New York Yacht Club, that in beating the Cambria and Livonia they beat the whole English fleet. Now this impression is not only wrong but irritating. To be told that the Cambria and Livonia were the best two yachts we could produce might answer the purpose of magnanimous Americans to enhance the importance of their own victories; but it is a sort of thing which we would rather not hear, even though we know it to be contrary to the fact. We will not go so far as to say that we have any schooner that could beat the Columbia in light topsail breezes, but at least the Egeria or Aline would make a better match with her in light winds than the Livonia did, and in a good lower sail breeze half a dozen might be found that would tackle her. The Columbia is named, with four others, as likely to visit our shores in May, and as she is admitted by the Americans to be the fleetest and most powerful centre-boarder they have it is apparent, if we can find a yacht that will beat her, that we may fairly lay claim to have the ascendency.

The Sappho is also among the little fleet that is to cross the Atlantic, but we are very much afraid that she will prove too much for our stanch barkies. We have nothing near 394 tons that could be considered a racer, and as the Sappho really seems as good as she ought to be for her great size, she will be a most awkward customer to encounter. The Oimara cutter would no doubt beat her to windward, but even that is by no means certain, as the Sappho is not only wonderfully close-winded, but a very fast-reacher as well. However if the Sappho comes we must find something that will break a lance with her, and on the Guinevere, Aline and Oimara we depend. We cannot include the Livonia, simply because the Sappho fairly sailed round her in America; it is true that the Livonia is to be altered, but of this more anon. Another schooner that we are pretty well acquainted with is the Dauntless, and she is included among the possible visitants to the English Channel. No doubt the Dauntless is a very ship-shape looking yacht, and at sea is as clever as they build them, but we fear no defeats from Commodore Bennett's yacht. She managed to beat the Livonia, it is true, but then not more than the Livonia was beaten at home, so the mere fact of her beating that vessel would not prove that she could beat all others. Commodore Bennett entertains a very strong feeling of respect for Commodore Ashbury, and we are certain that he would sooner have the Dauntless beaten by the Livonia than by any other yacht afloat. So we shall be glad to see the English yacht turn the tables on the American, and shall look forward to the result without fear of war being declared in the event of the Stars and Stripes being humbled. The Palmer centre-boarder and Enchantress keel-boat will make up the fleet, and either of them will take a very smart yacht for a beating. The Palmer could just beat the Cambria in light winds to windward and completely run away from her before the wind; we think the Egeria would well beat the Palmer to windward in a balloon topsail breeze, and perhaps the Aline would do the same; she is a dreadful cripple in a breeze, and either the Aline, Cambria, Blue Bell, Pantomime, Pleiad, or Alarm would lose her in a twenty miles hammer to windward with housed topmasts. The Enchantress is probably a better vessel than she has yet been tried to be, but she is not likely to cause us much anxiety if we once get her under the lee bow of the Aline, blow light or heavy. We have now run through the list of yachts likely to visit us from America and we think with proper care and precaution we shall be able to give them a pretty warm reception.

In tactics our yacht skippers are quite equal to those of America, and our A.B.'s are superior; we are therefore not in jeopardy in this respect. On other matters, however, relating to the actual merits of the vessels we have not the same confidence, and we must keep our eyes well open or we shall be beaten. All the American yachts have in proportion to their size much larger areas of canvas than those of this country have, and if we get into trouble with them, here will be the cause. The Americans are accustomed to a long spell of light winds and seldom encounter the necessity of reefing, and as their yachts, owing to their great beam, have considerable initial stability, they are tempted into having large suits of sails, and rarely if ever feel the inconvenience of it. Now it cannot be denied that most of our matches are sailed in very light winds, and that generally they would bear more lower sail than they carry; our argument therefore is that if we are to successfully contend against American yachts we must do the same as the Americans do, and extend the areas of the working sails. It might be answered that if we are beaten in light winds and smooth water we shall have our revenge in heavy weather; but there is no reason why we should not beat them in light winds as well as in strong, and by making our yachts capable of doing that we shall not destroy their wonderful capabilities under snug canvas.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Sutton, Mr. Ashbury, and Captain Starkie have anticipated us in the matter of canvasing their vessels, and the Aline, Livonia, and Pantomime will appear with much larger mainsails than they ever before carried. Such a vessel as the Aline is a great deal too good to be altered in hull, and it is questionable if any such alteration would make her better. She has not the defects the Livonia has, and her possible imperfections are probably beyond the shipbuilder's art to remedy. But the case is different with the Livonia; this is a vessel with very glaring defects, and yet it is evident that with very simple and easy alterations she could be made the flyer every one expected her to be. There have been hundreds of suggestions by amateurs as to what should be done to her, and the less the adviser knew about yacht building in general or this vessel in particular, the more confident he has been in giving his opinions. Everybody had joined in commending the vessel when she was on the stocks and every one seems to be now privileged to offer an opinion on her defects. There were some who whilst admitting that she would be exceptionally fast in light winds predicted that she would be a slow and bad boat in a seaway. These prophets have been completely floored, the Livonia weathered such a gale in the Atlantic as possibly no yacht was ever before in, and we have abundant proof that she is fast in a breeze off the wind. Her faults are very patent to those who have sailed in her and become thoroughly used to her, and no doubt the alteration she will shortly undergo will make her sufficiently good to be revenged on the Aline for the defeat she received in the memorable Shambles' match. The Gwendolin, altogether a different vessel, having an exceedingly large displacement, whilst the Livonia is small comparatively, was also an alarming failure, and we are much afraid that the costly alteration now being made to her "runs" will not make a racer of her.

So far as we know, there is only one racing schooner building, and she promises to excite much interest. She differs from most racing yachts, inasmuch as she has an unusual amount of beam. The two broadest yachts we have are the Livonia and Alarm, and neither of these has quite twenty-four feet, while their lengths on the water-line are respectively one hundred and six feet and ninety-eight feet; the greatest beam of Sir Edward Sullivan's new schooner is twenty-five feet four inches, and her length on the load-line is ninety-eight feet. This, like the Livonia, is a yacht of small displacement; and if any fault can be found with her we should point to the fact that her greatest beam is at an abnormal distance above the load line. She will have a small suit of sails, and no lead ballast; and so, if she shows no great speed, her small pinions and high centre of gravity will be held to blame.

Sir Edward Sullivan's schooner will, we believe, be named the Arethusa, and a better name could not have been chosen. A schooner very similar in character to the Arethusa, although much smaller, is building at Cowes, in White's yard, for Commodore Lee. We said that there is a similarity between her and the Arethusa, but in reality there is a great deal of difference. Each has a small displacement, and each depends principally upon beam for stability; but the Arethusa has a more rising floor than the Anonyma, and more dead wood under her garboards; and the Arethusa has a full round bilge, and some eighteen inches hollow in her midship section; the Anonyma has not so full a bilge, and her flat straight floor shows no hollow. She has two beautiful ends, and has been likened to a New York pilot boat; if she only equals them in speed she will indeed be a clipper for 120 tons. We have not the least hesitation in saying that we prefer the model to that of the Arethusa, and in a match, in any weather, she will be good company for any schooner that is not more than thirty tons larger. She is not intended as a racer pure and simple; but Mr. Lee is too good a yachtsman to be commodore of a sporting club and never fly a racing flag at all. May we see the "light blue with crest" on the main truck of the Anonyma borne to victory on her first essay.

But although we are not likely to see any other new schooner afloat, we shall be able to turn out a most formidable fleet. There will be the "fast Aline," the beautiful Egeria, the doubtful Livonia, the hard-weather Pantomime, the light-weather Gloriana, the graceful Gwendolin, the stately Guinevere, the doughty Cambria, the trusty Blue Bell, the sturdy Pleiad, the nimble Flying Cloud, and, perhaps the swiftest yacht afloat, the historical "old Alarm." If one out of this lot cannot do as "devoted Yachtsman" advised American yachts to do to the Livonia, that is, work out on the weather-bow of the fastest American yacht, then we must "climb down" and commence again, for we have none that are better to name.

It may not be inappropriate to here remark that we must be prepared to hear all kinds of demands from our American friends; they will require to sail without time allowances, and they will not sail over an "inland course." To all this we must turn a deaf ear; they must take our measurements, time allowances, and courses as they find them. When an English yacht visits America she is treated with rigorous justice, and we are not called upon to bestow more than ordinary fairness and courtesy upon such Americans as choose to visit us.

We will now turn our attention to the vessels that, as has been aptly said, represent the "national rig." Big schooners have come to be so much the fashion, and are now so wonderfully weatherly, that we almost lose sight of cutters. At one time—not twenty years ago—no one ever dreamed of putting a schooner on a wind with a cutter; but now, by the aid of sharper lines, larger mainsails, and flatter canvas, there is not so very much difference between the two types in regard to weatherliness. We all recollect how, in the autumn of 1869, the Cambria turned by short boards with the Oimara up past Ryde from the Nab Light Ship; the breeze was strong, and the Cambria had carried away with usual bad luck her fore-topmast; but this would not stop her, and it is upon record that she held her own with the Oimara, and beat the Condor on a cutter's best point of sailing. This is probably the very best performance of any schooner in this country, and it almost makes one ask why a gentleman who owned such a vessel, and had won an Atlantic race in her, should have built a Livonia.

But to return to the cutters: and we may remark that some excitement may be expected from this well-worked class. The matches between the fifteen, twenty and forty tonners are becoming well nigh innumerable, and when we get such inimitable crafts as the Muriel, Foxhound and Lizzie we are likely to pause before suggesting that they might be improved upon. Still we should not like to say that there is either much genius in designing such vessels as these are of Hatcher's and Fyfe's; their speed and excellence are chiefly dependent upon an unlimited quantity of lead ballast and canvas, and the form of the hull has very little to do with the matter. However, this much we can say with positiveness, that we have cutters of all sizes, from six up to one hundred and seventy tons, which for speed and weatherliness are without equal. The list will be added to very considerably this spring, and the thought that the cutter day was past was quite illusionary.

It is not often that one hears the praises of Wivenhoe chanted, although we all know that those good ships, Xantha, Druid, Rose of Devon, Volante, Thought and many others were built there; but we lately paid a visit to the banks of the Colne and pronounce it to be a first-class place. It can be reached from London in less than two hours, and it is one of the best places in the world for laying up yachts. We might say a great deal of the oysters and fish that can be had there, but just now our business is with the yachts. Of course at Wivenhoe Harvey has a monopoly of yacht building, and to his yard alone we look. First we come upon a wonderfully great vessel of 170 tons building for Mr. Willan; she will either be cutter or yawl rigged, and will figure as a racer. She is a pure "Harvey," and only differs from the Rose of Devon and Xantha in the fact that she has less beam in proportion to her length than these vessels have; she consequently has a larger body, longer floor, and the angle of her load-line aft and forward is less obtuse than that of either of the other two mentioned. All Harvey's vessels have what he calls a raking midship section; that is, the greatest vertical section is obtained by an oblique line passing transversely through the body to the keel. By this reason a vessel's floor is fuller in the fore body than in the after, and she consequently gets a very lifting buoyant bow and extremely long runs. This form in some degree exemplifies the old theory that the "cod's head and mackerel tail" offered the least resistance to forward motion. We have no doubt that the extreme modification of the form as introduced by Harvey is better adapted than an excessively lean fore-body for high speed in a seaway and for weatherliness under any circumstances, and we should not be surprised if other builders came to the same conclusion and henceforward fashioned their models accordingly. Mr. Harvey has a smaller yawl building, and he has several schooners and cutters hauled up for repairs.

We must now leave Wivenhoe, Harvey and his individuality in yacht-building, for a peep at Cowes; there at this latter spot on the banks of the foul Medina we may fairly revel in yacht building. We tumble into Ratsey's and come upon five all in a row. The first is a cutter of 105 tons building for Count Batthyany, who has made an enduring name with the old Flying Cloud. This cutter is expected to distinguish herself on occasions when there is too much wind for the incomparable Vanguard; then it is expected she will hang to the Oimara's weather-quarter on a wind, and follow close in her wake when, with sheets well off, they are sailing large. How she will do this we do not know, but she certainly is of the most approved cutter form; that is, she has great rise of floor, with plenty of displacement, and will have quite thirty tons of lead, beside as much iron, to enable her to carry her canvas. Her bow, perhaps, is a trifle full at the load-line, but her quarters, no doubt, are better than Ratsey generally puts to his vessels. Here we may remark *en passant* that Ratsey has got an ill-considered way of cleaning out his quarters and entrance under the load-line, and making up for the deficiency by putting what he calls a powerful load-line fore and aft. We may be dull, but we certainly do not see the advantages of his plan; and it seems to us that there are so many arguments against it as to make it a matter of surprise that he should persist in a model that the Americans at least have thrown aside. He may be successful in some of his vessels—he undoubtedly is—but if he moulded their displacements a little differently, and paid a little more regard to the form of load-line and inclined water-line, he would obtain still better results.

By the side of Count Batthyany's cutter, Ratsey has a sixty tonner building for Mr. Ashbury. She will be named the Iona, and Ratsey is supposed to have discovered the defects of the Vanguard, and to have remedied them in this new venture. She is a little longer and four inches narrower than the Vanguard, with a little fuller midship section and more displacement. An increase of displacement of course means an increase of ballast, and that, in cases like this, means greater sail-carrying power. Now we all know that the Vanguard is an extremely tender vessel, and one that requires a good deal of looking after in a sea; the Iona should, by virtue of her greater dead weight, be a more capable sea-boat; but whether she will be so good as the Vanguard in light winds is another matter. It is quite possible that she may be as good or better, for we frequently see vessels of large displacement show great comparative speed in light winds; and to support this statement we have only to refer to such vessels as the Guinevere and Egeria, or any of Hatcher's forty tonners. Ratsey has also a nice-looking forty on the stocks for Mr. Freke. She has rather a hollow entrance, with a midship section something like the Vanguard, and a tuck very like the Foxhound's; which means that Ratsey has not cleaned out her runs so much as is his usual practice. In the same yard the Christabel is hauled up for alterations; her stern-post is to be given more rake, and her fore foot is to be rounded away. She was always slow at staying, and it is expected that these slight alterations will enable her to be worked much quicker. She was built, we believe, by Aldous, at Brightlingsea, and is rather a peculiar-looking vessel, with long flat quarters something like those of the Flying Cloud; her vertical sections cross each other at the rising, the same as those in Hervey's vessels do; and we presume that raking midship sections are fashionable on the east coast. A nice-looking schooner and yawl are also laid down in Ratsey's yard, but neither is intended for racing.

At Southampton we find Hatcher busy upon a forty tonner for Major Ewing; she is longer and narrower, and has less displacement than he usually gives his vessels; this boat will be named the Norman, and is said to be an improved Alcyone. The latter was heralded as an "improved" Muriel, but the improvements have hitherto not been manifested. Payne is building a twenty-five tonner; this is a vessel of the ordinary V type, with very rising floor, and two extremely sharp ends. Payne is also altering the Foxhound by cleaning out her quarters a little; we fancy he would have done more good if he had eased her quarters just above the load line—if any alteration were required in so good a little vessel. Fyfe, at Fairley, we hear, has one or two cutters under forty tons building, but we have not heard if there are any building in other yards.

We will now just run over the list of cutters, and see what we are likely to have in the racing line during the summer. In the first place we shall most likely have the Oimara, and we hope that Mr. Wylie will have better fortune in future. To sail a big cutter like the Oimara in a race is no joke, and it must be highly mortifying to find what is absolutely the best English racing yacht afloat handicapped out of everything wherever she goes. The other big cutters will probably be the Condor, Rose of Devon, Julia, Sea Bird, Arrow, Garrion, Menai, Fiona, and the new one of Count Batthyany's. These are eight, and they would make a very nice match by themselves. It is scarcely satisfactory sailing cutters of from eighty to one hundred and seventy tons each, against forty tonners. In light winds the small ones get all the best of it, and in a hard breeze and tumbling sea the hundred tonners fairly lose the small fry. It will, perhaps, be said that each class gets its day, but we imagine that it would be infinitely more satisfactory if the classes were separated. We hear that it is doubtful whether either the Vanguard or Fiona will be fitted out, and in their absence the Iona should pick up some cups if she is as good as she ought to be on the promises of her builder. The "broom" is up in the Volante, but her old rival Mosquito will most likely come out and astonish us as much as ever; among those under sixty tons will be the Christabel, recently bought by Col. Gourley; it has been said that her name is to be changed to Glaucus, and such a name as that ought to be capable of sinking any vessel it is attached to. Besides the Christabel we do not know anything between fifty and sixty tons in the racing line, but there will be plenty of the forty class. Hatcher is principally answerable for these, and we must say that he is pretty lucky in building for men who race all round the coast, and each gets a turn in "saving her time." During this summer we shall probably see the Niobe, Muriel, Alcyone, Vindex, Dione, Glance, and Norman, all by Hatcher, and opposed to these there will be the Marquis of Ailsa's Foxhound, the forty tonner building by Ratsey, a new one by Fyfe, and the Banshee. The latter is an iron boat of fifty tons, built at Liverpool some ten years ago. She has recently been purchased by Mr. Dunbar, whose yachting name is identified with the Madcap schooner and Pearl yawl. The Banshee in light winds is no doubt a very fast boat, but she has very ugly hollow lines, and is not a good sea-boat. There will be at least a dozen to come in under the twenty tons class, and quite as many will be found when the fifteen tonners are summed up. Altogether we anticipate a very busy and gay season afloat, whether we are visited by the Americans or not.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

XIV.—FIELDING, SMOLLETT AND STERNE.

THE anecdote is upon record, that when Reynolds first met with Johnson's Life of Savage, he commenced reading it with one elbow resting on the mantel-piece, and that he never moved from that position till he had finished the biography, when he found his arm so benumbed as to be scarcely able to move it. It were difficult to conceive of even few circumstances more gratifying to the honest self-love of an author than the record of such a fact, coming, too, from a man possessing the graceful perception and cultivated understanding of the first President of our Academy of Painting. As a pendant to the above anecdote, I was acquainted with an old gentleman who told me that when he received the "New Novel" of "Tom Jones" from his bookseller, he never left his seat till he closed the last volume at the last page: and no wonder, for it is a story of a life that grapples the attention of the reader—particularly the English reader—"with hooks of steel;" for no novelist before him, and but few of eminence after him, have been so thoroughly indigenous in scene, in character, in feeling, and in manners, as Fielding; and not only are all his novels thoroughly English, but they are as thoroughly *his own.* In reading them, we feel as if they were the social and domestic history of the early part of the last century; and there can be little doubt that such is the case, for Fielding drew all his characters from the life, his plots from his own invention; and these are almost equal in merit to the other, for I suppose that no one, from his own to the present day, when reading the book, ever anticipated the origin of Tom Jones. He must, indeed, have been a "wise child" could he, or any one else, have guessed the Foundling's father *or* mother; and yet the ease and natural development of the story are such, there is so little of the artifice, the machinery of plot in it, that it has all the effect of certainly a romantic, but yet of a true biography. In reading the novels of Fielding, and tracing his characters, we never catch ourselves exclaiming, "Oh, that is very improbable, that character is much overdrawn!" Even his Parson Adams (perhaps the most fanciful in all his gallery of portraits) is nevertheless a *vera effigies*; and I, in my contracted worldly experience, could have closely paralleled that original for an almost incredible homeliness and simplicity of mind, and he also a Christian minister. It is hazardous to pronounce what character is improbable, what combination monstrous. The "yarn of our life is so mingled," we have all so many antagonistic and contradictory qualities, that that artist draws the most natural character who is not over anxious about its uniformity in good or evil.

Not only, however, is Fielding distinguished by the fidelity of his characters, but with an almost prophetic inspiration he reveals to us the penetralia of the human heart, its secret and profound movements, with the causes and consequences of volition and action. Moreover, with that expanded knowledge and experience, he constantly exhibits a strong sympathy with his species, and which, with his great master (Shakespeare) he ratifies by insisting upon the redeeming presence of "good in things evil." The most enlarged and the soundest in knowledge are ever tolerant of the defects and infirmities of others. So accurate, so natural, in short, are Fielding's charts of characters, that it has been urged by some that he must have had his materials ready-made to his hands, as Defoe is said to have had with many of his extraordinary histories and biographies. Indeed there is little doubt that he had, and amply did he avail himself of his resources, and so has every one who has an eye in his head, and a head to concoct and record all that he perceives transacting around him. The great book of Nature is open to us all to copy from, and all the human characters that we see emblazoned in works of fiction are only just so many copies of what the writers have witnessed in real life, as the same writers describe the scenery appropriate to the circumstances associate and congenial with the time and action of their characters. Every writer of fiction selects for the purpose of his story persons whom he has seen and noted in real life. The merit consists in causing the persons to talk like themselves. That is the only "invention" in a novelist (after his plot), and very great *is* that invention—the greater, of course, the more nearly the ideas and the order of language harmonise with the order of character. As there is "nothing new under the sun" in human character; all is but an endless system of permutation; so, when we say of any newly-introduced individual in a novel, "That is an original character," it is but one more in the long train of beings that has hitherto escaped the graphic eye of the historian. It will readily be believed that there is no intention to depreciate the merits of a man like Fielding; for, after all, the seeing and the recording of that which we have seen constitute the talent of the artist; the more faithfully, the more meritorious the transmission.

Fielding, in his public capacity of magistrate, as well as in the public career he pursued, had an infinite variety of characters come under his notice; and his order of mind and natural tendency being that of studying the evolutions of human action, the whole animus of his genius was directed to that order of delineation. Hence is to be noticed in his novels how very meagre are his descriptions of scenery, particularly of rural scenery. Compare them with Walter Scott's, whose order of mind was absolutely panoramic. Scott was a true poet. Fielding had very little *external* imagination, and even less fancy; he never went out of the scenes in which he had been accustomed to move. He busied himself solely with human nature; and rarely has any one turned his studies to more ample account than he. Its principles, and general, intimate, and remote feelings, acting under particular circumstances and impressions, moved him to an intense degree. They were ever present with him; and, as Hazlitt has well observed, "he makes use of incident and situation only to bring out character." Instances of these might be enumerated to a remarkable extent. In "Tom Jones" alone they recur constantly. In all the collisions between Squire Western and Sophia, his utter incapacity in the first instance to conceive that his daughter should or could fall in love with Tom Jones; his fury against him for daring so bold a flight as the aspiring to her heart; his coarse and insane denunciations of her for daring to make her own election; his scouring the country after her when she has eloped, with that clever touch of the wild animal instinct in him; leaving the pursuit of her (whom he most loves upon earth—after himself) when he hears the cry of the hounds, in order that he may join in the fox-chase; his swine-like obstinacy and tyranny being perfectly consistent with his love of his daughter; but even that subservient to his passion for hunting. And at the close of the history, when matters have been cleared to the hero's advantage, and he has received the consent of the Squire to claim his daughter's hand, the transport of his rage upon finding that now that daughter has an objection of her own against the man for whom she formerly had asserted her right of preference in contradiction to his will, he having no idea of any will being superior to his own on this side of Omnipotence; and he has, indeed, but a limited idea of any thing beyond the circle of his own fireside and his dog-kennel, in both spheres wherein he reigns autocrat.

Again, the elegant squabbles we are entertained with between him and his sister: his constantly taunting her with her defection from the good old Jacobite principles; all disorder, all misrule, civil or domestic, all inconvenience, all disagreeables, being the result of our importation of the "Hanover rats." That prodigy of a so-called argument between them regarding Sophia's elopement; Miss Western's assertion of her sex's prerogative, with her reference, as an authority, to Milton; and the Squire's answer, winding up the controversy, by damning Milton.

There is little doubt that the portrait of Western is a faithful one of a Somersetshire Squire of that age, and Fielding having resided among the gentry of that district for some time, he had notable subjects to sketch from at full leisure.

Then the extraordinary force of delineation in the characters of the Blifils; the contempt of Mrs. B. for her husband, the captain, and the intensely cordial hatred, the unmitigated, the saturated disgust of the captain for his wife; his loathing of her merging into a religion; the exquisitely refined satire in describing her behaviour upon receiving the news of his sudden death, ending in the immortal epitaph inscribed on his tombstone, a stereotype of the conventional decency to be observed in those matrimonial alliances which have existed in loathing and ended in joy to the survivor. "Here lies, in expectation of a joyful rising, the body of Captain John Blifil. London had the honour of his birth; Oxford of his education. His parts were an honour to his profession and to his country; his life to his religion and human nature. He was a dutiful son, a tender husband, an affectionate father, a most kind brother, a sincere friend, a devout Christian, and a good man. His inconsolable widow hath erected this stone, the monument of his virtues and her affection." The triumph—the climax of this polished satire—is, that every word of the composition comprises a falsehood.

Again, as instances of his using "incident and situation *only* to bring out *character*," may be noticed the scenes with Molly Seagrim, and the graduated preferences she shows for her several lovers. For Jones, through vanity; for Philosopher Square, through mere pecuniary interest; and for Will Barnes, through instinct, as being the only one on a level with herself. The scenes again with Lady Bellaston; the one with Sophia's muff; but *the* one in which, to my own feeling, the fine nature of Fielding comes forth, and his contempt is displayed for the odious insincerity of a large class in society who pass for very virtuous and very proper people, occurs in that scene in "Joseph Andrews," where the hero is robbed, beaten, and stripped by highwaymen, and left for dead by the roadside; and when discovered by the stage-coach party that were passing the same way, the postillion having first heard his groans and insisted on dismounting to see what was the matter; the consternation of the gentlemen upon finding that he had been robbed, and their proposing to hasten on immediately lest they should be robbed also. The wish of the young lawyer that "they had *happened* to have passed by *without taking any notice*, but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company, and that if he should die they might be called to some account for the murder." The horror of the lady passenger at the idea of a naked and bleeding man being taken into the carriage, and her ordering the coachman to drive on, and, as a winding up of the event, the means by which he was relieved from his misery. The author says: "Though there were several great-coats about the coach the two gentlemen complained they were cold and could not spare a rag, the man of wit saying, with a laugh, that 'Charity began at home,' and the coachman, who had two great-coats spread under him, refused to lend either lest they should be made bloody. The lady's footman desired to be excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved; and it is more than probable that poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution of not appearing among the party in that state, must have perished unless the postillion (a lad who has since been transported for robbing a hen-roost) had voluntarily stripped off a great-coat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the passengers), 'that he would rather ride in his shirt all his life, than suffer a fellow creature to die in so miserable a condition.'"

Upon numbers of such occasions as this the humane philosophy of this great writer is displayed, and always with so finely polished a vein of satire, that he is to be studied for the sake of his language alone, his sentences being constructed with the most perfect appropriateness, without betraying the slightest appearance of effort or elaboration.

The moral tendency of "Tom Jones" has been objected to, but I must honestly confess that I think with undue rigidity. That lad must have had from his birth but questionable *home* examples who shall become enamoured of the Foundling's vagabond career, and even in his disreputable alliances I do not find him to be envied in his successes, and on few occasions is his general character to be respected. Certainly Tom Jones is not mean, or treacherous, but open, liberal, and humane; still, withal, he is essentially a most commonplace fellow.

The character, too, of Sophia, the heroine, was doubtless formed upon the author's *own* ideas of female perfection. She is, of course, beautiful, generous, amiable in temper, dotingly fond, and constant to her lover. But it is to be remarked that Fielding had not the true lofty sense of the female character. Upon this point he as much depressed the higher qualities in his women as Richardson labours to elevate them. Fielding seems to think that the *ne plus ultra* of perfection in woman consists in implicit yielding. Alworthy tells Sophia that the great charm he had observed in her conduct was the deference she always manifested for the opinions and judgment of men; and, with the exception of Alworthy himself, only think of the "men" by whom Sophia was surrounded! So glaring is this prejudice in Fielding, that he almost always associates anything of a learned accomplishment in women with some disgusting quality or propensity. Jenny, the reputed mother of Tom Jones, has a spice of learning; the same accomplishment is bestowed upon the odious Mrs. Bennett, in his novel of "Amelia." Squire Western's sister, too, would, in his day, pass for a learned woman. Fielding having been a gay man of the world, a reckless expensive one, and somewhat licentious in his habits, and consequently selfish, it would almost naturally follow that he was not intimate with the finest specimens of the female sex, and that he would eulogise those characters among them who would be the most subservient to his humours, caprices, and sensual indulgences. The most perfect character, therefore (selfishly speaking), that he has drawn, is the wife of Booth, in his novel of "Amelia." Dotingly fond, constant, forbearing, patient, uncomplaining, sacrificing all, even to her jewels and other personal property, pawning her clothes and furniture to pay his *gambling debts*, and this conduct on her part (which it were scarcely a harsh term to call imbecile) is exalted by the author into a moral canonization. While, on the part of Booth himself (in whose character Fielding is said to have portrayed his own), we are introduced to a man described as being passionately in love with his wife, not so much so however as to preclude his occasionally lapsing into infidelities. He is good-natured, it is true, but recklessly extravagant, and so regardless of her sufferings that I recollect no instance of a sacrifice that he makes for her comfort, while he graciously receives (as a duty to a higher nature) all the lavishings that she pours out upon him. Now, all this appears to me no more than selfishness on the one side, and amiable profusion on the other; and really, so to speak, Amelia, upon more than one occasion, is weakness itself. Of the same complexion with Amelia is the character of Mrs. Heartfree in the "Jonathan Wild." Personally attractive, perfectly doting, and obedient, even against her reason, and these qualities appear to comprise the whole category of a woman's perfections in Fielding's estimation. Such are evidently the favourites with him; yet the facility and even the weakness of Mrs. Heartfree's judgment upon more than one occasion during her career exhibits her as little better than a born fool.

But the force of Fielding's genius lay (as already observed) in an acute perception of the niceties—particularly the imperfections—of character, with a richly gifted vein of satire. This talent always appears in great force whenever he has the two professions of law and medicine under his lash. The consultation of the doctors upon the cause of Blifil's death, and their coming to the unanimous opinion that it is not necessary to administer medicine to him because he is already dead, is worthy of Molière himself; and Voltaire could not with a finer pungency have described a justice of the peace than Fielding has done in the opening of his novel of "Amelia." The satire is keen enough, because it is true in the aged experience of some of us. This is the passage alluded to: "Mr. Thrasher, however, the justice before whom the prisoners were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magistratical capacity. I own I have been sometimes inclined to think that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law, for this simple reason, because in every case which comes before him he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books (the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making themselves two large volumes in folio, and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being disposed in a hundred volumes), I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading, and yet, certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter.

"This, perhaps, was a defect, but this was not all, for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decide right or wrong. But sorry am I to say right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong has often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate, who, if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle laid down in the Institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side."

In this same scene it is that the watchmen have always in stock, and at hand, a battered lantern, which they produce in every assault case as evidence against the prisoners. Upon occasions like this Fielding's wit and humour appear to advantage; in the latter quality (of humour) he was as far behind, as in the former and higher quality (of wit) he surpassed Smollett. Fielding's coarser scenes of low humour, and his coarse description of them (those at inns for instance), are, to my own feeling, absolutely disagreeable, and they are frequently repeated.

The peculiar vein of Fielding's genius, that of satire, appears in its greatest force and lustre in his "History of Jonathan Wild the Great." For a finely and consistently-sustained vein of irony throughout the whole of the pretended biography of that illustrious thief and blood-money dealer, I think its rival will scarcely be found in the language.

Having stated the thesis of his argument, that "greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them," in contradistinction to what he amusingly terms the "obsolete doctrines of a set of simple fellows called, in derision, sages or philosophers, who have confounded the ideas of greatness and goodness, no two things being more distinct from each other," he cites two eminent historical examples of what the world have deemed great in action in the characters of Alexander and Julius Cæsar; and from these two he deduces the inference that his own hero, Mr. Jonathan Wild, advanced equal claims to the cognomen of great. "For instance," he says, "in the histories of Alexander and Cæsar we are frequently reminded of their benevolence and generosity. When the former had with fire and sword overrun a whole empire, and destroyed the lives of millions of innocent people, we are told, as an example of his benevolence, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and carry her daughters into captivity. And when the mighty Cæsar had with wonderful 'greatness' of mind destroyed the liberties of his country, and gotten all the power into his own hands, we receive, as an instance of his generosity, his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it." And so, upon this principle of pure selfishness, he conducts his history of Mr. Jonathan Wild, the thief and blood-money dealer. The steady and sedate manner in which he narrates an act of perfidy, treachery, or cruelty in his hero (and always with the epithet of "great" attached to it), becomes positively humorous by the force of contrast. Upon the principle, too, of Shakespeare's aphorism: "Base things, sire, base; Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace," Fielding, in his genealogy of the Wild family, traces the great qualities in his hero to the renowned Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and eminently distinguished himself at that famous festival where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons. "For," he says, "when the word was given, 'Nemet eour saxes' ('Take out your swords'), this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for 'Nemet her sacs' ('Take out their purses'); instead, therefore, of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had without attempting his life."

Again, in his account of Master Jonathan's infant life, Fielding gives us one of those biting sarcasms for which he is so celebrated. In recording the early indications of the little gentleman's sweetness of temper, he says:—"Though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he by a sugar-plum be brought to your purpose. Indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to any thing, which made many say he was certainly born to be a great man." But the book teems with shrewd and caustic axioms. Mr. Wild has no objection to "borrow" of his friend, Mr. Bagshot, for it is as good a way of "taking" as any, and it is the "genteelest kind of sneaking-budge."

The "force of habit," as exemplified in the actions of his hero, and of his friend, Count la Ruse, the blackleg, is another example of Fielding's perception of human nature and character. He says: "The two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance I should not have mentioned but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for, though the Count knew, if he won ever so much from Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, although he knew there was nothing in them." The scene again between Wild and Bagshot upon the division of a booty that Bagshot has been induced to risk his neck in plundering, with Wild's argument why he, who had not shared in the toil and danger, should nevertheless receive three-fourths of the amount for his own share, is a masterly satire upon the unequal division of labour and reward in the great world.

Again, Mr. Wild's dissertation upon "honour"—a string of pungent sarcasms. His argument, also, that one feature of greatness, in worldly estimation, consists in the employment or non-employment of others' hands; that, had a "prig" as many tools as an Alexander, or a Prime Minister, he would be as "great" a man.

Yet again, his scorn of good-natured people, who, he says, "are sent into the world by nature, with the same design as men put little fish into a pike-pond in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero." What fine sarcasm! what fine morality, too, in Mr. Marybone the highwayman's contempt of the baser and meaner species of robbery called "cheating," and which he calls "robbery within the law."

And (to crown all) in summing up the character of his hero, like an orthodox biographer, after that hero has consummated his last act of "greatness," and in the way, as our historian says, all should do, whom the world styles "great"—by quitting this world for the next at Tyburn, he winds up with a choice selection of his axioms upon worldly conduct and wisdom, found in his study after his decease, and which are so many concentrated drops of the keenest irony. In short, the whole work is, I should think, one of the acutest and most stinging satires ever penned.

Those readers who are unacquainted with Fielding's "Miscellanies" will find their time agreeably spent in reading that very original Record, his "Journey from this World to the Next," his "Essay on Nothing," his satirical papers upon the "Chrysippus, or Golden Guinea, proposed to be read before the Royal Society," and especially in the last of his productions, the diary he kept during his voyage to Lisbon, where he died.

The best of all—as I believe it was the precursor of all our dramatic burlesques, "Tom Thumb the Great,"—was written by Fielding. The original edition, accompanied by copious illustrative notes in burlesque, is extremely amusing.

Smollett's first, and, beyond all comparison, his best novel, is "Roderick Random;" whether it be received in point of force and completeness of character, apart from extravagance and incongruity, or of coherence and propriety of design in its plot, or, lastly, of vividness and vigour in the scenic descriptions. The story itself exhibits the career of a friendless orphan, with no very exalted principle, exposed to the snares and pit-falls of the knavish world. Roderick is not a gentleman born, he has no pretensions to be styled a gentleman either in his habits or deportment, and consequently the author has, with perfect consistency, supported his character throughout. But Roderick is not a gentleman at *heart*, and this appears to me a crying defect in the book. It was not called for that the hero of the story, who is described as a raw-boned, uncouth lad, that had never derived the early benefit of one hour's social polish or example, should suddenly, upon entering the world, conduct himself in such a manner as to be a pattern to his species for chivalrous and elegant deportment; but, as the hero of a story, he should scarcely be distinguished for meanness, and still less for ingratitude and unkindness. Roderick's treatment of Strap (who has infinitely the finer nature of the two) is rarely what it should be, and often what it should not be, for he is under constant obligations to Strap, yet he always assumes to be the higher being, and at times he behaves towards him with positive brutality. His deportment towards his mistress, Narcissa, is that of a man acquainted with women only under the most degrading of positions, while his proposal to marry an old woman, solely for money, sinks him at once to the level of a mere scoundrel, and, what is worse, a sordid scoundrel. Such a character, it is true, is often heard of in real life; but such a character is scarcely fit to be the hero of a story, the more especially as we constantly encounter beggings of the question in his favour, and that, upon the whole, we are called upon to receive and to congratulate him upon his final triumph, and the respectable position he has attained in society.

It is of no use to mince the matter; nothing could make Roderick Random respectable with such qualifications to form the groundwork of his moral nature. If Smollett designed to represent a purely commonplace character, with a considerable portion of very base alloy in it, and without reference to the moral canons in romance composition, he has eminently succeeded in his construction of that of Roderick Random, but, to repeat, such a one is not a subject for heroic life.

But Smollett's talent lay in vigorous descriptions of broad humour, whether in person, character, action, or scenery, and in these it may be said he has been surpassed by few. The scenes he had witnessed in life he described in the broadest sunlight of vividness. He had been a surgeon on board of a man-of-war, and every portion of his novels that have any reference to the seaman or a seafaring life may be given in upon evidence and sworn to. The whole scene on board the man-of-war is as minute and true as a Dutch painting. Smollett's language, moreover, is admirably adapted for humorous description, being natural, easy, concise, and home-striking to the point. He likewise possesses amazing power in narrations of terrific adventure, as, witness the forest scene with the robbers in "Count Fathom." And for his humour, all the night adventures in inns may be quoted. What can surpass in drollery of thought his making one of the land-ladies rush forth upon an occasion of alarm, installed in that never-described article of her husband's wardrobe, with the wrong side before? The humour of the circumstance may surely plead for this allusion to it. All the scenes with Captain Weasel, and in the waggon, together with multitudes of others that might be recalled, proclaim him a farcist of the highest order.

Of sentiment, delicacy, and refinement; above all, refinement of the heart, if Smollett possessed and exhibited any in his personal associations in the world, he cared little to exemplify them in his writings; for in these qualifications his heroes are positively naught; his heroines are distilled mawkishness, and his subordinate women (when unpleasant) are awful. His common, inferior characters, when good, have a fine rough and sturdy perfection about them. Roderick's uncle, Lieutenant Bowling, is a man to take to one's heart. For correctness, as well as consistency, that character may stand "unbonneted" before any one that has been described in ancient or modern fiction. It is nature herself; and nature in rough, unhewn simplicity and goodness. The character, too, of Strap is, I believe, quite as accurately as it is humourously drawn. If a romantic attachment such as he manifests for Roderick be questioned in the great working-day world of real life, I can only say that I could formerly have quoted a parallel to the friendly devotion of that simple-hearted barber. The remonstrance that he makes to his friend, when he offers to pawn everything he has in the world—even his razors—to assist him in his necessities, is at once touching and humourous, and (as it should be) more touching even than humourous.

The novel of "Peregrine Pickle" is a farce compared with the one just alluded to. The scenes, adventures, and *dramatis personæ* are all surcharged, and sometimes offensively. Added to which, the author has again committed a gross violation of propriety, as well as of Nature herself, in detailing the character of his hero. His intention in the story was to represent the career of a wild, headstrong, unbridled, and dissolute youth. From his early years, therefore, when he is a termagant at school, up to the period when he has exhausted every resource, and is tamed and in prison, the reckless *debauché* is represented with no common force—and perhaps truth. All appears natural and consistent; but the author has endeavoured to incorporate with a character grossly and wantonly irregular and unprincipled, a sentiment of profound and sincere *love;* and so little appreciation, or even knowledge, of the highest order of the passion can Smollett himself have ever attained to, that he has made his hero attempt an act the most injurious in this world that man can commit towards woman, and that act towards the woman that he professes to adore with no common fervour. It is not to be denied that a man of confirmed irregular habits may be guilty of many inconsistencies and infidelities in his intercourse with a woman whom, after all, he prefers beyond her whole sex; but one would doubt whether even a demon would, or could, commit the incongruity of ruining the woman he "distractedly loved;" and no ordinary pains have been taken to impress upon the reader that Peregrine really loved Emilia. But the mistake all lies in the acceptation and the application of that term, "love." The love that Peregrine professed for Emilia should be called by some other name. His was the selfishness of the grossest sensuality; it was not esteem, it was not respect, it was not admiration, and it was anything but gratitude. The highest order of love is—granted—coexistent with exclusive selfishness; but it is a selfishness for, and in behalf of the other self. No human being has really loved, who does not recognise, or who would deny this principle. Hear what the Magician of the heart says, the great Apostle of true love, who has written as no man ever wrote upon the *holiness* of the passion. Our inspired Willie thus decrees:—

> Love is not love,
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.
> Oh no! it is an ever fixèd mark,
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wandering bark,
> Who's worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
> If this be error, and upon me proved,
> I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

To return, then, what are we to say of the woman who would enter the same atmosphere with a man who had acted towards her in the way that Peregrine did towards Emilia? This, unquestionably, is the most objectionable portion of the book; and is quite as inconsistent, as it is opposed to all delicacy of feeling, high sentiment, and true self-respect. There is no intention here to cant about virtue and morality, but when we read such an opinion as this appended to an edition of the works, that "the thoughtless and imprudent may peruse this novel with advantage and improvement," one naturally asks, "Which portion of the book?" "The thoughtless and the imprudent" can with very little "advantage" contemplate the hero's career (however much he may at times have suffered for his delinquencies), since they find him, after all, respectable and respected—respected only because he has become rich, and (as the old stories say) "married, and lived very happy afterwards." No useful lesson is, therefore, in all this; but, on the contrary, much to mislead these same "thoughtless and imprudent" readers.

Another disagreeable feature in Smollett's literary character is, that he is gross and prurient in his language. In many of his descriptions he rushes into a splay-footed coarseness that is extremely revolting. He goes beyond his brief in stating his case with nature: he will not merely "call a spade a spade," but we have more than enough dirt upon the spade superadded. He is gratuitously nasty. He frolics in obscenity, and (as Shakespeare's Cleopatra says of Antony—but in another sense) "His delights are dolphin-like; they show his back above the element he lives in." At the same time, in these passages he directly amends the axiom of Pope, that "Want of decency's a want of sense," for it must be allowed that they exhibit considerable humour.

It has been said that "Peregrine Pickle" is "farcical" in character, as compared with "Roderick Random." In the first instance, that of Mrs. Pickle (Peregrine's mother) is so; nevertheless, it is recorded to be a copy from nature; and we all know what vagaries nature will commit. Mr. Gamaliel Pickle's first proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice is an amusing burlesque upon the constitutional reserve and parsimonious employment of words characteristic of commercial intercourse—and so Mr. Pickle bids for a wife, as he would for a cargo of wine, or a freight of cotton. This is his idea of epistolary ardour in a proposal of marriage:—

> To Miss Molly Appleby,—Madam, Understanding you have a parcel of heart, warranted sound, to be disposed of, shall be willing to treat for said commodity upon reasonable terms. Doubt not shall agree for same. Shall wait of you for further information, when and where you shall appoint. This, the needful, from yours, GAMALIEL PICKLE.

Almost all the other characters in the book are equally overcharged. That of the Physician, spouting Greek and liberty, in which character he intended to lampoon Dr. Akenside, is quite in character with the others, for caricature; and not the least though most ludicrous part he performs being the celebrated entertainment he gives, after the manner of the ancient Romans, to the French Marquis, the Italian Count, and the German Baron, Peregrine and Pallett being of the party. The horrible conglomeration of ingredients in the dishes; the torture and polite constraint of the foreign guests; the description of Pallett's countenance upon tasting the first spoonful of assafætida soup; sitting fixed and staring, like a leaden River-god, with the liquor flowing out of both corners of his mouth; and upon recovering his breath, his natural exclamation,—"Lord! what beastly fellows those Romans were!" The whole deportment indeed of Pallett, the scene of his confinement and escape from the prison in Paris—quite unquotable; but notwithstanding, as ludicrous as it is unquotable.

The very different manner in which the two men, old Pickle, and Commodore Trunnion conduct themselves (and so perfectly in character) under the dominion of their wives; the ox-like patience and endurance of Pickle, and the bearish growls of Trunnion. But all the seamen are farcically perfect. The furious, tornado-blasphemies of the Commodore; the satirical humour and sly delight in chaffing his commander, in Lieutenant Hatchway; with the obtuse and stolid indifference of that fine moon-calf, Tom Pipes, who is the most perfectly artistic character of them all. Surely, such a crew of originals never were collected together, or more vigorously delineated.

The first scene at the inn, ending with Pipes's usual song, and his style of delivering it,—so true to the class of character:—

> Fixing his eyes upon an ostrich's egg that depended from the ceiling, and without once moving them from that object, performing the whole cantata in a voice that seemed to be the joint issue of an Irish bag-pipe and a sow-gelder's horn; the Commodore, Lieutenant, and landlord all joining in the chorus.

Again the whole party leaguing to worry old Trunnion into the match with Mrs. Grizzle,—their leaving him alone with her; his sitting in an agony of suspense, as if every moment he dreaded the dissolution of the world; her expostulation and reproaches for his inhumanity and indifference; with his tender acquiescence in her love-distress—"Zounds! what would the woman have? Let the parson do his office when he wool; here I am, ready to be reeved in the matrimonial block, d'ye see, and d—— all nonsensical palaver." But no description in the whole book surpasses that of Trunnion and his party proceeding to church on his matrimonial cruise. In rampant extravagance it equals the wildest of O'Keefe's farces. It will be a good specimen to quote, as showing Smollett's passion for caricature in his descriptions:—

> The fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county; and on the day appointed for their espousals, the church was surrounded by an incon-

ceivable multitude. The Commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipment, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having despatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leathern buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a back-sword; and on each side of his pommel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with bearskin.

The bride's party having arrived first at the church, the lady begins to manifest some uneasiness on account of the non-appearance of her future lord. At length a servant is despatched to quicken his pace. The narrative continues:—

The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway; who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding further in the same direction, fired a pistol and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course, and the rest of the squadron followed his example; keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese. Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the Commodore that the lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired that he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied: "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make allowance for variation and lee-way." "Lord, Sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zig-zag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church-porch in less time than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the Commodore; "Ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his reckoning. And, as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate."—Well, the courier finding that he had to do with people who would not easily be persuaded out of their own opinions, returns to the church, and assuages the palpitating anxiety of the expectant Mrs. Grizzle.

Then follows the scene of the hunt, with the bolt the two steeds make after the hounds; flying across fields with incredible speed, overleaping hedges and ditches; the Lieutenant being quickly unshipped in a clover-field; the Commodore ruefully eyeing him askance, as he rushes by on his flying courser; his taking the five-barred gate, holding on all the while by his horse's mane; losing his hat and wig; and finally coming in at the death, in that dismantled plight, to the roaring astonishment of the sportsmen. The whole scene is a piece of outrageous painting; but it would barely escape the querulous criticism of some practical and prudish reviewers that might be named of the present day.

The account of the wedding supper, although not less amusing, may be fairly thought to range within the rules of probability; at all events, it does not widely "o'erstep the modesty of 'nautical' nature."—

> The parson [says Smollett] was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony within the garrison, which all that day was adorned with flags and pendants displayed; and at night illuminated by the direction of Hatchway, who also ordered the peteraroes to be fired as the marriage knot was tied. Neither were the other parts neglected by this ingenious contriver, who produced undeniable proofs of his elegance and art in the wedding supper, which had been committed to his management and direction. This genial banquet was entirely composed of sea dishes. A huge pillaw, consisting of a large piece of beef sliced, a couple of fowls, and half a peck of rice, smoked in the middle of the board; a dish of hard fish swimming in oil, appeared at each end, the sides being furnished with a mess of that savoury composition known by the name of lobscouse, and a plate of salmagundy. The second course displayed a goose of monstrous magnitude, flanked with two guinea-hens, a pig barbecued, a hock of salt pork in the midst of a pease-pudding, a leg of mutton roasted, with potatoes, and another boiled, with yams. The third service was made up with a loin of fresh pork with apple sauce, a kid smothered with onions, and a terrapin baked in the shell; and last of all, a prodigious sea-pye was presented, with an infinite volume of pancakes and fritters. That everything might be answerable to the magnificence of this delicate feast, he had provided vast quantities of strong beer, flip, rumbo, and burnt brandy; with plenty of Barbadoes water for the ladies; and hired all the fiddles within six miles, who, with the addition of a drum, bag-pipes, and Welsh harp, regaled the guests with a most melodious concert.

It appears to me that in the design and execution of the "Peregrine Pickle," Smollett had performed his task, as it were, in the flush of excitement after the success of his "Roderick Random." The occupation of writing it must have been a sort of hock-holiday with him, for it is the very Saturnalia of his intellect.

His "Adventures of Count Fathom" is a description of the career of a hideous and perhaps an anomalous scoundrel. The same tendency to exaggerate both incident and character pervades all Smollett's novels. He seems to write under the stimulus of brandy. It is the nature and fancy of madness. The atmosphere of atrocity that surrounds the principal character and his associates in the "Count Fathom" is so black and stifling, and their features are so horrible, that one's imagination takes refuge almost in contempt in order to relieve itself of the disgust they have excited. At the same time it must be owned that there are points in the work which answer to the stimulated energies of an undoubtedly powerful mind by nature. Such, for example, is the scene in the cottage in the forest with the robbers already referred to, the story of the seduction, the swindler who assumes the character of an English country squire, and, lastly, the fine irony in the hero's address to the land of his forefathers upon his landing on her shores. No one of Smollett's works, or indeed of any other writer of fiction that I am acquainted with, contains stronger specimens of real power in invention and language, than this exhibits.

"The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves" is another example of his exaggerating propensity, but with so little interest to redeem its defects that it is scarcely worthy of the author's genius.

In "The Adventures of an Atom" his eulogists have hinted at a comparison between his talent in allegory and satire, and those of Rabelais and Dean Swift. Comparative criticism is frequently hazardous, yet it is a favourite mode, because it is a short and easy one of doing a good office for a writer whom his eulogist wishes to elevate. Smollett had not one tithe of the wit of Swift; he had it is true as much descriptive humour, and, as for imagination *with* satire, the poetry of satire by allegory, Rabelais' genius was itself Gargantuesque in the comparison with Smollett's. "The Adventures of an Atom" is a political satire. Smollett, it is said, had been a Whig and turned Tory, or *vice versâ*, and felt himself unduly neglected. In this satire, therefore, he ruthlessly cuts right and left, like a mad Malay, old friends, and new foes, high and low, George the Second and the Duke of Cumberland, the heads of the Whig party, whom he denounced for a set of sordid knaves, even the great Earl Hardwicke he calls "the wisest man and the greatest cipher;" the Tories, Bute and Mansfield, though panegyrised, are exposed to his spleen. In short he had become desperate, and ran a muck through the ranks of both parties.

The work I shall name last, because one of his most pleasant, is "The Adventures of Humphry Clinker." It contains the least of his extravagance, and it has all the natural ease of a real diary. The idea of making the cynical, peevish, and hypochondriacal Matthew Bramble, in the outset of his journey to London querulous and snarling at every trifle that crosses him and satisfied with nothing, gradually warming into geniality as he becomes chafed with the moving scenes of the town life, and at length ending in a social and even cheerful human being, was a happy contrivance of the author. The character of Bramble, it is true, is not an original one, but it is an agreeable variety of an old acquaintance. Miss Tabitha, too, is a second brewing of the already familiar crab-juice and frosty-souled spinster; but Humphry and his sweetheart, Winifred, are all but perfect in their class, while Lismahago is the glory of the whole company, and he seems to have been introduced by the author for the sole purpose and pleasure of keeping up the ball of his talent for broad humour and inveterate caricature. There are some scenes in this novel in which this gaunt personage is concerned that have never been surpassed in absolute abandonment and defying contempt of all the conventional rules of strait-laced propriety.

The character of Lismahago is, perhaps, the most consistently preserved of all Smollett's portraitures, is a sort of Scotch Don Quixote; and, in conclusion, the filth and nastiness in the book are positively miraculous.

Few writers of narrative fiction have succeeded in dramatic literature, for the reason that in the drama action should be the moving and even predominant feature, and description the casual and subordinate, which assumes so attractive a quality in narrative composition. Smollett made two or three unsuccessful attempts as a dramatic writer. His tragedy of "The Regicide," written at the early age of eighteen or nineteen, contains some superior composition, and his farce of "The Reprisal" exhibits his humorous talent to advantage in the several characters of an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Frenchman, and an English sailor: the piece, however, wanted varied incident, and more rapid movement in the scenes and the action.

Notwithstanding all that his partial biographers may urge in behalf of Smollett's generosity of disposition and exalted independence of mind, numerous instances in the course of his literary career indicate that he was swayed by the most vehement prejudices, and these he vented in all the virulent and acrid spirit of injured self-love. As he was inferior to Fielding in intellectual elegance and refinement—meaning more especially the refinement of wit, in which Smollett was by no means distinguished; so it must be acknowledged that he surpassed his contemporary in broad humour and forcible painting: mental strength, merging into coarseness, was his prevailing characteristic: in *true* sentiment and feeling he was as dry as a chalk-pit. But take the two men socially—in their *domestic* intellectualities, and I think there can be no question as to which we should resort to for the delight of familiar companionship. Fielding must have possessed a most sweet and loveable nature, and we may be sure of this if we had no other proofs in indication than the way in which he always speaks of children. The children scenes in "Amelia" are lovely, to say nothing of that immortal piece of sentiment and feeling in the "Tom Jones" of the infant foundling when first discovered in bed, holding the finger of Mr. Alworthy. Fielding had an immense development of sympathy, and this he manifested quite as much in bitter irony, as in earnest and sincere language, like a late first-rate wit of our own age (I mean Douglas Jerrold), who, however he may be thought to be a bitter and cynical satirist—especially towards the women—the sensible women know that they possessed no truer friend and champion, and this because he lampooned the fools among them and their inane frivolities. But, as Vanburgh has well said in his comedy of the "Relapse," "We should never bestow our pity on those who take pains for our contempt. Pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature. Besides, the town would be robbed of one of its chiefest diversions, if it should become a crime to laugh at a fool." I profess myself so earnest and sincere a champion for the just position, and for the just privileges of women in society, that I can keep no terms with the wilfully exacting, the frivolous, and the inane among them. I willingly accept women as my equals in all properties; I am therefore equally austere towards their defects, as I am with my own or with the asinisms of my own sex. There can be no true equality so long as one party claims mental reserves in their own favour. And this I take to be the principle of the satirist to whom I have just alluded. Douglas Jerrold *was* hard upon the silly and the selfish of the female sex (and, upon my life, some among them are as selfish as they are silly), but the poor and the friendless women, and those "who have none to help" them, ever met with his support and sympathy. If "The Story of a Feather," and "The St. Giles and St. James" display no confirmations of this, then proof is a fallacy, and hypocrisy walks in golden sandals.

The remainder space of this essay must be employed compressedly in awarding honour to the timely eminent Lawrence Sterne.

There is more originality of manner, and more mannerism in his originality; more sudden and unaffected strokes of nature, and more palpable affectation; more genuinely idiomatical power, and conversational ease in his style, and more constrained and far-fetched attempts to be unconstrained and easy, than in any eminent classical writer of our language that I am acquainted with. When I speak of Sterne's "originality," I would merge it rather in an oddness of manner, a bold and self-satisfied eccentricity (for no writer was ever on better terms with himself than Sterne), than any new range of thought or invention, for much of his manner, much of his thought, and much of his oddity are referable to wits and writers that had gone before him. Rabelais' "History of Gargantua," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" must have been his literary household gods. His imitations (I will not say plagiarisms) of Rabelais are most palpable.

His strokes of nature and pathos frequently reach the very seat of feeling and true sentiment, but he did not always know when to leave well alone. He sometimes spoils all by an artificial dilation, an anti-climax. He will run a description of a pathetic scene into trifling, as if he himself had thrust his tongue into his cheek (as Garrick, when he had uttered the curse in "Lear"), and was laughing at the effect he had produced; or, on the other hand, if he have achieved a piece of fine sentiment, he will strive to make it more fine by a miserable artifice. For one example in evidence of the former, the reader may be referred to Trim's account of Master Bobby Shandy's death, which ends in burlesque; and for the latter, to the passage about the "accusing" and the "recording angel" in the story of Le Fevre—a story which, for exquisite and simple pathos, I should think is without a rival in the language. Any writer might be allowed to think with complacency of his own talent who had so told that tender tale. As another example of his artifice (by which I mean that he himself did not consistently accompany in feeling what he was putting down), I would refer to the story of "Maria," in "The Sentimental Journey," and which, in modern language, would be called "twaddle;" to the account also of the "Dead Ass," and to that of the ass with his panniers in the "Tristram Shandy," the chief portion of which is excellent, both in sense and diction. The amusing gravity of his reason why he would rather hold conversation with an ass than with any other animal is a complete specimen of that mixture of nature and art, truth and artifice, that we constantly encounter in Sterne. "In truth," he says, "it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me with whom I can do this; for parrots, jackdaws, &c., I can never exchange a word with them, nor with apes, &c., for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent; nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both (and for my dog, he would speak if he could), yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation; I can make nothing of a discourse with them beyond the proposition, the reply, and the rejoinder, but with an ass I can commune for ever."

The conversational ease of Sterne's style is at times perfect; it is brisk, felicitous, brief, and idiomatic. Nothing can be finer than the dialogues between Mr. Shandy and Dr. Slop, with those inimitably humourous parenthetical objections now and then thrown in, like hand-grenades, by Uncle Toby, so effectually checking and disconcerting the self-satisfied garrulity of the others; the "excommunication" scene; and when the Doctor begins to read the Pope's curse, Uncle Toby throwing back his head, and giving a monstrous, long, loud "Wh—e—w!" with that magnificent comment at the close of it—"'I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.' 'He is the father of curses,' replied Dr. Slop. 'So am not I,' replied my uncle. 'But he is cursed and damned already to all eternity,' replied Dr. Slop. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth my uncle Toby."

The eccentricities of manner in Sterne are, no doubt, frequently amusing; but, as eccentricities, they almost as frequently bring their annoyances with them. The wayward ramblings in the story of "Tristram Shandy;" the unlooked for jerks, dislocations, and digressions; the never knowing when and where to have him, convey much more the air of preparation and artifice, not to say of affectation, than a naturally inconsequent and unconstrained manner. Moreover, it will be difficult to discern anything beyond mere eccentricity (with the affectation of it) in those sudden chapters of one and two lines only, and even chapters about nothing at all. Such gyrations of the fancy are, at all events, easy of invention, and as futile as easy.

But the most objectionable feature in this author is the unpleasant way in which he selects subjects connected with the infirmities of our nature to joke upon, and even to ridicule with ungenial hardness. I allude especially to the early accounts of Mrs. Shandy. One can tolerate and laugh at his impudent inuendos, and sly, roguish insinuations—the more of such the merrier, for we have not too much of these carnivals of the fancy in the present day; but there are feelings connected with our nature in its weakness, and in its painful prostrations, that are much too sacred to be made the subjects of ribald jests, chapter after chapter; for it is not a passing joke and away; but there are numbers of pages of it. This it is that induces the suspicion (with the other reasons adduced) that in Sterne's mental composition, sentiment, real sentiment, sentiment of the heart (not professional sentiment), was, after all, but a skin-deep affair with him. Nay, indeed, to speak sincerely, it is difficult to avoid the impression that there was a prodigious deal of talky-talk, with no parsimonious infusion of what the French call "blague," and his natives, "blarney," in his sentimentality.

His wit, however, if it be artificial, as some critics have pronounced it, is nevertheless most poignant; and his vein of humour dry, sarcastic, and quite his own. His principal characters, too, are said to be traceable in their ground work elsewhere. Possibly; but I protest that I am ignorant of the quarry whence they were extracted; and sure I am, that in the remodelling, and the grouping, he has all but made them his own. And surely no one will deny that Corporal Trim is an original; if so, where is his prototype? Who has ever produced anything comparable or at all like his report of his visit to the dying Le Fevre? Here is Trim's practical illustration of the Fifth Commandment:—

> "Pr'ythee, Trim," quoth my father, "what dost *thou* mean by 'honouring thy father and thy mother?'" "Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay when they grow old." "And didst thou do that, Trim?" said Yorick. "He did indeed," replied my uncle Toby. "Then, Trim," said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, "thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself."

Uncle Toby, however, is the favourite of all the characters, and naturally so; for he is one of Nature's own gentlemen—gentle in every thought and action. His apostrophe to the fly—a piece of truth in the abstract, but in the reality another example of the author's artifice; for, in his vocation, Uncle Toby would have hewn up a fellow creature, and sent him shrieking out of life; and yet could be very considerate towards the feelings of a blue-bottle—not to say that this is unnatural; we all are inconsistent creatures, and surrounded with artifice and conventionalities. But Uncle Toby's character is finely sustained throughout. With his simple, plain-sailing sense, and with those interjectional comments of his during their conversations, uttered between the whiffs of his pipe, he keeps up a running satire upon, and upsets the pedantic book-learning of his formal-minded and prosing brother. It will be recollected that he makes but one speech through the whole book, and that is his famous apology for wishing a continuance of the war. And in his love-campaign with the Widow Wadman he is the same unsophisticated, unsuspicious, natural being. The pretty widow's generalship, together with her long-range artillery, proved too heavy metal for the redoubt of the captain's heart to withstand;

and who, indeed, ought to have held out against so fair a daughter of Eve? This portion of the book is one of the most humorous—quietly humorous, and well-sustained scenes that ever was penned. Of his bowling-green and his fortifications, his sieges and his mortars, his field-pieces, and his jack-boots stuffed with tobacco, to puff away at the enemy; they are amusing enough, and part and parcel of his simplicity of nature; but, indeed, both he and Trim, in this scene of their career, come rather under the denomination of childish than child-like in their evolutions.

Dear Uncle Toby! thou art a most divine-hearted and unoffending creature; and one towards whom it were quite as easy to commit a violence—either in word or deed—as against the loveliest emanation of Universal Benevolence. We will give thy author all the merit due, and our gratitude into the bargain, for having imagined and produced so sweet a character; but when we are informed (as we have been) that Shakespeare never originated so perfect a character as Uncle Toby, we naturally pause, and call up in review before "the mind's eye" Mr. Justice Shallow and Master Slender; Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Malvolio; and if these were all sunk in the sea of oblivion, we would take our stand upon immortal Sir John Falstaff alone. One would avoid committing oneself with a real opinion upon reading these small pickthankings of the greatest imaginative intellect that the world has yet produced.

Uncle Toby is *the* character always recurred to when thinking or talking of this admirable work; but I am not quite sure that Mr. Shandy is not the most original and consistent, as well as artistical invention of the whole company. He is a perfect specimen of an old married bachelor: formal in body, formal in mind, and restless in both; a mere compilation upon the thoughts and actions of his predecessors. Mr. Shandy is a personification of rule and precedent. He would as soon reverse the common law of all nature, as he would an opinion of the most obsolete classic. His notions of marriage are comprehended in the one idea of having a son to continue the Shandy generation; and he has no other idea of Mrs. Shandy than that she is to fulfil her destiny in giving him a son. As for Mrs. Shandy herself, she has not a single opinion in opposition to her husband,—except the good old orthodox one, of being paramount when women are in that blessed state those "wish to be who love their lords." But we are never let into the secret that Mrs. Shandy does "love her lord." She is his wife by ecclesiastical and civil law, and no more. She never contradicts him—even upon the momentous question of Master Tristram being breeched; and which dialogue (by the way) is eminently characteristic of that unique couple. Most methodical and one-sided is the conduct of the debate; Mr. Shandy suggesting the most fit materials and fashions, and Mrs. Shandy coinciding implicitly in every one of them.

If we consider the "Tristram Shandy" as an integral production; or even if we balance its defects against its merits, we must come to the conclusion that it is a work of uncommon versatility, and as uncommon vigour of talent in that versatility. The wit does not fail before the humour; nor the pathos before the homely narrative; while the characteristic development in the whole *dramatis personæ* soars over all in triumphant perfection. But Sterne, I suspect, will always be more remembered for his vagaries and eccentricities, than for the more staid, and the deeper effusions of his genius; and this is unfortunate, since it proves that those are so prominent in the mind of the reader, as to bring them, at all events, to an equipoise. In short, there is so much of idiosyncrasy in his style and manner, that they cannot be reproduced. They are like the hybrid vagaries in nature, that come forth and remain in anomalous singularity. Imitations of them have been attempted, and with the success they deserved, not having the wit of the original to sustain them.

One circumstance must always be regretted as regards Sterne's position in society, and which no doubt his own spirit constantly fretted and chafed at; that is, that he ever became a clergyman.

THE LAST RUN OF THE SEASON.

"HI! John, bring forth the gallant grey!
What ho there? where's my horse?
My kingdom for a steed to-day!
Right! Now for No-man's Gorse!"
I muse, as Snowdrift onward jogs,
On Rajah—how 'twas sweet
To ride on him to meet the dogs—
Alas! he's now dog's meat!

"Good morning, Hobbs! those satin skies
And pink-flushed clouds bode fun;
This soft south wind, too, say the wise,
Invites a fox to run.
Morn here her orient pearls has cast
(Of other purls beware!),
The tender quicks, too, burgeon fast—
How strange that sloes they bear!"

Well, here's the Gorse—a goodly field
To grace the closing day!
Lord, ladies, farmers, "plungers" steeled
To all save "stole away!"
"Engaged?"—"Yes,"—"Goodness, what a fright!"—
"How do, Miss Elton?"—"Late"—
"The brown mare"—"Quite so—"Twins last night"—
"Leapt o'er a turnpike gate—"

So runs the chatter. On their cobs
With patience doctors sit
(To day their only patients), snobs
In coats of wondrous fit
The cynosure of every eye
Stare at each pretty face,
No sign as sure that in full cry
These gents won't like the pace!

Hark, Herald whimpers! Gather reins,
  Trot onwards, once more stay!
Fling down your weed, the outcry gains,
  Sinks, swells, bursts—"Gone away!"
Hurrah! now helter-skelter off,
  All settle down to work,
That horse is *hors de combat*—scoff,
  But don't your fences shirk!

Now for the Park—and at its pales
  Pales many a cheek; a crash
Means Hobbs there ran to earth, ne'er quails
  He—"Hold up, Snowdrift!" smash!
A close shave that; o'er tilth we stream,
  The rail cross next, then on
To grass; so forwards, like a dream,
  No sooner come than gone.

This run will live in many a mind
  (Though few will live the run),
And tales tell how men tailed, to find
  Steeds done up, selves undone;
But hold, I see Miss Elton ride
  Like Dian o'er the "plough,"
Ah me! how oft by Mabel's side
  I've sighed! I'll join her now.

My queen sweeps on by hall and wood,
  I following in her wake
With one or two in jumping mood
  The first flight race to take:
And here the rich brown brake is bent,
  And here bent breaks a fall;
There into air a J. P. sent,
  A Judge in Eyre we call.

Of course they killed, and we were there,
  Was e'er a last day blank?
I asked—"her ride home might I share?"
  "With pleasure." To be frank,
We talked of lakes, flow'rs, eve's meek star,
  All bright things round, above;
How Pa would oft one's best schemes mar,
  And then—we came to love!

"Mabel, *ma belle!*" (what dainty grace
Swam round her waist so slim!)
"Why should you waste your angel-face,
Or wait till eyes grow dim?
I love you—all my life is thine—
Say—will you take it?"—"Yes,"
She murmured blushing—"Mabel mine—"
I spake—the rest you guess.

The bridle for my bridal soon
I change, the rein at last
Yield to another's reign, the boon
This day brought ere it past.
Henceforth with Mabel by my side
This last day's praise we'll swell;
Each year afresh our love-chase ride,
Each year its mem'ries tell.

M. G. W.

Players of Our Day.

XIV.—COMEDY AND COMEDY ACTRESSES.

Of all departments of character perhaps the one in which the English stage is most deficient is that of the ladies of society. If we accept the conventional stage type of "lady" as the standard, it may be admitted that there are several actresses who play up to that false standard with considerable skill and the amount of buckram ease and grace which the whalebone-like laws of the theatre require. Of these it may indeed be said that, were they freed from such inflexible rules, they have all the gifts for giving an agreeable interpretation of the genuine lady, as seen in society. But unfortunately, they are bound down by the common law of the stage, and the result is that I doubt if there be a single *comédienne* on the English boards that can present a lady to us that is not deplorably vulgar, or if not vulgar, utterly false in the ideas she has formed of genteel manners. To see some of these women playing in comedies of the day as a "Mrs. Mountpleasington," or "Lady Diana Wycherly," is something singularly unpleasant. The manager orders splendid dresses at perhaps the first modiste's of the day—they are furnished with fans and bouquets; have servants who come in at the side scenes and "my lady" them, as their pride requires; but still the manner and style of speech is nearer to that of a barmaid than to that of a lady. As was before shown, there is a conventional stage code which must be followed in "doing the lady," and every actress tries to follow this in the main, even though she attempts to improve on it. Who has not seen the matronly hostess, who is supposed to be vivacious with the gentlemen, and who, when she leaves the room, passes out with sweeping bows worthy of a Sultana—who when she laughs, falls back on the sofa with a volley of loud laughter in the favourite laboured key of the stage, like no human laugh ever heard—who when a gentleman is introduced bends low, with a curtsey of the days of Louis XIV.? Who has not noticed the extraordinary code of manners prevailing when stage *soirées* are given—the conversation maintained from remote quarters of the room, a lady joining in the discourse from a sofa at the end of the stage, her remarks pitched at the very top of her voice? "The Adelphi guests" have long been a standing joke; but it seems not a little unfairly; for the "guests" at other theatres behave themselves not a whit less ridiculously. We have all seen, on stages which appear to be correct in such matters, such a spectacle as a party of gentlemen proposing a walk in the garden, each filing off with a lady on his arm. As for hats being kept on, umbrellas carried into drawing-rooms, and such mistakes, these are trifles; and indeed all the other social blunders are really of small importance, save as distracting or distressing the attention of the spectator. They are blemishes, but they do not belong to the essence of the situation. If genuine *acting* were present, they would be condoned, or rather we would not think of them—no more than we would, were Kean or Siddons acting some Shakespearian play, of the upholstering and processions with which some moderns have "set off" "Macbeth" or "Richard." It is only when pieces of the present fashion, which depend for their success on being faithful copies of the outside manners of the time, are presented, that we may be critical on such matters.

In truth, it is the authors who are accountable for these blunders of actors. They write "comedies of the day," which are mere shells without kernels. They are called "photographs of society," yet such is about as bad a compliment as though one should prefer a carte de visite to a portrait by Moroni. And really this illustration involves a part of the dramatic theory, and many a dramatic admirer is led away by the same vulgar fallacy which supposes that a photograph *must* be the best sort of portrait. The true painter abstracts the character of the sitter after many observations, and trusts to memory, to instinct, divination, and many other gifts besides mere copying. A photograph has only the elementary sort of likeness that a cast has. So it is with dramatists, many of whom in our day, give a photograph of the clothes, manners and customs of characters, copying them with studious exactitude, but unable to give what is within. This slavish copying at second-hand of what is merely the surface of genteel life leads to the blemishes above alluded to; whereas, if the spirit of social life had been studied, these would have been overlooked in the general interest excited. It may be worth while investigating this matter a little further.

It is well known that there are different niceties and elegancies which prove what is called "breeding," and which distinguish the different grades of society. A woman of high birth and fashion, refined by education and association with the best society, has a style and fashion of "bearing herself" that can be distinguished at once from that of a merchant's wife, or the wife of some member of the learned professions; at the same time it must be said that there are women of the highest birth and fashion endowed with coarse *souls*, which break through the varnished surface and bring them down to an ordinary vulgar level. Again, it can be conceived that in the mercantile ranks there are women, such true gentlewomen by the refinement of their nature, that this native grace makes other deficiencies invisible; and that such placed in a circle of the highest would, by their nature, be quite at their ease. Now all this belongs to the dramatic province. An actress, cast for the part of a fine stage lady, may fall within either of these categories. It will be said, how is a tailor's or a costumier's daughter, who has "taken to the stage," to acquire sufficient knowledge to play the part of a duchess or of a fine lady, she who has never, perhaps, been in company with a lady, or been admitted to a lady's house? The objection might seem insuperable; and indeed nowadays it is accepted as such. The only resource is to copy the manners of some popular actress, who is considered successful in such parts, reproduce the conventional stage traditions, or, best of all, visit the first *modiste* of the day and, with the manager's authority, order dresses of the pattern worn by some lady of fashion. This, I say, is the vulgar, common resource; but a true actress is independent of such. By genius, by study, by putting herself in the situation of one with the "ways" of whose station she may not be familiar, by calling up the true instinct of *nature*, a natural grace and propriety is found which supplies all that is required. It was thus that Siddons and other great actresses could play queens and great ladies—not resting on mere outward ornaments, but drawing their royal conception from their own hearts. Hence we have this curious result, that those who take the most pains to reproduce the manners, clothes, &c., of the ranks above them, are those who produce the most vulgar result; while those who leave such devices to the costumiers, and trust to their own genius for a code of manners, are the real ladies and gentlemen of the stage. In short, it comes to the old bit of philosophy, that it is the meaner qualities of pretension, affectation, hypocrisy, "aping your betters," that constitute vulgarity; and on the stage, as in real life, neither clothes nor jewels, nor second-hand ceremonial, will supply the place of nature, sincerity, and ease.

A great deal has been said of the Prince of Wales's Theatre and its players, as well as of the school of "refined comedy" with which Mr. Robertson made its fortunes. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that either author or actors presented us with true types of ladies or gentlemen. It will be remembered that the establishment always seemed to pride itself on minute attention to such points as servants, pic-nic arrangements, copied scrupulously from the precedents in "'igh life," as the French call it. At the close of "School," when the peer of the piece was to be revealed in all his dignity leading in his bride to the school garden, the stage manager or author could think of no better way of "accentuating" this high position than by introducing two powdered footmen, who stood at the back—a symmetrical arrangement that showed rank and magnificence. It recalled Goldsmith's stage direction, by which Sir William Honeywood proved that he was a baronet or knight—"I am Sir William Honeywood! (*Shows his star.*)" Mr. Bancroft's favourite characters of Heavy Dragoon officers in other hands might become ungentlemanly, but his nature and earnestness make them interesting and acceptable. The most unfavourable specimen of a gentleman on the London boards was Tom Gilroy, in a highly popular and well-written piece of Mr. Byron's at the Globe Theatre. Tom Gilroy is meant to be an agreeable and popular fellow—clever, insinuating, careless, pleasantly sarcastic, and perhaps a little rough and downright. This, it might be imagined, would be a coveted character, and one not difficult to play. It would "play itself," as the phrase goes. Mr. Montague has been highly praised for his interpretation; yet it seemed to illustrate excellently all the worst defects of a false system of acting. It was meant to be free; it was forced, artificial, conscious, as far as the manner, bearing, dress, while all were intended to enforce the idea of ease and the well-bred *nonchalance* of society. Gentlemen in country houses do not invariably walk with their hands buried in their pockets, and get astride chairs, or squeeze themselves into narrow sofas beside the object of their affections, or put their faces close into hers. But these are all the wretched conventionalities which one player copies from another, and Mr. Montague is no worse than many of his fellows.

A great deal of these deficiencies may be laid to the account of managers and stage managers. A theatre being now a recognised speculation, the owners and managers of theatres are generally taken from an enterprising, busy class, who have successfully *exploited* various schemes. Such men are skilful, energetic, commanding great resources; will "mount" a spectacular play with vast magnificence, organise splendid shows, re-decorate or even build theatres in a surprisingly short time, farm out the box-keeping, refreshments, and bills in a clever and highly profitable way; in short, "work the thing," as it is called, with singular smartness and ability. As far as the minor consideration of authorship and actors goes, they make a contract with clever writers, who write what will show off scenery and machinery and some effective actress. Such is the clever model manager of our day, who, it will be seen, might have been the promoter or secretary to a company, the manager of a Crystal Palace or an Exhibition. Yet, to any one studying the drama it might seem that another order of ability would be required—something of an intellectual kind. The true manager who presents *plays* to the public should be a man of culture and sagacity—one that could read and judge of plays and character; he should be able to discern gifts in his corps. The present class of managers only knows *names*. When it became known that the late Mr. Robertson had a piece ready—or, indeed, when it was known that his *time* for writing a piece was at the disposal of managers—his *name* alone was sufficient to secure a contract being made. No thought was taken of the quality of an article thus secured, of its suitableness for the theatre or actors; it was enough to announce in the bills that "a new comedy by T. W. Robertson" was in preparation. It is a very remarkable circumstance that great national theatres like Drury Lane in the days of Garrick, or the Theatre Français in our own time, seem to be quite independent of *names*. Garrick received and considered every piece, not, perhaps, of absolutely unknown authors, but of every one that had any claim to ability, or a fair claim to be considered. The great French theatre is open to receive the pieces of any respectable *litterateur*, and the result is the success of writers whose names have never been heard before, and whose pieces are received and followed on their own merits. The miserable *prestige* of having your "name up," as it is called, is one of the greatest penalties which a suffering public has to bear. From this vulgar worship of a "name," it deprives itself of all novelty and freshness. It seems to be understood that if a writer succeeds at one house he may bring his wares to two or three others, and the public is distracted by seeing the same name in large capitals inviting in several different directions. Has he an old drama in his desk, written before he was twenty, there are plenty of managers ready to buy the article and introduce it as "brand new." Such is the nineteenth-century manager—a kind of American smart man. How can he choose, or teach, or engage actors? He is like a merchant dealing in goods whose nature and value he is unacquainted with. He cannot discover or judge talent; he can only see that the goods bring a price in the other establishment, and therefore he may fairly be safe in purchasing. But to perform the functions of a Garrick or a Colman in choice of plays or actors would be beyond him. Even the most intelligent can only follow the old-fashioned conventional precedents. It would be idle to send them over to Paris to study—

though there is to be found the true school of comedy manners, and of this art of which we have been speaking, namely, of presenting a picture of the habits, dress, &c., of "polite society;" and this success has been obtained in France, not so much from the nice feeling of the people or their general good taste, for their actors as a rule have little opportunities of learning the etiquette and customs of the most polished classes of society; but they can supply it by sincere and unaffected acting, and by the knowledge that nature is gentility and refinement.

There was a representation of an evening party lately given at two houses of note: one in Paris, the other in London, and it is worth while comparing them. It will certainly be instructive to see how the principles we spoke of have been applied at each theatre. The English play is by a good writer, has passed its hundredth night of representation, and was played by what is considered a leading body of comedians. The French piece is the notorious "Princesse Georges" of "Dumas the Son," and was presented by the elegant corps of artistes who belong to the Gymnase. The direct comparison of the two companies is therefore unfair; but the English company might claim to hold the same rank among its fellows. The scene in their piece takes place after dinner; there is a collection of the various types of ladies and gentlemen that make up a dinner-party, with a facetious butler who takes a leading part, and who, curious to say, exercises the same influence on events that a butler in the French piece does. I would not insist very much on the differences in the mere dresses of the ladies, their manner, &c., but it is the spirit of the whole—the relative bearing of the idea of an evening party, as connected with the drama, the extraordinary *vraisemblance* of the whole, that makes the charm of the French piece. They, indeed, have those three charming and elegant women, Massin, Pierson, Fromentin, as ornamental characters, and Aimée Desclée as the fire and soul of the whole. I pass by their rich and sumptuous dresses—the fashion in which they were put on and carried, which produced the same effect as though we were looking at great ladies of fashion, who had taste and elegance. We have seen, of course, on the English stage, dresses as magnificent, but they seemed as if worn by shop-girls who were not accustomed to them. Over the room, over the whole scene, breathed a sort of perfume; there was an air of softened luxuriance, the footlights were not allowed to blaze with an almost blinding effect that brings out with an unnatural brilliance every fold and speck. But it was the behaviour of the guests, host, servants, &c., that made the most remarkable contrast.

As the drama, and the most exciting portion of the drama, went on, the procedure of an evening went on also, in a kind of subdued fashion—giving a sense of life and motion very different from the stiff and almost regimental movements that are supposed to indicate a ceremonial of the same kind on the English boards. People changed their places, sat down by other people crowded round a table; the host stood for a few moments on the rug, talking to the two ladies on the sofa. There was none of that ridiculous and conventional fashion of appearing to talk which is invariably pursued on the English boards—that nodding of the head, that bending of the figure, and forced smiles, which convey to the audience that an animated conversation is going on. In the French piece it was evident that every one had conjured up the feeling that he or she was at a real party, and their dramatic instincts made them shape every look and motion according to that instinct. Everyone felt the situation; whereas, on the English boards, for all their sham animation, we can see their eyes wandering round the boxes; and know perfectly that, though making motions with their fans and handkerchiefs, they are really talking about some one in the stalls. Indeed, this style of conversation is generally scarcely attempted to be concealed, and the contrast between their stilted and unmeaning pantomime—a concession to the business of the scene—and the undisguised absence of the spirit of the scene, produces a most undramatic effect. In short, this is the curse of the English stage at present: there is no lack of labour and drill, but the soul and independent dramatic interest is wanting.

In this French piece the effect of this steady subdued restlessness in the background—giving the idea of the abstraction, as it were, of the other personages from the real dramatic business going on in front, personages who are absorbed in dramatic matter of their own—imparted an extraordinary addition of interest. Even the servant business—the handing tea—how artistic and conducive to the one end of the drama. We know how this is done on our own stage. Nay, to go further back, we might put it to any play-goer, if he had ever seen a letter brought in and delivered properly, or the announcement that "Madame's carriage waits" made without some impropriety. There is something disagreeable either in the flourish with which the man enters, the pitch of his voice, the pronunciation, or the way he goes off, that is out of character. The person entrusted with these duties forgets that a proper servant knows his place—has that certain air of shyness and reserve which persons of inferior position have in presence of their superiors. Hence his voice will be low, his manner quietly respectful, his walk slow. Indeed, any one who has been at good houses will have noticed the unobtrusive way in which servants make such announcements; whereas on the stage the merest lay figure of a servant is ridiculous in every motion. They strut in with a salver and a letter, which they thrust out at arm's length under their master's chin, stand stiff as a soldier while it is being read, face about, and hurry off as if "walking for a plate." They answer a question in a sharp smart fashion, borrowed from waiter-life. As for their pronunciation—"Mad*arm*'s carriage waits"—that is their misfortune; but the rest is their fault. All this may seem hypercriticism, but if such a trifle disturbs the whole dramatic propriety of the scene, it will be admitted, from what we are about to say, that propriety in such matters actively contributes to the dramatic interest of the whole.

The Butler, in the "Princesse Georges," was played by Raymond, an artist of well-known *finesse* combined with extraordinary humour; and, as it was said, it would be worth while comparing his fashion of treating such a part with that of Mr. Compton's in "Muggles"—a similar character. Mr. Compton is an excellent actor, and at this time needs no panegyric of his merits; and therefore it is thus more to be lamented that in a successful piece he should have formed so false a notion of character. This Butler, in a genteel family, is presented as a coarse pot-house creature, with the manners and familiarity and general bearing of a "tipsified" mute. He has full possession of the drawing-room—stays there as long as he pleases, conversing with guests, and moving about among them without attracting remark. —all this set off by those grotesque, facial motions, of which Mr. Compton is a master, which are intended to extort laughter, but are independent of the proprieties of the situation. It was, in short, a funny character for Mr. Compton, not a Butler for the piece.

The French actor, on the other hand, was wholly subservient to the piece. He had little to do: one of our "swells" of the same rank would have contemptuously returned the part. But mark—the Frenchman's abnegation of self was rewarded by the play's lifting *him* into importance. To see even that common ceremony in plays of tea being handed round by a servant, as it was performed on the French boards, was something new, and would have amazed our British stage managers. The Butler glided about softly and noiselessly among the guests, among the tables and chairs, followed by, and directing, a livery servant who carried the tray. He seemed so anxious not to disturb—now arranging space on the tables, now whispering his subordinate, now taking away an empty tea-cup from some one who was about to lay it down, in fact, behaving precisely as such a menial would do who, in a room crowded with talking, richly-dressed ladies, &c., was only thinking of his duties: seeing that every one was served, was not inconvenienced, and that his part of the ceremonies should be carried out to perfection. Later, when his share in the drama began, when, at the conclusion of the party, he had an interview with the mistress of the house to show her that she was in his power, it was exactly the picture we could conceive of such an interview at such an hour. The respect of the man—his embarrassment as he wished to convey that he knew the family secret; his "puckering" the table-cloth as he spoke; the air of desertion over the richly-furnished room—all this was perfect; and when he was retiring and at the door, stopped instinctively to raise the wick of a moderateur, in a professional manner; even the French audience, accustomed to such precise points, could not repress their approbation.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TALLANTS OF BARTON," "THE VALLEY OF POPPIES," &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE HERO AND OTHER PERSONS, MATTERS AND THINGS OF IMPORTANCE IN THIS STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY.

A BRIGHT bit of North-Midland landscape. A shallow, shingly reach of river flowing through mowing grass, and skirting the high-road of Middleton-in-the-Water.

There are cattle standing at a distant bend of the river. The foreground has a group of children playing within the shadow of an ancient bridge. An artist might paint the picture, and call it "Peace," though the bridge was the scene of a bloody battle in olden days, and in modern times had been the subject of many a noisy dispute at Quarter Sessions. The authorities always differed concerning the ownership of the bridge. City and county both refused to acknowledge the responsibility of repairing it. The local journals always contained racy reports of magisterial eloquence whenever the Middleton bridge was mentioned to the Court for repairs. I do not propose to enter into the details of this exciting local question. The bridge belongs to history, and it occupies as prominent a place in the foreground of this story as it does in the landscape upon which the curtain rises.

The children by the river never dream that the everlasting sceneshifter is at their elbows. They have fished and bathed in the quiet waters. They have despatched fleets of imaginary ships beneath the shadowy portals of the bridge to more shadowy countries beyond the Middleton meadows. By-and-by they will play at a higher game, with the rougher river of life for their ocean, and human hopes for ships at sea.

The shadow of the county bridge falls gently upon the calm and sunny river—falls as if it were the welcome shadow of a familiar friend. And so it is; for they are old companions, bridge and river. The children would have stood aghast could they have heard even a whisper of the sights which these old friends had seen. Strange stories of battle, murder, and sudden death, had been acted out in presence of the county bridge and the Middleton river. But who could think of anything that was not full of summer-days in presence of the tender evening lights and soft fading shadows? It was like a dream of childhood, this picture of the world outside of towns.

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* The author begs to state that the foundation of this story was laid some years ago in a provincial magazine. A limited number of the work was afterwards published in three volumes. It was the author's first novel. The story is now in some respects re-cast, and it is wholly re-written. Indeed, apart from the leading incidents of the plot, and so far as literary execution goes, "Stranger than Fiction" may fairly be regarded as an entirely new work.

But we are old hands now, you and I, my friend. We know when the curtain rises on a sunny scene of rural happiness that the orchestra is provided with characteristic strains for other incidents in the drama. Behind that artistic glimmer in the first act we know the storm is brewing. We know that the soft and gentle music will send up in due course mysterious chromatic passages with violinistic suggestions of treasons, stratagems and spoils. And so it is with this real picture in this real drama. Already a cloud of mystery begins to settle down upon the mill by the Middleton river. Even the children are at last disturbed in their innocent amusements. The great scene-shifter is at work. He obeys no noisy whistle. You cannot tell when he will begin to move. He needs no prompter. His scenes never hitch; he makes no mistakes; he works by immutable regulations. Let us accept his changes humbly, and be thankful.

While we are moralising, another shadow falls upon the water. It threatens the destiny of one of the real figures in the foreground of the real picture. It is the shadow of a woman. At first it is a long, strange-looking shadow, contesting the very existence of the reflection of the bridge itself. By degrees it becomes less and less, until it disappears behind its owner, who stands in the grim majesty of a stranger before the children who helped to make up this picture of peace and quiet.

"Where does Mr. Alfred Martyn live?" asks the new comer.

"Here, Jacob Martyn," shouts the first boy addressed, "here Jacob, come and show this woman where your father lives."

Thereupon came forth Jacob, who up to that time had been intently engaged in directing the course of an East India ship across a stormy sea, said ship being the trunk of an ancient tree which had lost all its branches, save one shrivelled stump. This solitary reminiscence of the great tree's arms served for a mast, which Jacob Martyn had ordered his crew to cut down in the hope of saving the storm-pressed vessel.

"Are you Jacob Martyn?" asked the woman.

"Yes," said Jacob, holding his head down, and making a mental inventory of the lower portion of the questioner's travel-stained garments.

"Have you ever heard of your aunt Keziah?" she asked, taking the boy by the hand, "your aunt Keziah, who lives in London?"

"Yes," again said Jacob, venturing to lift his eyes as high as the woman's waist, and examining the exterior of a quaint-looking bag, fastened there by a faded link of bonnet ribbon.

"Well, I am your aunt Keziah," exclaimed the strange woman, with an air of triumph not unmingled with defiance, as if she gloried in her individuality, and was prepared to defend herself against any number of spurious aunt Keziahs who might question her rights and privileges.

This time little Jacob made no reply, but his black eyes travelled beyond the ribbon-tied bag, and up to his aunt's face, with an eager, wondering look; for Jacob *had* heard of his aunt Keziah, and strange were the stories which made her name familiar in the boy's memory.

Without another word aunt Keziah took possession of her nephew, took him by the arm, and marched away with him; and from that moment Jacob's troubles and adventures commenced. Play was over with him for ever. He had sailed his last ship to India, caught his last minnow, staked his last marble, and fought his last battle with savages amongst the thistles of the adjacent common. Aunt Keziah had arrived. She and Fate were introducing Jacob Martyn to his Destiny.

Let us take note of aunt and nephew as they move along the shabby street that leads to Mr. Martyn's house. The woman is of middle age, with a large quantity of grey hair escaping, in jaunty curls, from a showy bonnet trimmed with ribbons of all colours. Upon her shoulders she wears a curiously figured shawl; and her black dress is variegated with dust, giving evidence of a long journey on foot. From her waist hangs a velvet bag, drawn together by many rings and suspended by a faded ribbon. In one hand she carries a dusty umbrella, and by the other she leads her somewhat unwilling and wondering companion, Jacob Martyn, a boy of thirteen. Jacob is nothing more than an ordinary-looking boy, except that he has large black eyes which seem to have a world of their own to wander in.

Mr. Martyn was a printer and publisher. His establishment, to which these two were walking, stood in an old-fashioned street some distance from the spot indicated in the first few lines of this chapter. It was a dingy-looking place in front; but at the back there was one of those fruitful, miscellaneous, carefully tended gardens, which seem more particularly to belong to the Midland counties, where one o'clock dinners, eight o'clock suppers, and garden arbours still linger.

Jacob and his aunt entered Mr. Martyn's shop just as a very savoury smell was issuing from the snug parlour behind; a smell that suggested something stewing in a saucepan with a judicious mixture of herbs; stewing on a clean hob, in presence of a polished fender and a white cloth on a round table laid for two; a smell which seemed to titillate the nostrils of aunt Keziah's long nose, and soften the corners of that hard mouth which was the unmistakeable portal of mischief-making words.

"What! you here?" exclaimed Mr. Martyn, with more of annoyance in his manner than surprise, and more of surprise than pleasure, "you here! bless my life, what particular quarter of the sky has dropped you down here?"

"No part of the sky at all, brother Alfred," replied aunt Keziah, still revelling in that delicious culinary perfume that came out in double force in company with Mr. Martyn as he flung open the parlour door.

"Come in, come in; at all events you must be hungry; you look as dusty as if you had been running in the Middleton female steeplechases for a gingham gown," said Mr. Martyn, referring to the civilised sports of the period.

After supper, aunt Keziah told a long tale of matrimonial infelicities; in the midst of which Jacob was permitted to escape into the garden. Aunt Keziah, according to her own showing, had been the amiable, self-denying, generous wife of a brutal husband, a schoolmaster, who had varied the occupation of flogging boys by occasionally beating the woman whom he had sworn to love and cherish. Aunt Keziah had submitted to this for the sake of peace; her sharp thin lips had never ventured even to remonstrate; her beaky, bird-of-prey nose had not even indicated the slightest feeling of disdain; the kind-hearted, submissive wife had bowed her head to the cane—at least so the kind-hearted, submissive wife told her brother; and it was only when the cruel husband had substituted the poker for the stick that the tender, patient wife had remonstrated; only when he laid down the poker and took up the carving knife, with sundry threatening references to *coup la gorge*, that she had resolved upon running away.

Mr. Martyn and his sister had never loved each other with the sweetness which is supposed to pervade the love of brothers and sisters. He had had some experience of her sharp firm voice in days gone by, and had pitied Mr. Gompson when certain church bells were ringing years ago to celebrate the second marriage of aunt Keziah. Nevertheless, her account of Mr. Gompson's ill-treatment was sufficient inducement for the generous brother to offer his sister a home; and aunt Keziah having come to Middleton-in-the-Water for a home, laid down her bag, untied her bonnet strings, and accepted his offer forthwith.

Meanwhile, Jacob Martyn was taking a last free and unfettered walk in that old-fashioned country garden which in his eyes was the pride and glory of his father's house. In one favourite corner was arranged his own garden, two feet by four, where each year, so long as he could remember, blossomed a sweet-scented white violet, which had been set there by his brother the day before he died; and close by this little plot of the boy's freehold was a favourite seat of his mother's, who used to sit there and sew, and talk to Jacob, in those happy days before she, too, passed away, and had a tombstone erected to her memory in the great cold churchyard of the cruel dingy town of Middleton.

One side of the garden was bordered by a high wall, which shut out a row of houses, and served for the cultivation of wall trees that bore a variety of forbidden plums and peaches. On another side Jacob's paradise was hemmed in by an orchard, which, in its turn, was hemmed in by green fields fringed with that very river on which the sun is shining in our first page. On another side, the sunbeams, when they wandered to that quarter of the world, were shut out by a factory—a great block of bricks, pierced with hundreds of windows, whence came the sound of whirling wheels and bobbins, mingled with the voices of girls singing at their work, and making the hot stifling factory appear to Jacob more like a fairy temple than a miserable unhealthy slavehouse, as it was.

Swallows built their round nests under the factory window-sills, and went twittering through the orchard hard by. Blackbirds sung in the fields. Red-breasts and linnets trilled vocal chaunts in the apple trees. The laughter of children came over the wall from the row of houses; and the distant hum of the river wandered through the orchard with the scent of fields and flowers.

It was a paradise indeed, that little garden, where Jacob used to dream of angels and fairies, and wonder what he should do when he was a man, and whether his mother and brother would watch over him until he died and went to heaven.

Children have an intuitive sense of character. When Jacob went to bed that night the strongest impression in his mind was, that he disliked his aunt Keziah. The boyish nature had taken alarm. A shadow had fallen upon the dial of the boy's mind, indicating the noon of childish freedom. A presentiment of evil had sprung up and filled the boy's thoughts. Something told him that aunt Keziah could and would make herself very disagreeable; not that she had said or done anything to excite his especial aversion. She had taken his hand kindly, but had rather seemed to drag him along, than to walk with him in anything like amiable companionship. Perhaps it was the recent death of his mother that made him feel a keen aversion to the picture of a strange woman sitting in his mother's chair. Whatever had brought about this miserable condition of Jacob's mind, the poor boy, instead of calmly laying his head upon the pillows to sleep, could only toss about and bury his face in the bed-clothes, and feel that he was nothing but a wretched, lonely, motherless boy.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Jacob," by-and-by said an honest sympathetic voice, "you will only spoil your dear face and be ill. Go to sleep, my boy, go to sleep; Tom is going out with Cæsar in the morning, and I'll call you up early to go with him."

The comforter was Susan Harley, who had been some years in Mr. Martyn's service, and whose affections seemed to be divided between Jacob and certain very shiny dish covers and saucepans, which were the cabinet pictures of her kitchen—her Vandykes, Turners, Hunts, Landseers, and Faeds.

Under the influence of Susan's tender words of comfort, Jacob soon forgot the vague sense of misfortune which had agitated his little mind at the advent of his aunt Keziah. Forget! Forget, did I say? I, the faithful chronicler of this history? I can hardly say he forgot. During the night he was in endless trouble and difficulty. He fell off houses, was pushed off rocks, was glared at by idiots. The only face which he distinctly saw in his dreaming was that of his newly-arrived relative. In the morning the only words which he could remember to have heard during his nocturnal perils were uttered by a mocking voice, which said triumphantly, and in threatening tones:—

"Well, *I* am your aunt Keziah."

He did not know it, and she did not know it; but in another part of the great world there was a girl about his own age, who was just beginning to have troubles and anxieties of her own; a pretty soft-hearted little thing, who seemed only made for happiness. Fortune is wayward and fickle. She scatters troubles where least they are expected, and when most they seem unlikely to come. By ways the most crooked and remote she brings people together who never heard of each other before, and in ways the most extraordinary she depends the weal or woe of these people upon their liking or disliking each other. Through the mist which has gathered about these early days of Jacob Martyn's career, the historian sees shadowed forth another face, besides that of aunt Keziah, and another voice, which shall influence his destiny for good or evil, far more than that of the stranger who has just broken in upon the calm present and undrawn the bolt of a stormy future.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT KEZIAH ASSERTS HER AUTHORITY.

Thomas Titsy, or Tom Tit, as he was not unfrequently called, in short, for his more imposing name, or in playful allusion to his height, was Mr. Alfred Martyn's factotum. He polished the household boots, cleaned the household knives, and was the household's Mercury; in addition to which he was partially retained for the more onerous and more mysterious duties of printer's devil. He neither looked his character of Mercury nor devil. He was tall, angular, heavy, slow, and healthy. There never was in the world a printer's devil so clean and well dressed, and merry, as Tom Titsy. His face was a perpetual May-day, it had a smile all over it; there was a genial simmer of content in every awkward dimple. It may, indeed, be said that he rejoiced in a broad open countenance. I say rejoiced, advisedly. There was nothing but rejoicing from chin to forelock. He rejoiced in blue eyes, in a stumpy nose, in red cheeks, and in red hair. Tom could do almost anything and everything but that which was the ambition of his life. He wished to be a printer; but he could not set up types. He had learned the boxes by heart. He knew where every letter lay, but he might as well have tried to analyse a watch with a bodkin, or wear a pair of kid gloves, as pick up those bits of metal and arrange them for the press. By dint of an amount of finger exercise worse than that demanded of young pianistes by Czerny, and an effort of intellect equal to the solution of the hardest problem in Euclid, Tom had succeeded once or twice in setting up a paragraph; but successes of this kind had been achieved at such a cost of mental and bodily vigour, to say nothing of the patience they demanded at the hands of the reader, that Tom soon gave up the Caxtonian art, and consoled himself with the performance of the general and useful duties supposed to be combined in the classic description of "head man and bottle-washer."

Tom was the proud and fortunate owner of a dog, something between a mastiff and a Newfoundland, which was the source of much anxiety to that limited circle of society in which Tom moved. The animal had come into Tom's possession as a legacy from a Frenchman (originally a prisoner on his parole at Middleton), who had lodged with Tom's mother, and had died in her house. The dog was called Cæsar, and there was a certain imperial look about him which did canine justice to the title. He had a noble head, an intelligent eye, a firm heavy paw, an extravagant quantity of tail, and an amount of bark that was appalling. Coupled with this, there was a joyous activity in the brute which kept people continually watchful and wary. He was not vicious, but his frivolity and fun were so much disguised by his imperial Roman dignity, that his general conduct may be described as alarming, and more particularly among persons who were not acquainted with his peculiarities.

It was the society of this buoyant and honest couple to which Susan had referred in her consoling address to Jacob, and for the pleasures of which the boy rose up in the morning at sight of the earliest sunbeam that fell upon the diamond-shaped panes of his little bed-room window. In the midst of dressing, Jacob was eagerly talking with Susan about the frolics of his morning's run with Tom and Cæsar. Stimulated by the deep-mouthed bay of Cæsar under the window, and excited by Tom's equally deep-mouthed bay of "Lie down dog, lie down Cæsar," Jacob had rapidly finished his toilette, and was just setting forth, when, who but aunt Keziah should march into the room, which no other woman but Susan had invaded since Mrs. Martyn came there for the last time and blessed her poor little son.

"What are you going to do with that boy?" asked aunt Keziah, smoothing her apron, and evidently determined that her new and voluntary duties, as the head of the household, should begin without the smallest possible delay. She had said to Mr. Martyn on the previous night, that his son required great care and attention; and Mr. Martyn had acquiesced in that profound sentiment.

"Why, he is going out with Tom for a run, marm, before breakfast," said Susan, buttoning the last button of Jacob's coat.

"A run before breakfast!" said Mrs. Gompson, with marked emphasis, and smiling with high disdain upon Susan. "A run before breakfast! I should think it probable, young woman, that you are likely to have a run *after* breakfast yourself some fine morning if this is to continue; pulling the boy from his bed, and sending him out for *a run before breakfast*, endangering his health and his morals. Undress the boy, undress him immediately, madam," said Aunt Keziah.

It is a remarkable, but no less positive and certain fact, that among women of Susan Harley's class, nothing gives greater offence than to be called "madam" or "woman." In the present instance the "epithet" was accompanied with such a disdainful toss of the head, that Susan Harley, as she afterwards told an intimate friend, felt as if she must either expire on the spot, or scratch that woman's eyes out.

"Madam!" exclaimed Susan, "don't madam me, marm; I'm not used to it, never was used to it, and, what is more, never will be; Master Jacob has always gone out in a morning before, and——"

"Don't answer me, you impertinent creature," screamed aunt Keziah, at the same time making a dash at Jacob; "put that boy to bed again."

Jacob eluded his aunt's grasp, and darted behind Susan, who was sobbing and choking herself with rage and vexation. Would she had never had more serious troubles than this incident in the domestic discipline of Jacob's home!

The window of the room in which this altercation took place looked out upon what was called the back-kitchen, a low-roofed part of the house, which Tom (hearing the unaccustomed noise and bandying of angry words) had ascended in some alarm, rendered greater by his ignorance of the arrival of Mrs. Gompson. Cæsar had followed Tom, of course, and in his anxiety to render whatever assistance might be necessary, Tom had neglected to exercise any control over the movements of the dog, which, just as aunt Keziah dashed towards her nephew, made a similar movement towards aunt Keziah, and, coming at a bound through the open window, laid that unhappy matron prostrate upon what had a moment previously been the scene of her triumph over Susan Harley.

Horrified and alarmed, Tom came head foremost after his dog, bringing with him a dressing-table and looking-glass, and all the time shouting—"Seize-her, seize-her! come off, come off!" which, though to ordinary ears might sound like a strange jumble of commands, was thoroughly understood by the dog for which Tom's orders were intended.

Mr. Martyn arrived upon the scene in time to complete the grand tableau, and after hearing a narrative of the whole story, and having an assurance from Mrs. Gompson herself that his sister was not hurt, he made a painful effort not to laugh; but he did not succeed in this praiseworthy desire to spare the feelings of his visitor. The astonished company in Jacob's bedroom, assembled so suddenly and so strangely, could hear Mr. Martyn's loud and hearty laugh all the way to that gentleman's bedroom.

Taking his cue from his master, Tom also began to laugh. Susan's face gradually reflected back the joyous glow of Tom's open countenance. Jacob looked up wickedly at his aunt. Then Susan tittered, and next Susan and Tom commenced a laughing chorus, in the midst of which Cæsar entered upon a series of lively performances on his own account. Mrs. Gompson, picking up a bundle of false curls, marched from the scene, head erect, back straight, nose in air, and a bitter resolve in her heart.

Upon the departure of aunt Keziah, Tom intimated that he could hold out no longer, that he should split his sides. Susan was sure she should kill herself, and little Jacob joined in the general hilarity. The room fairly shook with Tom's laughter, and at the risk of breaking his neck, that honest ungainly retainer of the Martyns felt it incumbent upon him to roll out upon the tiles as a precautionary measure against the inconvenience and pain of splitting his sides in downright earnest.

All this time Cæsar barked, jumped in and out of the window, ran to Tom, who was lying in the yard beating the ground with his feet, darted off the tiles and ran to Susan, administered sundry wet salutes upon Jacob, and finally rolled down the roof to Tom, in the company of a collection of hard clattering tiles and soft sympathetic lichens and house-leek.

Henceforth, however, Mrs. Gompson was determined to rule that household despotically. Her chief attention was devoted to her nephew. For his especial behoof she devised all manner of schemes of domestic economy, which included limitations of sugar, and additional supplies of fat meat. By a series of insidious hints, she had gradually succeeded in obtaining Mr. Martyn's full endorsement of her system. She had not told him in direct terms that the late Mrs. Martyn had killed Jacob's brother and herself too, by bad management; but she had made her brother believe that he had over-estimated his wife's ability; and Mr. Martyn was too much engaged with his business to think very much about anything else.

Sent to bed early, carefully prevented from associating with vulgar companions, made to be regular in his attendance at the day school, and compelled to pore over his tasks at night, Jacob's moral and physical health were so well cared for that the boy gradually became shy, morbid, stupid. Mrs. Gompson was so constantly complaining of his bad conduct, and his father had grown so indifferent to him owing to his sister's constant and irritating charges, that poor Jacob began to think he was in everybody's way, a plague to those about him, a worthless piece of humanity. His life became a torment to him, he grew timid and cowardly; and yet there would occasionally rise up the conviction that he was not judged aright, that he had capabilities and feelings which, had he dared to exhibit them, must have commanded approbation.

By-and-by there came a gloomy day in Jacob's career, which cast a dark shadow upon his boyish life. Ever since school had closed, he had for a slight offence been shut in his room, with a limited supply of bread and water, and a command to go to bed. The birds were singing in the garden, which was shut out from his view by a building in the yard, which said building must be passed ere the garden wicket was reached. Jacob could hear the music of the factory and the voices of boys and girls at play. His heart told him he had done no wrong. There arose within him a burning sense of injustice. Only twelve months had elapsed since his mother died, and twelve months prior to that he had a companion in his brother. Now he was cut off from all he loved. Susan dared not come near him. He had even been denied the society of Tom and his dog. His father said he was wicked and ungrateful. One moment the suffering boy longed to cling to his father's neck and pour out his overflowing soul; at another moment dark thoughts agitated the little mind, and then he would fall a-moaning as the weight of the loss he had sustained in the death of his mother became more and more oppressive. At length his miseries appeared to grow and grow until they filled the room and threatened to stifle him. The sorrows of childhood, though they appear unimportant to the grown-up man, are bitter as the troubles which tear the heart in maturity.

Jacob had heard of people drowning themselves in their woes. The distant murmur of the river mingled distinctly with the soft evening breeze. To Jacob it seemed to whisper an invitation. "Come to me and be at rest," sang the river in a sad, uncertain strain.

Under the influence of some fearful spell, Jacob climbed through the window, descended into the yard, walked quickly, but firmly, on through the garden. Kissing his mother's seat, kissing the leaves of his brother's violet, he went on through the orchard towards the mill-pool.

The sudden exercise and the refreshing evening breeze chased away some of the fever of the boy's brain. He became calmer and more subdued when he reached the bank of the river. It was the calmness which is often full of anger and passion. The miller sat smoking his evening pipe near the spot to which Jacob's disordered mind had directed him. Still the boy's fearful resolve was unshaken. To his other fears was now added the peril of returning home. Let not the reader imagine that this is an overdrawn picture. The newspaper records of late years have contained many cases of suicide among comparative children. It is no exaggeration to say that the sensibilities of many a child of thirteen are as keen and active as they are at thirty. Jacob Martyn was an example in point. It is true he had had an exceptional experience of sorrow and domestic tyranny. He sat down by the mill-pool, with his brain throbbing against his temples, and his heart leaden and still, waiting until the miller should knock the ashes out of his pipe and go home.

It is doing the memory of Jacob's mother no disparagement in fancying that her spirit was abroad on this summer evening years ago. If those we love can after death revisit the scenes of their life below, on missions of love and mercy, it is in keeping with the woman's devoted affection to imagine that Jacob's mother was with her unhappy son while he gazed into the deep mysterious river, growing more solemn in its marvellous beauty as the sun gradually declined, and the sky became more and more overshadowed with gathering clouds. In a little while Jacob's head became cooler, and a deep, fervent prayer escaped his lips, and lightened his overburdened heart.

Little we wot of the hot burning thoughts, of the strong emotions and feelings which may agitate the mind of a mere youth! Jacob was eloquent in his distress, and if ever prayer was acceptable to Him whose special providence is extended to the smallest creeping thing, that simple prayer of childhood was not unheeded.

Suddenly the boy thought he would return home. As this ray of repentance entered his soul, his good angel led him away. He staggered through the fields as one bewildered. He looked like a somnambulist. There was no speculation in his eyes. His feet wandered. The orchard and the garden flitted by him as if they were a panorama moved by hidden machinery. He was an automaton. He found his way without looking for it; found his way over stile and brake, through gate and doorway, with his eyes looking into vacancy.

Jacob Martyn had not been missed. His bread and water were undisturbed. He slipped off his clothes, shivering from head to foot, and then burning like a fire, he crept into bed, his great eyes distended and flaming with the excitement of fever.

Hour after hour the iron tongue of the old church proclaimed the tardy flight of time ; the solitary watchman paced the solitary street, and repeated the same solemn story, with an equally solemn description of the character of the night ; but it was only when the sun returned from his long journey to light the Middleton factory girls to their looms, that poor Jacob closed his eyes, and became indifferent to the myriad sounds which heralded the day in the midland borough of this history.

CHAPTER III.

CHIEFLY TREATS OF THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE TITSYS.

THE mother of Mr. Martyn's radiant factotum lived with her son in an alley near the old church, gaining an honest, if not a luxurious livelihood, by letting lodgings and taking in plain sewing.

It was a remarkable cottage that which the Titsys had made their home. It had evidently dropped from the clouds, or had been pitchforked from some other town into this particular corner of Middleton, and had only been saved from total destruction by a friendly stable, upon which it had ever since leaned for protection and support. The collision had made the stable stagger just a trifle, but it had shaken the cottage into a round bulbous lump of stone, and thatch, and steps, and window-sills, and lichens. You entered the cottage by a descent of round stone steps, which led to the "house-place," which in its turn led to the kitchen, and also to sundry mysterious bedrooms, up in the thatched roof, where a family of pigeons also boarded and lodged, and mingled their monotonous cooing with the equally monotonous chattering of a tribe of sparrows. The pigeons were Tom's particular pets. They comprised numerous varieties of the pigeon order—pouters, fantails, short-faced tumblers, and almost every other kind down to the commonplace Barbary runt. Tom was a trainer of birds, a dealer in birds, and a lover of birds. He seldom left home without a pocketful of pigeons, which he would release at intervals on his way to work, some on tumbling expeditions, and others on mercurial flights, bearing hieroglyphical billets to unknown countries.

The house-place, or living-room, of Mrs. Titsy's cottage was comfortably, though not elegantly, furnished. There was a delf-shelf shining with blue willow-pattern plates and green and coppery-gilt cups and saucers; a deal dresser as white as snow; a rickety linen press; a round oak table, with half-moon-shaped wings; an overgrown arm chair, so full of feathers that they had burst through two corners of the chintz covering; a bright old oak corner cupboard; a high mantel shelf, adorned with a pair of very bright figures illustrative of the loves of a green and white shepherd and a blue and white shepherdess; two chalk apples, and an equally honest artificial pear; with sundry other small items, surmounted on the wall by a vivid representation of Napoleon crossing the Alps. On a pair of wide brackets over the dresser was displayed an exceedingly fine tea-tray, upon which a very yellow lion was crouching at the feet of a radiant lady, who flourished in her red right hand an unusually large toasting-fork, all the while looking toasting-forks, and daggers too, at a white cloud which seemed to threaten instant destruction to a ship sailing on a blue and gold sea. The walls were also decorated with the portrait of a murderer who was hanged at the county town; a landscape excessively green and purple; and the effigies of Tom and his mother, cut out in black paper and framed in black frames.

The Eve of this cottage paradise was Mrs. Titsy, a blooming widow, who, with the assistance of a small annuity, eked out a tolerably comfortable livelihood by taking in plain sewing, and boarding and lodging one Horatio Johnson, a gentleman of somewhat eccentric habits—one of those out-of-the-way characters now fast disappearing from among us, but common enough thirty years ago in every country town. He was an herbalist, and had devoted many years to a blind sort of study of the application of herbs as remedial agents in cases of disease. He was versed in the flora of the district, and knew where every plant and herb that grew in the county were to be found, and at what time of the year, though he only knew them by their English or local names. If a botanist had asked him for *millium effusum* he would have been utterly ignorant of the nature of the herb demanded; but he would have recognised it by the appellation of millet-grass. This simple illustration of the kind of knowledge which he possessed will be as good as the dozen others which we might append. Mr. Johnson was a country herbalist, or herb doctor, experienced in the practical effects of certain herbs in certain cases, and holding a high reputation among the lower classes of the people.

There had been a time when he had dealt with cases as they arose, but the growing reputation of wonderful pills and potions, warranted to cure all diseases, compelled him in the way of business to introduce the celebrated "Oriental Herbal Pill," which, with certain accompanying draughts and mixtures varying with the nature of the maladies to be cured, was warranted to perform wonders in the healing way. Thousands of testimonials from old and young vouched for the value of the Oriental remedy, and such had become the demand for it that at the time when we make his acquaintance, Dr. Horatio Johnson had extended his operations from Middleton and found his reward in travelling from village to village, market town to market town, vending his medicines. His means had thus been so largely increased that he could afford to drive his own gig, and have a splendid awning over his stall in the Middleton market; while on Sundays he comfortably smoked his pipe under his own vine and fig-tree, or without metaphor, in the cosey chimney-corner of Mrs. Titsy, widow.

The Doctor was moistening his clay one Sunday evening some thirty years ago as the parish bells were ringing for church. Mrs. Titsy had just gone forth in a shot-silk dress, a blue bonnet and gloves, and a very green and gold prayer-book (a present "from her dootiful son"). Now that she had passed through the sombre ordeal of weeds for what she considered a reasonable period, Mrs. Titsy affected very gay colours. She had abolished, as a stupid prejudice, that distinctive mark of the dangerous classes, the widow's cap. If she had had any cause to remember the late Mr. Titsy with gratitude, she might have been less liberal in her interpretation of social laws and customs. Old Titsy had always treated her vilely when he was drunk; and, as he was rarely sober, her life was anything but a pleasant one. As for Tom, he had grown so accustomed to his father's allowance of more kicks than halfpence, that for some little time after the allowance was stopped, Tom seemed quite unhappy. In good truth, he was miserable at the loss of the wicked father, and so in truth was Mrs. Titsy, although they would not deny the general verdict of the district that his death was a happy release.

Mrs. Titsy may, therefore, be fairly forgiven for her glow of colour on this particular Sunday. Having for several years wrapped herself in the clouds and weeds of widowhood, the relict of the late James Titsy thought herself fully entitled to don the rainbow.

The rainbow had just dawned upon the gaping street, and Tom and the philosophic lodger were left alone. Tom was studiously contemplating the ceiling, and the Doctor testing the capacity of his lungs by blowing forth a long-drawn-out volume of smoke, and watching it disperse.

"I tell you what it is, Tom," said the Doctor, after making an unusually long wreath of smoke, which evidently gave him great satisfaction, "your respected master, or governor, or whatever other title you may recognise him by—if that influential individual would only listen to the words of prudence; for all her paths are pleasantness, and the ways of life are uncertain—if your master made prudence his guide, he would, as my circulars admirably express it, 'save doctors' fees and try the Oriental remedy.'"

"Now, don't joke about it, don't, Mester Johnson, 'cos he's really very bad, poor little chap," said Tom.

"If a man deceive thee once, it is his fault; if he deceive thee a second time, it is thine own," was Mr. Johnson's reply. "Read the testimonials from all classes of suffering humanity, and be on your guard against spurious imitations—*moniti meliora sequamur*, as it is writ down in Virgil. It is all the Latin I know, except some of the dog-latin of the fancy herbalist; it cost me several nights to commit it to memory, Tom; translated, it means 'being admonished, let us follow better things.' I find it an admirable conclusion to my professional perorations; while it puzzles the crowd, it gives undoubted evidence of my learning. A scrap of Latin is to the orator what the gilded cup and the double-bottomed box is to the juggler; it is the gold of the wise man, the equally effective tinsel of the clever man, and who shall say whether it is better to be clever or wise? But no matter; let us revert to the glorious motto—*moniti meliora sequamur*."

The Doctor was rushing into one of the orations which he usually addressed to his assembled clients in the market-place, and was waiving his hand in majestic accompaniment to every sentence, when it suddenly occurred to him that, after all, this might not be the best mode of impressing Tom. In order to gain time for weighing the thought and adjudicating upon it, he took a long pull at his pipe, and shortly expelled so tremendous a cloud of smoke towards Tom, that Mr. Martyn's factotum was for the moment quite eclipsed; indeed, the robust yet gentle Mercury looked like a member of one of those peep-show bands of warriors who are perpetually thrusting forth military arms or plumed heads from the midst of clouds of smoke which never disperse, and behind which the battle is supposed to be raging with intense fury. The difference between Tom and the peep-show was certainly an important one. Tom did come out of his clouds, or rather the Doctor's clouds, to speak correctly; and when he was once more visible, he said—

"If I thought thou really meant what thou said, Dr. Johnson, I would ask mother to get thy stuff a trial."

"Stuff!" said the Doctor, with a disparaging nod.

"Beg pardon, Doctor; I meant no offence. The Oriental is what I was driving at. Now don't deceive me, tell me the right down out and out truth. Give me your word on it, and I'll believe."

"Nothing that is true can ever die," began the Doctor. "Now, in a certain sense, the philosopher who said that is right, and in a certain sense he is wrong," continued Horatio, looking hard at a smoke ring which was coming to grief against the green and white shepherd. "I am true, Tom, and yet I shall die; thou art true, Tom, and thou wilt die. Still, the maxim is good, and demands our highest respect. Now, truth, as embodied in the Oriental, will never die; and the Oriental, with an accompanying prescription, is a cure for those whose time has not arrived. Master Jacob, being young, the chances are ten to one that his time has not yet come, and that if the doctors would let him alone, and give nature a chance, nature would do her duty by the youth and perform a cure. Nature! Blessed nature! There is no doctor like nature, no nurse like nature. Nature has antidotes. The Oriental is the secret antidote for wind in the stomach, spasms, giddiness, disturbed sleep, palpitation of the heart, colic, jaundice, gout, dropsy, sore throat, palsy, and, as the Immortal Bard himself puts it, all the other ills that flesh is heir to. He said something else," continued the herb doctor, rising from his chair, and solemnly sawing the air with his pipe; "he said something else. What else, what else, my friends and fellow-countrymen, did that mighty poet say? You don't know. Then be enlightened; listen to the glorious words. 'Throw physic to the dogs.' That is what the greatest of all poets, the greatest of all philosophers, the greatest of all great men, said—'Throw physic to the dogs;' at the same time intimating in equally emphatic language that he would have none of it. Away with it, he said; away with the draughts and powders, the nauseous potions and mixtures, and poisonous pills with which the faculty purge and torture and kill you; away to the dogs with such physic; Shakespeare would have none of it, and we will have none of it, my friends. The Oriental remedy, extracted from the choicest herbs, was not discovered in Shakespeare's time, or William—I call him William because I love him; I am always familiar with those I love and admire—I say, if the Oriental had been discovered in his time, if it had been known to mankind when the greatest of mankind said, 'Throw physic to the dogs,' the greatest of mankind would most certainly have added a few other remarkable words probably to this effect: 'Throw physic to the dogs; and, having done so, try Dr. Horatio Johnson's celebrated Oriental Pill, only sixpence a box, or six boxes for half-a-crown. *Moniti meliora sequamur!*'"

There is no knowing whether the Doctor had really finished his speech or not when he was interrupted by a visitor. The Doctor had unconsciously glided into a professional oration, and had so warmed with his subject, that, in the fruitfulness of his imagination, he had turned the little room into a market-place, and the chairs, and tables, and pots, and pans, and pictures, and Tom, into a great crowd, with ears only for the eloquence, and throats only for the pills of Horatio Johnson. Tom had long since subsided into a dreamy reverie upon the beauty of the lady on the tea-tray, and the ferocity of the lion at her feet, mingled with a certain admiration of the Doctor's eloquence, which was the pride and wonder of a large majority of the people of Middleton-in-the-Water.

The oration was brought to an end through a knock at the door, which said knock was followed by the immediate appearance of two visitors. The first was a young man, dressed in a suit of black that had been brushed and cleaned until it was threadbare at those particular places where the wearer's bones were most angular and obtrusive. It was difficult to say whether the owner of the suit was young or old, but the conclusion which you would arrive at after some consideration would be in favour of the more youthful side of the question. He was a thin, sallow man, with lank black hair combed carefully behind his ears. His eyes were small and piercing; they glittered in a pair of bony caverns, and looked at you when you thought they were looking in another direction.

This interesting gentleman was Mr. Julius Jennings, confidential clerk in the house of Mr. Alfred Martyn. His companion was an entirely different specimen of humanity; so different, that your first feeling on meeting the two would have been one of surprise at the association of such dissimilar beings. Silas Collinson was a young farmer, an honest, manly-looking son of the soil, with brown curly hair, and brown curly whiskers, and a brown velvet shooting-coat to match. He was a pleasant, happy-looking fellow, with prosperity written on his forehead, and the faint shadow of speculation hovering about his legs; his legs were just a trifle horsey; horsey in the farmer sense alone, not horsey so far as a run across country goes, but horsey in the turf sense. If a glance at his narrow black trousers did not make you feel sure that they had been at Epsom and Doncaster, the gold horseshoe pin in the blue and spotted neckerchief would have convinced you. This gave to the rural and agricultural character of the man just a sufficient dash of the town and the ring to make him seem sprightlier [and more knowing than the ordinary farmer; and herein you would have found the only bit of reason for his association with Julius Jennings; for what is called sporting brings a man into strange companionship. Mr. Collinson was the proprietor of a small freehold farm, pleasantly situated on the outskirts of Middleton.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Horatio Johnson, extending a hand to each.

Tom gave them—for Tom—a very gloomy greeting. His face smiled in spite of himself, but there was no cheerfulness in his voice; his heart was in the sick room of Jacob Martyn, at least so much of his heart as was not in the unwilling possession of Susan Harley.

"I thought you always went to chapel on Sundays, Mr. Jennings," said the Doctor.

"Yes," said Jennings, "I think I have not missed for a twelvemonth before."

"Dear me, very remarkable; surely the day should be held in remembrance that marks so extraordinary a breach of custom," said the Doctor.

"Mr. Collinson is going to leave us so soon, you see, and he wanted a stroll. I could not refuse him, notwithstanding my respect for the Decalogue."

"Not a pleasant night for a stroll, either," said the Doctor, poking the fire; "quite a November wind getting up."

"Don't you like the wind?" asked Collinson, answering the question in the same breath. "Nothing like a good breeze; blows the cobwebs out of your mind, and out of the air too, ventilates the earth, wakens up your faulty fastenings, and reminds you of bits of mendings to be done at gates and doors; nothing like a bit of wind, Doctor?"

"For those who are strong and hearty and active as you are, Mr. Collinson, true for you, sir, true for you. Hope you will have a fair wind and a pleasant journey when you cross the Atlantic."

"Ah, I'm with you there, Doctor."

"When do you sail?"

"Next week, my friend, next week. Time flies fast; if it went a bit slower, I think I should change my mind."

"Indeed?" said Johnson inquiringly.

"Yes, a sneaking sort of kindness for home seems to come over me, and I've had uncommonly unhappy thoughts at night about the business, almost as bad as if I were being turned out of the old country, instead of just going on a business journey that may, or may not, lead to my going there for good some day; but only if I can make a good deal more money there than is to be had here; that's all, Doctor."

"Ah, well," observed Johnson, "there's nothing like making money when you're young, though money may be bought too dearly. After all, America is a long way to go for money, and the sea's as treacherous as—as—as the sea, for there's nothing more treacherous."

"Not a woman?" interposed Jennings, glancing at Tom, who sat looking into the fire as if he were paying no attention to the conversation.

"No, not a woman, Mr. Jennings, and not a man neither, and not a rigid respecter of the Decalogue neither," said the Doctor.

"If you intend to be personal, Doctor Horatio Johnson," with strong italics on the word Doctor; "I forgive you for the sake of the day."

"Thank you, Julius, thank you, and thank the day very much."

"Come, none of this," said Mr. Collinson, laughing, "have a pinch of snuff: here, clear your daylights a little."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, sir, we don't quarrel; Mr. Julius and I understand each other; we always have a playful spar when we meet."

"Certainly," said Julius, taking a pinch from Collinson's box, and squeezing it very tightly between his fingers.

"Only a complimentary box, eh?" said the Doctor, examining the pretty little silver box that Collinson handed to him; "I thought you were not a snuffer; horrid habit, bad in every way; but a snuff-box is a useful thing; helps to smooth differences, eh, Mr. Jennings? You will be sorry to part with Mr. Collinson."

"Very," said Jennings.

"When is your last night in England then?" asked the Doctor, turning to the young farmer.

"This very night," said Collinson; "I go to Liverpool in the morning. Mrs. Titsy is gone to church, I suppose?"

"Yes; but it is not Mrs. Titsy that you would wish more particularly to inquire about; eh, my friend? There, we know all about it; don't be angry or think I am inquisitive. Susan Harley generally spends her Sundays here, but she has not been here to-day. Young

Martyn is very ill, and like a kind good soul, no doubt she is nursing the boy; but she is sure to come before the night is out. Sit down, sir, and have a taste of the fragrant weed—just one pipe."

"We cannot stay, thank you," said Jennings.

"Can't we, indeed?" asked the Doctor.

"No, thank you," said Collinson, "we have a little appointment presently, but I don't expect to be late, and I do want to see Miss Harley, Doctor—Miss Harley, mind you."

"Certainly," said the Doctor, "by all means; nobody respects her more than I do."

"That's all right," said the farmer, "I will call here again before the night is over. She said she would be in about this time; so you see she expects me."

Although Tom Titsy's thoughts were occupied with Jacob's illness, he possessed sufficient of the receptive faculty to lose little or nothing of the conversation between Horatio and Mr. Collinson, the close of which considerably reduced the natural gaiety of Tom's countenance. He had no claim whatever upon Susan's special regard, but he had in his blundering way exhibited a kindness for her which was not mistaken by the Titsy household.

"Then it is not to be good-bye until we see you again?"

"No; I shall look in before the watchman begins to try the doors, and thinks it time for you to go to bed."

"I will say good night," said Jennings, shuffling towards the Doctor, and offering a flabby hand.

"The same to you, and many of them," said the Doctor, taking the hand for a moment. "Let me see what is the day of the month, November 15; it deserves our remembrance, the Sabbath on which you gave up the evening meeting to oblige a very secular friend. If the world comes to an end before morning, or some other startling manifestation is made, we shall know the reason."

There came over the sallow face of Julius Jennings a strange expression as the Doctor marked the calendar that hung near the shepherdess on the mantel-piece; an expression indicating both annoyance and fear.

"Don't you like my marking the date, Mr. Jennings? You think I am sarcastic, eh?"

"Not so sarcastic, nor so humorous, Johnson, as when you are thrusting the universal remedy down the public throat," said Jennings, rubbing his mittened hands.

"Good: one to Jennings," said the Doctor. "I wonder which of us two is the biggest quack—you with your moral and religious pills, or me with my bits of herbs rolled into little lumps?"

"Oh, having your altercations again," said Collinson, smiling.

"No, having Jennings," said the Doctor, laughing and resuming his seat by the fire. "Good-bye for the present, gentlemen, good-bye."

"I hate that sneak," remarked the Doctor, refilling his pipe and pressing the tobacco into the bowl with more than usual energy; "he is a canting, sneaking, malicious, plotting scoundrel, or I am a Dutchman, which I am certainly not: it bodes no good to Mr. Silas Collinson when Julius Jennings gives up his chapel for him. It is a strange thing to me how Magar the Miller and Jennings can be so intimate, and stranger that an honest fellow like Collinson should be mixed up with two such men. Well, there is no accounting for taste, is there, Tom?"

"No," responded Tom, still looking into the fire.

"For your part you don't think much of Collinson?"

"I don't," said Tom, shifting his position and facing the philosophic Johnson.

"Never mind, lad, the best man will win at last; I know where the shoe pinches; you must grin and bear it like a man."

"Well, Doctor, the shoe that pinches most is Master Jacob's being ill," said Tom.

At this the Doctor became silent again, and more regardful of his pipe. He made a succession of smoke rings, which floated up among the chimney ornaments and obscured for a time the pencil mark under "November 15" in the calendar. Ominous date! how ominous the reader will discover sooner than Mrs. Titsy's talkative lodger, who had noted it and dragged it from oblivion in the Titsy household. November 15! It stood out like a warning—it was a warning; it was a guide marked out by an all-wise, all-seeing Providence for a clue in the darkness that was coming on. It is not difficult to believe that the pencil mark made by Horatio Johnson had been ordained.

While the Doctor went on making smoke rings the cooing of a stray pigeon reminded Tom that the whole of his feathered family should have been in bed long ago. He went to the door and released a fantail which he had pocketed in an absent frame of mind two hours previously, and subsided again into a calm contemplation of the fire; not that his imagination led to his seeing streets and castles, and trees and rocks in the cinders; he saw nothing but the hot coals which were making his face ten shades redder than usual.

It was only when the door opened and Cæsar came plunging headlong down the steps that Tom shook off his unwonted lethargy, and this was not so much out of regard for the dog as for Susan Harley, who followed Cæsar (with more ceremony than that excited quadruped) into the cottage.

"Well, Susan, my lass," said Tom, "how are you, we've been expecting you; and how is the little governor?"

"Better Tom, a little better, thank you," said Susan.

"That is good news for Tom," said the Doctor. "Pray sit down, Mrs. Titsy will be here almost immediately."

Mrs. Titsy arrived before the Doctor had done speaking. The two women kissed each other and took mutual glances at their Sunday clothes, and then went upstairs to take their bonnets off and have a little private gossip; after which they came down and Susan assisted Mrs. Titsy to get the supper ready. As soon as it was ready the Doctor took his seat at one end of the table and Mrs. Titsy at the other, and Susan sat on one side and Tom on the other, and they were a very happy family indeed.

After supper the Doctor returned to his pipe; and tumblers and hot water were brought forth. The Doctor had a steaming glass of grog, and Mrs. Titsy had a glass, and Tom had a glass, as was the custom on Sunday evenings; but Susan could not be prevailed upon to drink. She would only just have a sip, and at Tom's suggestion she consented to sip out of his glass, which made Tom very happy indeed—as happy as a great gentleman might feel at any act of condescension from a great lady for whom he might have the highest possible admiration. Tom was continually passing his glass, but Susan only wetted her lips, and Tom only sipped that Susan might wet her lips all the oftener.

The Doctor having given Collinson's message to Susan soon after her arrival they were in momentary expectation of the young farmer's re-appearance, but he did not come. Susan began to think he was annoyed that she had not kept her appointment. It made her miserable every now and then when this fear crossed her mind, like an ugly flash of doubt doing violence to her new budding love for the man who had given a man's best evidence of his affection for her. At length a step was heard and a hand moved the latch; but it was the watchman whose visit Silas had promised to anticipate. "All right?" inquired the watchman, "All right" responded Tom, and the footstep passed the cottage and died away in the distance.

"It is getting very late," said Susan. "I must really go; I am going to sit up with Jacob and I promised not to stay away long."

Susan had several times announced that indeed she really must go, and at last she got up and put her things on; whereupon Tom said it was so late that he must see Susan home. Susan struggled hard against Tom's proposition. She could go very well alone, she was not afraid, besides she could take Cæsar with her for that matter. But nothing would satisfy Tom, who persevered with an energy which would have stood him in good stead at the printing office if he could have commanded it in the cause of type-setting. Well then, he should go to the bottom of the street with her and not a step farther. Tom accepted the compromise, and his mother and the Doctor looked pleased at Tom's triumph.

In less than half an hour Tom returned out of breath, with despair in his face, and despair in his voice. His mother was wanted down at the Governor's immediately—"little Jacob was dying."

CHAPTER IV.

"NOVEMBER 15."

MIDDLETON-IN-THE-WATER was the most benighted town in the Midland Counties. Even by Middletonians themselves it was acknowledged to be quite a hundred years in the rear of every modern social and national improvement. No matter how liberally Time scattered his seeds of progress, while winging his way over the ancient borough, they never took root, or if they did the result was some miserable deformed weakly product that could never be recognised for any plant associated with progress or advancement. Whether the utter failure of the sowing might be accounted for by reason of the adamantine quality of the paving stones of the period is a question which only requires proposing to the local debating club to be duly accepted and discussed.

The old town was a gigantic puzzle which nobody but the letter-carrier could solve. It was one mass of crooked streets and alleys which led to everywhere and nowhere, and seemed to have been planned for the especial purpose of confusing strangers, supplying covering galleries for thieves, and courting corners for lovers. The houses were built of bricks which had once been red. Nearly every house had bow windows and door-steps. The latter were continually undergoing the process of scouring at the hands of women who had once been red like the bricks and the tiles.

A cloud usually hung over the borough, a cloud of sooty smoke from tall chimneys, which all day long sent forth volumes of the dunnest vapour. Except when the wind chased it over the hills, the smoke never left the town. Every day it gradually mounted up above the roofs, and then, quietly descending, it dispersed itself through every street and billeted itself for the night in the narrowest thoroughfares.

In many quarters of Middleton the houses looked as though they had crept together for mutual warmth during some terribly fierce winter in the old old days, and had been fixed there by icy bonds which had never since been melted. In other districts huge habitations reared themselves up in the smoke and looked down with uncompromising contempt out of their top windows upon half-thatched cottages below. There was a general air of squalid grandeur and pride, mingled with squalid poverty and fear, throughout the place. It was a town of vulgar bullying creditors and poor vulgar grovelling debtors going on from day to day living close together, bullying and being bullied, grinding and being ground, cursing and being cursed.

Yet this miserable Middleton was fixed in a glorious setting of hills and dales, and woods and rivers; a setting the rarest and most beautiful that can be imagined; it was like a spurious stone in the setting of a rare gem. There had been days in the olden times when the divine light may have shone out full and brilliant in the now dimmed and flawed stone; indeed it must have been so, the origin of anything so fairly set could not have been ignoble. On summer days you would have thought the sunbeams were charged with the mission of restoring the ancient glory of the town, and that the mission was too difficult for accomplishment. The sunbeams would wander through the gabled streets, lingering here, darting off there, tarrying in this spot and shunning the other, until, weary of the pestering smoke-grimed, factory-ridden, money-grubbing place, they returned to the realms of light, leaving for a moment a parting ray of golden splendour on the vane of the old church steeple.

There had been no sunbeams visible in Middleton on this Sunday of our story. It was a dull leaden November day, not wet, not foggy for a wonder, but simply a gloomy autumn day, which was succeeded by an equally gloomy night. It was therefore a cheery thing to see the broad glint of fire-light that came out of the little parlour of "The Angel," as Julius Jennings and Silas Collinson entered that hostelrie. It was a back parlour, a dark heavy parlour, despite a large quantity of bow-window looking upon the town. The curtains had just been drawn, and visitors were evidently expected.

"Is this our room?" asked Jennings of the waiting-woman.

"It is," she said; "what will you please to take?"

Jennings looked at Collinson, plainly intimating that if he consented to enter a public-house on a Sunday, it did not at all follow that he should drink.

"I will have some brandy hot," said Collinson; "Mr. Jennings will give his own order."

"Nothing for me, thank you," said Jennings.

"You must drink, man," said Silas, "if it is only for the good of the house."

"Well then, for the good of the house," Jennings replied, "for I really don't care about anything; for the good of the house I will take a little rum shrub."

"And I will take some Scotch whiskey," said a rough voice at the door.

The rough voice introduced its rough and ready owner, Mr. Ephraim Magar, a thick-set, square-headed, low-browed man, who assumed the character of a jovial, plain-spoken citizen of the world. But there was a cunning expression in his small grey eyes, and a heavy sensual cut about his lower jaw and his bulging neck, which did not quite correspond with the part he wished to play, He looked the genial character which he desired to play perhaps less successfully than usual when dressed in his Sunday clothes.

Ephraim Magar was the miller whom Jacob Martyn had observed smoking his pipe by the mill-pool in Jacob's great trouble. Viewed from a distance, whitened with flour dust, and supported by an old mill and a pleasant bit of meadow for a background, Mr. Magar might have been accepted as something akin to the jolly miller to whom in the song Henry the Eighth doffed his hat during a romantic comparison of the positions of king and subject; but in his Sunday face and coat, Mr. Magar certainly did not look like the jolly miller of the Dee.

Perhaps there never was a more mysterious mill than that of which Mr. Ephraim Magar was proprietor. If ruin, and thatch, and lichens, and weeds, and shady corners, could make it more picturesque than that famous mill in Wales which every artist paints, Magar's mill decidedly carried off the palm. It had not a rocky romantic river to set it off, that is true; but it had a calm lake margined with weeds; and it had an old wooden wheel with plenty of colour in it, colour of rust and age, and slimy moss.

Any time for twenty years the mill was going to be pulled down, to be replaced by a more useful building, but latterly Mr. Magar had told the landlord that it answered his purpose very well. What his purpose was the gossips were continually trying to discover. It was clearly not the simple business of a miller; his purpose was considerably deeper than that. He made more by buying at the turn of the market at Wakefield and selling again than he made by the turn of the mill-stones. The old wheel was continually going it is true, and there was flour to be had at the mill. Suspicions of distilling had been aroused by some imaginative neighbour who thought the miller's late hours, coupled with lights at midnight and early morning, meant distilling. The Inland Revenue officers searched the mill and had to defend an action at law for their pains, to say nothing of being threatened with the mill-pool. Magar stood no nonsense from any one; what he could not do in the way of defence and attack by a foul tongue and a strong arm he did by means of Mr. Gripps, a local attorney, who had trounced several and sundry persons who had brought themselves within the miller's power.

It was known to Julius Jennings, and also to Mr. Silas Collinson, that Magar had lost a large sum of money at a certain gaming-table in a neighbouring town. Jennings had lent Magar money, and Collinson had lent money to both. Moreover, Magar had bought corn, as well as sheep, from Collinson at the turn of the market and at other times, and there was a balance in Magar's books of four hundred pounds still owing to Collinson. The miller had promised to pay this sum over to the young farmer a month ago, and on failing to do so at that time, had mentioned seven days afterwards; and failing seven days afterwards, had fixed Saturday, and then had solemnly named Sunday evening, this very Sunday evening of our story. He had arranged to meet Jennings and Collinson for a final settlement and a farewell glass at "The Angel;" and here they were, all friends together, on this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten Fifteenth of November.

"And when do you sail, Collinson?" asked Magar when the grog was brewed and the shutters closed.

"I am due in Liverpool to-morrow," said Collinson, "and I sail on Wednesday."

"What about Miss Susan Harley?" asked Jennings, sipping his shrub and looking at Magar.

"Susan! well, poor girl, she does not know what to say; she does not like the notion of my going, of course."

"Wavering, perhaps," said Jennings slowly and with a deprecatory glance at Silas, "wavering between Thomas Titsy and yourself.

What a rival! And Mister Collinson might marry the richest trader's daughter in Middleton."

"That will do, Jennings, I did not come here to talk about my matrimonial prospects; and if I did, what is the richest girl in the town to me—riches don't mean happiness, I suppose?"

"Don't they?" said Magar stirring his whiskey and stretching his ungainly legs; "then what is happiness?"

"I can't exactly say, but I would sooner make the money myself than have it with a wife," said Silas.

"You are sweet on Susan, I know—a decent sort of a wench, but you may have a woman of that class to keep your house without all the fuss and bother of a wedding, Silas. If I had my time to come over again I'd never marry, not I."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Magar may share your feelings on that score," said Silas.

"That's one to you," said Magar. "One to Silas. Eh, Mr. Jennings?"

"Yes," said Jennings.

"That's glasses round," said Magar, ringing the bell.

Jennings no longer attempted to resist the generous liquor. Magar had a double quantity of whiskey in each glass, and seemed inclined to grow quarrelsome over it.

"So you mean to marry that girl, that servant of Martyn's?" he said in a patronising manner to Collinson, who was nettled at this continual reference to Susan.

"Look here, my friends," he replied, "as I said before, I did not come here to discuss marriage, but money; and not money in connection with marriage, but money owing to me in the way of trade. I came here at your invitation to do business, although it is the Sabbath, and Mr. Julius Jennings is a regular chapel-goer."

"The Lord plucked ears of wheat on the Sabbath, friend Silas," said Jennings in a soft tone of injured innocence.

"Oh, burn your texts!" exclaimed Collinson, "I'd as lief hear the devil quote the Scriptures as Julius Jennings; so you have got out of me that bit of my mind. I once told you a year ago that I had no faith in your religion, Julius."

"That was when you were angry, as you are now," said Jennings with an air of calm superiority, "and when you are angry it is the evil one who speaks, and not you yourself, Mr. Collinson—not you, sir, not you."

"Then where is the religion of calling a business meeting, a sort of twopenny-halfpenny insolvent debtors' meeting, on a Sunday night?"

exclaimed Silas, clenching his hand and looking angrily at Magar, who rose with a flash of fury in his face.

"Insolvent debtors!" roared Magar, glaring at Silas, "where are they? What dost mean? Who do you mean?"

Jennings slid his thin writhing body between his two friends, keeping them apart by word and gesture.

"Gentlemen!—gentlemen!—my friends!—Mr. Magar, Sir!—Sunday night! Pray remember. And Silas Collinson's last night in England!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Magar, "there you hit me, Jennings—his last night in England. But what the devil does Silas mean by insolvent debtors?"

"Now look here, Magar, and you Jennings," said Collinson, his anger calming down immediately upon Magar's reference to his last night in England, "I don't want to quarrel; I did not mean to be offensive; I was hasty; I apologise; there! Come, let us be friends. There's my hand."

Magar took the proffered hand, while Jennings took the other, and then they pledged each other's health, and Magar proposed that they should get to business.

"I should not have asked thee to come here to-night, Silas," began Mr. Magar, "only I received a bit of money yesterday which I ought to have had before, and I wanted to keep my promise as close on the time I named as I could, and as you were going off to-morrow, I thought it best to do it to-night. Besides, I am going to Birmingham in the morning, and I don't want to be tempted to risk it there."

"Why don't you keep a banking account?" asked Collinson; "I have often wondered that you do not."

"Oh, I should never get on with a banking account," said Magar; "I should do nothing but sign cheques; I should never think I was short of money. Besides, banks break, and my mill is as safe as any bank. I did keep a banking account once, for about a month, but I didn't like it. Now to business. Look here. I shall pay thee two hundred pounds down, and give a bill at six months for the balance. There's the money in bank notes, and we'll walk down to the mill presently, and Jennings will draw up a receipt and a bill. Will that do?"

"Yes," said Collinson, "I am perfectly satisfied; two hundred in cash will suit me very well, and I can leave the bill at the bank."

"I owe you a trifle, Silas," said Jennings.

"Never mind, Jennings," Collinson replied promptly; "say no more about that; we will talk about it when I come back."

"There, man, put the money in your pocket," said Magar, pushing the notes over to Collinson, "and let us have another glass a-piece before we walk down to the mill."

"Thank you, Magar," responded Collinson. "All right; let us start at once, it is getting late."

The last round of grog was soon finished, and Collinson, who had despaired of getting any money at all, was very talkative and friendly. The brandy, too, had begun to tell upon him. He walked a little unsteadily.

It was a dark night. There were a few stars twinkling in the blackness, and a few houses sent forth gleams of light from bedroom windows. The Middleton Corporation, who had only introduced gas into the town a few years previous to this history, took Old Moore for their guide in the matter of illumination. When the almanack promised moonshine, which it did very frequently, the Corporation saved their gas. Middleton was therefore in total darkness once or twice a week, as it was upon this occasion. To make the night more objectionable, November began to assert its title, not only to be dull and dark, but to be drizzly and windy and cold. Before Magar and his friends had arrived at the mill the rain began to fall, accompanied by a hollow soughing, melancholy gusty wind, with a howl in it at street corners, and a moan here and there in dark alleys and mysterious passages.

The mill, as the reader will readily understand, was a weird, solemn place at night, and especially in November, when the rain had swollen the pool, and the wind wandered about among the naked trees and made a low moaning music that was echoed by the water gurgling under the mill-wheel.

As they stood upon the threshold of the mill a light from a half-concealed window near the wheel glimmered upon the wet slimy ladders.

Magar cursed the light, and said he thought he had put it out before he left. In the same breath he asked Collinson why the deuce he did not walk straight, and if he wanted to tumble into the pool. Silas laughed, and said he would rather tumble into bed. It was the peculiarity of Collinson to be particularly merry in his cups; while an extra glass brought out the brutal nature of Magar and the canting hypocrisy of Jennings.

By-and-by the door closed upon the three friends. The light disappeared and then came forth in another part of the mill. The wind swept along the adjacent river and wandered round the mill, and threw the drizzling rain upon the dusty windows. The water trickling through the locks of the pool, slipped away to the river beneath the silent wheel, and the time slipped away also; the hours, half hours, and quarters being steadily marked by the local chimes, the sounds of which wandered through the November air down to the old bridge as if to keep the watchman company at the last and loneliest portion of his rounds.

Magar's Mill was the boundary of the watchman's beat; but the officer was generally content to cry the hour on the bridge, unless anything called his especial attention to the mill. On this Sunday night of the fifteenth of November he heard a door closed and saw a light; thereupon he passed along the bridge, and casting a long column of light before him, went to the mill and tapped at the door with the same interrogatory remark as that which had interrupted the Titsys only half an hour before. "All right?" said the watchman.

"All right" was the immediate response from within.

"Humph!" said the watchman as he left the spot; "in a great hurry to say all right; might have asked a fellow to have a drink on a night like this; a fine sight of money that man must be making one way and another. He's always at it, Sundays and work-a-days. What's he up to now? Well, it's no business of mine. I'll just go home for a quarter of an hour and warm mysen. 'Twelve o'clock and a stormy night!'"

The watchman's cry fell dead and still and unheeded upon the night; the wind did not even carry it away as it swept over the bridge; it fell heavily, as if it had sunk into the river. The town clock soon afterwards began to strike out the hour, but it seemed to make a fitful ending after the first three strokes of the bell, and November took possession of the town and did as it liked with it, covering it up with sleet and drizzle, and making low, wailing, terrifying noises up and down the streets.

A Middletonian who had been visiting his friends in a village beyond the bridge on the London road was passing the mill shortly after twelve o'clock, and was attracted by the shifting of a light from one part of the mill to another. Having heard the story of the supposed illicit still, he paused a moment near the old building, and thought he heard a groan, as if from some person in pain. The noise frightened him for a moment, but he put it down to the cry of an owl or the sighing of the wind. The same sound was repeated, and there was something so solemn and ghost-like about the place, it was such a wretched November night, and his wife would be so angry at his staying out late, that the Middletonian hurried away from the mill and over the bridge into the town, and was very glad when he saw the light of his own fireside. Moreover, the poor fellow had bethought himself of one of the many legends of the bridge, where a murder had been perpetrated in the days of Jack Sheppard, and he terrified his wife by repeating that story, and wondering if the ghost of the murdered man had haunted the bridge on this miserable November night.

The watchman had hardly reached his home, and the Middletonian had only just brewed himself a nightcap when the door at the back of the mill was cautiously unlocked and opened. In another minute Julius Jennings peered out into the darkness and listened. He heard nothing but the water gurgling down the weir to the river. Five minutes afterwards a dreadful cry broke out upon the night, a cry of despair and death, a cry that trembled in the air. The very wind stopped as if to listen, and the river carried the awful sound down to the bridge and lost it among the dark arches. Time seemed to stand still for a moment, as if the night had received a sudden shock; and then the wind gathered strength, and rushed at the mill as if it were about to drag forth the heart of its mystery. It shook the doors, and broke in upon a half-open window. It came back again and plunged beneath the water-wheel, and then rushed over the mill-pool and shook every reed upon the banks; but nothing came of all this demonstration except the creaking of doors, the rattling of windows, the hissing of water, and the rustling of reeds and sedges. No other cry came from the mill; all was still and quiet, and silent, and solemn as if death had really been in that despairing shriek, and was now in gloomy possession of a victim.

At two o'clock in the morning the old borough watchman appeared again. He cast the same long column of light before him: it was like a luminous elastic wand; it struck the front of the mill, and then mounted the roof, increasing its proportions as it moved upwards until it changed from an elastic wand into a spectre.

"Past two o'clock and a cloudy morning," sang the watchman. As he turned away, the bull's-eye spectre came back over the mill-roof, down the front, and stretched away again towards the bridge. "Past two o'clock and a cloudy morning," again sang the watchman, as if he desired in this dreadful solitude the companionship of his own voice.

Daylight dawned at last, ragged and patchy, cold and wet and chilly. The first glimmer of morning saw Julius Jennings creeping into bed, while daylight fell upon Mr. Ephraim Magar standing with his arms folded at the mill-door.

"Good morning, Sir; not a very inviting morning, Sir," said Tom Titsy.

"No; it ain't," said Magar. "You are out early."

"Same to you, Sir," said Tom.

"Them as thrives must be up betimes, Tom," said Magar, with calm self-possession.

"And stop up at nights, too," said Tom, noticing the miller's haggard and wild appearance.

"Take that dog away," said Magar.

"Oh! he won't hurt, Sir; he don't mean nothing," said Tom, pretending to lash Cæsar with a light stick, which he carried for the purpose of intimidation rather than correction.

Cæsar had snarled at Magar, and the miller resented this mark of recognition.

"It would be the worse for him if he did mean anything," said Magar. "I'd smash him."

"Well, I don't know whether you would, for that matter," said Tom. "But there's no need to be angry. Come along, Cæsar, come along! Mr. Magar's been up late, and got out of bed the wrong side."

The dog barked and leaped up at Tom, and the pair went bounding on together.

"Has he?" said Magar. "I'll be even with you, Thomas Titsy."

"Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning," said the watchman in the distance.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE *Deus ex machinâ* of history, unlike the dramatist, does not condescend to reveal his plot, even at the end of the fifth act of comedy or tragedy. We, the spectators of great events, can only guess at the secret motives which are making or marring kingdoms; and, by-and-by, after curtain has been dropped, and the lights have long since been put out, the plot is somehow told when but few care to know it. During the great war of 1870, there was a secret of which millions of excited people of the chief races of men were more or less impatient; but no man behind the scenes would tell it. All the world was asking whether or not the famous Chancellor of the North German Confederation was a party to the acceptance by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen of the candidature to the throne of Spain. It was a part of the creed of those who regarded Prussia as an injured innocent in the occurrences immediately leading to the war, that the negotiations between the Spanish Government and Prince Leopold were a private affair, wholly unconnected with Prussian diplomacy. In the "Story of the War," as related in the *Gentleman's Annual* while the contest was still undecided, the writer, speaking of the visit of Senor Salazar to Dusseldorf to consult with Prince Leopold, says, "The deputy of Mazarredo was not a conspicuous man in public affairs, and his movements escaped observation. He went to Dusseldorf and had many interviews with the young Hohenzollern. Whom else he saw at Dusseldorf, whether he held communication with Prince Antoine, with any trusty emissary from the Foreign Office at Berlin, or with the redoubtable Minister-President himself, he has not told us; he has only declared in discreet language that the Prussian Government did not "intervene in the negotiations.'' The teller of the "Story of the War" could only guess, and forecast, and draw conjectural conclusions, and this is how he spoke: "The time has not yet come to tell on whose counsel Prince Leopold acted when he intimated his acceptance; but of this there is hardly a question: Count Bismarck was aware of the offer, and knew of the acceptance; and King William had no knowledge of the one fact or the other, until a few hours before the news was telegraphed from Madrid to all quarters of the world.'' Well, within these few weeks the Duc de Gramont has revealed what he knows of the antecedents of the war; and now we learn that in March, 1870, not many weeks before the declaration of war, Bismarck wrote a letter to Marshal Prim, apologising for having been unable to meet Senor Salazar on the Leopold scheme, and containing in a postcript these words: "If you are still thinking of the question which is the principal object of the letter I am answering, we might perhaps come to an understanding." The result was that Salazar was sent immediately to Berlin, had a long interview with Bismarck, and presently in the utmost secrecy the business was settled: Prince Leopold was to be King of Spain.

RECURRING for a moment to the subject of the above note, I cannot help remarking upon the notable fact that when Prim and Bismarck had accomplished this important feat of secret diplomacy, both statesmen withdrew from the scene. Bismarck was almost out of reach when Europe made the discovery; and Prim retired from the arena of public life at Madrid, having strictly enjoined that no word of the candidature of Prince Leopold should be made public, and having arranged for a confidential conference with Napoleon III. at an early day. Here again I am tempted to quote, from the "Story of the War," a constructive conjecture verified now by the Duc de Gramont's book: "Momentous secrets are hard to keep. At the intended friendly vacation meeting at Vichy between the Emperor of the French and Marshal Prim, planned for an early day in July, it may well have been the Marshal hoped to be the first to break to Napoleon in personal converse the news of the acceptance by the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen of the throne of Spain. The imperial mind, he knew, was deficient in resoluteness and singleness of purpose, and open to personal influence. It might have been possible to the ruling spirit of the Spanish revolution to soften the incidence of this shock by assurances of the determination of the Government of Spain to hold itself aloof from Prussian schemes and free from German alliances. Unluckily the secret leaked out." From the Duc de Gramont we now learn that Prim, having required Senor Salazar to observe the most absolute secrecy, retired in the beginning of June to his estate at Montes de Toledo, and that at the same time he wrote to the Spanish ambassador in France to inform him that he would come to Paris, under the pretence of settling some business, but in reality to take measures with him for a very important affair, and to see the Emperor. "The Marshal," says a commentator on these revelations, "evidently relied on the secret being kept, and he hoped not to be obliged to reveal it till he had got his project approved by the Emperor Napoleon III." The time may come when the private memoirs of Marshal Prim shall be written, and the world may, perhaps, then learn what consideration the great Spaniard intended to offer the Emperor to secure his complaisance and to prevent that terrible war which, for aught we know, was the consequence of the inability of Senor Salazar to keep a secret for two or three weeks.

ON what principle does the *Times* take upon itself to stigmatise as "human folly" the collection of postage-stamps and the willingness of collectors to give a high price for rare specimens? A defender of this strictly modern pursuit, in the course of a warm controversy in a country newspaper upon the wisdom of accumulating stamps, compares the practice to that of collecting butterflies, and it seems to me, so far as the analogy goes, it gives him the best of the argument. Unquestionably a postage-stamp is a horribly modern thing, and the contempt with which it is regarded by a few severe archæologists may be easily imagined; but the time will come when these letter-franks of, say, the quarter of a century beginning in 1840, when the first stamp was issued, will be objects of great interest and of profound study. Then will the student be thankful to the collector of the present era who, wiser than the antiquarian, more far-seeing than the curiosity-monger of past ages, began so early to make up complete sets. What would have been the gratitude of Edward Gibbon if he could have discovered, among the ashes of a Roman youth cut off before his prime, a perfect collection of imperial medals! The chapter in the "Decline and Fall," in which the famous historian discourses on the value of medals in the elucidation of Roman annals, and speaks of what he owes to them in his investigations, impressed my mind deeply when I first read that stupendous work, and I rarely see one of these collections of stamps without being reminded of Gibbon and his medals. The first "Queen's head" I ever saw marks something of an epoch in my memory; and when I think how this method of franking communications has been adopted by every civilised country under the sun, and when I remember what changes have already been registered in our method of making, distributing, and using these tokens, I almost wish I had an unbroken set among my treasures. Like the provincial correspondent whom I have mentioned, I should prize them more than if they were butterflies or beetles. At first, I think, the penny stamp was not numbered and lettered at its corners as it is now; and their perforation in sheets is an improvement of recent date. An old friend of mine used to say that our newspapers should be treated in the same way. The late Mark Lemon offered this as a suggestion to the *Times*. I will not, however, recall the incidents of such very recent history, but I am glad to find the young people preserving these mementoes of the Post Office.

WHAT is the next fashion of fiction to be? All the present forms of style are *blasé*. But the passion for novels is apparently as strong to-day as it was when Scott and Dickens won their spurs with "Waverley" and "Pickwick." "Pickwick" and "Waverley" are, however, out of date now, and have lost their charm for all but the youngsters who are just taking their first peeps at life through the glasses of romance; and no great master of fiction has yet arisen to bend the bow of Ulysses. The *London Journal* is now the repertory of the most popular fictions. The writers of fiction are most of them Pierce Egans and Wilkie Collinses. There must be a reaction one of these days, and what is the reaction to be? We have tried most styles in the course of the past thirty or forty years, Sir Walter Scott's, Charles Dickens's, Thackeray's, Captain Marryat's, Charles

Lever's, Harrison Ainsworth's, Bulwer Lytton's, Disraeli's, Anthony Trollope's, Miss Braddon's, Charles Reade's, Wilkie Collins's, and three or four of these still keep the public ear, are still read with more or less of interest and of admiration. But their power is on the wane; and all of them put together do not exercise the sovereignty of Scott and Dickens. These men swept the boards. Hardly anyone else was read when these men were at their desks. Now everyone is read, and read apparently with a languid sort of interest. Who is the new master to be? What is the new style that is to charm the world with its magic and to throw everything else into the shade?

THE origin of an interesting and popular book is always a subject of interest, and this is my apology to Mr. Hepworth Dixon for suggesting that he may have taken the hint of his pleasant and suggestive work upon the Swiss in their own homes from Charles Dickens. "The newspapers seem to know as much about Switzerland," says Dickens in a note to Douglas Jerrold, from Cremona, in the autumn of '44, "as about the Esquimaux country. I should like to show you the people as they are here or in the Canton de Vaud—their wonderful education, splendid schools, comfortable homes, great intelligence, and noble independence of character." This is precisely what Hepworth Dixon has done in his sketch of the Swiss, and done with such picturesque and characteristic intelligence and power that I should like to anticipate his biography by asking whether the idea was his own or taken from this hint of Dickens. Dickens would certainly be the first to recognise his own thought in *The Switzers*.

MR. ALGERNON SWINBURNE has a theory that only men of patrician birth can be poets. It is, I believe, a mere whim. Perhaps Dante, Alfieri, and Byron may be set down as patricians. But these are almost the only men whose names suggest themselves on the spur of the moment, and scores of poets of the highest genius but of plebeian birth rise to the tip of the tongue. Horace, Petofi, Beranger, Burns—what sort of a pedigree had any of these men to produce at the Heralds' College? Neither Shakespeare nor Milton can be said to be men of the patrician order. They were representatives of the middle class, of the class which in every country has produced the truest poets, the keenest and profoundest thinkers, the greatest statesmen. All the best poetry that has been produced in this country, the poetry that will live, has been written by men as free from a pedigree as Burns. What pedigree had Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Keats, Tom Hood, or even Scott, except the pedigree which he improvised out of his own imagination? They all belonged to the yeoman and merchant class. Byron and Shelley were the only two who were entitled to bear arms. No; genius is not in the blood. It often turns up like wild honey in strange places.

ALL questions of political economy resolve themselves into psychological problems. The demand of the agricultural labourer for more pay and shorter time is an example under observation at this moment. Can the labourer succeed? Independently of partisanship or sympathy, it would be an interesting study to watch, with philosophic intent, the process and the result. There is, of course, no social science, properly speaking, in the agitation. The men have not carefully considered the relation in which they stand to demand and supply. They have not determined whence the enhanced wages are to come. They have not said, there are three factors—the market price of produce, the farmers' profits, and the landlord's rent, and the additional wages must be derived from the first, the second, the third, or from all three. They go upon their wants and upon the apparent fact that the farmer cannot do without them; and though the country is familiar with the theory that the quotations of corn are ruled by those of the foreign supply, the unionist labourer never for an instant pictures to himself the tenant-farmers deserting the land in a body, and carrying their capital to other fields of employment. Whether or not the movement goes on, results of that sort will probably not happen. The parties will be ruled at every stage of the conflict by notions quite other than those laid down by MacCulloch. Will the most consistent and enduring notion prevail? or will farmers, landlords, and labourers, be helpless instruments carrying out unknowingly the inexorable laws of political economy?

THERE is not much revelation in current events. We know our contemporaries too well to be greatly astonished at anything they may do. This is, perhaps, the reason why there is more suggestiveness in old records than in new. A tavern bill of the sixteenth century, or an indictment in legal form against a public offender of the times that are dead and gone, contains hints regarding the natural history of the human animal which we should look for in vain in corresponding documents bearing date of the present month. But this is not all the difference. Common statements of facts do not bear now quite the same character which they bore some generations ago. It has fallen to my lot to attend vestry meetings in these degenerate days, and to hear the churchwardens' accounts read; but the items somehow have had none of the flavour that belong to those of similar records of a few hundreds of years gone by. I have before me a handsome-looking book which, though very recently from the press, and wearing a modern dress, would have delighted the hearts of some of my contributors of three quarters of a century ago. It contains in print a complete reproduction of the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, in the City of London, from the year 1456 to 1608. This history in little of a hundred and fifty years has been sent me by Mr. Alfred James Waterlow, for several years one of the churchwardens of that parish, by whom the book has been printed as a labour of love. Not a single year's account is absent, and the documents are full of items of that peculiarly suggestive character to which

I have referred. In the accounts produced at the Easter meetings held in the City of London three or four weeks ago I do not think there were any such entries as the following. Lawrence Walker's account, 1605:—"Geven to a poor scholler who was a strainger ij^s vj^d." George Rodgers's account 1608: "Paid to Browne's wife for kepinge of the child wch was lefte at Mr. Vanaker's door the last winter, and for clothes for the same child iij^s;" "Allowed unto Tittle by consent of the vestry for his expenses against the man that stole the booke of Marters ix^s." Who was the poor scholar, a stranger, on whom the excellent churchwarden had compassion to the extent of two shillings and sixpence out of the church funds? What was the subsequent history of the foundling picked up at Mr. Vanaker's door? These dry debtor and creditor statements are the raw materials of romance. They speak for themselves, and I will not moralise on them, but quote half-a-dozen more items at random before I close the book. 1595: "Paid for the afternoones knell of a Duche gentlewoman xvj^d;" "Paid for a caryenge awaie a poore boy that laye under a stall ij^d." 1589: "Paide by order of a vestrye for thinges necessary for a mayden childe taken upp about the condyt in Cornchill xiij^s iij^d;" "Paid for nursinge the same childe ix weeks xij^s." 1584: "Paide for the buriall of a poore man whiche dyed in the pulpett iiij^s ij^d." 1564: "Paide to the good man Hallye for a childe that was left in Sir Wm Harper's entrye xij^d;" "Paide to the olde blynde man at his departinge in mone ij^s." 1559: "Paid to the Ringers when the Quene came to the Tower ij^s." 1558: "To the auditors of this accounte to drinke xx^d." 1447: "Item paid for writing and engrosyng up of this accounte xx^d."

"BARRISTERS, &c." AND "OUR LAWYERS."

THE Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has courteously invited me to reply to a critique on my article on Barristers. He adds, however, that I must confine myself to the very short space allowed me. I am therefore under the disadvantage of dancing a fandango in a cheese-plate. Moreover, I seldom read criticism, and such reply is hardly wanted, my assailant having misread my meaning. He is, however, merciful, if strong, and reprints my name nearly forty times. He also adds that I wrote "The Gentle Life," and am sore with the Lawyers. I plead guilty to the first atrocity, but not to the second. I reverence the Bar, and count many Barristers as friends. I debated their *function* only. Is the age grown so picked that men may not say that barristers are not angels without raising the horsehair wigs of Slimbag and Briefless and causing a flutter in the dovecote of stuff gowns? Born of the Law, son and brother of lawyers, at one time educated (if partially) for the law, I read "Noy's Maxims"—that "thing of beauty"—and found therein that there was "no wrong without a remedy." This truth (?) rose like the Temple fountain in the dry desert of the musty law, and I believed it; but in the world I found thousands of wrongs unremedied by law, and Holbein's Death-Dance, wherein *Der*

Advocat flouts the poor as he pockets the gold of the rich client, a satire not yet outworn. Am I guilty of libel if I add that Mr. Chaffers is still alive, and that Sergeant Buzfuz, Sampson Brass, and Oily Gammon are accepted portraits of lawyers—drawn by barristers? But this last is fiction. Granted. Turn to history. Fielding, a barrister, rejecting his magistrate's fees as "the dirtiest money on the earth wrung from harlots;" Jeffreys, emptying the slang dictionary on innocent prisoners at the "bloody assizes;" Coke, his eyes flashing fire, yelling at the gallant Rawleigh "thou spider of hell," and doing him to death by command of James I. But this is past! Granted. Look around to-day; law universally dreaded as an enemy; a great judge bequeathing a solemn advice, "Suffer any loss rather than be dragged to law;" the Nestor of the Bench saying "No lawyer is competent to make his own will, no man fully understands his lease, no woman her marriage settlement." A pleader debating not the innocence or guilt of the accused, but the weakness of the judge, or the law, or the stupidity of the jury. Barristers paid for their power of cajolement; solicitors by the folio, the length not strength of their work; and until last January no proper examination for students at the Bar; in the law a taxing-master taking off one-third, one-half, two-thirds of solicitors' bills; barristers not allowed to recover their charges or fees. Had I space, I could say much more. In politics I find two great nations trembling lest they should be plunged in war by the shameful negligence of one Professor of Law on one side and the miserable astuteness (Mr. Bright calls it "attorneyship") of the other. Ruined in estate by clever jockeying attorneyship, I fee a great barrister who does not appear; I refresh him at half the fee, and yet have to fight—and lose—with a junior, thus paying nearly two hundred pounds for nothing. But I have yet a remedy—I can appeal to the last court—the House of Lords—to three old gentlemen (two of whom have judged my case) aided by a stray bishop or so! But these are faults of the law, not of its exponents or professors. Be it so; but who makes and who upholds them; who tries to reform the law? Did Eldon, Stowell, or fifty others? Who consecrates and preserves them? Have we not nearly one hundred and fifty members connected with the law in the Commons? Are the benches of the Peers not crowded with law Lords? Did they or any barrister ever stir to do away with the Fleet Prison, or with the life-long curses of Chancery? The pen of a little boy who once tied up pots of blacking and saw the misery of his imprisoned father did more to aid the victims of such iniquities than any bewigged barrister, whether clad in silk or stuff. And must not they know of the useless, wasting, bankrupt-making, suicide-causing miseries of the law? And am I not, after all, the best friend of the Bar when I endeavour to plead, however weakly, for a higher, a nobler standard; for equity not law, or for a law which should be welcomed as a blessing, not dreaded as a curse; which should be resorted to by good men as a refuge, not used by knaves as an engine of oppression?

J. HAIN FRISWELL.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
JUNE, 1872.

SATANELLA.

A STORY OF PUNCHESTOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATORS," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DEBT OF HONOUR.

DAISY'S astonishment, on receiving by post those documents that restored him to the world from his vegetation in Roscommon, was no less unbounded than his joy. When he opened the registered letter, and bills for the whole amount of his liabilities fluttered out, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he puzzled himself to no purpose in wild speculations as to the friend who had thus dropped from the skies at his utmost need. He had an uncle prosperous enough in worldly matters, but this uncle hated parting with his money, and was, moreover, abroad, whereas the welcome letter bore the London post-mark. He could think of no other relative nor friend rich enough, even if willing, to assist him in so serious a difficulty. The more he considered his good luck, the more inexplicable it appeared; nor, taking his host into consultation, did that worthy's suggestions tend to elucidate the mystery.

In the first place, recalling many similar instances under his own observation, Denis opined that the money must have been hidden up for his guest long ago by his great-grandmother in a stocking and forgotten! Next, that the Prussian Government, having heard of the mare's performance at Punchestown, had bought her for breeding purposes at such a sum as they considered her marketable value. And, lastly (standing the more stoutly by this theory for the failure of its predecessors), that the whole amount had been subscribed under a general vote of the Kildare Street Club, in testimony of their admiration for Daisy's bold riding and straightforward conduct as a sportsman!

Leaving him perfectly satisfied with this explanation, Daisy bid his host an affectionate farewell and started without delay for London, previously telegraphing to his comrade at Kensington certain information and instructions for his guidance. Warped in its transmission by an imaginative clerk in a hurry, we have seen how this message confused and distracted the honest perceptions of its recipient.

That young officer was sitting down to breakfast, with Venus under his chair, while Benjamin, the badger, poked a cautious nose out of his stronghold in the wardrobe, when the hasty retreat of one animal and formidable growlings of the other announced a strange step on the stairs. Immediately Daisy rushed into the room, vociferated for Barney to look after his "traps" and pay the cab, seized a hot plate, wagged his head at his host, and began breakfast without further ceremony.

"Seem peckish, young man," observed Bill, contemplating his friend with extreme satisfaction. "Sick as a fool last night, no doubt, and sharp-set this morning in consequence. Go in for a cutlet, my boy. Another kidney, then. That's right. Have a suck of the lemon, and at him again!"

Munching steadily, Daisy repudiated the imputation of sea-sickness with the scorn of a practised mariner. "It seems to me that I live on that Channel," said he, "like a ship's-steward, Bill, or a horse-marine! Well, I've done with it now, I hope, for some time. How jolly it is to feel straight again! It's like your horse getting up, when he's been on his head, without giving you the crowner you deserve. It was touch-and-go this time, old chap. I say, you got my telegram?"

Bill laughed. "I did, indeed!" he answered; "and a nice mull they made. Read it for yourself."

Thus speaking, he tossed across the breakfast-table that singular communication which his unassisted ingenuity had so failed to comprehend.

Daisy perused it with no little astonishment. "The fools!" he exclaimed. "Why, Bill, you must have thought I'd gone mad."

"We *did*," replied Bill gravely. "Stark staring, my boy. We said we always *had* considered you 'a hatter,' but not so bad as this."

"*We!*" repeated his friend. "What d'ye mean by *we?* You didn't go jawing about it in the regiment, Bill?"

"When I say we," answered the other, with something of a blush, "I mean me and Mrs. Lushington."

"What had *she* to do with it?" asked Daisy, pushing his plate away, and lighting a cigar. "*She* didn't send the stuff, I'll take my oath!"

"But she knows who did," said Bill, filling a meerschaum pipe of liberal dimensions with profound gravity.

Then they smoked in silence for several minutes.

"It's a very rum go," observed Daisy, after a prolonged and thoughtful puff." I don't know when I've been so completely at fault. Tell me what you've heard, Bill, for you *have* heard something, I'm sure. In the first place, how came you to take counsel with Mrs. Lushington?"

"Because she is up to every move in the game," was the answer. "Because she's the cleverest woman in London, and the nicest. Because I was regularly beat, and could think of nobody else to help me at short notice. The telegram said, 'Do not lose a moment.'"

"And what did *she* make of it?" asked Daisy.

"Tumbled to the whole plant in three minutes," answered Bill. "Put the telegram straight—bulls, honey and all—as easy as wheeling into line. I tell you we know as much as you do now, and *more*. You've got three 'thou,' Daisy, ready-money down, to do what you like with. Isn't that right?"

Daisy nodded assent.

"The Chief's delighted, and I've sent the agent to Sharon. Luckily, the little beggar's not so unreasonable as we thought he'd be. That reckons up the telegram, doesn't it?"

Again Daisy nodded, smoking serenely.

"Then there's nothing more for you to bother about," continued his host, "and I'm glad of it. Only, next time, Daisy, you won't pull for an old woman, I fancy, in a winning race."

"Nor a young one either," said his friend. "But you haven't told me now who the money came from."

"Can't you guess? Have you no idea?"

"Not the faintest."

"What should you say to Miss Douglas?"

"Miss Douglas!"

By the tone in which Daisy repeated her name, that young lady was obviously the last person in the world from whom he expected to receive pecuniary assistance.

Though no longer peaceful, his meditations seemed deeper than ever. At length he threw away the end of his cigar with a gesture of impatience and vexation.

"This is a very disagreeable business," said he. "Hang it, Bill, I almost wish the money had never come. I can't send it back, for a thousand's gone already to our kind old major, who promised to settle my book at Tattersall's. I wonder where she got such a sum. By Jove, it's the handsomest thing I ever heard of! What would you do Bill, if you were in my place?"

"Do," repeated his friend; "I've no doubt what I should *do*. I should order Catamount round at once; then I think I'd have a brandy-and-soda; in ten minutes I'd be at Miss Douglas's door, and in fifteen I'd have—what d'ye call it?—proposed to her. Proposed to her, my boy, all according to regulation. I'm not sure how you set about these things. I fancy you go down on your knees; I know you ought to put your arm round their waists; but lots of fellows could coach you for all that part, and even if you did anything that's not in the book, this is a case of emergency, and in my opinion, you might chance it!"

Having thus delivered himself the speaker assumed a judicial air, smoking severely.

"In plain English, a woman buys one for three thousand pounds!" said Daisy, laughing rather bitterly. "*And only three thousand bid for him. Going! Going!!*"

"*Gone!!!*" added Bill, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang that startled the badger, and elicited an angry bark from Venus. "A deuced good price, too! I only hope I shall fetch half as much when I'm brought to the hammer. Why you ought to be delighted, my good fellow. She's as handsome as paint, and the best horsewoman that ever wore a habit!"

"I don't deny her riding, nor her beauty, nor her merit in every way," said Daisy, somewhat ruefully. "In fact, she's much too good for a fellow like me. But do you mean seriously, Bill, that I must marry her because she has paid my debts?"

"I do, indeed," answered his friend; "and Mrs. Lushington thinks so too."

Before Daisy's eyes rose the vision of an Irish river glancing in the sunshine, with banks of tender green and ripples of molten gold, and a fishing-rod lying neglected on its margin, while a fair, fond face looked loving and trustful in his own.

There are certain hopes, akin to the child's soap-bubble, which we cherish insensibly, admiring their airy grace and radiant colouring, almost persuading ourselves of their reality, till we apply to them some practical test—then behold! at a touch, the bubble bursts, the dream vanishes, to leave us only a vague sense of injustice, an uncomfortable consciousness of disappointment and disgust.

"I conclude Mrs. Lushington understands these things, and knows exactly what a fellow ought to do," said Daisy, after another pause that denoted he was in no indiscreet hurry to act on that lady's decision.

"Of course she does!" answered Bill. "She's a regular authority, you know, or I wouldn't have gone to her. You couldn't be in safer hands."

Both young men seemed to look on the whole transaction in the light of a duel, or some such affair of honour, requiring caution no less than courage, and in the conduct of which the opinion of a celebrated practitioner like Mrs. Lushington was invaluable and unimpeachable.

"But if I—if I don't like her well enough," said poor Daisy, looking very uncomfortable. "Hang it, Bill, when one marries a woman, you know, one's obliged to be always with her. Early breakfast, home to luncheon, family dinner, smoke out of doors, and in by ten o'clock. I shouldn't like it at all; and then perhaps she'd take me to morning visits and croquet parties. Think of that, Bill! Like poor Martingale, whose only holiday is when he gets the belt on, and can't stir out of barracks for four-and-twenty hours. To be sure, Miss Douglas is a good many cuts above Mrs. Martingale!"

"To be sure she is!" echoed his adviser. "And I dare say, after all, Daisy, it is not quite so bad as we think. Wet days and that you'd have to yourself, you know, and she wouldn't want you when she had a headache. Mrs. Martingale often has headaches, and so should I if I liquored up as freely!"

"But supposing," argued Daisy, "I say only *supposing*, Bill, one liked another girl better; oughtn't that to make a difference?"

"I'm afraid *not*," replied Bill, shaking his head. "I didn't think of putting the case in that way to Mrs. Lushington, but I don't imagine she'd admit the objection. No, no, my boy, it's no use being shifty about it. You've got to jump, and the longer you look the less you'll like it! If it was a mere matter of business, I wouldn't say a word, but see how the case stands. There are no receipts, no vouchers; she has kept everything dark, that you might feel under no obligation. Hang it, old fellow, it's a regular debt of honour; and there's no way of paying up, that I can see, but this."

Such an argument was felt to be unanswerable.

"A debt of honour," repeated Daisy. "I suppose it is. Very well; I'll set about it at once. I can't begin to-day, though."

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"No time," answered the other, who, in many respects, was a true Englishman. "I've got lots of things to do. In the first place, I must have my hair cut, of course."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A LETTER, without date or signature, written in an upright, clerky hand, correctly spelt, sufficiently well-expressed, and stamped at the General Post Office! St. Josephs had no clue to his correspondent, and could but read the following production over and over again with feelings of irritation and annoyance that increased at each perusal:—

"You have been ill-treated and deceived. A sense of justice compels the writer of these lines to warn you before it is too late. You are the victim of a conspiracy to plunder and defraud. One cannot bear to see a man of honour robbed by the grossest foul play. General St. Josephs is not asked to believe a bare and unsupported statement. Let him recapitulate certain facts, and judge for himself. He best knows whether he did not lately borrow a large sum of money. He can easily discover if that amount corresponds, to a fraction, with the losses of a young officer celebrated for his horsemanship. Let him ascertain why that person's debts have stood over till now; also, how and when they have been settled. Will he have courage to ask himself, or *somebody* he trusts as himself, whence came these funds that have placed his rival in a position to return to England? Will he weigh the answer in the balance of common-sense; or is he so infatuated by a certain dark lady that he can be fooled with his eyes open, in full light of day? There is no time to lose, or this caution would never have been given. If neglected, the General will regret his incredulity as long as he lives. Most women would appreciate his admiration; many would be more than proud of his regard. There is but one, perhaps, in the world who could thus repay it by injury and deceit. He is entreated to act at once on this communication, and to believe that of all his well-wishers it comes from the sincerest and the most reliable."

Everybody affects to despise anonymous letters. No doubt it is a wise maxim that such communications should be put in the fire at once, and ignored as if they did not exist. Nevertheless, on the majority of mankind they inflict unreasonable anxiety and distress.

The sting rankles, though the insect be infinitesimal and contemptible; the blow falls none the less severely that it has been delivered in the dark.

On a nature like the General's such an epistle as the above was calculated to produce the utmost amount of impatience and discomfort. To use a familiar expression, it *worried* him beyond measure. Straightforward in all his dealings, he felt utterly at a loss when he came in contact with mystery or deceit. Nothing could furnish plainer proof of the General's sincere attachment to Miss Douglas than the fortitude with which he confronted certain petty vexations and annoyances inseparable from the love affairs of young and old.

> Ah me! what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with cold iron.

quoth Hudibras; but surely his risk is yet greater who elects to heat the metal from hilt to point in the furnace of his own affections, and burns his fingers every time he draws the sword, even in self-defence. To St. Josephs, who, after a manhood of hardship, excitement, and some military renown, had arrived at a time of life when comfort and repose are more appreciated and more desirable every day, nothing could have been so distasteful as the character he now chose to enact, but for her charms, who had cast the part for him, and with whom, by dint of perseverance and fidelity, he hoped to play out the play.

Though he often sighed to remember how heavily he was weighted with his extra burden of years, he never dreamed of retiring from the contest, nor relaxed for one moment in his efforts to attain the goal.

Twenty times was he on the point of destroying a letter that so annoyed him, and twenty times he checked himself, with the reflection that even this treacherous weapon might be wrested from the enemy, and turned to his own advantage by sincerity and truth. After much cogitation, he ordered his horse, dressed himself carefully, and rode to Miss Douglas's door.

That lady was at home. Luncheon, coming out of the dining-room untouched, met him as he crossed the hall, and the tones of her pianoforte rang in his ears, while he went up-stairs. When the door opened she rose from the instrument and turned to greet him with a pale face, showing traces of recent tears.

All his self-command vanished at these tokens of her distress.

"You've been crying, my darling," said he, and taking her hand in both his own, he pressed it fondly to his lips.

It was not a bad beginning. Hitherto he had always been so formal, so respectful, so unlike a lover; now, when he saw that she was unhappy, the man's real nature broke out, and she liked him none the worse.

Withdrawing her hand, but looking very kindly, and speaking in a softer tone than usual, she bade him take no notice of her agitation.

"I'm nervous," said she. "I often am. You men can't understand these things, but it's better than being cross, at any rate."

"Cross!" he repeated. "Be as cross and as nervous as you like; only make *me* the prop when you require support, and the scapegoat when you want to scold."

"You're too good," said she, her dark eyes filling again, whereat he placed himself very close and took her hand once more. "Far too good for *me!* I've told you so a hundred times. General, shall I confess why I was—was making such a fool of myself, and what I was thinking of when you came in?"

"If it's painful to *you*, I'd rather not hear it," was his answer. "I want to be associated with the sunshine of your life, Blanche, not its shade."

She shook her head.

"Whoever takes part in *my* life," she replied, "must remain a good deal in the dark. That's what I was coming to. General, it is time you and I should understand each other. I feel I could tell *you* things I would not breathe to any other living being. You're so safe, so honourable, so punctiliously, so *ridiculously* honourable—and I *like* you for it."

He looked grateful.

"I want you to like me," said he, "better and better every day. I'll try to deserve it."

"They say time works wonders," she answered wistfully, "and I feel I shall—I *know* I shall. But there are some things I *must* tell you now, while I have the courage. Mind, I am prepared to take all consequences. I have deceived you, General. Deceived you in a way you could never imagine nor forgive."

"So people seem to think," he observed coolly, producing, at the same time, the anonymous letter from his pocket. "I should not have troubled you with such trash, but as you have chosen to make me your father-confessor—perhaps I ought to say your *grand*-father-confessor—this morning, you may as well look through it, before we put that precious production in the fire."

He walked to the window, so as not to see her face while she read it, nor was this little act of delicacy and forbearance lost on such a woman as Blanche Douglas.

Her temper, nevertheless, became thoroughly roused before she got to the end of the letter, causing her to place herself once more in the position of an adversary. Her eyes shone, her brows lowered, and her words came in the tight, concentrated accents of bitter anger, while she bade him turn round, and look her in the face.

"This has only anticipated me," said she, pale and quivering. "I stand here arraigned like any prisoner in the dock, but with no excuses to offer, no defence to make. It is a fine position, truly; but having been fool enough to accept it, I do not mean to shrink from its disgrace. Ask me what questions you will, I am not afraid to answer them."

"Honestly?" said he, "without quibbles or afterthought, and once for all?"

She looked very stern and haughty.

"I am not in the habit of shuffling," she replied. "I never yet feared results from word or action of mine; and what I say, you may depend upon it I mean."

On the General's face came an expression of confidence and resolution she had never noticed before. Meeting his regard firmly, it occurred to her that so he must have looked when he rode through that Sepoy column, and charged those Russian guns. He was a gallant fellow, no doubt, bold and kind hearted too.

If he had only been twenty years younger, or even ten!

He spoke rather lower than usual; but every syllable rang clear and true, while his eyes looked frankly and fearlessly into her own.

"Then answer my question once for all. Blanche, will you be my wife? Without further hesitation or delay?"

"Let me explain first."

"I ask for no explanation, and will listen to none. Suppose me to repose implicit confidence in the vague accusations of an anonymous slander; suppose me to believe you false and fickle, a shameless coquette, and myself an infatuated old fool; suppose anything and everything you please, but first answer the question I ask you from the bottom of my heart, with this anonymous statement—false or true, I care not a jot which—in my hand."

He held it as if about to tear it across and fling it in the grate. She laid a gentle touch on his arm and whispered softly—

"Don't destroy it till I've answered your question.—Yes! There is nobody like you in the world!"

We need not stop to repeat a proverb touching the irreverent persistency of Folly in travelling hand-in-hand with Age. Of what extravagances the General might have been guilty, in his exceeding joy, it is impossible to guess, had she not stopped him at the outset.

"Sit down there," she said, pointing to a corner of the sofa, while establishing herself in an arm-chair on the other side of the fire-place. "Now that you have had your say, perhaps you will let me have *mine!* Hush! I know what you mean. I take all that for granted. Stay where you are, hold your tongue, and listen to me."

"The first duty of a soldier is obedience," he answered in great glee. "I'll be as steady as I can."

It is my *right* now to explain," she continued gravely. "Believe me. I most fully appreciate, I never can forget—whatever happened I never *could* forget—the confidence you have shown in me to-day. Depend upon it, when you trust people so unreservedly, you make it *impossible* for them to deceive. I have always honoured and admired you. During the last hour I have learned to—to—well—to think you deserve more than honour and esteem. Any woman might be proud and happy—yes—happy to belong to you. But now, if I am to be your wife—don't interrupt. Well, *as* I am to be your wife, you must let me tell you everything—or I recall my promise."

"Don't do that," he answered playfully. "But mind, I'm quite satisfied with you as you are, and ask to know *nothing*."

She hesitated, and the colour came to her brow while she completed her confession. "You—you lent me some money, you know; *gave* it me, I ought to say, for I'm quite sure you never expected to see it back again. It was a good deal. Don't contradict. It *was* a good deal, and I wonder how I could have the face to ask for it. But I didn't want it for myself. It was to save from utter ruin a very old and dear friend."

"I know all about it," said he cheerfully. "At least, I can guess. Very glad it should be so well employed. But all that was *your* business, not mine."

"And you never even asked who got it!" she continued, while again there gathered a mist to veil her large dark eyes.

"My dear Blanche," he answered, "I was only too happy to be of service to you. Surely it was your own, to employ as you liked. I don't want to know any more about it, even now."

"But you *must* know," she urged. "I've been going to tell you ever so often, but something always interrupted us; and once, when I had almost got it out, the words seemed to die away on my lips. Listen. You know I'm not very young."

He bowed in silence. The reflection naturally presented itself that if *she* were not very young, *he* must be very old.

Miss Douglas proceeded, with her eyes fixed on her listener, as if she was looking at something a long way off.

"Of course I've seen and known lots of people in my life, and had some great friends—I mean *real* friends—that I would have made any sacrifice to serve. Amongst these was Mr. Walters. I used to call him Daisy. General, I—I liked him better than all the rest. Better than anybody in the world——"

"And now?" asked the General anxiously, but carrying a bold front notwithstanding.

"*Now*, I know I was mistaken," she replied. "Though that's not the question. Well, after that horrid race—when my beautiful mare ought to have won, and *didn't*—I knew Daisy—Mr. Walters, I mean—had lost more than he could afford to pay—in plain English, he was ruined; and worse, wouldn't be able to show, unless somebody came to the rescue. I hadn't got the money myself. Not a hundredth part of it! So I asked *you*, and—and—sent it all to *him*. Now you know the whole business."

"I knew it long ago," said he gently. "At least, I might have known it, had I ever allowed the subject to enter my head. Does *he* know it too, do you think, Blanche?"

"Good heavens! No!" she exclaimed. "That *would* be a complication. You don't think there's a chance of it! I took every care—every precaution. What *should* I do? General, what would you advise?"

He smiled to mark how she was beginning to depend on him, drawing a good augury from this alteration in her character, and would no doubt have replied in exceedingly affectionate terms, but that he was interrupted by the opening of the drawing-room door, and entrance of a servant, who, in a matter-of-fact voice, announced a visitor—

"Mr. Walters!"

Blanche turned white to her lips, and muttered rapidly, "Won't you stay, General? *Do!*"

But the General had already possessed himself of his hat, and, with an air of good-humoured confidence, that she felt did honour both to herself and him, took a courteous leave of his hostess, and gave a hearty greeting to the new-comer as they passed each other on the threshold.

"I think I've won the battle," muttered the old soldier, mounting his horse briskly in the street; "though I've left the enemy in possession of the ground!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A SATISFACTORY ANSWER.

Daisy, with his hair cut exceedingly short, as denoting that he was on the eve of some great crisis in life, entered the apartment in the sheepish manner of a visitor who is not quite sure about his reception. Though usually of cheerful and confident bearing, denoting no want of a certain self-assertion, which the present generation call "cheek," all his audacity seemed to have deserted him, and he planted himself in the centre of the carpet, with his hat in his hand, like the poor, spiritless bridegroom at Netherby, who stood "dangling his bonnet and plume" while his affianced and her bridesmaids were making eyes at young Lochinvar.

Miss Douglas, too, required a breathing-space to restore her self-command. When they had shaken hands, it was at least a minute before either could find anything to say.

The absurdity of the situation struck them both, but the lady was the first to recover her presence of mind; and, with a laugh not the least genuine, welcomed him back to England, demanding the latest news from Paddy-land.

"You've been at Cormac's-town, of course," said she. "You can tell us all about dear Lady Mary, and your pretty friend Norah. I hope she asked to be remembered to *me*."

He blushed up to his eyes, turning his hat in his hands, as if he would fain creep into it bodily, and hide himself from notice in the crown.

She saw her advantage, and gained courage every minute, so as to stifle and keep down the gnawing pain that made her so sick at heart.

"I wonder Norah trusts you in London," she continued, with another of those forced smiles. "I suppose you're only on short leave, as you call it, and mean to go back directly. Will you have the black mare to ride, while you are in town? I've taken great care of her, and she's looking beautiful!"

To her own ear, if not to his, there was a catch in her breath while she spoke the last words, that warned her she would need all her self-command before the play was played out.

He thanked her kindly enough, while he declined the offer; but his tone was so grave, so sorrowful, that she could keep up the affectation of levity no longer.

"What is it?" she asked, in an altered voice. "Daisy — Mr.

Walters! What is the matter? Are you offended? I was only joking about Norah."

"Offended!" he repeated. "How could I ever be offended with *you?* But I didn't come here to talk about Miss Macormac, nor even Satanella, except in so far as the mare is connected with your generosity and kindness."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in considerable trepidation. "*You* were the generous one, for you gave me the best hunter in your stable, without being asked."

"As if you had not bought her over and over again!" he exclaimed, finding voice and words and courage now that he was approaching the important topic. "Miss Douglas, it's no use denying your good deeds, nor pretending to ignore their magnificence. It was only yesterday I learned the real name of my *unknown friend!* I tell you, that money of yours saved me from utter ruin—worse than ruin, from such disgrace as if I had committed a felony, and been sent to prison!"

"I'm sure you look as if you had just come out of one," she interposed, "with that cropped head. Why do you let them cut your hair so short? It makes you hideous!"

"Never mind my cropped head," he continued, somewhat baffled by the interruption. "I hurried here at once, to thank you with all my heart, as the best friend I ever had in the world."

"Well, you've done it," said she. "That's quite enough. Now let us talk of something else."

"But I *haven't* done it," protested Daisy, gathering from the obstacles in his way a certain inclination to his task, or at least a determination to go through with it. "I haven't said half what I've got to say, nor a quarter of what I feel. You have shown that you consider me a near and dear friend. You have given me the plainest possible proof of your confidence and esteem. All this instigates me—or rather induces me, or, shall I say, encourages me—to hope, or perhaps persuade myself of some probability. In short, Miss Douglas—can't you help a fellow out with what he's got to say?"

Floundering about in search of the right expressions, she would have liked him to go on for an hour. It was delightful to be even on the brink of that paradise from which she must presently exclude herself for ever with her own hands, and she forbore to interrupt him till he came to a dead stop for want of words.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Any friend would have done as much who had the power. It's nothing to make a fuss about. I'm glad you're out of the scrape, and there's an end of it."

"You were always generous," he exclaimed. "You ought to have been a man; I've said so a hundred times—only it's lucky you're *not*, or I couldn't ask you a question that I don't know how to put in the right form."

She turned pale as death. It was come then, at last—that moment to which she had once looked forward as a glimpse of happiness too exquisite for mortal senses. Here was the enchanted cup pressed to her very lip, and she must not taste it—must withdraw her very eyes from the insidious drink. And yet even now she felt a certain sense of disappointment in her triumph, a vague misgiving that the proffered draught was flatter than it should be, as if the bottle had been already opened to slake another's thirst.

"Better not ask," she said, "if the words don't come naturally—if the answer is sure to be *no*."

In his intense relief he never marked the piteous tone of her voice, nor the tremble of agony passing over her face, like the flicker of a fire on a marble bust, to leave its features more fixed and rigid than before.

Even in her keen suffering she wished to spare *him*. Already she was beginning to long for the dull insensibility that must succeed this hour of mental conflict, as bodily numbness is the merciful result of pain. She dreaded the possibility that his disappointment should be anything like her own, and would fain have modified the blow she had no choice but to inflict.

Daisy, however, with good reasons no doubt, was resolved to rush on his fate the more obstinately, as it seemed, because of the endeavours to spare both him and hers

"I am a plain-spoken fellow," said he, "and—and—tolerably straightforward, as times go. I'm not much used to this kind of thing—at least, I've never regularly asked such a question before. You mustn't be offended, Miss Douglas, if I don't go the right way to work. But—but—it seems so odd that you should have come in and paid my debts for me! Don't you think I ought—or don't you think *you* ought—in short, I've come here on purpose to ask you to marry me. I'm not half good enough, I know, and lots of fellows would make you better husbands, I'm afraid. But really now—without joking—won't you try?"

He had got into the spirit of the thing, and went on more swimmingly than he could have hoped. There was almost a ring of truth in his appeal, for Daisy's was a temperament that flung itself keenly into the excitement of the moment, gathering ardour from the very sense of pursuit. As he said of himself, "He never could help riding, if he got a start!"

And Miss Douglas shook in every limb while she listened with a wan, weary face and white lips, parted in a rigid smile. It was not that she was unaccustomed to solicitations of a like nature; whatever might be her previous experience, scarcely an hour had passed since she sustained a similar attack — and surely to accept an offer of marriage ought to be more subversive of the nervous system than to refuse; yet she could hardly have betrayed deeper emotion had she been trembling in the balance between life and death.

That was a brave heart of hers, or it must have failed to keep its own rebellion down so firmly, and gather strength to answer in a calm, collected voice—

"There are some things it is better not to think about, for they can never be, and this is one of them."

How little she knew what was passing in his mind! How little she suspected that *her* sentence was *his* reprieve! And yet his self-love was galled. He had made a narrow escape, and was thankful, no doubt, but felt somewhat disappointed, too, that his danger had not been greater still.

"Do you mean it?" said he. "Well, you'll forgive my presumption, and—and—you won't forget I asked you."

"*Forget!*——"

It was all she said; but a man must have been both blind and deaf not to have marked the tone in which those syllables were uttered, the look that accompanied them. Daisy brandished his hat, thinking it high time to go, lest his sentence should be commuted, and his doom revoked.

She put her hand to her throat, as if she must choke; but mastered her feelings with an effort, forcing herself to speak calmly and distinctly now, on a subject that must never be approached again.

"Do not think I undervalue your offer," she said, gathering fortitude with every word; "do not think me hard, or changeable, or unfeeling. If you must not make me happy, at least you will have made me very proud; and if everything had turned out differently, I do hope I might have proved worthy to be your wife. You're not angry with me, are you? And you won't hate me because it's impossible?"

"Not the least!" exclaimed Daisy eagerly. "Don't think it for a moment! Please not to make yourself unhappy about *me*."

"I *am* worthy to be your friend," she continued, saddened, and it may be a little vexed by this remarkable exhibition of self-denial; "and *as* a friend I feel I owe you some explanation beyond a bare

'No, I won't.' It ought rather to be 'No, I *can't;*' because—because, to tell you the honest truth, I have promised somebody else!"

"I wish you joy, with all my heart!" he exclaimed gaily, and not the least like an unsuccessful suitor. "I hope you'll be as happy as the day is long! When is it to be? You'll send me an invitation to the wedding, won't you?"

Her heart was very sore. He did not even ask the name of his fortunate rival, and he could hardly have looked more pleased, she thought, if he had been going to marry her himself.

"I don't know about that," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "At any rate, I shall not see you again for a long time. Good-bye, Daisy," and she held out a cold hand that trembled very much.

"Good-bye," said he, pressing it cordially. "I shall never forget your kindness. Good-bye."

Then the door shut, and he was gone.

Blanche Douglas sank into a sofa, and sat there looking at the opposite wall, without moving hand or foot, till the long summer's day waned into darkness and her servant came with lights. She neither wept, nor moaned, nor muttered broken sentences, but remained perfectly motionless, like a statue, and in all those hours she asked herself but one question—"Do I love this man? and, if so, how can I ever bear to marry the other?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTERNOON TEA.

"I WISH you'd come, Daisy. You've no idea what it is, facing all those swells by oneself!"

"I have *not* the cheek," was Daisy's reply. "They would chaff one so awfully, if they knew. No, Bill, I'll see you through anything but that."

"Then I must show the best front I can without a support," said the other ruefully. "Why can't she let me off these tea-fights? They're cruelly slow. I don't see the good of them."

"*She* does," replied Daisy. "Not a woman in London knows what she is about better than Mrs. Lushington.

"How d'ye mean?" asked his less worldly-minded friend.

"Why, you see," explained Daisy, "one great advantage of living in this wicked town is, that you've no duty towards your neighbour. People don't care two straws what you do, or how you do it, so long as you keep your own line without crossing theirs. They'll give you the best of everything, and ask for no return, if only you'll pretend to be glad to see them when you meet, and not forget them when you go away. That's the secret of morning visits, card-leaving, wedding-presents, and the whole of the sham. Now Mrs. Lushington goes everywhere, and never has a ball, nor a drum, nor even a large dinner-party of her own, but she says to her friends, 'I love you dearly, I can't exist without you. Come and see me every Wednesday, except the Derby day, all the London season through, from five to seven p.m. I'll swear to be at home, and I'll give you a cup of tea!' So, for nine-pen'orth of milk, and some hot water, she repays the hospitalities of a nation. She's pleased, the world is gratified, and nobody's bored but *you*. It's all humbug, that's the truth, and I'm very glad I'm so soon to be out of it!"

"But you won't leave the regiment?" said his brother officer kindly.

"Not if I know it!" was the hearty response. "Norah likes soldiering, and old Macormac doesn't care what we do, if we only visit *him* in the hunting season. Besides, my uncle put that in the conditions when he 'parted,' which he did freely enough, I am bound to admit, considering all things."

"You've not been long about it," observed Soldier Bill in a tone of admiration. "It's little more than a month since you pulled through after that 'facer' at Punchestown; and now, here you are, booked to one lady, after proposing to another, provided with settlements, *trousseau*, bridesmaids, and very likely a bishop to marry you. Hang it, Daisy, I've got an uncle *smothered* in lawn; I'll give him the straight tip, and ask him to tie you up fast."

"You'll have to leave the Park at once," was Daisy's reply, "or you'll be returned absent when the parade is formed. You know, Bill, you *daren't* be late, for your life."

The two young men were by this time at Albert Gate, having spent a pleasant half-hour together on a couple of penny chairs, while the strange medley passed before them that throngs Hyde Park on every summer's afternoon. Daisy was far happier than he either hoped or deserved. After Satanella's refusal, he had felt at liberty to follow the dictates of his own heart, and lost no time in prosecuting his suit with Norah Macormac. The objections that might have arisen from want of means were anticipated by his uncle's unlooked-for liberality, and he was to be married as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, though, in consideration of his late doings, the engagement was at present to be kept a profound secret.

Notwithstanding some worldly wisdom, Daisy could believe that such secrets divided amongst half-a-dozen people would not become the property of half-a-hundred.

In a mood like his, a man requires no companion but his own thoughts. We will rather accompany Soldier Bill, as he picks his way into Belgravia, stepping daintily over the muddy crossings, cursing the water-carts, and trying to preserve the polish of his boots, up to Mrs. Lushington's door.

Yet into those shining boots his heart seemed almost sinking, when he marked a long line of carriages in the streets, a crowd of footmen on the steps and pavement. No man alive had better nerve than Bill, to ride, or fight, or swim, or face any physical danger; but his hands turned cold, and his face hot, when about to confront strange ladies, either singly or in masses; and for him, the rustling of muslin was as the shaking of a standard to the inexperienced charger, a signal of unknown danger, a flutter of terror and dismay.

Nevertheless, he mastered his weakness, following his own name resolutely up-stairs, in a white heat, no doubt, yet supported by the calmness of despair. Fortunately, he found his hostess at her drawing-room door. The favourable greeting she accorded him would have re-assured the most diffident of men.

"You're a good boy," she whispered, with a squeeze of his hand. "I was almost afraid you wouldn't come. Stay near the door, while I do the civil to the arch-duchess. I'll be back directly. I've got something very particular to ask you."

So, while Mrs. Lushington did homage (in French) to the arch-duchess, who was old, fat, good-humoured, and very sleepy, Bill took up a position from which he could pass the inmates of the apartment in review. Observing his welcome by their hostess, and knowing *who he was*, two or three magnificent ladies thought it not derogatory to afford him a gracious bow; and as they forbore to engage him in discourse—a visitation of which Bill had fearful misgivings—he soon felt sufficiently at ease to inspect unconcernedly, and in detail, the several individuals who constituted the crush.

It was a regular London gathering, in the full-tide of the season, consisting of the best-dressed, best-looking, and idlest people in town. There seemed an excess of ladies, as usual; but who would complain of a summer market that it was over-stocked with flowers? While of the uglier sex, the specimens were either very young or very mature. There was scarcely a man to be seen between thirty and forty, but a glut of young gentlemen, some too much and some too little at their ease, with a liberal sprinkling of ancient dandies, irreproachable in manners, and worthier members of society, we may be permitted to hope, than society believed. A few notabilities were thrown in, of course: the arch-duchess aforesaid; a missionary, who had been tortured by the Chinese, dark, sallow, and of a physiognomy that went far to extenuate the cruelty of the Celestials; a lady who had spent two years at Thebes, and perhaps for that reason, dressed almost as low at the Egyptian Sphinx; a statesman out of office; a celebrated preacher at issue with his bishop; a foreign minister; a London banker; and a man everybody knew, who wrote books nobody read. Besides these, there was the usual complement of ladies who gave, and ladies who went to, balls; married women addicted to flirting; single ladies not averse to it; stout mammas in gorgeous apparel; tall girls with baby-faces promising future beauty; a powdered footman winding, like an eel, through the throng; Frank Lushington himself, looking at his watch to see how soon it would be over; and pretty Bessie Gordon, fresh and smiling, superintending the tea.

All this Bill took in, wondering. It seemed such a strange way of spending a bright summer's afternoon, in weather that had come on purpose for cricket, boating, yachting, all sorts of out-of-door pursuits. Putting himself beside the question, for he felt as much on duty as if he had the belt on in a barrack-yard, it puzzled him to discover the spell that brought all these people together, in a hot room, at six o'clock in the day. Was it sheer idleness, or the love of talking, or only the follow-my-leader instinct of pigs and sheep? Catching sight of General St. Josephs and Miss Douglas conversing apart in a corner, he determined that it must be a motive stronger than any of these; and looking down on her broad deep shoulders, marvelled how such motive might affect his next neighbour, a lady of sixty years, weighing some sixteen stone.

It is fair to suppose, therefore, that Bill was as yet himself untouched. His intimacy with Mrs. Lushington, while sharpening his wits and polishing his manners, served, no doubt, to dispel those illusions of romance that all young men are prone to cherish, more or less; and Soldier Bill, with his fresh cheeks and simple heart, believed he was becoming a thorough philosopher, an experienced man of the world, rating human weaknesses at their real value, and walking about the battle of life sheathed in armour of proof. Honest Bill! How little he dreamt that his immunity was only a question of time. The hour had not yet come—nor the woman!

Far different was St. Josephs. If ever man exulted in bondage and seemed proud to rattle his chains, that man was the captive

General. He never missed an opportunity of attending his conqueror: riding in the Park—"walking in the Zoo"—waiting about at balls, drums, crush-rooms, and play-houses—he never left her side.

Miss Douglas, loathing her own ingratitude, was weary of her life. Even Bill could not help remarking the pale cheeks, the heavy eyes, the dull lassitude of gait and bearing, that denoted the feverish unrest of one who is sick at heart.

He trod on a chaperone's skirt, and omitted to beg pardon; he stumbled against his uncle, the bishop, and forgot to ask after his aunt. So taken up was he with the faded looks of Miss Douglas, that he neither remembered where he was, nor why he came, and only recovered consciousness with the rustle of Mrs. Lushington's dress and her pleasant voice in his ear.

"Give me your arm," said she, pushing on through her guests, with many winning smiles, "and take me into the little room for some tea."

Though a short distance, it was a long passage. She had something pleasant to say to everybody, as she threaded the crowd; but it could be no difficult task for so experienced a campaigner, on her own ground, to take up any position she required. And Bill found himself established at last by her side, in a corner, where they were neither overlooked nor overheard.

"Now I want to know if it's true?" said she, dashing into the subject at once. "*You* can tell, if anybody can, and I'm sure you have no secrets from *me*."

"If *what's* true?" asked Bill, gulping tea that made him hotter than ever.

"Don't be stupid!" was her reply. "Why, about Daisy of course. Is he going to marry that Irish girl? I want to find out at once."

"Well, it's no use denying it," stammered Bill, somewhat unwillingly. "But it's a dead secret, Mrs. Lushington, and of course it goes no farther."

"Oh, of course!" she repeated. "Don't you know how safe I am? But you're quite sure of it? You have it from himself?"

"I've got to be his best man," returned Bill, by no means triumphantly. "You'll coach me up a little, won't you, before the day? I haven't an idea what to do."

She laughed merrily.

"Make love to the bridesmaids, of course," she answered. "Irish, no doubt, every one of them. I'm not quite sure I shall give you leave."

"I can't get out of it!" exclaimed Bill. "He's such a 'pal,' you know, and a brother-officer, and all."

She was amused at his simplicity.

"I don't want you to get out of it," she answered, still laughing. "I can't tell what sort of a best man you'll make, but you're not half a bad boy. You deserve something for coming to-day. Dine with us to-morrow—nobody but the Gordon girls and a stray man. I must go and see the great lady off. That's the worst of royalty. Good-bye;" and she sailed away, leaving Bill somewhat disconcerted by misgivings that he had been guilty of a breach of trust.

The party was thinning visibly up-stairs, while people transferred themselves with one accord to the hall and staircase, many appearing to consider this the pleasantest part of the entertainment. Mrs. Lushington had scarcely yet found time to speak three words to Blanche Douglas, but she caught her dear friend now on the eve of departure, and held her fast. The General had gone to look for his ladye-love's carriage. They were alone in Mr. Lushington's snuggery, converted (though not innocent of tobacco-smoke) into a cloak-room for the occasion.

"So good of you to come, dear Blanche, and to bring *him*" (with a meaning smile). "I waited to pounce on you *here*. I've got *such* a piece of news for you!"

Miss Douglas looked as if nothing above, upon, or under the earth could afford her the slightest interest, but she was obliged to profess a polite curiosity.

"Who *do* you think is going to be married?—immediately!—next week, I believe. Who but our friend Daisy!"

The shot told. Though Miss Douglas received it with the self-command of a practised duellist, so keen an observer as her friend did not fail to mark a quiver of the eye-lids, a tightening of the lips, and a grey hue creeping gradually over the face.

"Our fickle friend Daisy, of all people in the world!" continued Mrs. Lushington. "It only shows how we poor women can be deceived. I sometimes fancied he admired *me*, and I never doubted but he cared for *you*, whereas he has gone and fallen a victim to that wild Irish girl of Lady Mary Macormac's—the pretty one—that was such a friend of yours."

"I always thought he admired her," answered Miss Douglas in a very feeble voice. "I ought to write and wish Norah joy. Are you quite sure it's true?"

"Quite!" was the reply. "My authority is his own best man."

Fortunately, the General appeared at this juncture, with tidings of the carriage, while, through a vista of footmen, might be seen at the open door a brougham-horse on his hind-legs, impatient of delay.

"Good-bye, dear Blanche! You look so tired. I hope you haven't done too much."

"Good-bye, dear Clara! I've had such a pleasant afternoon."

Putting her into the carriage, the General's kind heart melted within him. She looked so pale and worn. She clung so confidingly, so dejectedly to his arm. She pressed his hand so affectionately when he bade her good-bye, and seemed so loth to let it go, that but for the eyes of all England, which every man believes are fixed on himself alone, he would have sprung in, too, and driven off with her then and there.

But he consoled himself with the certainty of seeing her next day. That comfort accompanied him to his bachelor lodgings, where he dressed, and lasted all through a regimental dinner at the London Tavern.

While a distinguished leader proposed his health, alluding in flattering terms to the services he had rendered and the dangers he had faced, General St. Josephs was thinking far less of his short soldierlike reply than of the pale face and the dark eyes that would so surely greet him on the morrow, of the future about to open before him at last, that would make amends for a life of war and turmoil, with its gentle solace of love and confidence and repose.

(To be continued.)

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

ALL day they had been at cross purposes:
From their first meeting at the garden gate,
Whence she had watch'd his coming, who came at length
Full several seconds—or, in lovers' phrase,
More than quite half an hour—behind his tryst;
Receiving but a shadow of the smile
That wont to greet him like a risen sun,
And for the usual kiss multiplicate
A sorry compromise! At first full fain
He tried to soothe her, and himself accused
As guilty of unpardonable blame,
In that he had not overrun the hour
And gained thereby a joy additional,—
Altho' assuring her by his fond love
He really was less tardy than she thought.
But not thus nor by any means so soon,
Spite of the suasive amicable strains
And sootheful odours of the birds and flowers,
Was she to be propitiated; for
The little lady had her wilful moods,
Felt, tho' she had not own'd it to her heart,
That love all loving grows monotonous,
And needs occasional jar to give it zest,
As summer clouds add beauty to the sky;
And loved to test the temper of his love
By her own fence and foil: a dangerous sport,
Or at the best not harmless, for at times,
All unaware in middle of it all,
Off goes the button, and ensues dismay
That wounds are given where but play was meant.
So turn'd, and went with shadows on her brow,
More like to those upon the bright smooth sea
In summer weather, resting there for naught
Save the full measure of their own content,
Than any omen of impending storm;
While he, too fond to be untimely vex'd,

By all the little arts that unto love
Are strategy intuitive, essay'd
To chase the clouds he knew were charged with naught
Graver than random humour: told her all
His dreary doing of the yesternight,
How he had, "heart-sick, danced not at the ball,
Save only once or twice from first to last,
Spite of the county beauties; for, lacking her,
'Twas as the starry heavens without the moon,
Or as a garden vacant of the rose—
Tho' none could say, where all were beautiful,
His cousin did not carry off the palm!"
Then gave her, for she loved them best, a bunch
Of wild flowers he had gathered by the way,
And held them in the half reluctant hand,
Begging her keep them for his sake; admired
The azure ribbon in her golden hair,
His favourite dress she wore when first they met,
And, last, the sweetness of her own sweet face.
 Yet for all this the little whimsy wile
That dallied with the rapture within reach;
Some mood contrarious, prompting her to choose
A devious byeway rather than the straight
Towards her purposed goal, ne'er taking thought
That venturing by less familiar course
Haply she might go wrong and lose herself;
Some wayward arch design to gain her end
Of being petted into unrestraint
Of her own love by pouting artifice,
Possess'd her still and all the livelong day,
And tried him more than once beyond his bent.
At last, and when he wanted her to join
The game, himself for partner, on the lawn,
She, heeding not the cloud upon his brow,
Began to make excuses: "By-and-by,
Perhaps—there were enough, too many indeed,
Without her—better players, too, than she—
He often blamed her, tho' without a cause—
She'd rather watch it—she was weary": so moved off,
And sat beneath a linden all alone,
Deeming he soon would follow. But instead,
He, at her humour and the unsuccess

Of all his efforts to dispel it, vex'd
And anger'd and in pique, turn'd on his heel,
And walk'd up straightway and for partner chose
His pretty cousin, belle of the county ball,
And stooping, with full mischievous intent,
Pick'd up a rosebud fallen from her hair
And placed it at his heart.
After awhile,
The pastime over, and but ill at ease,
He went and sat him down there at her side
Under the linden; and once more essay'd
To jest her out of her perversity.
But she, fierce as a little fury, turn'd
And snatch'd the wretched rosebud from his breast,
As it had been a viper, and held it, crush'd,
Within her tightening hand; which first he drew
Gently within his own as if for sport,
Tho' bidding her let go the flower—while she,
Eyes fix'd on his and fiery bright, nor moved
Nor spake; but only clench'd the more.
Then at once rose the ire so long subdued,
And, sway'd by passion of imperious pique,
Or impulse of that subtle paradox
Of cruel fondness which is gratified
By pain inflicted on what most it loves,
He neither spake nor moved, but with eyes fix'd,
Calm for self-will, upon her own that flash'd,
Held her wrist sternly, gripp'd as in a vice,
Sharper and sharper till at length she cried,
Relinquishing unwittingly the rose,
"Enough, you hurt me!" And he answer made,
With something of the devil in his laugh,
"So so, 'tis well, I purposed nothing else,
Merely to make you cry me mercy, sweet."
Then she withdrew her little hand from his,
Bloodstain'd, where either of the nails had met,
And, silent after, sat with thoughtful eyes,
And hid it in the laces of her sleeve.
Then neither for a little moved or spake,
But sat apart in misery forlorn.
Till, unseen, conscious that her head was bow'd,
He glanced at her, and all his heaven return'd:

Her face was hidden in her folded hands,
But lo! upon the wild flowers at her breast
A tear had fallen and hung tremulous,
As 'twere the lingering last drop of the storm.
At once his soul yearned forth, and, without word
Or warning, or self-interrogatory,
He caught her, unreluctant, to his heart,
And kiss'd her till she smiled! Twilight meanwhile
Spread heavy shadows over all the walks,
As if to muffle any softest sound
Of lovers' feet, and long they wander'd there.
But reach'd at length the wicket where they met
On that far morn they scarce could recognise
Through all the chequer'd æons of the day;
Yet there such while did tarry, finding more
To say each moment as the moments flew
Than had been press'd into as many hours,
That ere the very final taking leave,
Made all of happy promises and plans
For their next meeting of the morrow, he
Was more than guerdon'd for the morning loss,
And all the fret of all the day beside!
And so they parted at the garden gate.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

On the Comic Writers of England.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

XV.—THOMAS HOOD.

THE first and (to my regret) the only time I ever was in company with Thomas Hood, occurred one evening at the house of a mutual friend, residing at Walworth. As he entered the room my first impression was that of slight disappointment. I had not then seen any portrait of him, and my imagination had depicted a man of the under size, with a humourous and mobile mouth, and with sharp, twinkling, and investigating eyes. When, therefore, a rather tall and attenuated figure presented itself before me, with grave aspect and dressed in black; and after, when scrutinising his features I noticed those dark, sad eyes, set in that pale and pain-worn, yet tranquil face, and saw the expression of that suffering mouth, telling how sickness, with its stern plough, had driven its silent share through that slender frame, all the long train of quaint and curious fancies, ludicrous imageries, oddly-combined contrasts, humourous distortions, strange and uncouth associations, myriad word-twistings, ridiculous miseries, grave trifles, and trifling gravities—all these came before me like the rushing event of a dream, and I asked myself: "Can this be the man that has so often made me roll with laughter at his humour, chuckle at his wit, and wonder while I threaded the maze of his inexhaustible puns?" When he began to converse in bland and placid tones about Germany, where he had for some time lived, I became more reconciled to him, and afterwards, as we were looking over some prints, and were comparing and bandying tastes and opinions, I felt the full force of his many-sided talent; for not only did he talk of art with a refined gusto, but even here his extraordinary talent for ludicrous combination was constantly weaving in with his remarks. He punned (as it seemed) unconsciously, certainly without premeditation, for it was extemporaneous—literally extemporaneous—it was instantaneous. It was not then his cue, and he could have had no inducement that evening to give us a "taste of his quality," for I heard afterwards that he was ill, and his aspect confirmed the report; but with all this, the real nature of the individual constantly developed itself, and I have now vividly present to my mental vision the curious combination of that grave mouth, with the quick glance of the eye to asccrtain the prosperity of an insinuated pun, or the appreciation of a piece of practical humour.

I noticed also that Hood was a gentleman in two essential points: he was no egoist, he made no more allusion to himself and his sayings and doings than if he had been a second-ledger clerk in a banking-house, and he might be pronounced the most mechanical of "writers," after the paste-and-scissors author of history. Not only did Hood hint no reference to himself, but he extended to others the full privileges of conversation; he never interrupted, and he listened with Spartan patience to every one, and it was apparent to the commonest observer that not a speech, not an action made by any of the company escaped him. These I presume to be essential qualities to constitute a gentleman in society.

It was quite indispensable that this very superior man should be included in the catagory of our writers in wit and humour—the list would have been incomplete without him; but in canvassing his intellectual accomplishments, it appears clear that the reading public have bestowed the almost undivided suffrage of their approbation upon his talent for humourous, even ludicrous combination, to the neglect of, or tacit indifference for his sedate writings.

Had Hood not written those two little serious and exquisitely affecting poems, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," three-fourths of the world would have considered him in no other light than that of an inveterate punster; and assuredly he has never yet received the honour due to his merits, as a grave and even forceful classical writer; meaning "classical" in the sense of purity and constructiveness, both with regard to his language and collocation of words in his sentences—in other words, his "style." Upon dissecting and examining Hood's phrases it will be found in the first place that he rarely uses more words than are requisite to convey his ideas (now more especially referring to his sedate compositions) and the keystones of his sentences; his most important words will, I think, be uniformly found to be the precise words that should have been chosen. Moreover, his language is indigenous; it is Saxon English so far as he could employ it, and these are the main qualities requisite to constitute a pure style in writing, and these Hood possessed in an eminent degree.

Moreover, he was endowed with an abundant imagination: his mind framed pictures beyond the pale of our every-day working world. In confirmation of this opinion, I would refer to *his* version of the story of "Hero and Leander;" wherein, with correct appreciation of the old mythology, he has gracefully represented the lover as being borne by a sea-nymph to her coral cave; but finding the life-spark extinct, she tenderly restores the body to the beach, that it may receive the affectionate rites of human sepulture. This poem would have done honour to the age that transmitted the old golden legend. That Hood possessed a rich fancy with imagination, it will suffice for our present purpose (seeing that the chief of my space must be devoted to his genius for wit and humour), that I bring to recollection that lovely poem, "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies;" in which graceful creation he has involved an elegant eulogy upon the undying genius of the poet who rescued from oblivion, and will carry down, with life and language, to all times and people the exquisite invention of the Fairy Mythology. Hood's design in this poem is, "to celebrate by an Allegory that immortality which Shakespeare has conferred on the Fairy Mythology by his "Midsummer Night's Dream." Had it not been for Shakespeare—as he says—those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years: they belong to the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of the fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of time; but Shakespeare has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring;—he has so intertwined the Elfins with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye as their green magical circles on the grass to the outer sense. It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world." And in this spirit has Hood interceded with old Father Time, introducing the whole of the tiny royal court and its attendants; when the poet of nature steps in, and redeems them from the swoop of his fell scythe.

That Hood was gifted with more than ordinary power of language; the power of unadorned simplicity, may be instanced in his ballad of "Eugene Aram"—a poem which, for the detailing of unnatural cruelty, with the anguish of blood-guiltiness and harrowing remorse, I do not think is to be exceeded by any composition of the same class and character in the language. There are some thoughts in that great poem that no one can, or ought to read without a thrill of awe and admiration. The account of the murder is told with extraordinary condensation, and ballad simplicity of language :—

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
  And one with a heavy stone ;
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
  And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
  But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
  That could not do me ill :
And yet I fear'd him all the more
  For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look
  That murder could not kill!

And lo! the universal air
  Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
  Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
  And called upon his name!

Then his reflection, as he sat among the little school-boys at the evening prayer, an affecting picture of remorse—

Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
  And mine so black and grim;
I could not share in childish prayer,
  Nor join in evening hymn!
Like a Devil of the pit I seemed
  'Mid holy cherubim!

And peace went with them, one and all,
  And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
  That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round
  With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
  In anguish dark and deep:
My fever'd eyes I dare not close,
  But stared aghast at sleep!
For Sin had render'd unto her
  The keys of hell to keep!

Another phase of our poet's strength in description, with fertility of resource in imagination, is signally displayed in the piece entitled "The Haunted House." The subject, it is true, is inefficient in its result to warrant so fearful a note of preparation; but the ghastly imagery and the emblems of ill-omen collected together in that poem would do credit to the most illustrious of hobgoblin narrators.

Hood was a manly man in all the essentials requisite to give a human being right and title to the privilege of that proud distinction. He was manly in his endurance, manly in his associations, manly in his friendships, manly in his love, and manly in his tenderness. There are constant indications throughout his serious poems of his having possessed a most sensitive and loving heart. His lines "To a False Friend" are dignified, and are at the same time a testimony of his love of truth and sincerity. The little poem entitled "The Death-bed" (most probably his mother's) is as lovely a specimen ot writing as of devout and placid affection. How exquisite these four lines:—

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

And yet again, the sonnet to his "Wife and two Children, sleeping in the same chamber," the unmisgiving effusion of a "manly" and sensitive heart. As the son, the lover, the husband, and the father, Hood shines consistently the affectionate and manly man. In all his addresses to those he loved (most especially, as well as most naturally to his wife) there appears a plain and transparent confidence in his own love-resources, and an unreserved confidingness in her whom he trusted, that is alone sufficient antidote to turn to when encountering the tendency to misgiving and misjudging, to sneering and misappropriation. Here are three little unpublished poems, addressed to her in his latter life, copies of which Mrs. Hood (with an honest and graceful pride) presented to me, after having spoken of him as a steadfast, loving husband and constant friend. The first is called—

A TOAST.

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
  A cold pulse, or a spirit supine;
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips
  To commingle its flow with the wine.

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,
  But a little antique in the shape;
And the juice, let it be the most racy and rare;
  All the bloom, with the age of the grape.

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
  At once young, and mature, and in prime;
Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
  The bud, blossom, and fruit at one time.

Then with *Three*, as is due, let the honours be paid,
Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
"Here's to *Her*, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed."

SONG.

There is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many,
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

There is Care that will not leave us,
And Pain that will not flee;
Yet on our hearth, unalter'd,
Sits Love 'tween you and me.

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear;—
It's *all* the world to you.

And now for a golden climax to this triad of love-songs!—

Those eyes that were so bright, Love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But all they've lost in light, Love,
Was what they gave to mine:—
And still those orbs reflect, Love,
The beams of former hours,
That ripened all my joys, my Love,
And tinted all my flowers.

Those locks were brown to see, Love,
That now are turned so grey;
But the years were spent with me, Love,
That stole their hue away.—
Thy locks no longer share, Love,
The golden glow of noon;
But I've seen the world look fair, my Love,
When silver'd by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, Love,
That looks so shaded, now;
But for me it bore the care, Love,
That spoil'd a bonny brow:—
And though no longer there, Love,
The gloss it had of yore;
Still mem'ry looks, and dotes, my Love,
Where Hope admir'd before.

Few men had more bitter trials to endure from pains and sorrows, mental and bodily, than Thomas Hood; and if he had not had full faith in the preponderating beauty in human nature, but had busied himself with spying out her defects, sneering at her infirmities, and horse-laughing at her delinquencies, seeking out, with some modern, hard, misnamed philosophy, for "Evil in things good," rather than discovering what "Good there is in things evil"—had these been his tendencies, his resources of happiness would have been more circumscribed than they were; whereas, with true wisdom—and "worldly wisdom" too, he says:—

Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And makes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into winter's clime.

And in another sonnet, after enumerating the "old martyrdoms, and antique smarts, wherein love died to be alive the more:" by the drowned Leander's truth, by Hero's faith, by Sappho's leap—he concludes in the full tone and feeling of love-chivalry:—

I swear by all,
The world shall find such pattern in my act,
As if Love's great examples still were lack'd.

And I believe that they who knew him best will testify to his having redeemed his pledge to its uttermost letter. Hood was not the man to play at fast and loose with any cause or any principle that he thought good and true: he was a faithful man in word and deed; and therefore, with the poet's yearning after true fame—"that last infirmity of noble minds"—and in a natural and pardonable misgiving of the world's constancy and faithfulness, he composed one of his finest sonnets upon *moral* death and oblivion. He says:—

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight:
That sometime these bright stars that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night:
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;—
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

As a collateral evidence of Hood's "constancy," as well as of his gentleness of nature, may be instanced the charming anecdote of his having employed himself in the last days of his life (and when he lay in an anguish of body such as few in health can conceive of) in bringing to his remembrance all the persons who had afore-time interested him in society, to each of whom he sent an engraved copy of his bust, with a farewell autograph of kindly regard. This delicate action of sympathy strictly harmonises with the sentiment of the little poem just quoted.

In his moral and social relations in life, Hood's character lives, I believe, untainted, and in his commerce with his own soul he appears to have been imbued with a deep sense of true and rational piety. Throughout the whole of his works that I am acquainted with there will not be found a single expression that shall bring in question the integrity of his character upon this point. And yet he did not escape the arraignment of persons who constituted themselves in authority to question his orthodoxy in such matters, and to denounce him accordingly. Hood, however, was every way qualified to defend himself—morally, spiritually, and intellectually; and his celebrated "Letter to Rae Wilson" is one of the wittiest and at the same time most trenchant answers to an unfounded imputation of this nature that ever was penned. There is another letter—a prose one—he calls it "My Tract," and which he wrote to some female who had taken the same liberty with him during his last illness. In it he assures his inquisitress that his only fear is to be "converted from Christianity," and which never can happen so long as he is able to discriminate between true piety and mag-piety. Here is one paragraph, as a specimen of the spirit of this remarkable composition:—

> It is, I know, the policy of your faction, Madam, to decry literature, which they abhor, as the devil hates gospel, and for a similar reason. For all the most celebrated authors—the wisest and the most learned in the ways of mankind—have concurred in denouncing and exposing Tartuffes, Mawworms, and Cantwells—in short, sanctimonious folly and knavery of every description. Such writers, I know, would be called scoffers and infidels; but a divine hand, madam, incapable of injustice, has drawn a full-length picture of a self-righteous Pharisee; and holy lips prone to all gentleness and charity have addressed their sharpest rebukes to spiritual pride and religious hypocrisy. Are the sacrilegious animals aware that in their retaliation they are kicking at Him?
>
> In behalf of our literature I will boldly say that to our *lay* authors it is mainly owing that the country is not at this hour enthralled by priestcraft, superstition, and, if you please, *Popery;* which, by the bye, has met more efficient opponents in Dante, Boccaccio, and Rabelais (profane writers, madam) than in the McNeils, the MacGhees, and the Macaws that have screamed within Exeter Hall.

And the tone of the concluding paragraph to the letter may perhaps justify the indignation which pervades it :—

> And now, madam, farewell. Your mode of recalling yourself to my memory [by sending him the tract] reminds me that your fanatical mother insulted mine in the last days of her life, which was marked by every Christian virtue, by the presentation of a tract addressed to infidels. I remember also that the same heartless woman intruded herself—with less reverence than a Mohawk Squaw would have exhibited—on the chamber of death, and interrupted with her jargon almost my last interview with my dying parent.
>
> Such reminiscences warrant some severity; but, if more be wanting, know that my poor sister has been excited by a circle of canters like yourself into a religious phrenzy, and is at this moment in a private madhouse.—I am, madam, yours with disgust, THOMAS HOOD.

They who witnessed the state of Hood's mind at the most serious point of his existence had no question of its perfect calm and cheerful reliance. The friend who first introduced me to him was present at that solemnest scene of our sojourn here—the notice of preparation for our summons hence; and his account of Hood's deportment upon the occasion is precisely what every one who knew the man would expect from him. My friend's words are :

> His manner was collected, his intellect clear, and the expression of his features calm and beautiful. I shall not forget his looks and demeanour. Nothing could be more consoling to his friends than his whole manner. His cheerfulness had no levity; he was fully conscious of his position ; but the character and habit of his thoughts still retained their predominance, united with a sweetness and gentleness delightful to witness. To two friends, with myself, who were expressing by our looks and silence a sympathy with his suffering, he entreated us not to withhold our conversation, and to treat him, not like undertakers, but friends. Upon his expressing the serene calmness of his feelings, I reminded him of another source of comfort that he would derive upon reflection—that he had never written a line which "dying he would wish to blot." He replied, with a smile, and in his old humour, that *critically* speaking, he had "some *bad* ones." In spirit and in truth, in thought and in act, in word and in deed, Hood was a pure and a *practical* Christian.

Upon turning to the master-feature of his intellectual character, its witty and humorous quality, the scene is one perpetual carnival of mirth, cheerfulness, recreation, and admiration—of "Mirth," for it has no drawback of hardness, unkindness, want of sympathy, or vulgarity; of "Cheerfulness," for it "after no repenting draws;" of "Recreation," for it is a perfect release, a throwing of the reins on the neck of the faculties, after the day's long toiling at "the desk's dead wood;" and of "Admiration," for it is barely possible to pitch upon any one of his lighter compositions without an accompanying emotion of astonishment at the copious outpouring of his wit, in its high and attic character, his repartee, his joke, his satire, his narration; of his humour, in broad description, odd combination, remote associations and alliances, and exquisitely pungent caricature; and, lastly, of his extraordinary talent for consorting and confounding words of like sound with unlike sense. The deservedly eminent Dr. Barrow, in his sermon against "foolish talking" (by the way, Barrow himself was a fine wit, and the pious Fuller was one of the greatest punsters that ever lived), has made a list of the several characters in which the quality of wit presents itself to the mind. He has not attempted to define the quality, but he has enumerated its Proteus-like appearances. In turning to the passage in the sermon alluded to, and comparing his several descriptions with Hood's humorous writings, I think it will be found that there is scarcely one of them that does not form both motto and subject to each other. For instance, one of the features of wit, the Doctor says, "consisteth in a pat allusion to a known story, or in forging an opposite tale." Now no one ever surpassed Hood in this felicitous talent. There are several of them in his epistle to Rae Wilson. Here is one upon excessive sanctimoniousness. He says:—

In proof, how over-righteousness re-acts;
Accept an anecdote well based on facts.—
One Sunday morning (at the day don't fret),
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End
Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend
A certain mansion that we saw "To Let."—
"Ay," cried the coachman, with our talk to grapple,
"You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it,—
'Twas built by the same man that built yon chapel,
  And master wanted once to buy it;—
But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—
  He ax'd sure-ly a sum purdigious!—
But being so particular religious,
Why *that*, you see, put master on his guard!"

And here is the last anecdote, with a *genuine* Christian moral to it, tacked on, as a rider:—

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,
Cough, hectic, flushes, ev'ry evil sign;
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,
The doctors gave her over—to an Ass.
  Accordingly, the grisly shade to bilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl
  Of asinine new milk,
Robbing a shaggy, suckling foal

Which got proportionably spare and skinny.—
Meanwhile the neighbours cried, "Poor Mary Ann!
She can't get over it! She never can!"—
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,
The one that died was the poor wet-nurse, Jenny.—
To aggravate the case,
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-eared creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk-and-water.
No matter: at the usual hour of eight,
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back.—
"Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day.—
Bad time for hasses, though! good lack! good lack!
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack:
He doesn't give no milk,—but he can bray."
So runs the story;
And in vain self-glory,
Some saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness—
But what the better are their pious saws
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,
Without the *milk* of human-kindness.

Barrow also includes the pun in his list of qualities which constitute wit. He says:—"Sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound." To give an illustration of Hood's talent in punning were to quote the entire volumes of his humorous writings, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." Among the most remarkable, however, of his smaller pieces, containing the largest proportion of plums (and that is like a good Catholic plum-pudding—all plums), is the well-known one, entitled "The pathetic ballad of Faithless Nelly Gray; or, the serious ballad of Mister Brown;" or, better than all, perhaps, the "Pathetic Ballad of Faithless *Sally* Brown;" every stanza in which contains a pun—and a good pun—ending with the celebrated and often-quoted climax upon the death of the hero, who was a Jack Tar:—

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

There is one feature enumerated in Barrow's characteristics of wit and humour, that Hood did *not* possess:—it is the one which he says, consists in uttering "acute nonsense." "Acute" Hood is at all times, whether he be grave or gay: but he never plunges into the pell-mell of mad waggery—still less of tom-foolery. His wit is always prepared and polished: his humour too, and even his punning;—though that, indeed, must have been, in most instances, all-but spontaneous; yet it has not the effect upon the reader's mind of being so. No detraction from his talent is hinted in this suggestion: it is merely instanced as a peculiarity in his intellectual conformation. There is almost a gravity in his humour; while, at times, there is humour in his gravity. I know not whether the aspect and manner of the man at the moment of a humorous utterance may not have influenced me in my present opinion; but I cannot evade the impression that his ludicrous imageries and associations are not wholly free from the effect of careful concoction. This precision and pains-taking may have resulted from a habit of neatness and order acquired in early life. In that short piece of autobiography which he published in the collection called "Hood's Own" he speaks of the pains that he took, in the commencement of his literary career, to copy out his articles for the press in the printing character, "in order (as he says) that I might be enabled more readily to form a judgment of *the effect* of my little efforts." Straws thrown up show the set of the wind; and trifles, in action and habit, display the bent of mind and character more surely than premeditated elaborations of conduct. Assuredly, Hood had none of the abandonment—the helter-skelter—hit-or-miss inebriety of Rabelais in his wit-lunes; but then no one comes so near to insanity in Delphic inspirations as that profound satirist. Hood's mind had a different bias. He aimed at amusement in his writings, and he hit his mark, which is saying much. He was not the satirist of the mistakes and vices of society: with these he expostulated; and sincerely, and earnestly. He sympathised too deeply with suffering humanity—particularly oppressed womanhood, to censure with a joke or sneer with a pun. He looked out for the ridiculous in conduct and action and dressed them in Saturnalibus. The helpless blunders of society, too, in their civil and social arrangements tickled his fancy, and he turned their condition to compound-wit-interest. What could be more ludicrous (and yet, withal, there was an infusion of his constitutional gravity in the concoction) than his letter from an Emigrant Squatter in one of the virgin settlements in New Holland, with the snakes coming down the chimney, and the grand piano converted into a cupboard?

Hood's sense of the ridiculous in contrast, as well as consociation, also led him at times into parody; and when it did so he succeeded eminently. He then, like a genuine artist, not only reflected—say, perhaps, refracted or distorted (retaining the outline or matter of the original), but he caught, and, as it were, crystallised the essence and evanescent spirit of its manner. In one of his Annuals there appeared a parody upon Walton's Angler, in a discourse between some urchins fishing in the New River at Sadler's Wells. The child-like imitation of the primitive simplicity in the original angler's manual has all the effect of a perfect production in parody.

Hood, however, could be the gravest of moralists in the midst of the most rampant burlesque. An instance of this may be referred to, in that extraordinary production, "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg," certainly the greatest effort of his genius; for it combines fine satire (which is wit); redundant humour; copious imagination, brilliant fancy; a most artist-like and varied versification; and, to crown all, a moral intertissued, as pure and golden as the subject itself. Gold and its attributes—its power and its weakness; its uses and its abuses; its pains and its penalties, form the text of this fine homily: and the taste, ingenuity, and correct keeping which the poet has displayed in maintaining that dominant and key-note,—"Gold"—ringing in the "mind's ear," is especially admirable. Like a man of good sense and a man of the world, Hood has not hood-winked his better knowledge by a vulgar abuse of "Gold," in the abstract, as the fox abused the abstracted grapes; but the shaft of his moral is directed against the misapplication and misuse of the precious talisman,—convertible to an equal blessing in one case, as to a curse in the other.

Let me recal to the reader's recollection a liberal assortment of passages from the several divisions of the lady's history. First, of her "Birth" we are informed:—

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a time-piece in or-molu
That stood on a marble table;
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of gildings running away
As fast as they were able,
With a golden God, with a golden star,
And a golden spear in a golden car,
According to Grecian fable.
Like other babes, at her birth she cried,
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her:
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a fifty thousand pounder!

It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, "Confound her!"

Here is the portrait of the infant's father at her "Christening," receiving the guests, a "photo" which will infallibly clasp on to immortality :—

And Sir Jacob the father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter:
And then in his pockets he made a grope;
And then in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.
He had roll'd in money, like pigs in mud,
Till it seemed to have entered into his blood
By some occult projection:
And his cheeks instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a rich complexion.

And in this same vein he records the several stages of the lady's career; her "Education," "Her Accident," of which the golden leg was the result; "Her Courtship," "Her Marriage," "Her Honeymoon" (a melancholy sarcasm), "Her Will," her last "Dream," "Her Death." In these last the main feature and object of her whole life is introduced (like a pedal point upon the leading subject at a close of a musical composition) with singularly fine tact and taste. She is on the brink of eternity (for she is about to be murdered for her gold), and her visions in sleep run back to the scenes of her youth. Only observe how he chimes upon the text to his story :—

Thus, even thus the countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures, and golden toys,
That flashed a bright
And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.
The golden doll she used to hug!
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!
Her god-father's golden presents!
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread and reels,
And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse.
And her golden legends she heard from her nurse,
Of the mayor in his gilded carriage.
And London streets that are paved with gold,
And the golden eggs that were laid of old,
With each golden thing,
To the golden ring
At her own auriferous marriage!
And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night that roar'd without was one
To terrify seamen and gipsies;
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth
In revenge of her old eclipses.
But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the sleeper was under a spell
That time had lately embitter'd.
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
That foot which now he wanted to melt!
But—hush! 'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
And some object before her glitter'd.
'Twas the golden leg!—she knew its gleam!
And up she started, and tried to scream,
But ev'n in the moment she started—
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
And lost in the universal flash
That her eye-balls made at so mortal a crash,
The spark, called vital, departed!
Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold;
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold,
By a golden weapon—not oaken;
In the morning they found her alone,
Stiff and bloody, and cold as stone;
But her leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
And the "Golden bowl was broken!"
Gold,—still gold! it haunted her yet—
At the Golden Lion the inquest met,
Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
And the jury debated from twelve till three
What the verdict ought to be,
And they brought it in a "Felo de se,"
Because her own leg had killed her!

Then succeeds the "Moral" to the story with one of the specimens of the poet's prolific talent in rhyming:—

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,

Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold:
Spurned by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express;
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary!

The poem is a fine golden allegory, comprising more golden wit and sedate golden reflection than any composition of the same class and extent with which I am acquainted, for Hood's is not a hollow and heartless humour; but in the full career of his most light-hearted and reckless fun and fancy he will insinuate a waif of human sympathy, that, like some austere ingredient infused into a luscious cordial, gives an impulse to the sweet at the time it counteracts its cloying monotony.

He is also wonderfully vigorous and impressive in his scenes of description: he then displays a power of language so graphic and so vivid that I think can be scarcely surpassed; and I can recal no one, in the same degree, who has done this. As one example—in the tale just quoted, the account of the runaway horse with Miss Kilmansegg on his back, is so celebrated a passage that it is always instanced when the poem is referred to. Every circumstance in the picture is perfect, and presents itself to the mind's eye like a reality. In this reference to his mental and moral accomplishments it is not to be inferred that Hood was always a teacher—always pointing a moral; on the contrary, he has written as many slip-shod, negligent, make-weight articles, filling up chinks and interstices of time and thought, as *any* humourist. In a great number of instances, a mere odd combination has presented itself to his fancy, and he instantly struck it off, as an artist would in his sketch-book. He lived in a world of whim and vagary: every object that floated before his vision departed not without an odd combination or practical pun. When he was not writing drollery he was talking drollery; and in the intervals of writing and talking he originated scenes of drollery. He had a grave and quiet relish for an innocent practical hoax; and having laid the train for the explosion, he would, with the most unconscious face, wait the result. He was on a visit to a newly-married couple at Brighton, and one morning at breakfast the question was decided that they should have some plaice for dinner. But the bride being a complete novice in housewifery, Hood seriously cautioned her against purchasing plaice with spots upon them, as they were unwholesome. He was shortly rewarded by hearing a brisk altercation between the noviciate in housewifery and the ancient fish-woman, the latter urging her fifty years' experience, girl and woman, and that "sich a thing as plaice without spots she never did see."

On another occasion he hoaxed a simple German, by introducing him to the mystery of concocting an English plum-pudding. They went into the kitchen when Mrs. Hood's back was turned, and he, having provided himself with a number of little wooden skewers, proceeded to show his friend how the pudding was preserved in its globular form (saying not a word about the cloth) by the insertion of these same skewers from circumference to centre in all directions, giving sedate reasons upon mechanical principles, for the relative supports and bearings which each successive skewer furnished to the entire mass. He had here the double enjoyment of the implicit credence of the German, with his grave "So! so! Ja! Ja wohl!" and of Mrs. Hood's astonishment and perplexity when the marvel came to be dispensed at table. The same spirit pervades (but of course in an intense degree) his multitudinous and extraordinarily humorous compositions — his "Whimsicalities," "Hood's Own," "Comic Annuals," being either collections of incongruous images, odd associations, droll anecdotes, ballads of ironical pathos, with pictorial illustrations from his own pencil, and which alone would have gained him a high comic reputation. His *graphic* puns, by the way, in some of these sketches have never been surpassed; and I am not sure that he himself was not the originator of that description of pictorial punning. In alluding to these collections of wit and humour it were impossible, upon an occasion like the present, to do more than name them in the mass; this simple allusion, therefore, to them will suffice that they are cheerful companions half an hour before dinner.

There is another feature of humour (the ludicrous in the terrific) which eminently distinguishes Hood's talent for combination. He has in the first volume of his "Whimsicalities" an awful account of a man going up in a balloon with one who turns out to be a maniac. It is like one of those nightmare visitations, when we are hanging over a precipice, or are being baited by a wild bull with no chance of escape. Another, and which he entitles "The Longest Hour of my Life," is a description of his having been dogged by a tiger at the old Exeter Change. His discovery, after he had entered the room, that the beast had escaped from his den, with his own rush into it, and bolting the door against the lawful proprietor of the tenement. The paper is, indeed, but a trifle in itself, though terribly and ludicrously graphic of the animal's carnivorous propensities, accompanied, also, by some pleasant annotations upon the text of *Rosalind's* speech in "As You Like It," upon the March of Time, with whom "Time ambles, with whom he trots, gallops withal," and with whom he "stands still." And so, Hood says, "Old Chronos has indeed infinite rates of performance—from Rail-way to Snail-way. As the butcher's boy said of his horse:—'He can go all sorts of paces—as fast as you like, or as slow as you don't.'" The frequent charm attending the extraordinary fancies of Hood's is, that amidst all his sense of the ridiculous and his power of description it is rare indeed if he does not bring in, as a balance-wheel to these eccentric movements of his mental machinery, some philosophical remark upon moral action that "gives us pause" to reflect upon and admire his varied and well-ordered genius; and so, in this wild story, there is a valuable remark upon the mental jar that we experience upon missing "old familiar faces," even though they be not all friendly. The observation is by no means a superficial one, and, what is better, it is imbued with human sympathy.

Again, for acuteness of nose in tracking the scent of a charlatan he is "a beagle true bred." In this same first volume of "Whimsicalities" is an article upon the mad application of cold water for the cure indiscriminately of all diseases, from simple dyspepsia to raging hydrophobia; the evidence of the "peculiar virtues of the fluid" in its application being, that by "drinking and dispensing it, ice-cold though it be, Vincent Priestnitz has made himself so warm that he is worth £50,000." The concluding paragraph to this amusing paper is a genuine specimen of Hood's sly satire. He says:—

> It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever which was got under, much as Mr. Braidwood would have quenched an inflammation in a house (by a fire-engine, of course), but our limits forbid. In the meantime, it has been our good fortune, since reading "Claridge on Hydropathy," to see a sick drake avail himself of the "cold-water cure" at the dispensary in St. James's Park. First, in waddling in, he took a "fuss-bad" (or foot-bath); then he took a "sitz-bad" (or sitting-bath); and then, turning his curly tail up in the air, he took a "kopf-bad" (or head-bath). Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout, "Priestnitz for ever!" But no such thing. He only cried, "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Having alluded to Hood's felicitous skill in parody, a more worthy specimen of the order is perhaps not to be quoted than his

"Character of an Undertaker," and which is a perfect imitation of that class of literary portraiture so popular more than two centuries ago, and in which the artists, Sir Thomas Overbury, Bishop Hall, Fuller, Bishop Earle, and, the wittiest of them all, Butler, displayed their brilliant talents. Hood's "Undertaker" is a mock satire, with (nevertheless) an undertone of seriousness that the author was evidently unable to evade or to conceal; and yet every sentence is capped with an equivoque. Here is one for a specimen:—

> The undertaker is, by profession, an enemy to his species, and can no more look kindly at his fellows than the sheriff's officer: for why? his profit begins with an arrest for the debt of Nature. As the bailiff looks on his failing man, so doth he, and with the *same hope*, namely, to *take the body*.

Here is another sentence:—

> He knows your age to a year, and your height to an inch, for he hath measured you with his eye for a coffin, and your ponderosity to a pound; for he hath an interest in the *dead* weight; and hath inquired into your fortune as to guess with what equipage you shall travel on your last journey. For, in professional curiosity, he is truly a Paul Pry. Wherefore, to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a churchyard: to be within sound of his hammering is to hear the knocking at death's door.

Again:—

> To be friends with an undertaker is as impossible as to be the crony of a crocodile. He is by trade a hypocrite, and deals, of necessity, in mental reservations and equivoques. Thus, he drinks to your health, but hopes, secretly, it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty—as to be apoplectic: and rejoices to see you so stout—with a short neck. He bids you beware of your old gout—and recommends a quack doctor. He laments the malignant fever so prevalent—and "wishes you may get it." He compliments your complexion—when it is blue or yellow; admires your upright carriage—hopes it will break down. Wishes you "Good day," but means everlasting night: and commends his respects to your father and mother—but hopes you do *not* "honour them" (lest "your days be long in the land"). In short, his good wishes are treacherous, his inquiries are suspicious, and his civilities dangerous, as when he proffereth the "use of his coach—to see you home."

And the summary and winding up are quite in the style and manner of old Fuller:—

> To conclude, he is a personage of ill presage to the house of life: a raven on the chimney-pot, a death-watch in the wainscot, a winding-sheet in the candle. To meet with him is ominous. His looks are sinister; his dress is lugubrious; his speech is prophetic; and his touch is mortal. Nevertheless, he hath one merit, and in this our world, and in these our times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he *undertakes* he *performs*.

I should suppose that few men in the bead-roll of genius—certainly not in our own day—have uttered the same number of witty speeches, from the profoundest involution of sense and meaning; from the variegated shades in imagination in his life of Miss Kilmansegg, down to the celebrated pun upon his own profession, the literary one, and which he said "might well be called the 'Republic of Letters,' for the members had not a sovereign among them."

Another estimable quality in Hood's character was that he had no professional envy, no jealousy. He never withheld his meed of praise from his brother labourers in the mine of intellect, and he promulgated with a profusion of generosity his admiration of the great, and good, and wise of all ages and all climes. Some of his casual speeches upon the beacons and high lights of the intellectual world may pass for axioms, coming from so authoritative a brain as his. In his romance of "Tylney Hall," a work of unequal merit, but impregnated with his own peculiar manner, he has borne testimony to the genius of the world's poet and the world's moral philosopher (need the name Shakespeare be stated?) such as has never been exceeded by any eulogist that I can call to memory.

The last of Hood's compositions that I would refer to, and quote, in order that we may part from him with a brilliant climax, is his famous "Tale of a Trumpet." The subject of the story is that of an old woman, who is stone-deaf, buying an ear-trumpet of a travelling pedlar; and from having recovered the use of her own ears, "sets all her neighbours together" by theirs, by means of her cag-magging scandal. The chief merits in the poem are, the extraordinary ease and fluency of the versification; the copiousness, and even redundancy to overflowing, of the rhymes; the strange and ludicrous combinations of the images; and the out-pouring volubility of the similes, garnished and studded all over with puns—these are so unintermittent that the attention must not pause to wink during their recital, or it will be with a loss. First, for the budget of "similes" upon the good lady's deafness:—

Of all the old women, hard of hearing,
The deafest sure was dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through;
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.—
No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf.

* * * *

She was deaf as a post—and that post in particular

That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen;
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind.

And now for a clatter of rhymes:—

But as for hearing wisdom or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have them butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish.

And now for similes, with puns:—

She was deaf as a post—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.
She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call, "as deaf as bricks."
For her all human-kind were dumb.
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come—
Unless the Devil, who had two sticks!—
She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no farther could reach,
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!
She was deaf as a nut; for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that is hollowing out.
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
Or the felon's ear that was stuff'd with *Cotton;
Or Charles the First in statue quo;
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare, whatever you "ax;"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.
She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond.
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears;—
And, whatever the citizen tells his son,
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!

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[*] The Chaplain of Newgate.

Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker.
She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mummy;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugged with gums and antiseptics.—
She was deaf as a nail, that you cannot hammer
A meaning into, for all your clamour,
There never was such a deaf old Gammer!
So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for music or grammar,—
Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings;
Deaf to verbs and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article:
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an ear-wig to carry it in!
In short, she was twice as deaf as deaf Burke,
Or all the deafness in Yearsley's work,
Who, in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, and blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

One very fine day in June, while the Dame was busily knitting, not hearing even "the ghost of a sound," she becomes conscious of a visitor by his shadow passing over her gown; and thus we are introduced to the notable "Pedlar" who is to sell her the ear-trumpet:—

In the stranger came,
And the moment he met the eyes of the dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago:
And, presto! before she could utter "Jack,"
And much less "Robinson"—opened his pack;
And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act),—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact,
Popp'd a trumpet into her ear.
"There, ma'am! try it!
You needn't buy it—
The last new patent, and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing and hearing of sense.
A real blessing, and no mistake,
Invented for poor humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dummy to all creation,

And only looking at conversation."

* * * *

("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)
"Try it again! No harm in trying;
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying.
A little practice, that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Every syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say:
I wouldn't tell a lie—I wouldn't,
But my trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't.
And as for Scott, he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine,
Never to hear what a lady shouldn't?
Only a guinea—and can't take less?"
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)
"Dear!—oh, dear! to call it dear!
Why, it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear.
Only think, and you'll find on reflection,
You're bargaining, ma'am, for the voice of affection."

And now comes a shoal of rhymes:—

"Not to mention the striking of clocks,
Cackle of hens, crowing of cocks,
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks:
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Every sound that echo mocks:
Vocals, fiddles, and musical box;
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I musn't swear with my horn in your ear.
Why, in buying that trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter blows
At the Queen's levées or the Lord Mayor's shows.

* * * *

Come, suppose we call it a pound!
Only a pound! It's only the price
Of hearing a concert once or twice.

* * * *

But common prudence would bid you stump it,
        For, not to enlarge,
        It's the regular charge
At a fancy-fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing?
("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

* * * *

It's not the thing for me, I know it,
To crack my own trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.,
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing the snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

* * * *

You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day;
And after all, a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
'There you go with your tonsils out!'
Why, I knew a deaf Welshman who came from Glamorgan
On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
Have called a monkey into his organ!

* * * *

Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt
But as quiet as if he was 'shod with felt,'
Till he rushes against you with all his force;
And then, I needn't describe, of course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groomed by a horse!
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet!
Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is;
And enjoy all the scandal and gossip and quiz;—
And be certain to hear of your absent friends.
Not that elegant ladies in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,
At least, as a mere malicious act,—
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at a charity-school.

* * * *

Try it—buy it—say ten-and-six,—
The lowest price a miser would fix.
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,
That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's.

Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last new patent, and nothing comes nigh it."
In short, the Pedlar so beset her;—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,—
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf old woman bought the trumpet.

The crowning event of the tale is, that this same mischief-breeding horn, with its scandalous whisperings, quickly sets all the good people of Tringham at battle-royal.

The nearest neighbours the village through,
Looked at each other as yellow and blue,
As any electioneering crew
Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.
The social clubs dissolved in huffs,
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs;
While feuds arose and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals;
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fastened their nails on each other:
Such wrangles and jangles, and miff and tiff,
And spar and jar,—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship, or skiff!—
The plighted lovers who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wished for two moons to reflect the sun,
That they mightn't look together on one.

At length, the cause of the evil and the scandal is traced to its source; and the whole population of Tringham fall pell-mell upon the unfortunate Dame Spearing, whom they sentence with Lynch-law expedition to atone for the crime of witchcraft:—

So, in spite of her cries that never cease,
But scare the ducks, and astonish the geese,
The dame is dragged to the fatal pond!
And now they come to the water's brim—
And in they bundle her—sink or swim;
Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down;
Including the help to the self-same end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.
A Pedlar!—Yes! The same!—the same!
Who sold the horn to the drowning dame!
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only revealed to her;

A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger, and strive to speak—
But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water level!

MORAL.

There are folks about town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of dames;
  And over their tea, and muffins and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
  Through some such Diabolical Trumpets.

Hazlitt, in his "Essay on Milton," says that the best way to answer his impugners is to take down his book and read to them. Assuredly, then, the best way to discuss the merits of a genius like Hood's is to confirm his admirers and instruct his strangers by the same process; and little more than this has been done in the present attempt to render full justice to his noble character, and honour to his lustrous talents. At the time, however, that I was indulging my own reminiscences of his productions it was a consolation to me that I was making him the herald of his own fame, a fame that will be registered with the good and the wise, the witty and the benevolent.

I now bring my series of essays on the "Comic Writers of England" to a close. In selecting the subject I was led to it by the belief that it would afford some hours of relaxation and pleasant recreation to trace how richly our own country abounds in authors who may vie, as wits and humourists, with the most famous among those of other nations; and that we possess many who are distinguished by a fine comic vein, independently of their other qualifications. I believe that it would be no unprofitable search to explore these treasures of the imagination, and to indulge our own fancies for awhile with their sportive whimsicalities, that thus we might renew our estimate of the wealth we possess, and bring it forth for use and entertainment; for in the great cycle of events, and in the constant presence and pressure of novelty, *old* things come back to us with the aspect of youth, while I cannot but feel that many *new* things of the present age are stamped with the mark of antiquity. Re-fusion is the characteristic of much of our modern literature; it was the same in old Chaucer's day, for he says:—

Out of the oldè fieldès, as men saith,
Com'th all this new corn from year to year;
And out of oldè *bookès*, in good faith,
Com'th all this *new science* that men lere.

Thus have I, in my progress, reckoned some, at least, of our intellectual wealth, in the classic abundance of Ben Jonson; the fantastic luxuriance of Beaumont and Fletcher; the scalping and flaying of Butler; the polish and ease of Steele and Addison; the point and terrible power of Swift; the wanton gaieties of Wycherley; and the brilliancy, but heartlessness, of Congreve; the spirit, vivacity, and roguery of Vanburgh and Farquhar; the satiric accomplishments of Rochester, Marvell, Young, Gay, Churchill, and saucy Peter Pindar; the broad-sword sweep of Dryden; and the poignant, rapier-like refinement of Pope; the profound heart-teaching of Hogarth. Then we have had the lively and mischievous plotting of Centlivre in her comedies; the good sense and perspicuity of Cibber; the buoyancy of Hoadley, Colman, and Garrick; the perfectly sweet nature of Goldsmith; the diamond-like wit of Sheridan; the truth to nature and subtlety of Fielding; and uncompromising broad humour of Smollett; with the eccentric originality of Sterne. Still descending, we noted the prodigal farce of Foote; the roaring fun of O'Keefe; the more chastened drollery of Murphy and Kenny; with the ridiculous situations of Peake. Again, in the present series of essays have been noticed the extravagance of the burlesque-writers, the ludicrous yet meaning touches of the caricaturists; the graceful mirth of the essayists, closing with the quaint, pithy, pregnant, and amusing sallies of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt; and, lastly, the multitudinous and surprising combinations of Thomas Hood.

All these, in their turn, have now been reverted to, that we might behold the choicest of that comic power for which our England is so famous. In culling from this rich store I may, perhaps, say, in my own behalf, that care has been taken to select such passages for entertainment as should least jar with modern conventional ideas of the due limits to be observed in licence of expression, with this reservation, to bring the *best* things to remembrance has been my constant endeavour.

To excite mere laughter has not been so much aimed at as to remind the reader of those passages that most fruitfully contain evidences of the genius that exists in *true* wit and humour. If I have fulfilled my task (which, from its nature, presented difficulties that will readily be comprehended, and, I am sure, will as readily be extenuated)—if, I say, I have fulfilled my task with but half as good a result as the zeal with which it has been pursued was earnest; if I have but procured to my readers a reflex of the pleasure which I have myself enjoyed in collecting and arranging these various garlands of comic genius for their delectation, it will tend to console me for the necessity of at length coming to a conclusion, and of uttering the unpleasing word—"Farewell!"

Mount Ætna.

(Virgil's Æneid.)[*]

FORTH from the bosom of the distant sea
Sicilian Ætna looms, afar we hear
The mighty moaning of the Ocean deep,
And near the breakers roaring on the rocks
We hear, and sounding on the shore ; aloft
The billows bound, with surf and sand confused.
Then spake my sire, " Here is Charybdis' seat,
The cliffs of horror Helenus foretold ;
Rise to your oars, and drive us from our doom."
To Southern seas at once the groaning prow
Swift Palinurus turned, to Southern seas
With oar and sail our startled squadron swept.
High on the arching wave to Heaven we rise,
Down with the sinking wave we sink to shades
Infernal, thrice from their deep Ocean caves
The rocks rang loud, and thrice the spray we saw
Dashed from the billow, drench the dripping stars.
Weary the while, without or wind or sun,
We drift in darkness to Cyclopean coasts.
Calm are the billows of that boundless bay
By winds unmoved, while Ætna thunders nigh
And shakes the shuddering coast with tossing throes.
Fitful and far into the hush of heaven
From that volcano breaks the bursting cloud
With horror black, and bright with balls of fire,
That lick with tongues of flame the shining stars.
Fitful and far the fierce volcano flings
The vomit of its entrails torn, and rocks,
Huge rocks, that melt in masses on the air,
While moans the mountain from its boiling breast.

T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

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[*] B. iii. v. 570—589.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF A COMETARY COLLISION.

A FEW weeks ago nervous Britain was thrown into a state of wild excitement, by the announcement that a comet was on its way towards our system, and would encounter the earth full tilt on the 12th of the coming August. The statement came from sober Switzerland; it was reported to have been made upon the authority of an astronomer of high repute; there was in it some slight internal evidence of circumstantiality—enough to commend it to those not deeply versed in astronomic lore; and so, with that faith in astronomical predictions which the general accuracy of such forecasts has inspired, the public, or a very large section of it, accepted the warning as reliable in so far as the actual encounter was concerned, and set itself wondering what might be the possible consequences of the threatened collision. According to their lights folks were reassured or doubted, or were alarmed, or were indifferent. Those who had learnt to regard comets as airy nothings treated the report with contempt; those who retained the ancient and classical dread of a bearded star were dispirited, and in some cases addressed themselves to astronomical authorities in the hope of receiving information *ex cathedrâ* to allay their fears. They were not disappointed; the authorities were enabled to contradict the alarming report on all its essential points, and to offer a feasible suggestion as to the harmless circumstances out of which, by enormous exaggeration, it had been concocted. The reasonable explanation was that the *canard* had been generated from the facts that the earth encounters a meteor stream on or about the date referred to, and that meteors are in some manner allied to comets, perhaps very intimately, inasmuch as certain meteor streams have been discovered to occupy and course around the orbits of certain comets; and it has even been surmised that what is solid in a comet is merely a swarm of meteoric particles. In the actual case in question it is known that a comet which itself passed in sight of us in the year 1862 has its path strewed with meteoric particles, as with *débris* that it has left behind it. The earth intersects this path every 11th of August, and some of these particles then plunge into our atmosphere, and are kindled into visibility, giving rise to the luminous meteors of that date, which have long been known in tradition-loving Ireland as St. Lawrence's fiery tears. So that on that critical date we do encounter *the trail* (not the tail, for comets do not trail their tails) of a comet—with what harmless consequences we all know; and it is conceivable that the report to which we have alluded grew out of some simple announcement of this circumstance. It may be suspected that since each year we cross the comet's path we may one day fall foul of the body itself: so we may, but it will not be this year, nor in the life-time of any one who now reads these remarks, for the last approach was in the year 1862, and, since the comet's period of revolution round its vast orbit is 113 years, it will not come near us again till the year 1975, and the odds against the probability of an encounter even then are enormous.

We have, therefore, little to fear from that comet, though we do actually run across the path it traverses. But Kepler declared that space was as full of comets as the sea is of fishes; and, considering the infinity of space, his metaphor may not be so far overdrawn as, apart from this consideration, we might be disposed to regard it. Arago, indeed, endorsed the Keplerian assertion so far as to estimate that the number of cometary bodies which in their orbital journeys pass through the solar system amounts to over seventeen millions. Clearly this plenitude must induce some risk of an earth-and-comet collision, for we know of no provision of nature for warding off such an encounter, though we may suppose provisions to exist for rendering it innocuous if by any chance it should occur. But the chances of occurrence are feeble indeed. The illustrious French astronomer whose name we have just mentioned calculated the probabilities of an encounter for a hypothetical comet a quarter the diameter of the earth in size, and supposed to approach the sun within the earth's orbit; and he found that the odds against the meeting were 281 millions to one. The assumed small diameter of the comet referred of course to the nucleus, or supposed solid part; the nebulous surrounding which commonly streams off to form the customary tail might have a vastly greater size, and the probabilities of encountering it would be correspondingly increased. But we may dismiss at once any apprehensions of danger from a swish of a comet's caudal appendage, for there is little doubt that we have repeatedly received this, the latest instance having occurred but a few years ago. The great comet of 1861 is fully believed to have dragged his tail over us on Sunday, the 30th of June in that year, when we were only two-thirds the tail's length from the nucleus. This fact was first deduced by calculation, and it has received curious confirmation from observations that have subsequently come to hand; for an Australian observer, viewing the comet at a time corresponding to our afternoon (when it was night with him), saw the branches or side-boundaries of the tail widen out; and on the same evening, a few hours later, two English observers saw the closing-up or the narrowing of the tail-cone; these effects being those which considerations of perspective would lead us to refer to an approach to us and a recedence from us. It is reasonable to conclude that the whole earth actually passed through, and was for a time enveloped by, the tail at about sunset on the day in question. We are not aware that any consequences injurious to man or appreciable by him followed from the encounter; we had not even a trace of anything similar to the dry fogs of 1783 and 1831, which were at one time regarded as due to cometary exhalations gathered in some such conflict as that here alluded to.

Arago was not the only astronomer who had the curiosity to compute the probabilities or the improbabilities of a cometary collision. Olbers made a somewhat similar calculation, taking for granted that every year two comets come within the sphere which coalesces with the earth's orbit, and assuming the comets to have an average diameter of one-fifth that of the earth; and he arrived at the conclusion that our globe would collide with one such wanderer once in the course of 219 millions of years. He went so far as to point out that the most likely comet to run into us was the famous little one known as Encke's, which visits our skies every three-and-a-quarter years, and last paid its respects to us six months ago.

Small as is the chance of a collision, it nevertheless exists; and in the face of the possibility speculative philosophers have not hesitated to credit a comet with causing some of the convulsions that have in remote ages so distorted and overturned the surface of the earth. "When we contemplate," said a prize essayist * on comets, writing in 1828, "the broken and lacerated appearance which the map of the world exhibits; when we consider the irregularity and confusion characterising the constitution of its crust; when we reflect upon the discovery of numerous plants and animals, in every different climate and situation, buried under the surface;—we can hardly entertain a doubt that tremendous convulsions have taken place upon the earth, attributable to sudden inundations from the ocean;

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* David Milne, A.M., F.R.S.E., afterwards David Milne-Home, author of numerous memoirs on earthquakes and other geological perturbations; and of late Vice-President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

and that event, of whose occurrence, geography, geology, and natural history combine to furnish evidence, the universal tradition of every people, however barbarous, seems to confirm. It has been supposed that the deluges which are said to have taken place at different periods in the history of the world may have been occasioned by the collision of comets; and it cannot be denied that, on reflecting with attention upon the various circumstances by which those deluges are still recorded, the supposition does not seem destitute of foundation." They who resorted to this supposition did so because they failed to discover in the earth itself any disturbing cause of sufficient power to produce the enormous changes that have been brought about—notably those by which the ocean was caused to cover and leave its remains upon high lands and mountains. They argued that a deluge might be produced either by the actual collision or by the near approach of a comet; the writer just quoted favoured the former hypothesis, believing that the latter was insufficient to account for the manifested effects. The famous Lalande, however, had previously shown that if a comet as heavy as the earth were to come within six times the distance of the moon, it would exert such a powerful attraction upon the waters of our globe as to pull up a tidal wave "2,000 toises above the ordinary sea level, and thus inundate all the continents of the world." In this calculation it was supposed that the comet might remain long enough over one region of the earth to overcome the inertia of the waters, a condition which another calculator, Du Sejour, showed to be almost impossible. As we are dealing rather with what is curious than what is important, we remark by the way that Lalande's memoir embodying his calculations created a furore in France in 1773, the year of its production. It was to have been read to the Academy of Sciences. It was not read; but its purport was bruited the next day, and of course misunderstood. Lalande was declared to have announced a comet that was to destroy the world in a year, a month, ay, in a week. Such a panic was raised that the police authorities had to demand of the astronomer a prompt and reassuring explanation. This was at once given and published in the *Gazette de France;* but it was of small avail; he was inundated with letters and anxious inquiries, and he determined upon giving full publicity to his calculations; whether these sufficed to allay the public fears the historian does not inform us.

From the foregoing statements it will have been gleaned that a surpassingly high tide is one of the conceivable consequences, not of an actual collision with, but of mere approach to a comet. Olbers calculated what would be the tidal effect of the forementioned comet of Encke if it should approach—as some day it may, supposing it does not suffer dissipation, as returning comets hitherto appear to have done—as near to us as the moon. And it was found that *if its attraction should equal that of the earth* the waters of the ocean would be elevated 13,000 feet, overtopping every European mountain except Mont Blanc, and leaving only the habitants of the Andes and the Himalayas to repeople the globe. This seems very terrible; happily the fearful result is derived from data containing one unjustifiable assumption, that which we have italicised in the last sentence. In this case, as in others we have cited, the mass of the hypothetically colliding or endangering comet has been fixed far beyond the probable limits. By mass we do not mean bulk, but weight or attractive power. There are no grounds for assuming an ordinary comet's mass to be at all comparable to that of the earth. We are not aware that any actual determination of this datum has ever been made, but it has been proved that the quantity must be insignificantly small. This we know from the oft-cited case of the comet of 1770, known as Lexell's, which twice went right into Jupiter's system, actually getting entangled, so to speak, among his four moons. Now these moons, though they range from 2,000 to 3,400 miles in diameter, have very small masses, that is to say they are very light—the heaviest of them is only a fortieth the weight of the earth, while the lightest is but a two-hundredth. Had the comet which traversed them been of any respectable weight he would have made havoc among them and *bouleversed* their motions. But it was a case of locomotive and cow, and it was "very bad for the coo." Although in mere size the comet was reckoned to be about ten times as large as the greatest of the Jovian satellites, yet its mass was so paltry that it produced no effect whatever upon these little moons, but, on the other hand, was itself enormously influenced by their primary, having been held captive for four months under Jupiter's sway, and in the end completely diverted from its former orbit and sent off upon another and a totally different one.

There is another fact in connection with this comet which still more closely concerns our present discussion. On the 1st of July, 1770, it actually approached the earth within six times the distance of the moon. Now if the comet had been as great in weight-mass as the earth, Laplace has shown that it would at this distance have so disturbed the earth's orbital motion as to have lengthened the sidereal year by two hours and forty-seven minutes. But it is known that this period does not differ now by so much as two seconds from what it was before the comet came near us, and two seconds is but the five-thousandth part of two hours forty-seven minutes; and since the comet did not produce one-fivethousandth of the effect that it would have had it equalled the earth in mass, it is inferable that its mass was not equal to one-fivethousandth of that of the earth. This deduction tends to set at naught the alarming conclusions before alluded to, which were arrived at by assuming a comet's weight to be nearly equal to that of our globe.

But there are comets and comets, and it may be urged that we cannot conclude they are all alike small and gravitationally powerless. Lexell's, however, was, to say the least, a fair sample. When it came nearest to us the measured diameter of its sphere of nebulosity (for it had no tail) was 59,000 miles, or five times the size of the moon. Its nucleus, which was very bright, had a tenth of this diameter, or nearly 6,000 miles. The memorable comet of 1858, known as Donati's, vast and brilliant as was its vaporous surrounding, was corporeally smaller than Lexell's. Its solid (?) portion, its nucleus, was measured, and found to be at most only 500 miles in diameter, or about one-sixteenth that of the earth. Its volume would thus comprise sixty-five millions of cubic miles of matter, about one-eightieth of the volume of the moon; and if the comet was not composed of denser or heavier matter than our satellite, its mass or weight would be one-eightieth of the moon's, and its gravitational effect, at the same distance, as small in proportion. Had either this comet or Lexell's come as close to us as the moon it would scarcely have exercised any appreciable influence on the tides or any other phenomenon or condition which can be affected merely by the mass or gravitational power of a proximate body. Certainly the comet in either case could not have made us its prisoner and carried us away into infinite space, or led us inwards to make fuel for the sun, or to be cindered by close contiguity to the luminary; and this was of old one of the dreaded consequences of a cometary approach.

But may not a comet itself be such a fiery furnance as to affect us scorchingly, if it should but pass near us? We are hardly prepared to answer this question, in the present state of our knowledge. If only a good comet would make its appearance, no doubt some information would be speedily acquired concerning its thermal conditions; for in recent years an instrument has been used for measuring the radiant heat of the moon and stars, which no one had thought of applying when last a bearded star visited us. We allude to the thermo-electric pile—the thermometer, for such it is, so wonderfully sensitive that it will detect differences of temperature amounting only to a few millionths of a Fahrenheit degree. If another Donati would but exhibit itself we should doubtless soon have grounds for fairly judging whether a comet be an accumulation of hot combusting matter, or merely a body of cool substance glowing by some such property as phosphorescence. This, however, we have learnt within the past four years, thanks to the revelations of the spectroscope: that the light of several small comets which have appeared within this period has been identical with that emitted by the highly heated vapour of carbon. This shows cometary matter, so far, to be largely carbonaceous. But how comes the carbon into a state of apparently hot vapour? Some comets, it is true, have been known to approach the sun sufficiently near to acquire the fervent heat requisite to vaporise carbon; but this could hardly have been the case with the comets in question. The difficulty is removed if we assume that the carbon exists in combination with some decomposing element, such as oxygen or hydrogen: in this condition it is supposable that a moderate amount of solar heat would set up a combustion and satisfy the observed conditions. In the observations by Dr. Huggins, which revealed this carbon-vapour source of cometary light, the actual identity was established between it and the light of an electric spark passing through olefiant gas. It is open to conjecture whether electricity is in any way concerned in producing the light in the case of the comet.

The largely gaseous composition of these comets was further evidenced by their feeble powers of reflection: had there been any considerable amount of solid matter in them they would have exhibited reflected sunlight, which could have been detected by the spectroscope, but which was scarcely discernible. This is a further proof of the extreme tenuity of cometary matter. Still it can hardly be doubted that there is some solid matter in the nuclei of comets. We know for a certainty in two cases that the tracks of comets are besprinkled with meteoric particles. This seems to show either that the comet left the meteors behind it—cast them off as it were like ashes dropped from a locomotive along its route—or that the meteors have been partially gathered into a crowd to form a comet. Either supposition lands us at the conclusion that a comet is an aggregation of meteoric matter. Professor Tait so regards a cometary nucleus, in his recently announced theory; and he explains the apparent difficulty presented by the spectroscopic evidence of gaseous constitution by assuming that the small masses composing the crowd impinge on one another, and on other matter circulating round the sun, and thus produce the luminous gases which Dr. Huggins's observations have revealed.

The meteoric-aggregation theory is consoling as regards the contingency of a cometary collision; for if a comet is only a thicker, denser crowd of the same scraps of matter that give rise to the now familiar star-showers, then the consequence of its actually colliding with the earth would presumably be nothing more than an unusually superb display of meteoric pyrotechny. The particles driving at us with planetary velocity would be ignited and burnt up in our atmosphere, and their bombardment would be rendered harmless: at most perhaps a few score of the larger masses might come to the earth as they have in former times, though we should not welcome many such as those which were lately found on the shores of Greenland, one ot which weighed twenty-one tons. The consequences of a battering even by mere pea-sized meteorites moving with planetary velocity—fifty or sixty times that of a cannon ball—would be fearfully destructive were it not for our atmospheric shield, by which, as Dr. Joule so clearly pointed out twenty-five years ago, "the velocity of the meteoric stone is checked and its living force converted into heat, which at last becomes so intense as to melt the body and dissipate it in fragments too small probably to be noticed in their fall to the ground." This may be the saving condition to which we alluded when we hinted that although there is no known provision of nature for preventing a cometary collision, there may be provision for rendering such an event harmless to the earth's habitants.

And in anticipating actual collision we anticipate the worst, and the worst appears to be something rather to be welcomed for its probable beauty than feared for its possible danger. On one point we want assurance, and that is on the chemical or thermal condition of a formidable looking comet. That such a body would appear is the devout wish of astronomical investigators: they would settle this and other points for their own ends, and then whoever has the will may have the power to indicate still more conclusively than we have done what would be the actual consequences of a cometary collision, if that one chance of such an event in the many millions against it should happen while the earth is in its present form and condition.

JAMES CARPENTER.

DISRAELI: A POLITICAL STUDY.

SUPPOSE that about sixty years ago some one pretending to the gift of prophecy had predicted that Benjamin Disraeli was destined to be Prime Minister, who would have believed the word of the prophet? It is true, indeed, that in England he who has talent and opportunity may rise from the depths of social obscurity and attain to power and renown, and therefore the fulfilment of the prediction was not impossible. Yet it was surely very improbable that the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune, an alien by birth, belonging to a religion and a race then proscribed, would become the Prime Minister of England! Suppose the prophet had further prognosticated that the young Disraeli would become the chief of the Conservative party? Then the most credulous would have scoffed, and declared that the fulfilment of such a prediction was not only very improbable, but manifestly impossible.

What! the party which claims to specially represent the aristocracy of the land, the party that revels in the pride of ancestry, take for its leader the son of an alien, take for its leader a man whose name is not known in the College of Heralds, whose shield is a blank, and who does not claim even a crest by inheritance! What! the party which glories in the championship of the Church of England render political homage to the son of a Jew, to a man who was without the pale of Christianity until his fourteenth year!

The education and early career of Mr. Disraeli seem also strangely antagonistic to the achievements of his mature manhood. A public school is an introduction into public life, but Mr. Disraeli was privately educated, and is the only Prime Minister of England who has not been a public school boy. Mr. Disraeli first made his mark as a writer of fiction. Now a novelist, however distinguished, is not the man one would deem likely to become the chief of the Conservative party.

The seemingly improbable and impossible have come to pass. Mr. Disraeli has been the Conservative Prime Minister. He has made his wife a countess. He created a dukedom in Ireland. He ousted one Lord Chancellor and appointed another. His nominee is Primate of the Church of England. He chose a ruler for the

Empire of India. But though the subject is attractive we do not propose to dwell upon the personal triumph of Mr. Disraeli, and it is superfluous to remark that his brilliant success is the meet reward of merit. Luck is a synonym for opportunity, but success is the development of opportunity by talent and conduct. For thirty years Mr. Disraeli was unscrupulously reviled. He was denounced as a political adventurer, ready to join any party and to advocate any principles for the sake of place and pay. The voice of calumny has been silenced by his honourable life, and now the bitterest political foe dares not to impeach his high and spotless public character. Our intention is to glance at some of the political lessons to be learnt from the career of Mr. Disraeli; and this we desire to do in a national and not in a party spirit.

Those who best understand English politics will be the least surprised at the personal success of the Conservative chief. The assumption that English Liberalism is anti-Conservative, and that English Conservatism is anti-Liberal, is altogether a mistake. The Liberal shibboleth is "The People and the Constitution," whilst the Conservative shibboleth is "The Constitution and the People." The difference is even slighter than might be inferred from the transposition of the words, for both parties profess an equal reverence for the constitution and for the rights of the people. Moreover, the people themselves are equally zealous in the defence of the constitution and in the upholding of their rights. If a Liberal minister is supposed to favour any fundamental change in the constitution he is confronted by what is called a Conservative reaction. Or if a Conservative minister is suspected of wishing to strain the constitution in a way that would be inimical to popular privilege, he is forthwith confronted by a Liberal reaction. Our Liberalism is so conservative that, *cæteris paribus*, we prefer a lord to a commoner as a Liberal representative. On the other hand, our Conservatism is so liberal, and free from prejudice of class, that we are delighted to meet with one of the people who is capable of representing Conservatism in Parliament and in the Cabinet.

Liberal writers have essayed to explain the success of Mr. Disraeli by asserting that the Conservatives are "the stupid party," and that, *nolens volens*, they were obliged to accept the services of the man of talent. This absurd theory can impose on no one who will be at the pains of studying the history of late Conservative Administrations, or who reads the debates in Parliament. In the business of administration the Conservatives are, it is admitted, at least the equals of their rivals, and as debaters they are not inferior to the

Liberals. We do not, of course, deny the rare and exceptional capacity of Mr. Disraeli. As an orator, and especially as a House of Commons orator, he is not excelled. When he makes a great speech his eloquence and rhetoric are worthy of the reputation of the British Parliament. Of satire—the most formidable weapon in the armoury of the orator—he is a thorough master. His epigrams—at once profound and glittering—are heard with delight and are never forgotten. Besides being a great orator, he is a great debater. Always cool, always master of his mind and of his temper, his readiest utterances are prudent and well-judged.

The eloquence and legislative talent of Mr. Disraeli would be sufficient to account for his having a prominent position in Parliament; but he owes his leadership, and we may add his popularity, to his gift of statesmanship. If we had to compare the two men, we should say that Mr. Gladstone is greater as a politician than as a statesman, and that Mr. Disraeli is greater as a statesman than as a politician.

We do not derive this opinion from Mr. Disraeli's comparative non-success as a politician. In a time of change a Conservative politician is sure to fail. It is his business to prevent a too rapid movement, though he cannot maintain the existing order. Nor do we mean to infer that Mr. Disraeli has not a defined policy, for this is not the case. Read "Vivian Grey" and "Coningsby," and you learn that Mr. Disraeli's dominating political principles are the same as those propounded in his political novels, and that he always advocated what he now advocates—the maintenance of that balance of power which is the strength of the English constitution, and which is the only bulwark against the despotism of a monarch, the oppression of an oligarchy, and the tyranny of a democracy. We mean by the above observation that the *rôle* of Mr. Disraeli is pre-eminently that of a statesman, and that his commanding talent is statesmanship.

As leader of Her Majesty's Opposition—and that office Mr. Disraeli virtually filled even during the life of the late Lord Derby—the right hon. gentleman had the trying task of reconstructing his party. The labour was arduous and prolonged, but by constant vigilance, by patient endurance, by singlenesss of purpose, and by an unwavering will Mr. Disraeli accomplished the work. His rule was firm, but not tyrannical. He insisted upon a strict discipline, but he never gave a command without, at the same time, stating his reasons. Although at the head of a minority, he has efficiently discharged the momentous duty of the leader of the Opposition; for the leaders of the majority have never been able to treat with contempt the arguments and protests of the Opposition. In our opinion, the reconstruction of the Conservative party is one of the most splendid services that any statesman can render to the country, and we should have made the same remark if the Liberal party had been broken up and had been reconstructed. Our free institutions depend for their continued vitality upon government by party. Any other Government is incompatible with constitutional liberty, because any other Government is a *de facto* despotism. Thanks to the tact and statesmanship of Mr. Disraeli, Her Majesty's Opposition is strong enough to be a curb upon Her Majesty's Government, and if the nation wills, is ready to undertake the work of administration. Whether the Liberals or the Conservatives are in office, it is of the utmost importance that the Opposition should be so organised that if the nation is discontented with the Government there will be no insurmountable difficulty or administrative danger in a change of ministers.

The leader of the Opposition has nothing to do with administration, yet he is associated in the government of the country. It is his business to watch the Ministry, and on behalf of the public to ask for explanations and information. To do this without hindering the dispatch of business and without embarrassing the Executive, demands the exercise of a discretion with which few men are endowed. During the American Civil War, Mr. Disraeli was urged by some of his supporters and by a considerable out-door opinion to manifest a somewhat warm interest in the cause of the South. Whatever his views may have been, he rigidly abstained from putting any pressure on the Government, and declined to make political capital at the risk of adding to the difficulties of our relations with America. Or to take the recent instance of the Treaty of Washington. Night after night the leader of the Opposition questioned Mr. Gladstone as to the progress and state of the negotiations about the indirect claims. The public, confident in his vigilance and judgment, were relieved from undue anxiety, and yet no one can allege that Mr. Disraeli said anything that could interfere with the legitimate and sound action of the Government.

Mr. Disraeli's tenure of office has been brief, but we must bear in mind that when the late Lord Derby was First Lord of the Treasury the right hon. gentleman was the mainspring of the Ministry. The almost unprecedented difficulty of the Conservatives when they first took office, after the 1846 disruption, was that they had no tried administrators. They had been so long out of office and the party was so entirely reconstructed, that it was necessary to appoint untried men to important posts. So well did the new men work that the Conservatives acquired and still enjoy a valuable reputation for administrative ability. Those who support the Liberal Government and would regret the advent of the Conservatives to office do not profess to doubt the administrative capacity of the Conservatives. We must give credit to Mr. Disraeli for this Conservative success. He has the faculty, or perhaps we should say the genius, for discovering latent talent. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is his selection of the late lamented Lord Mayo for the Viceroyship of India. We do not wonder at the outcry that was raised. To appoint a man to the most arduous and responsible post under the Crown who had only been employed in a minor office in which he could not display any ability for administration was certainly a bold proceeding. Not only Liberals but also many Conservatives were surprised and alarmed. It is no secret that immediately after the change of Ministry Lord Mayo would have been recalled had it not been for the firmness of the Queen. The administration of Lord Mayo amply justified the nomination of Mr. Disraeli. To be thus able to find the round men for the round holes and the square men for the square holes, and to see and appreciate untried ability is the acme of statesmanship.

The passing of the Household Suffrage Bill displayed Mr. Disraeli's admirable tact both as a party leader and as the leader of the House of Commons. The opponents of the right hon. gentleman twitted him with opposing the lowering of the franchise for years, and then adopting Household Suffrage in order to retain office. As for the first charge, it is sufficient to remark that until 1866 no Liberal Ministry was sincere in wishing to disturb the settlement of 1832. In spite of Mr. Bright's Reform campaign in 1859, the public were indifferent, and supported the non-reforming Government of Lord Palmerston. On the death of Lord Palmerston the Liberal leaders deemed it expedient to propose a Reform Bill. The Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill was rejected by the same House of Commons that subsequently passed the Disraeli Reform Bill. Now, from the moment that the Liberal Government brought forward a Reform Bill Mr. Disraeli ceased to oppose reform *per se*, though he did oppose the particular Bill brought in by Mr. Gladstone. When he took office he brought in a Bill that was acceptable to the Conservatives, but it was opposed by the Liberals, and could not be passed. What was he to do? If he resigned office it might postpone the Reform Bill for a year, and plunge the country into agitation. Since a Reform Bill was a *sine quâ non* he determined that the question should be settled as speedily as possible, and without out-door disturbance. He then introduced what has been called his Reform Bill No. 2, but which was in fact a slight modification of the rejected Bill. This was also denounced by the majority of the House of Commons. He then introduced his Household Suffrage Bill, and by so doing hoped to put an end to the continued agitation for the lowering of the franchise. He had to consider the views of his supporters and to allay their alarm at the proposition. The Bill, as it first appeared, proposed what has been described as fancy franchises and other securities for the electoral influence of property. It pleased the House of Commons to reject the precautionary provisions and to pass a Household Suffrage Bill pure and simple. By Mr. Disraeli's skilful management the Bill became law in a single session, and the Reform question was settled on an enduring basis. The operation was described as shooting Niagara and as a leap in the dark, but the present political situation justifies the bold policy of Mr. Disraeli. The general election of 1868 followed too soon after the passing of the Reform Bill to test its effect upon the position of parties. But the new electors did not send many demagogues to Parliament. Mr. Odger and other ultra-democrats were rejected by the most democratic constituencies. It is true that Mr. Gladstone obtained an overwhelming majority, but that was because the question submitted to the electors was the adoption of a policy which it was hoped would be a cure for Irish discontent. But has household suffrage decreased the power and influence of the Conservative party? Has it, in fact, been fatal to the essential balance of parties? Recent elections have resulted in the return of Conservative candidates. Conservatism has become more popular, and no one doubts that at the next general election there will be a large Conservative gain. So far from the household suffrage endangering the constitution, it has added to our security by restoring the balance of parties. If it is still asked why Mr. Disraeli did not earlier propose household suffrage, since he knew it to be a sound and safe measure, we reply that a constitutional minister must not anticipate but work with public opinion, and that a statesman does not shake the tree before the fruit is ripe.

Mr. Disraeli has often been reproached for not having, or if having for not publishing, a programme. There are crises in the history of a nation when it is necessary for her statesmen to propose and to seek for the popular support of particular programmes; but as a rule the duty of a statesman is to conduct the business of the country according to the contingencies of the hour upon definite and known principles. God help the nation whose statesmen vie with each other in issuing attractive programmes! Mr. Disraeli has never preached the doctrine of finality except as regards principles; but on the other hand he thinks it glory enough to take care that the honour and prosperity of the empire are not impaired. "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do with all thy might," "Take no thought for to-morrow," and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," are admonitions that ought to guide the statesman. He who does the best for to-day does the best for to-morrow. It is foolish vanity, the foolish vanity of the charlatan, to profess to govern posterity, and from that weakness Mr. Disraeli, like all true statesmen, is free.

Statesmanship is an art, not a science, and it cannot be acquired by those who have not the natural gift. Still, like the poet and the painter, the statesman may perfect his art by the study of the best models. We do not hesitate to say that the career of Mr. Disraeli should be closely studied by all who aspire to take part in government, whether they are Liberals or Conservatives. What a useful lesson it teaches us as to the acquirement of popularity. The love of popularity is a strong, not unworthy, yet most dangerous passion. We learn from the career of Mr. Disraeli how popularity may be achieved without flattering the people. During the years of struggle and calumny Mr. Disraeli never sought to conciliate the goodwill of the people by counter appeals to their passions and prejudices. He has never had an organ in the press, and has always firmly insisted upon the relations between the Conservative party and the Conservative press being thoroughly independent. What is the result of this course of conduct? He is now in the enjoyment of a wide and hearty popularity. In any assembly of Englishmen, whatever may be their political creed, his name is mentioned with respect, and as a statesman he is as much trusted by Liberals as Lord Palmerston was by Conservatives. We do not mean that Liberals will vote for his accession to office, but that they are confident he will be able and willing to do his duty to the country, not because he loves his party less, but because he will be above all else heedful of the safety of the Empire. In a free constitutional Government the creed of a statesman is of minor importance. To young and ardent politicians, both Liberal and Conservative, this may appear a false and even an immoral saying, but it is the truth. The one thing needful is that our statesmen should have the ability to govern according to the exigencies of the day.

Another lesson taught by the example of Mr. Disraeli is the advantage and duty of submission to the will of one's party. If a man be so unfortunate as to differ on a serious question from his political friends, then he must retire from the party; but the right of private judgment and a scrupulous regard for the dictates of conscience are quite reconcilable with obedience to party mandates. Being agreed as to fundamental and guiding principles, the individual member may honestly support the action of his party even though he may think the action untimely. If a man conscientiously deems himself cleverer than anybody else he is not fit for party, and if he does not he will be able to support his party without any offence to his conscience. We can hardly doubt that the progress of the Conservative party was retarded by their continued opposition to Free Trade so long after the will of the nation was clearly declared in favour of that fiscal policy. Nor can we doubt that if it had been left to the sole judgment of Mr. Disraeli he would have said:—"Free Trade has become the policy of the country by the will of the nation, recorded and sanctioned by Acts of Parliament. We ought therefore to accept the Free Trade policy as *un fait accompli.*" But the Conservative party was irritated by the unhappy Peelite defection, and continued to oppose Free Trade. Mr. Disraeli was faithful to his party. He probably had no hope of victory, yet he fought on the side of Protection, and so saved his party from further disintegration. Only once in his long career has Mr. Disraeli voted in opposition to his party, and that was on the question of the Emancipation of the Jews, and on that occasion he declared with fervent eloquence that he would not oppose the political enfranchisement of the glorious race from which he has sprung.

The political peril of our time is the weakening of party ties. Instead of government by party we have had government by coalition. Men professing different political creeds unite to carry a particular measure, and when that measure is carried they are kept together by a compromise of principles. Does history record a single instance of free government surviving the death of party? No. The alternative of government by party is government by faction, and government by faction is despotic, and of all despotisms the most oppressive and disastrous. In doing what he has done for the maintenance of government by party Mr. Disraeli has been the triumphant champion of free government and of that constitutional and perfect liberty which we so justly cherish as the source and abiding strength of our national glory, greatness, and prosperity.

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

SPRING HUNTING ON WESTERN MOORS.

S*AT prata biberunt*, and that fact ought to be the only excuse for hare hunting anywhere so late as in the month of April. Proverbially "the rain it raineth every day" in Cornwall, and the general moisture is so great that the very apple-trees have moss upon their branches. It were mere folly to attempt hunting on the moors during the regular and legitimate months elsewhere devoted to the sport; and experienced sportsmen, mindful of the late Sir William Salusbury Trelawny's adventure in Crowdy Marsh, have a wholesome dread of incurring a similar "custard pudding" to that encountered by the Lord Lieutenant. Hunting in our two westernmost counties is very different from that of any other country, and a foremost flight Leicestershire man on a first introduction to it might be compared to a "down" greyhound performing for the first time over the plains of Altcar. A moorland hare, and especially a little Jack, is a very different kind of article from what one might expect after an experience of the qualities of a close-country or woodland one. If he goes away before the wind with ears well back, and the hounds acknowledge him with "heads up and sterns down," there is not much danger to be apprehended from over-riding on the part of the flyers of the hunt; and the boldest spirits may race for a position at the finish with no sort of fear of a rating from the master. It is usual to wind up the hunting season in the far West by what is known as an invitation week, when the master of the district invites the masters and members of other hunts to aid him in making a clear week of it. Mr. Charles Trelawny, the very Nestor of fox-hunting in Devonshire, generally winds up the season with the "Ivybridge week," when he is joined by the Cornish Four Burrow Hunt in endeavouring to show six days of good fox-hunting over the best part of his country.

The Ivybridge week recently celebrated has been among the most successful during Mr. Trelawny's mastership of thirty years. In returning thanks for the toast of his health, a task of pleasure which he performed with his accustomed laconicism and felicity of expression, Mr. Trelawny took the opportunity of congratulating the members of the hunt upon the presence among them of Captain

Anstruther Thompson, late master of the Pytchley and the Quorn, and owner of "that slashing horse called Iris," whose glories have been poetically chronicled, not too worthily, in the pages of *Baily's Magazine*, and he complimented this gentleman upon being able to get over the rough going of Dartmoor in the cleverest manner, although coming from the plain country of Leicester. Mr. Anstruther Thompson's experiences of the West were so happy and amusing that they deserve record for the instruction of the uninitiated. In responding to the complimentary allusion to his name, and in acknowledging the heartiness with which his health had been drunk, he said that "although he left the level grass fields and flying fences of Leicestershire, he congratulated himself very much upon his visiting the fox-hunting districts of Devonshire and Cornwall. He had renewed many old acquaintances, and made many new friends, had added a good deal to his fox-hunting knowledge, and had seen sights which could not have been seen elsewhere. Lord Portsmouth's pack would do credit to any county, the Hon. Mark Rolle's was also very good, and Mr. Westlake's, although rather stint of foxes, was under the management of a very skilful sportsman. He had also seen the Four Burrows in their own country, which was not like Leicester, but it was a most useful working pack, and had shown them a good deal of sport, by which they had deserved the thanks of all. Recently he saw the Western hounds draw the Logan Stone, roaming over rocks where nought else but sea-gulls had ever perched before. And, lastly, he had seen the Squire's hounds in excellent form, showing sport which made him quite understand how it was that they all spoke of Dartmoor with such enthusiasm. Another thing he had seen, not to be seen elsewhere, was two brothers, the Messrs. Leamon (twins he might have said) seventy-two years of age, hunting hounds, whipping in to each other, and conducting the whole operation in a business-like, respectable, and systematic manner, without any flourish about it, and giving a lesson to many swells in more swell counties. In his visit it had been his pleasure to renew his acquaintance with the Squire of Coldrenick, who, he hoped, would long live to follow the hounds with the enthusiasm of a boy, as he now did, and preside over the hunting-field with his unbounded courtesy." After this glowing picture, it was positively melancholy to listen to Mr. Williams, the master of the Four Burrows, saying that he feared fox-hunting was drawing to a close in Cornwall. "To have three blank days out of every four, as he had had lately, he could no longer stand, and he had only hoped that by going on another season some young man would have been induced to come forward, and continue hunting a pack which had been established for more than a century. For twenty-eight years he had been connected with the pack, and it went to his heart to think of giving them up. It was no credit to Cornwall that the pack could not be continued." This is a sorry prospect for Cornubia, certainly, but it is difficult to discover in these remarks any particularly tempting inducement for some young man to come forward to undertake the management of a pack of hounds under the cheering expectation of having three blank days out of four. It is to be hoped that the Williams family will not allow the old pack to collapse, nor the glories of Daubuz to become forgotten. Is there no hard-riding lawyer left in the old county—

> More potent than a bashaw with three tails,
> Whose quick resentment reason never stems,
> Who bullies first (—but mum—), and then condemns,—

to come to the rescue in this most lamentable and discreditable state of fox-hunting affairs? The chairman, Mr. W. Horndon, himself a well-known and most enthusiastic fox-hunter, was, as he could not help being, loud and even classical in his praises of the Squire. He contrasted, not unfavourably, Devonshire with Leicestershire, admitting, of course, the higher aristocratic claims of the latter county, and quoted the following inspiriting stanza, which he said was the effusion of a gentleman present:—

> Although our country rougher be
> Than Leicester's far-famed plains,
> In Devonshire we'll foxes hunt,
> As long as Dartmoor stands.

The sentiment embodied in these lines is noble, the metre is unobjectionable, but the quotation is to be regretted, inasmuch as it conveyed a reflection upon the determination of Mr. Williams to continue no longer in the mastership of the Four Burrows, and it is not strictly in accordance with truth or expectation; for unless the poet is himself prepared to undertake the mastership of the hounds on Mr. Trelawny's abdication—*absit omen!*—it is the opinion of not a few people who well know "a hawk from a handsaw" that the pack will be discontinued. Mr. Henry Deacon will hardly come back to Devonshire again after his experience as master of the H. H., but will be flying at higher game; and even he could not be expected to hunt foxes as long as Dartmoor stands. Another poet—a distinction with perhaps an inappreciable difference—tells us that men may come and men may go, but it is of a brook he speaks as going on for ever. It is to be feared that Mr. Anstruther Thompson will depart from Devonshire with the conviction that the air of that delightful county is more conducive to the growth of fox-hunters than to that of poets. Except those of Mrs. Hemans and N. T. Carrington we have no worthy poetical description of Dartmoor. These do but passingly allude to the chase, and it is singular that some Nimrod or other has not caught sufficient inspiration to enable him to produce something on that confessedly all-absorbing subject that might rank him with Somerville. There was a book of poems, or rather of rhymes, published some years ago, which professed to treat of the joys of Dartmoor, but the author made such unreasonable use of "wis," "wot," and "ween," that readers were fain to discard his book as an ignominious failure. It is, perhaps, surprising that no sportsman has succeeded in the production of a creditable effusion on his favourite pastime, considering that probably he has "no other idea to interfere to perplex his researches." But a consultation of "Small's Veterinary Tablet," and a volume of 5,000 useful recipes, with a little diversity in the shape of a description of a prize fight, is not precisely an order of reading calculated to elicit or foster the poetic faculty.

Paullo majora canamus. It is true that West-countrymen are considerably imbued with a love of hunting, but it is by no means only to the pursuit of the fox that their passion is confined. Foxes, by Mr. Williams's melancholy admission, are scarce, and becoming scarcer every year; there is little or no coursing of any kind, and a coursing meeting such as is to be enjoyed in almost all other counties is a pleasure unknown in Cornwall. The hare, therefore, being too noble an animal for the mere gunner, seems almost naturally to invite the attention of the hunter. But there is no reason why puss should be hunted by dwarf fox-hounds even over the Cornish moors; though it must be admitted that the old Southern harrier would stand a poor chance of doing much execution even in such a good scenting country. The badger-pied harrier, however, is fast becoming extinct in these districts, and is nearly crossed out of recognition. The modern hare hunter is unreasonably thirsty for blood, and is never satisfied unless he can kill at least four or five hares in the day, and never draws off so long as there is light enough for another run. The consequence is that he prefers the black-backed animal, who can get along over the marshes quickly; who can bear any amount of cold, wet, and fatigue, and who can trot gaily home to kennel after ever so hard a day's work, and from no matter how long a distance from that haven of rest. "Bold Venture," better known among the natives as "Jamaica Inn," is made head-quarters for the April week of hare hunting in Cornwall. Two, and sometimes three, packs disported themselves upon the moors on this great occasion in former days, and numerous used to be—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*—the assemblage from Bodmin, Camelford, and Liskeard, to do fitting honour to it. The landlord of the "Jamaica Inn," which is in the very heart of the moor, and situated about midway between Launceston and Bodmin, could turn out a very fair dinner for his distinguished guests, if they were not too particular about the delicacies of the season. Roast and boiled were the order of the day, and each visitor, like a fellow going to a boarding-school for the first time, was required to provide himself with a fork and spoon if he intended getting through dinner with anything like decency and comfort; for the deuce a thing beyond a miniature harpoon with two prongs was to be found in the shape of a fork, or of a knife beyond a bone-handled abomination which was better calculated for service in the kennel than to grace the festive board. The house, being a coach-change, boasted plenty of accommodation for horses and hounds, but the interior domestic arrangements were not such as would tempt any but the most belated of travellers, or the most jaded and hardy of hunters. This latter defect was not of much serious consequence, as most men could get home to the *placens uxor* at a reasonable hour, and be out again in the morning as fresh as paint, if they had a hack or "convenience," and did not indulge too freely in the pleasures of the table. A capital opportunity occurs here for a little moralising upon hunt dinners and their enervating effects upon the British constitution; but it will, perhaps, be sufficient to remark that, on a Cornish moor after a hard day, it is best to put up for the night, if possible, if you are *Bacchi plenus*, or you may be at the disagreeable necessity of having to turn your horse loose, and to take up your lodging upon the cold ground, with your saddle for a pillow.

Crede mihi, nam non incognita trado.

A roast goose was about the crowning glory of the Jamaica Inn *cuisine*, and to produce one upon the table in all its succulent splendour and with customary garniture, or "trimmings," as it was termed among those noble Olympians who contend on "a soaped pole," or chivy a pig with a greased tail for its honourable possession, taxed the entire strength of the establishment. When no mishap occurred to mar the cookery, and the thing was landed in front of the chairman in all its true glory, Charles Lamb's roast pig was simply a fool to it. But, alas! an absorbing anxiety to do due honour to the principal "j'int" has not unfrequently been the cause of the failure of the whole feast. On one memorable occasion of a

Jamaica Inn dinner the goose had been duly laid upon the table after the partial consumption of the beef and mutton, and the differentiated turf-cutter, who did duty as waiter, suddenly grew "consternated," or, as he himself would phrase it, "was fairly frightened," and motioned the chairman to withdraw for a momentary conference upon an important subject. In the presence of such an august—the month was April—assemblage such a proceeding was not to be thought of for a moment, and the chairman declined to vacate his post unless convinced of an absolute necessity for so doing. The waiter, however, was persistent in his endeavours to obtain a private interview; but the chairman continuing obdurate, and demanding aloud an explanation of this unwarrantable interruption of the general conviviality, the wrath of the domestic at last boiled over, and, to the consternation of the assembled guests, he exclaimed, in his most dignified tones, "Well, if you must know, you've been eating the goose gravvy with the beef, and now you must eat the beef gravvy with the goose." This was a very hard necessity, but there is no sauce like hunger, and the substitution of the wrong gravy was of so little consequence that it is a question whether it would have been discovered at all but for the unlucky anxiety of this conscientious waiter. The conversation after and during hunt dinners is not usually of such an intellectual order as to demand from a chronicler a particularly minute description. It will suffice, therefore, to say simply that at the Jamaica Inn *réunions* it turned generally upon the pedigrees of horses and hounds, interspersed with thrilling narratives of "moving accidents by flood and field," and anecdotes of the exploits of daring riders. Happy the man who had taken the precaution to bring with him a pack of cards in order to relieve the dull monotony of this sort of thing, and still happier he who could enliven the proceedings with feats of legerdemain or electro-biology. There used to be among the visitors, *horresco referens!* a very brilliant performer in this latter branch of art, whose principal delight it was to place half-a-sovereign on the table and desire the buxom housemaid to take it up and keep it as a douceur for her obliging behaviour and attention. This feat she was unable to accomplish after the most strenuous endeavours until her persecutor had released her from the thraldom of his enchantment, and the company had laughed their fill at the awkwardness of her situation.

The misfortune in describing runs with hounds is that a man is of necessity constrained to write a narrative of his own adventures; and, if no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, it is very seldom that on such an occasion he shines in the light of that character to himself.

The Squire of Treworgey, Mr. William Marshall, gave a hunt breakfast, at which the writer of this article attended by invitation, and did ample honour to the good things set before him. It was the last day of the April week, and the Treworgey hounds were to hunt. We were seven miles from the meet, and supposing that Stockleigh, the mare kindly lent me by the Squire, was to be my mount for the day, I stole away from the breakfast table unperceived, and got well on the road before the party overtook me. I was very well content with my steed, and well knew that I could be "there or thereabouts" wherever the quarry led us, for Stockleigh and I understood each other well. Observing precautionary tactics, I freshened the old mare up a little on arriving at Jamaica Inn, and for myself eschewed the "jumping powder" commonly indulged in on a raw hunting morning by those whose courage is of the Dutch order. A peremptory mandate reached me just as I was mounted to return to the Inn and take in tow a bay Irish mare, and send Stockleigh home with the groom. The Irish mare had been sent on the night before, and I was assured she was as fresh as a daisy, a fact of which I needed no assurance, for to my certain knowledge she had not been ridden, except at gentle exercise, for a month. Her last performance had been to fall with the Squire in rounding a corner on the road, after having got well hold of the bit, and to drive the spur into his leg and shake him considerably. To ride her, therefore, was not only a great honour, but her being placed at my service also implied a compliment to my horsemanship, of which of course I was very proud. The Squire was still suffering from his recent fall, and came out upon the moor in a cane-backed gig, in which novel fashion, by driving about the roads when the turf was impracticable, he contrived to see a good deal of the hunting. He appeared to take a malicious pleasure in seeing me " perform," for after the death of the first hare, at which event I was, much against my inclination, the first up, he exclaimed, upon my rejoining him, " That's right ! you rode her well ; don't spare whip or spur. Leave her on the moor if she can't carry you, and we'll take home the saddle and bridle in the gig." This was very encouraging, and the mare was becoming reasonable after a twenty minutes' burst over the open when we raced into the hare without having encountered a single fence. But it had by no means been all plain sailing with us even thus far. The Irish mare had evinced a decided objection to my getting upon her back at all, and upon my having successfully accomplished that feat with assistance, the saddle, on the first "buck," from not being girthed tightly enough, slipped round, and there was your humble servant sprawling on the greensward, with the entire field enjoying his discomfiture! Can it be wondered at that I forgot discretion, and was first in at the death after that? "You laugh at me now, gentlemen, but a time will come—" &c.

"Why was she not girthed properly?" I afterwards inquired of the groom of the stole.

"You should 'a seen to that yerself of course," replied he, "afore you mounted. If I was to girt her up in the stable, she's that cunnin' she'd draw herself in and make believe, and bust the girts like a bit o' paper."

"But why didn't you tell me she had a Chifney bit in her mouth?"

"Thought you know'd it, Sir. Master's orders, anyhow. Lord, you'd never 'a been able to hold her with anything else!"

"That may be; but I shouldn't have found her with two legs on each side of a hedge three or four times by checking her stride, should I?"

"Never thought o' that, Sir. But master ought to 'a told you. But there I'm (objurgatory expression) if you'd rode her in the old bit, she'd 'a bolted with you right into Bodmin like winkin'."

In crossing Dreynes river, a little gentleman, whose name I forget, if I ever knew, fell off into the water; and he was rescued from his perilous position by a Mr. Johnny Baggs, an amphibious animal, whose boast it was that he had never slept in a bed, and could always be in at the death of fox or hare after a run anywhere between Launceston and Bodmin. Mr. Baggs dragged the little Tom Noddy ashore, and seizing him by the heels, allowed the water to run comfortably out of his long water-proof boots, amid considerable laughter. Another gentleman, whose name I very well remember, but will not mention, as he is no longer amongst us to "lift" the hounds with his ringing "tally-ho!" rode his great brown roarer to a complete standstill in the middle of the moor, the horse having become temporarily blind; and yet the Irish mare held on, notwithstanding her want of condition. "But," as Paddy remarks, "'tis blood that never gives in, divil a loi in it." I was well forward when my Lord chastised a refractory miner whose cur had coursed the hare, and that gentleman beat a hasty retreat down a mine shaft. And I was present when old Turpin came away out of the pack, refusing to acknowledge the scent when we were hunting heel; and when his gallant brother, Tanner of glorious memory, shot through the "shivers" of a gate, like a swallow on the wing, and afterwards coming out from among his companions coursed the hare, and killed her single-handed. The mare had powder enough to gallop a hare off the road after a chivy of half a mile, but premonitory symptoms warned me that her bolt was shot. In negotiating a drop-fence, and landing upon some soft stuff, she sprawled forward on her nose, and, for the second time that day, I lay prostrate.

It was growing dark; and—coming to a check, and the huntsman being nothing loth—we were running our seventh hare, and there being nobody but ourselves and a sporting farmer who had ridden like a hero to consult, we called off, being then a good sixteen miles from home. The Irish mare was a sorry spectacle compared to what she had been in the morning, and it was with difficulty that I got her back to the inn. Her ailments were only temporary, however, and were soon rectified under the combined influence of grooming and warm gruel. After a short rest and refreshment we alternately walked and trotted gaily home to Treworgey, rather late for dinner, it is true, but in time, conversationally, to "fight the battles o'er again" of the April week.

Sirius.

Players of Our Day.

XV.—COMEDY AND COMEDY ACTRESSES.

BUT to return to the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Marie Wilton (or Mrs. Bancroft) has a well-deserved reputation as a capable and finished actress, with a perfect command of all the powers and emotions necessary to express a situation. She could act a lady admirably were a proper part written for her. Some readers may smile at this qualification. What! in Mr. Robertson's "comedies of society" no ladies? Yet this was a defect in that writer: his models of genteel life were all taken from a peculiar class, whose manners, however simple and free, were certainly not refined. The young ladies, for instance, which Miss Wilton used to play in "Ours" and in "School," were of a singularly familiar type, and behaved like shop-girls of a superior kind. The grand "effect" in "Ours" was the making a pudding, which was carried out with the confidence and familiarity a young lady of the kind would exhibit. A really refined young girl always shows a certain reserve and shyness in a new situation. However, Miss Wilton is an *actress*, and can act; and she puts an air of life, vivacity, and reality into everything she acts. She has great powers of expression both of face and person, and very great variety in the representation of character; she has great "finish," great industry, and unquestionable humour. She is even entitled to the credit of founding a school, and all the existing young ladies of the stage who have any credit or ability, make love, coquette, or play the *ingenue*, by following the Wilton tradition. Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Claire, Miss Addison, and above all Miss Amy Fawsitt of the "Two Roses" celebrity, copy her faithfully. The dramatists, too, seem to have Miss Wilton always before them, and every young heroine in every new comedy seems to have only the same little armoury of devices and attractions that we saw in "School."

This type is a combination of simplicity and slyness, with remarks that are naïve and smart. She makes the lover uncomfortable by laughing at him, and at the same time reveals a deep and romantic attachment. She is fond of small practical jokes, and, assisted by a female friend of congenial temperament, who has also an admirer, contrives to make two gentlemen look foolish. There is always a "kettle business," or the "pudding business" before alluded to, or a perambulator, or the wearing a gentleman's coat to keep off the rain. Miss Wilton can assume a face of genuine fun—standing pointing with her finger at the lover whom she is "rallying," and going off into a sudden burst of musical laughter; she can say a good thing to the same person with a sly wickedness that convulses the house. But still she and her imitators have, in spite of repeated successes, moved in rather a limited round, and have only shown the public that one character of the middle-class girl whose manners are scarcely refined. But this is really the fault of the writers, who, as they reproduce the same characters, must expect them to be presented in the same way. It is needless to say that the types of female character and of young girls are inexhaustible in their variety.

"The Two Roses" was a better piece than any Mr. Robertson has written, being brighter, gayer, more varied; but it owed much to Mr. Irving, Mr. Honey, and Miss Amy Fawsitt, though these again owed much to the piece. It is difficult to adjust the balance of obligation in such cases; but though the best written play is nothing without good actors, still such is more independent of good acting than good acting is of the play. Good actors can make nothing of a bad play, whereas a good play will create good actors. Miss Amy Fawsitt's heroine of this piece was really an agreeable and charming exhibition, though it was amusing to see how she copied Miss Marie Wilton in certain devices, such as the delivery of a naïve "hit," followed by an abrupt and irrepressible laugh of an amiably scoffing kind. There is something in the tone of her voice which jars a little on us as we hear her favourite inflexions too often repeated. Cultivate variety, Miss Amy Fawsitt, not by seeking to get by heart some effective "points," but by studying character in your friends and in yourself. This will supply amazing variety.

This success was followed up by the depressing "Apple Blossoms," in which this young lady had an indistinct, blurred part, of which, we may be assured, she could form no distinct idea. The only thing was to "pull through" by exaggerated artifices of the old kind at particular points. Nothing could be done with it. But we soon find ourselves rubbing our eyes, and tempted to quote the illustration of the square hole, &c.; for here is a graceful, quiet, and rather refined young actress, weak in voice and physique, with no stage spirits or animation to speak of, thrust into the part of—what would you suppose, tenant of the stalls?—*Lady Gay Spanker*, a rattling, vivacious, noisy, Jordanish part, one that should have a boisterous soul, clear, ringing laugh and voice, and a figure to correspond. The struggle this poor girl makes is most praiseworthy, but the antagonism between her physical powers and the forced vivacity of voice, laughter, and volubility is something painful; not but that the performance is well meant, and even good—witness the dramatic account of the race, but she is unfairly weighted. Let us hope we shall soon see her relieved from this strain, and restored to an agreeable comedy.

Miss Lydia Foote is a correct but rather affected actress. She made her first impression as the suffering heroine of English melodrama of middle-class life, the patient workman's wife or something of the kind. She has lately been shifted a story higher into the drawing-rooms of genteel society, but has brought with her the rather depressing air and influence of her old fashion of life. Her representations of the officer's wife in "Caste" scarcely harmonise with the traditional tone of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where a lighter touch seems to be required, even in sorrowful situations; the fastidious audience requiring a decent veiling of the tragic horrors of grief and separation. However, in justice it must be said that for this Mr. Robertson's rather affected fashion of expressing emotion may have been accountable.

Miss Addison is not an actress of comedy, rather wanting flexibility both of character and voice. She does not make a character out of the various parts she undertakes; though nothing very remarkable has ever been placed, so far at least as we recollect, in her hands. But there are signs of talent. It would be curious indeed to investigate the motives that have led most actresses to the stage. In a very fair percentage it will be found to be, not the irresistible pressure of talent, but stage connection—the father or mother having been "on the boards," who naturally wish to give their own children the help of their experience and interest. The regard of the public, too, for an old favourite inclines it to extend a favourable indulgence to his children; and thus it is that we have so many ordinary players, children of clever parents, accepted, as it were, from a good belief that the histrionic talent must have descended, and that the possession of the honoured name was a guarantee for ability. Calm consideration may make us wonder how such incapable representatives could have chosen such a profession. It would be invidious to mention names, but a little reflection will suggest some sons of really good actors who, without their parents' name and influence, would have scarcely talent to do more than carry a banner. Mr. Farren is, perhaps, the only one who does credit to the family name.

To be popular in these days to some degree supplies the place of talent: and some actresses being lucky enough to touch the sympathies of the audience by a pretty face and interesting bearing, are dispensed from almost further qualification. In this class must be ranked Miss Furtado and Miss Henrietta Hodson. The former has a piquant air, and performs any part she may be entrusted very "nicely." There is nothing to jar on us or offensive—a vast qualification in these degenerate days. But she lacks power, and has small idea of presenting a character; on the other hand she is pleasing, and being generally fitted with characters of a neutral complexion—profiles cut out of cardboard—she does the part allotted to her satisfactorily. What with the costume, and the romantic nature of the play, her *Esmeralda* in Mr. Halliday's clever version of "Notre Dame," was a fairly interesting picture. It was later put into the hands of an actress of a little more power and dramatic energy, but of less personal attractions, and the piece gained and lost—gained, because it was seen that with an actress of real fire and genius the whole piece would have been filled with life and energy, the practicable towers of Notre Dame, the "set pieces" of the choirs and aisles would have passed more into the background, their proper place, and our attentions would have been fixed on the tumultuous human passions of this great story. It lost also, because it is a curious fact that a change in a leading part produces a loss of sympathy in those who have seen the original player. At every turn the theatrical and unreal character of what we are witnessing is thus forced upon us. In the same way, though the celebrated Bosio was said to surpass the fascinating Piccolomini in the *Violetta* of the notorious "Traviata," her representation had always this want of dramatic propriety for those who had witnessed the original creator of the part. In the heroines of the Adelphi school of melodrama—interesting young maids, who are persecuted by unprincipled men—or in heroines of nobility, who wear piquant costumes—Miss Furtado plays better and with more effect than other actresses.

Miss Henrietta Hodson has higher pretensions. She, too, is popular; and it will be recollected how at one time she was set up by an admiring party as a rival to "Kate Terry," as that overpraised and overpuffed lady was familiarly called. In domestic drama, where the scene was laid in the humble life of lodgings and cottages, she has acted in a quiet, colourless, and correct fashion, but has, of course, the deficiency of nearly all English actresses, a want of dramatic sympathy. Indeed it is now almost refreshing to meet, from sheer contrast, some of what is called "ranting;" and the artists of the Victoria Theatre, who used to cause such amusement from their "tearing of a part to tatters," might deserve an indulgence for their good intentions, which cannot be extended to the present extreme of coldness and tameness, which is supposed to be a copy of the ease and nature of real life.

In a burlesque on "The Stranger," Miss Hodson played a Quaker lady with grace and daintiness. Her performance of *Ariel* in the recent revival of "The Tempest," though scarcely poetical, being conceived in a *realistic* spirit—was still graceful and animated. It must be confessed that her appearance, as she sat aloft *astride* on an enormous theatrical bat, and singing under such nervous circumstances, Dr. Arne's difficult "Where the Bee Sucks," was more likely to excite the astonishment than the admiration of her admirers. Such is the spirit in which Shakespeare is now treated! The poetic fairy describes the flutterings and incidents of fancy, "On a bat's back do I fly!" and lo! the property man constructs a gigantic alligator, an actress of genteel comedy is seated on the iron or pasteboard back, and straightway hoisted aloft to a dizzy elevation. In this fashion is the "divine Williams" revived.

In a very different class must be placed Miss Herbert, who for the last year or two has been in retirement. She has attained a high position, has been manager of a theatre, and has filled many important parts. She has an attractive figure, and much grace and refinement in face and expression. Some years ago these were more conspicuous, and the golden hair and spiritual expression then found its way to the canvas of some of the pre-Raphaelite painters. Such, of course, is the actress's letter of recommendation, even her diploma, a pretty face and figure being about as good as histrionic ability; but in Miss Herbert's the latter was not wanting. Many an actor and actress are in doubt to the end of their lives as to which of the two departments, tragedy or comedy, their talents belong, and they go on making experiments, perhaps alternately tempted by inviting characters in the hope that something may turn up to make a reputation. This indecision has always a bad effect, and the result is that mature age has arrived, and perhaps the hey-day of attraction has passed, before the grand *coup* has been made. Miss Herbert has thus dallied with her talents—now appearing in tragedy, now in French melodrama, now in classical comedy, now in light "touch-and-go" comedy—now in the modulated sorrows, happily soothed at the close of the piece, of domestic drama. This fitfulness must cause a certain dispersion of force, which becomes too diffused to have its proper effect. In the case of the greatest actors indeed, like Garrick, their talents for tragedy and comedy are supposed to have been of equal strength; but it seems certain that their real gifts belonged to one department, and that Garrick's real department was comedy. Any one who has followed Miss Herbert's varied performance must pronounce that she is an actress of melodrama. In a fierce, tigerish part like *Lady Audley* she is quite at home, and all admirers will recal the fiendish burst with which she can render emotions like rage and denunciations of hate, which, however, are somewhat marred by the husky, "charnel-house" tone which her voice then assumes—sudden paroxysms of suppressed fury, an Eleanor-like vengeance, the haughty woman whose love has been despised. This is her "line." Many years ago she played in a piece called "The Young Widow," a story of "sorrowful interest," and in which comedy and tragedy were blended; but though well done on the whole, the effect was laborious. Indeed this word describes a good deal of her acting. Neither study nor exertion is wanting; but we look for the brilliant flash of genius that sometimes lights up even a small part. Neither does she touch the chord of sympathy. And after watching her for many years, we have arrived at the conclusion that there is a decided "coolness" existing between her and her audiences. The latter seem to listen respectfully, but, as Charles Lamb felt towards the Scotch, there is an "imperfect sympathy" between the parties. The actress seems to be aware of this, and, taking refuge in the conscientiousness of doing her duty, wraps herself up in a corresponding indifference, which yet further chills sympathy. But indeed this is a magic art, that of touching the instinctive good-will of others; and its extraordinary effect can be seen in a drawing-room as well as a theatre.

In Mrs. John Wood's well-known revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" she took the part of *Miss Hardcastle*, but without much success. She wanted gaiety, the sense of secret enjoyment, the buoyant animation. There was over consciousness, as was remarked in the case of Miss Robertson; the meaning of such a part depends on an air of *spontaneousness*. Any woman deliberately laying such a plot as a serious well-organised scheme to make a man propose to her, would exclude every notion of *comedy* from the situation. But a witty, lively girl, conceiving such a thing out of pure "fun," and carrying it out half-carelessly, trusting to the moment for some new device to help her through, would be as charming on the stage as off it. Actors and actresses can never sufficiently study the passage in Lamb's "Essays" on the "School for Scandal," where he lays down the true principle for acting comedy. Miss Herbert's *Lydia Languish* was far better. *Lady Teazle* suited her talents; but was open to the objections that Lamb made to the *Joseph Surface* of his day, as being too downright, too solemnly in earnest. It became the instructive spectacle of a wife who had nearly gone astray, but who was happily reformed.

Now that we have French plays regularly established in London, and that the incomparable French comedians will probably pay us a visit every year, there is a matter which will very seriously affect our actors and actresses to a degree greater than perhaps they dream of. The public will be more and more drawn by curiosity and interest to visit these performances, the knowledge of French is spreading every day, and very small intelligence will be necessary for a comparison between our own and the foreign artists. The inferiority of the former is prodigious, and the truth is, without prejudice or impartiality, that after a course of French plays, the defects of the British actor become unendurable. This will by-and-by be recognised, and will end in affecting the interests of the English actor. The prodigious prices and profits received by the foreign companies last year were so much withdrawn from the pockets of the English actors. But out of the evil might come good, if the latter would not disdain to attend a few of the morning performances, and try to pick up, even if the language be not understood, a few of the devices, some of the nature, which they will find there. It will be a new world for them. Even in writing these papers and reviewing the achievements of our actors, the difficulty was often to find what will bear criticism, and what to criticise. We think of a tolerably well-known name, or a player of fair reputation; but with the exception of Mr. Irving and a few more there is no triumph of acting, no character of extraordinary mark associated with such a name. On the contrary, there is no great French actor but has half-a-dozen famous characters inseparably associated with him. We think of Got, and immediately the diverting cit M. Poirier rises. We think of Bressant and the "Mariage sous Louis XIV.," of Favart and "Paul Forrestier;" of Fargueil and "Nos Intimes;" of Aimée Désclée and "Frou-frou." Character, character, character—first written, then illustrated—this alone can save our English stage.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TALLANTS OF BARTON," "THE VALLEY OF POPPIES," &c.

CHAPTER V.

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

THAT autumn day and night of the preceding chapter had been the introduction to many weeks of cold and biting winter weather. Keen northerly winds had dried up the earth, until it rang with the tread of ordinary boots, and re-echoed the clatter of horses. Middleton groaned under the long frost which pinched the poor, and filled the streets with unemployed bricklayers, gardeners, and canal boatmen, who howled forth lugubrious complaints in monotonous protests against winter and wealth. The river which had carried down to the bridge that terrible cry in the November night was frozen hard and fast, and the mill-pool was covered with skaters. People went about shrugging their shoulders, rubbing their hands, and puffing out their cheeks. Those who had jolly fires and well-filled tables said it was good old-fashioned weather, delightful weather, seasonable weather. Mr. Ephraim Magar said this; but he said more—he declared that the poor ought to be specially cared for at such times. He set the excellent example of opening a public soup-kitchen, over which he presided, and for which he was duly praised, and puffed, and lauded in the local newspaper. The poor benefited by Mr. Magar's cant; which is the only consolation to be extracted from the miller's judicious benevolence.

Like the longest lane and the greatest trouble, the longest winter comes to an end. This winter which was so hard upon Middleton came to an end. One morning the dull cold earth was awakened into life again. The river flowed on once more. The birds got up early and told each other that spring was coming. The boatmen unmoored their barges. The gardeners looked up their spades. The bricklayers hammered their melted mortar into plastic heaps, and resumed their storeys which had been left "to be continued" for many weary weeks. The whole world was coming to life again, and with it our little friend, Jacob Martyn. He was lying where we left him after his mad ramble by the mill-pool; he was lying where he had been lying all through the autumn and the winter; but at last he was coming out of his long illness.

It was early morning. The white curtains of Jacob's little room were warm with the tints of the rising sun. A tea-cup and saucer standing near the bed, in the full radiance of the morning light, looked to Jacob like some wonderful trophies of Chinaland. There was a small collection of medicine bottles on the dressing-table, and a few smouldering cinders in the fire-grate. The mantel-shelf was decorated with an apple, half an orange, a wine-glass, a packet of sweetmeats, a jelly-mould, and a variety of other sick-room trifles, and the atmosphere of the room was heavy with the perfumes thereof.

Jacob was bewildered as he gazed upon all these things. He tried to remember what had happened, what time it was, when it was, how it was, who he was, where he was. He cudgelled his brains with a variety of strange conceits, until he sank exhausted on the pillow where he had lain for so many months—we cannot say weary months, so far as Jacob was concerned, for to him they had passed away almost without a sign; but so far as others were concerned, they were long, dreary, anxious, melancholy months.

Jacob raised himself gradually upon his pillow to take a more careful survey of the room. It was then that he found out how weak he was, discovered the meagreness of his wasted little hands, and arrived at the conclusion that he was very ill. How came he so? Had he been rescued from drowning? Had the miller brought him home on a shutter, as he had brought home the boy in the next street after an evening's fishing in the mill-pool? These and a hundred other questions Jacob mentally asked himself, and all were dismissed with equally unsatisfactory answers. He was in this oblivious state when the door was steadily and cautiously opened. It occurred to Jacob that he would lie down and watch. One, two, three, four, five light, soft, up and down steps, and then a hand pulled the bed curtains aside. One, two, three, four, five more soft steps, and the window blind was pulled down to shut out the sunshine. Then a voice whispered, "Bless him—he's asleep." Jacob could not help smiling at his own mild joke of being wide awake all the time. The face which had looked in upon him, the hand which had drawn down the blind, the voice which had whispered, "Bless him—he's asleep," went to another part of the room. Then Jacob peeped forth, and saw Mrs. Titsy put her cap to rights at the glass. He saw Mrs. Titsy encourage the aspiring cinders in the fire-grate with a gentle touch of the poker. He saw Mrs. Titsy return again to the bed, and thereupon he determined to surprise that buxom matron by suddenly pronouncing her name in a very loud key. Jacob was startled at the result; startled, not at the noise he made, but at the noise he did not make; startled at the very small voice which said, "Mrs. Titsy—Boh!" To Jacob it was like anybody else's voice but his own. He began to wonder if he was in the condition of those poor people, mentioned in the Scriptures, afflicted with some evil spirit that was talking for him.

Mrs. Titsy, however, did not give him time to follow up this train of thought. She was close to him in an instant, and when he said, or when somebody else said, or something said, "Mrs. Titsy—Boh!" Mrs. Titsy commenced to laugh and cry and kiss Jacob in a manner that in no wise tended to clear up the mystery in which he found himself so important an actor.

"Wait a bit, my dear," said Mrs. Titsy, "wait a bit," as if she had a reasonable fear of his getting up and dressing himself; "don't distress yourself; I'll be back in a moment."

Then she laughed, and nodded her head, and drew the curtains, and opened the door, and disappeared. In another moment she returned, still laughing and nodding her head at Jacob; and following her upon tiptoe came Jacob's father.

"Jacob, my dear boy," said his father, stooping down and kissing his forehead; "Jacob, my poor boy, you are better then at last, at last."

Jacob thought he saw a tear roll down his father's cheek, and he felt his own eyes growing dim with tears of joy.

"Am I, father?" he said presently. "Yes, I think I am—I am sure I am better."

He would have said anything just then that could give pleasure to his father, who had spoken to him in the familiar voice of old, in the tone of the old days before aunt Keziah came to Middleton.

"And you know me now, and Mrs. Titsy," said Jacob's father; "Mrs. Titsy, who has been so kind to you?"

"Yes, father," said Jacob putting his wasted hand into his father's.

"Poor dear fellow!" said Mr. Martyn, "poor dear boy! you have had a hard time of it, well and ill for that matter; but happier days are coming; don't cry, my boy, don't cry, Jacob, cheer up."

The sympathetic, caressing manner of Jacob's father quite overcame the invalid. A chord had been touched in the boy's heart that had lain still and hushed for so long that the unaccustomed music now thrilled the wasted frame.

"There, we've had enough of this, please," said Mrs. Titsy. "Now, Jacob, no more crying; there, that will do, we must have a wash and be cheerful, and eat some breakfast."

In a very short time Mrs. Titsy had bustled Jacob's father out of the room, and Jacob was propped up with pillows and made comfortable.

During the morning the Doctor came. He was not one of those medical authorities in whose care we would trust your life, most polite and courteous of readers; but he was looked upon as one of the best men in Middleton. If you had asked his own opinion of his own abilities he would have given you most clearly to understand that but for him Middleton would have been little better than a city of the dead any time this twenty years. He was a stiff, pompous, starchy, very much linen-collared, kid-gloved, ringed gentleman, with a gold-headed cane, and a gold-headed pin to match in a black satin cravat.

"Put out your tongue, my friend," he said to Jacob, feeling his pulse at the same time.

"Ah, we are improving," he said in a deep hollow voice. "Improving, decidedly improving."

"It is a long lane that has no turning," said Mrs. Titsy, smoothing her apron and nodding mysteriously at Jacob.

"A wise proverb, Mrs. Titsy," said the Doctor, with a grand patronising air, "we are just arriving at the turning, Mrs. Titsy."

"It seems so," said Mrs. Titsy, drawing herself up and standing upon her dignity; "quite out of danger, Sir?"

"Quite out of danger," said the Doctor, taking up his hat and cane and contemplating Mrs. Titsy with an air of triumph; "as I said before, we are just at the turning."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Titsy, not noticing this last remark of the Doctor, who proceeded to give instructions with regard to the patient's diet, without in his turn noticing Mrs. Titsy's fervent ejaculation.

"Arrowroot, with a little milk, plain pudding; no objection to chicken or beef-tea in moderation, no vegetables, the mixture as before, and leave off the powders; good morning, Mrs. Titsy, good morning."

"Certainly, by all means, thank you for nothing," said Mrs. Titsy, when the last sound of the Doctor's footsteps had died away; "mixture as before, by all means, certainly."

Jacob thought very seriously about Mrs. Titsy's state of mind. It was plain to him that her intellect was going. She was evidently losing her head.

"No, I am not," said Mrs. Titsy, answering his wondering look; "I am quite right in my mind, Jacob; you will know all about it some day, don't distress yourself."

During the day Jacob showed still more gratifying symptoms. The old days were coming back. Susan came to see him. Julius Jennings came to see him. Tom Titsy came to see him. They were only permitted to say a few words, but it was so pleasant to hear kind tender soft expressions from these people, and it was so very pleasant to feel of importance to them. Mrs. Gompson paid him a visit, and after the first momentary chill which her presence created, Jacob found a kindly feeling in his heart for his aunt, who did her best to speak softly and agreeably; but she could not resist a parting shot at Mrs. Titsy as she left the room.

"Fewer visitors, Mrs. Titsy, and a more moderate diet, in my opinion are advisable; I only state my own opinion; it is of little moment I know what my opinion may be, but still I state it, I record it; fewer visitors and more moderate diet."

Many days passed away before Jacob came to know how ill he had been. During these many days he improved rapidly. In course of time Tom Titsy was permitted to have long interviews with his young master. On these occasions, at appropriate intervals during their talk, Tom would go to the window and release pigeons from his big coat-pockets; and Jacob noticed that every pigeon was a carrier, gently laden with variously coloured ribbon tied round its neck or fluttering from its feet.

"Them's volumes, Mester Jacob," he would say, watching the pigeons as they sailed round and round in the air before starting off to the thatched roof of the Titsy household.

"I thought they were pigeons, Tom," said Jacob smiling.

"Now you're laughing at me," said Tom. "Never mind, I like it. There was a time when you couldn't laugh nor cry either, for that matter. Them bits o' ribbon speaks no end of eloquence to Mester Johnson, if he's at home, and I think he is."

"Indeed! In what way?" asked Jacob.

"Why they're to him what they call bulletins when grand folks are ill. They tell him just how you're goin' on."

"Does that interest Mr. Johnson so much then?" inquired Jacob.

"Ah, a good deal more nor you think."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed, Mester Jacob, he's never tired of hearing about you, and he's the best and the cleverest man in all the world, I don't care where the t'other comes from."

"That's right, Tom, always speak well of your friends; I am sure I am very much obliged to the Doctor. And now you shall tell me all the news, Tom."

"Yes," said Mrs. Titsy, "do tell Mester Jacob all the news while I have just one cup of tea, and listen; you won't mind that, will you, Jacob dear?"

"No, I shall like it very much," said Jacob, composing himself carefully on his pillows to listen.

"Well, first about Susan," said Mrs. Titsy; "you know she is engaged to Mr. Silas Collinson, engaged to be married," said Mrs. Titsy.

Tom winced a little at this opening, but recovered his self-possession immediately.

"And he's gone off to America," said Tom.

"Yes," said Jacob, "What for?"

"Oh, to make his fortune bigger, he wor'nt satisfied, you know, and he's got a speculation out there as is to bring him in no end of money," said Tom.

"Much would have more," said Mrs. Titsy, mashing an ounce of a favourite mixture in a favourite fashion in a little black tea-pot with a saucer over it; "much would have more and lost all."

"The night afore he left," said Tom.

"I thought that was a secret," said Mrs. Titsy, letting out a fragrant steam for a moment and then pressing the saucer tightly over the tea-pot.

"Not to Mester Jacob," said Tom.

"Well then, you must know," said Mrs. Titsy, carrying the gossip away from her son, who to be sure was very slow and bungling in his narrative, "that the night before he left he was to have come to our house, having been once with Mr. Jennings in the evening; he was to have come at night again and didn't, and Mister Jennings told us privately that the fact was he had got tipsy, very tipsy, his feelings and one thing and another having overcome him, and he had to go early to Liverpool the next morning. For my part I never knew Mr. Collinson except as the soberest of men; horsey but only a little, no more than a young farmer generally is."

Mrs. Titsy had poured out her first cup of tea by this time, and was all the more inclined to talk under its stimulating influences.

"Mr. Horatio Johnson, our Doctor, Mister Jacob, who takes such an interest in you, he has got some curious idea into his head about Mr. Collinson going away, but that's owing perhaps to his not liking Mister Jennings. A curious man the Doctor, he has been and made the acquaintance of the gentleman as has taken Mr. Collinson's house ready furnished. As for Susan thinking of going to America to be married, if I was her I certainly should not do it, at all events at present."

Mrs. Titsy was anxious to familiarise Tom with the fact that Susan was inviolably and unalterably pledged to Mr. Collinson, and she mentioned their probable marriage as often as she could. Tom bore it very well, but generally in silence.

"It was on her account that he went to America; she was engaged to him afore he went, and agreed that if he could do better there than he could in England she would go out to him. She has had one letter to say he had arrived safe, and found things looking well."

This and a great deal more information Jacob received during what Mrs. Titsy called her tea-drinking, and the conversation only came to an end when that buxom lady discovered that Jacob was fast asleep. Then she quietly left the room, cautioning Tom, if he would insist upon sitting there, to make no noise, and let the boy sleep on. So Tom sat by the bed watching his playmate as he slept, and recalling in his blundering way the happy hours they had spent together; and thinking in his blundering fashion of Susan and of his love for her, and wondering if there were the slightest possibility of her not loving Mr. Collinson, and if she did not marry him, if he, Tom Titsy, would have any chance of being accepted. The twilight came on as Tom sat there nursing his thoughts. It was dark before he stroked Jacob's hand as it lay on the counterpane, and slipped away down stairs and out into the gaslit streets.

Tom Titsy had never confessed his love to Susan, but it was pretty well understood by Susan and everybody else what his feelings were towards her. When it was thoroughly settled that Silas Collinson was to be the happy man Tom treated Susan with more respect and deference than formerly, but he did not relax one jot of his kind attentions towards her. He would carry a bucket for her, or help her in any household duty with all his former alacrity, and his assistance was valuable to Susan, who found her duties none the lighter since Mrs. Gompson became mistress in the Martyn establishment. Susan responded to Tom's delicate attentions with a kind fellow-servant's consideration, and the two people who were bent on such different roads in life, against the dearest wish of one of them, were the best of friends. There was a delicacy and thoughtfulness in Tom Titsy's treatment of Susan which in the higher walks of life would have been considered courtier-like and graceful in the extreme.

At length the pompous gentleman of the rings, and gloves, and collars, and gold-headed cane, said Jacob Martyn was sufficiently recovered to be taken out for an airing on every fine day. Accordingly, the next morning, after being duly wrapped in many shawls and blankets, Jacob was carried into the garden by his father, carried as if he had been a child instead of a boy of fifteen and a much taller fellow than he was when the reader met him in the first chapter of this history of Jacob's life and adventures. He had grown immensely during his illness.

This glimpse of his father's garden from his father's arms on that bright spring morning was always a strangely happy remembrance to Jacob. The fresh earthy and flowery perfume that pervaded the elastic breezy air was an everlasting scent. It came back to him in after years, as if his mind inhaled the perfume with the memory of it. As Mr. Martyn walked gently up and down between the apple-trees, Jacob was too happy for words. He only spoke a few syllables, and these in a dreamy kind of assent to some kind remark of his father's; but nothing escaped his observant eye. He seemed to see things with his mind, too, and to feel them in his mind. It appeared to him as if he belonged to the garden, as if he were akin to the buds and leaves, as if he were growing up afresh with them, coming to life with them, breathing with them the spring atmosphere, rejoicing with them that the winter had gone, and looking forward with them to the summer that was coming. Early peas were showing their leaves in emerald rows above the dark brown earth. Mustard and cress made velvet patches here and there in sunny corners. White and pinky buds covered with silky coats laid their soft cheeks against the southern wall of the garden. There were crocuses and snow-drops here and there behind the box-borders. The favourite violet in the favourite corner was in full bloom. The tall poplars in the adjacent copse were covered with half-developed leaves. They looked like giant nodding grasses which tremble in the early hay. The apple-trees were dotted with buds. There was a brown healthy glow in the trees, a bursting into life, a fulness, a sappy budding bursting joyfulness that gladdened Jacob's heart, and seemed to promise happiness in the future. For a moment a cold shudder passed over him, but it was only for a moment; the reason of it was a gurgling humming sound that came over the meadows from the mill-pool. Happily the factory, with its whirling wheels and bobbins, took up the sound, and hustled it out of hearing. Then the voices of girls at their looms broke in upon the hum of machinery; the voices that Jacob had heard so often singing the familiar hymn of his early youth.

Well might Jacob's garden seem a paradise to him for all time; that patch of ground, with its bird-songs of freedom, and its songs of labour coming out of the great red hundred-eyed factory, coming forth in gushes of wild harmony; that bit of Middleton sacred to the memory of mother and brother, sacred to the memory of pure thoughts and holy aspirations, of noble resolves and wondering fancies; sacred to the memory of Jacob's first love. Throughout these memories, as they cropped up in after years, there lingered ever that fresh earthy flowery perfume, and the one favourite chaunt of the factory, the old-fashioned hymn which a band of Sunday-school girls had introduced there, a hymn which shall permeate this history, which shall crop up here and there, and wander through the story like the familiar strain in some sad drama, awakening sympathetic echoes in the hearts of those who watch the action of the piece and follow the actors to the last touching scene of all.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away.

It was a plaintive song coming from a mass of factory windows on a bright spring morning, but there was something of the joyousness of the time in it, something of the hopefulness and freshness of spring, and it dwelt in Jacob's mind an equal sharer with the sunshine, the perfumed breeze, the early buds, and the tender words of his father.

How often we brush shoulders with destiny, and know it not. There was one voice in that factory chorus destined to influence Jacob's whole life. Sing on, poor toilers at the loom, spinning the silken weft! Sing on, sweet-voiced maiden! Heaven grant thee a happy sojourn on earth, as well as in that fairer country shadowed forth in the Sunday hymn.

CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN'S MISSION IS MARRIAGE.

On the part of Susan Harley there was more of expediency than love in her engagement with Collinson. Her regard for Silas was, however, more than respect or esteem. She was grateful to him, and she felt that it was time she was settled in life. Silas loved her.

With his heart, there was a comfortable home, a good income, and, perhaps, a large fortune.

These latter considerations had influenced Susan. She was not a selfish, worldly woman, but her forbears had been well off, and she understood the practical value of a comfortable home. It was time she should be settled in life. This woman's feeling had come upon her more than once before she ever saw Silas Collinson; it had come upon her with thoughts of Tom Titsy, and gratitude for his kindness to her as a fellow-servant. She did not love Silas Collinson, and she did not love Tom; but she admired and respected Silas, and felt proud of his regard for her—proud of it, and grateful for it. Once upon a time she had wondered if ever Tom would be able to keep a wife. She knew he was fond of her, though he had never said so, and she liked his mother much, but she knew that poor Tom was a dull, stupid fellow, with all his kindness and honesty, and this feeling had been sufficient for her to dismiss him from her mind when Silas Collinson, his superior a hundredfold in every respect, confessed his love and admiration for her.

Woman's mission is marriage. Susan had engaged to enter the wedded state because she had been asked to do so by a respectable, well-looking man, who loved her and could afford to keep her. Collinson might have looked higher, too; she knew that, and he knew it; but he thought he had discovered in Susan all that he could wish for in a wife. He had no parents living, no one to control or influence his movements, no one to work for or to live for; he wanted a happy face by his fireside, and a companion in some of his out-door pleasures, and he proposed that Susan should be his wife.

Now Silas had a shrewd commercial capacity. He had long since made up his mind to see America, not simply as a buyer of agricultural produce, but as a practical farmer. He had heard of some of the remarkable inventions which had been perfected in the States for cultivating the soil; he had seen examples of their work at the Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibitions; and latterly he had opened up communications with New York which seemed to promise an important enterprise, more particularly in the purchase and sale of corn. He had therefore resolved to go to America and spend at least twelve months in the New World, and he hoped to make his journey a great source of profit. It was this resolution that stimulated the other concerning Susan. Before he left England it was most desirable, he thought, that Susan and himself should thoroughly understand each other, and they did.

"I shall come back in twelve months, and then we will be married. We have only known each other three months, and if we make it a year's courtship we shall not be called hasty, and my American journey will have some effect, perhaps, on the way we shall live, and how we shall live, and where, for that matter, seeing that I may make a great thing out of the business or I may not."

It was very painful to Susan that she had not said good-bye to her lover. She had seen him and talked with him nearly every day for a fortnight before he left, but on that last night she had not kept her appointment, and he had gone without a last parting word. She had mourned over this in secret for many days. It was Jacob Martyn's illness which brought her this trouble; it was Jacob Martyn's illness which relieved it. The extra work of the house kept her constantly employed; labour occupied her thoughts, and helped her to conquer stray doubts and fears concerning Silas Collinson's sincerity.

She was surprised, some three months after her lover's departure, to be summoned into the little room which Julius Jennings occupied as an office in the front part of Mr. Martyn's premises.

"Mester Jennings would like to have a word with you," said Tom Titsy.

"Where is he?" asked Susan.

"In the office," said Tom; "he would like you to go to the office to him."

"Oh, indeed!" said Susan; "and what may it be about, Tom?"

"Don't know," said Tom, "but it was particular, he said."

"Tell him I will come, Tom, please."

Poor Tom! he did her bidding with happy alacrity. Susan laid aside the peas she was shelling, wiped her hands upon her white apron, adjusted the linen collar round her well-shaped neck, and went to the clerk's room.

"Good morning, Miss Harley, how do you do?" said Jennings, rubbing his hands, and leering at Susan.

"Good morning," said Susan, standing by the door.

"Hope you are well, Susan," said Jennings.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Jennings," Susan replied; "what is it you want to see me for?"

"I have a letter for you," said Jennings, "a letter from Mr. Collinson."

Susan blushed, and put out her hand. She did not attempt to disguise the pleasure which the information gave her.

"Thank you; give it me, Mr. Jennings," she said.

Jennings placed a letter in her hand, and watched her cunningly as she looked at it.

"Fine fellow, Mr. Collinson. He arrived a little later than he expected, but safe and sound, and in good spirits. Yes, that letter of yours was enclosed in one to Mr. Magar, who sent it down to me immediately. A considerate man, Mr. Magar, very considerate."

Jennings was talking as if to cover his thoughts, or prevent Susan from asking questions. He need not have troubled himself. Susan only said, "Thank you, Mr. Jennings, good morning," and hurried away with her letter.

"Does not seem at all surprised at Collinson sending the letter through Magar. That is good. I thought she would not. It is very good—very good indeed," said Jennings, apostrophising the door when it had closed upon Susan.

"I wonder how people feel when they feel sorry," he went on; "is it like toothache, or chilblains, or what? Is it like being afraid, or having no money in your pocket? I sometimes think I feel sorry, but I suppose it's a mistake. Must be a mistake; let us scratch it out."

Jennings took up a sharp penknife and began to obliterate a figure in one of Mr. Martyn's books as if that were the mistake alluded to. While he was thus engaged, Susan Harley was sitting upon a box in her bedroom spelling out Silas Collinson's letter. It was a difficult job for Susan. She had barely received sufficient education to enable her to master printing such as she found in Jacob's books of fairy tales in the days of Mrs. Martyn. Writing was a mystery to her, but not altogether beyond translation. Susan could write a little, and in due time she made out her lover's letter. It announced his arrival, and expressed his regret at not seeing her again before he left; at the same time intimating that this was not his fault. He liked what little he had seen of the country, and would write to her again and tell her more about it. Whether he should come back or not he was uncertain, but this should be explained very soon. As he was writing to his friend Mr. Magar he sent her letter with his, and he thought this was best with regard to others, seeing that Magar would be his agent till he came home, and would transact his business. He advised Susan to see Mr. Magar when she wanted any advice, and sent her his love and best wishes for her happiness. She could write to him at the Post-office, New York, or send her letters through Mr. Magar.

Susan hardly knew whether the letter gave her pleasure or not. There was something vague about it, something cold and formal.

She did not like the letter so well as she thought she should. She derived great satisfaction from the fact of her lover's safe arrival, and she told him this in her reply—told him in her plain way; and she wished Silas would send her letters straight through the post. Of course everybody that was his friend would be hers, but she would rather Mr. Magar was anybody's friend but his. She told Silas not to work and run risks on her account, and she finished the letter with some common-place gossip about Middleton and good news of Jacob Martyn's progress towards restored health.

Julius Jennings gave Susan every information with regard to the postage to America, and offered to post the letter for her; but Susan preferred to drop it into the letter-box herself, and did so.

A few weeks afterwards there came another letter, written in a more loving spirit, and suggesting that Susan should come out to America if she still cared for the writer. Silas informed her that he had quite made up his mind not to return. He found that the business he had entered upon demanded constant attention, and in a monetary sense that he had, as he might say, hit upon a good mine. He had instructed his friend Magar to dispose of his property in England and supply her with whatever money she might require to come over. Some folk might think it strange for her to go over, but she knew him as an honest man and pledged to her, and she should not be a day on shore without being his wife.

Susan was unhappy concerning these letters. She did not at all know what to make of them. They were not the letters she had expected to receive. But Mrs. Titsy, whom she consulted about them, said they were straightforward, manly letters, and all that a young woman could desire.

They were discussing the subject when the miller called at the Titsys. He had thriven immensely of late, and Mrs. Titsy considered it an honour to see him in her cottage.

"Ah, I am glad to see you two folks together," he said, "very glad, because I have a few words to say which I should like you both to hear. My friend Collinson wants his intended wife to go out to America to be married."

"Yes, indeed, so she was just telling me," said Mrs. Titsy; "and will you sit down, Sir? though this is but a poor house to yours."

"Poor, but honest; that's the time of day, Mrs. Titsy. I am one of the people, and go in for what is straight. Hollo! Confound, beggar that dog, he's biting my leg."

"Down, Cæsar, down; how dare you!" screamed Mrs. Titsy, striking the offending animal with a broom just as Magar kicked him with his heavy boot.

"A beast, that dog," said Magar. "I always hated him; he's a foreign brute, I know, a mongrel dam brute. Mrs. Titsy, I shall be the death of that dog if you don't keep him tied up."

Mrs. Titsy apologised, was very sorry, and begged Mr. Magar to look over the dog's bad behaviour, which with a very bad grace he consented to do by-and-by.

"Now there's no man in this town who has more respect for Miss Harley than me; I've often had thoughts of making up to her myself, and trying to cut Silas out."

"Indeed," said Susan, scornfully; "and is that what you have come here to say?"

"No, Miss, it isn't; no Susan, no; I'm a plain, straightforward man. I've come to ask what it is your pleasure to do, as I am a sort of trustee for Mr. Collinson, and he has placed money in my hands for you. And here's a letter which I only got this morning, and he tells me that inside it he has told you what his wishes are. I am to give you one hundred pounds."

"Generous man; I always liked him," said Mrs. Titsy.

Susan only listened.

"Now, as a plain, straightforward man, I should say take the money by all means, but don't go out, not at present at all events. If a man has not enough liking for a woman to come over that drop of water and marry her in her own country, why I say he don't deserve her at all. You have my opinion, and I have told Silas the same. But it's not for me to decide in such a business. Whatever Susan wishes I am ready to carry out, but I should say don't go, and I say it in presence of a sensible woman as can advise another sensible woman; and at present that's all I've got to say. Ladies, I wish you good morning."

Taking up his hat, Mr. Ephraim Magar made an awkward bow to the two women and bowed himself to the door, and then out into the street. They caught sight of his big sinister face as he passed the window.

"A rough but good man," said Mrs. Titsy, "I am sure."

"A rough bad man," said Susan, "if ever I saw one. As for his advice, you may depend on it I shall be sure to do quite the contrary to whatever that may be."

And it came to pass that Susan acted upon this avowal. She resolved upon going out to Silas. It was no use for anyone to argue with her, she said; her mind was made up and she would go.

CHAPTER VII.

ILLUSTRATES THE OLD PROVERB ABOUT A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mrs. Gompson had expressed herself very warmly on the impropriety of Susan's conduct in leaving England prior to her marriage, intimating that there was no knowing whether she might not be basely deceived when she arrived in New York. Men were a perfidious lot, as far as Mrs. Gompson's experience went, and she advised Susan to go out a wife or not to go at all. But Susan had placed her trust in Collinson. She gave him full credit for being as honest and true as herself. Once a woman has pledged herself to a man, in the firm belief of his love and truth, she makes a broad and liberal interpretation of the rules of propriety. It would have looked better, no doubt, in the eyes of the world, had Silas returned, married Susan, and taken her to his new home in America; but if Silas and Susan, two good, honest, faithful, and well-known respectable people, chose to arrange it that the marriage should be solemnised on the other side of the Atlantic, there was nothing in Susan's conduct upon which she need fear criticism; so Susan was determined to go. Mrs. Gompson shook her false curls, and said of course Susan might please herself; and several gossips in the neighbourhood, including a few confirmed spinsters, pitied the poor girl most assiduously.

Some weeks after the sale of Collinson's property, Susan received a note from Mr. Magar, requesting her to meet him in the afternoon of the following day at his house, to receive the money which Silas had directed him to pay to her out of the proceeds of the sale of Mr. Collinson's effects. Susan went accordingly.

Magar's was an imposing looking house, worthy of a newly-made Town Councillor, who had been returned for the central ward at the head of the poll, and one who had it in contemplation to retire from business and put himself in nomination for the Mayoralty; for Magar had thriven greatly of late, and was becoming much more circumspect in his manners, and making, it was observable to everybody, visible efforts to correct his mode of speech, and "talk fine," as the Middletonians characterised all language free from their own extraordinary dialect. Although Susan knew that before long, as Collinson's wife, she would be mistress of as fine a house as Magar's, she knocked with considerable diffidence at the well-polished door, and felt nervous when it was opened in the presence of an oaken hall table, with an immense stag's head and antlers upon it; a hat-stand with pegs made of polished horns; a rail covered with rugs and coats, and hung with whips; the head of a huge ox over the staircase; and an open door exhibiting the imposing length of a drawing-room, blazing with a red and green carpet.

Susan was shown up stairs into a small room which Magar called his snuggery. When she found herself in the miller's presence, she could not disguise her surprise at the change in his appearance. He had been judiciously dressed by a tailor of much higher culture than the artist who had hitherto worked for him. He sat at a desk writing, and looked quite magisterial.

"Good morning, Miss Harley," he said in his best manner. "I hope I see you well."

Susan said she was very well.

"Sit down, pray; let me get you a chair; you don't seem well."

Susan again said she was very well, but it was with a fixed and peculiar look at Magar.

"You seem surprised, my girl," said the miller, coming down a little from the great height which he had previously occupied.

"Yes, I am," said Susan.

"You think I'm changed," Magar responded. "Maybe I am a little. We all change with circumstances, but you will find me the same man, Susan—plain, straightforward, and to the point as ever."

Magar leaned back in his chair, and made a palpable effort to look his best. He smiled at Susan, and hoped she would make herself at home.

"I don't understand you at all," said Susan; "I came here on business, and so far as that is concerned, I shall certainly try to make myself at home," said Susan.

"That's right, that's right, Susan," Magar replied, going to an adjacent cupboard and putting a decanter of wine upon the table. "You will take just one glass of wine, eh?"

"No, thank you," said Susan; "I never drink wine."

"Then it is time you made a beginning. Come, let me give you one glass."

Even Susan could not help noticing the peculiarity of Magar's efforts to shake off the Middleton dialect with the Middleton tailor's clothes. The moment he forgot to play his part as a leading burgess matriculating for the position of chief magistrate, he fell back into his old manner of speech. His thees and thous and wenches and lasses came back immediately his earnestness and passion returned.

"You won't drink a glass? Very well; then let us come to business. You have made up your mind to go to America?"

"Yes," said Susan.

"Then I wish thou would take me," Magar replied, trying the effect of the fascinating leer with which he had greeted her when she first entered the room.

"I think you have some particular message for me from Silas," said Susan, disregarding his remark and the look which had accompanied it.

"Ah, he's a happy man; he don't deserve thee, lass—not he."

Magar came close to Susan as he said this, and put so much tender expression into his face that under other circumstances Susan would have laughed at him, and slapped it. But now she was afraid of him. She had been afraid from the first moment when she entered the room, as if some vague sense of danger had taken possession of her.

"Now look here, Susan; I want to talk to you seriously. Come here, my girl," said Magar, coaxingly; "I am a straightforward man, and ——"

"You are a fool, and something worse!" said Susan, pushing him aside just as he had put his arm familiarly upon her shoulder.

"Holloa! hoity-toity! it's no good making for the door; it is shut, and it is locked. Now come, let us be friends and talk like friends."

Magar locked the door and stood with his back against it.

"What do you mean?" said Susan, with a fierce light in her eye.

"Nothing but what's straight and honest; I mean to be friends with Susan Harley."

"Well, and so you shall be friends," said Susan, trying another mode of treatment, "we are friends; but please to unlock that door!"

"Will you shake hands with me?"

"Yes, if you will unlock the door and open it."

Magar opened the door and offered his hand. Susan kept her word.

"That's right; now look here, let us talk sensibly; you will be going to America. Don't go if you be wise, unless you go with me. There, don't scowl at me, I am in earnest; that man cares nothing for thee, and I do!"

"I will hear no more of this," said Susan, rushing towards the door.

Magar barred the way.

"It's no good making a row. There's nobody in the house just now. I sent the girl out into the next street when you came in. If you scream and make a fuss, there will only be a jolly talk in the town, and they'll make a mountain out of nothing—trust Mother Gompson for that; I mean you to hear what I have to say."

"I will not hear you," said Susan, putting her hands to her ears.

"Yes you will, my love," said Magar, seizing her right wrist, and bringing back the old hideous look into his face, with the old hideous intention of being fascinating. "Listen! Silas Collinson is a beggar, a fool, a nobody. I could make him a bankrupt to-morrow; he's in my power; he's neither been true to me nor to thee; I could crush him, and when you see him thou'lt ask me to do it."

This change of Magar's tactics had its desired effect, but from an entirely different motive than that which the miller thought to excite. Susan listened. There was something so terrible in Magar's manner, something so fiendish, that she felt it her duty to listen, felt it the duty of Silas Collinson's future wife to hear his traducer, that she might thwart his malice, that she might warn Silas and put him on his guard.

"There, be calm and I will listen," said Susan.

"Of course you will," said Magar; "but that it shall not be said I did not give thee thy rights before I warned thee, here is one hundred pounds; give me a receipt for it."

Magar drew from a drawer in his desk ten crisp Bank of England notes, and laid them before Susan.

"Tell me, sir, if you please," said Susan, once more trying to smother her fears and speak in a friendly way, "tell me what you mean by speaking against Silas as you have done."

"Give me a receipt for this money," Magar replied.

Susan wrote as well as she could in large cramped letters, with a tremble in them here and there, "Received of Mr. Magar £100.—SUSAN HARLEY."

"This is what I mean, Susan: I'm a plain man, and straightforward's my motto. I've had my eye on you this long time, and if I had been in Collinson's place I'd have come from the other end of the world to marry thee. Don't start like that; I'm a better man than Silas, and if you'll change your mind about him I'll marry thee to-morrow. Come, now, what do you say to that?—and if you want to go abroad, why I will go; I don't mind; I've got money enough, and it don't matter where I live. Now, what do you say—a bird in the hand, you know? Here I am, a straightforward man, with plenty of money. Over the sea yonder is a beggar, a poor devil who wouldn't, if he could, come over and fetch thee. Now, then, here you are, which will you have? Say me, and seal it with a kiss, and the job's done."

It was a bitter struggle for Susan to remain and listen to Magar's vile propositions, but she seemed to have little choice in the matter. If she attempted to leave the room Magar prevented her, and she dreaded the scandal that might follow an alarm and a rescue. Moreover, her woman's wit told her that calmness and judgment might place Magar's cards in her own hands, and enable Collinson to see his dreadful game, whatever it might be. Therefore, with a brave heart she listened.

During this interview between Susan and Silas Collinson's agent, Dr. Horatio Johnson, on a mission of mercy, obtaining signatures to a memorial in favour of a wretched prisoner, who had been unfairly convicted of a robbery—knocked at Mr. Magar's door. A pert domestic replied, and informed the Doctor that Mr. Magar was not to be disturbed. He was engaged with Susan Harley.

The Doctor said he would wait, as he wanted to see Miss Harley as well as the master. The pert domestic said he might please himself, and he pleased himself by sitting on the edge of a chair close to the dining-room door. He was not an inquisitive man, but he hated Magar, and had the warmest regard for Susan. Hearing voices in a louder key than that which generally betokens friendly conversation, he stepped into the hall and listened. Simply influenced by kindly feeling for Susan, he listened very attentively. Susan was appealing to Magar, he thought. There was fear in her voice. He crept up two stairs. Susan was angry. "I defy you," she said. Horatio crept up three stairs. Then Magar spoke quietly, and Susan responded calmly, but still in fear. Horatio, in three long strides, stood outside the door of Mr. Magar's snuggery.

"You'll think of it, then, to-night," said Magar.

"I will," said Susan, "pray let me go now."

There were sounds of a short sharp scuffle.

Horatio turned up the coat-cuff of his right arm.

"Just one kiss to seal it," gasped Magar, evidently struggling with his victim.

Horatio buttoned his coat.

"Help, help!" cried Susan.

The next moment Magar measured his length upon the floor, and Susan was in the arms of Horatio Johnson—a friend indeed.

Horatio had not heard all that was said, but, in his opinion, the scream of a woman, and that woman Susan Harley, neutralised all the rights and privileges set up in the proverb which declares that an Englishman's house is his castle. No man had a right to be a Blue

Beard, if he had a castle, thought Horatio, which said thought passed through his capacious mind in a moment, and acting upon this view of citizenship he played the part of woman's champion with that wonderful energy which had carried locks, bolts, and bars before it, culminating in the overthrow of Blue Beard upon Blue Beard's own hearth-rug.

The fallen one seeming in no hurry to rise again, and his pert domestic being engaged at the end of the street in conversation with the baker's boy, the Doctor walked off with Susan, who, on the way home, gave him an outline of what had occurred, carefully omitting, however, to mention anything about Collinson being in Magar's power, fearing that such an exposure would strengthen the persuasion already used to prevent her leaving England. Johnson had overheard the mention of Collinson's name, but could not understand how or why it was used. Susan was not long in discovering this, to her great satisfaction; for now she was more than ever bent upon going to Silas. The thought of Collinson poor, Collinson a beggar, Collinson in the power of Magar, excited sensations which she had not previously felt. Her highest nature was touched. She experienced something of that sympathetic yearning which carries woman into the midst of disease and death, a ministering angel. With this feeling was coupled a deep gratitude that almost warmed into love. Silas Collinson in prosperity had sought her who was in a much humbler sphere of life than himself. He had loved her for herself alone — she knew he loved her; and now that some unforeseen misfortune had brought him down in the world she longed to prove herself worthy of his love and confidence.

It was autumn again, and the wind was driving before it the smoke of the factory chimneys, driving it down the narrow streets and through the narrow courts, and dispersing it in the Middleton meadows. It shook Mrs. Titsy's window-shutters as it passed, and set Horatio Johnson thinking of the last time Silas Collinson had called there in search of Susan. Silas Collinson's intended wife was spending the evening with her friend Mrs. Titsy, and talking over the arrangements for her journey to New York. Tom Titsy was toasting his feet by the fire and listening to the domestic eloquence of his mother and the advice which Horatio Johnson was giving to Susan. The Doctor was particularly earnest in what he said, and was only tempted once to introduce the favourite Latin motto, and then he stuck half-way. Susan was thoughtful and sad, as well she might be with the wind sighing so mournfully at the window, and the great sea rolling between her and the man whom she was beginning to love in real earnest.

Cæsar went to the door while they were talking, and came back again, lying at the feet of Susan and looking steadfastly at his master as if influenced by some instinctive sympathy for both of them.

Tom thought the dog was fidgety and strange, and he went to the front door himself just in time to see a crouching figure steal away from the window.

" Cæsar ! here, lad ; hie up, man—pin him," said Tom, following up the brief command that had brought the dog into the street.

In a moment Cæsar was barking and jumping round the figure, which had retreated from the window, and which was now returning, cursing the dog fiercely.

" Call your dog away, Tom Titsy ; call the brute away, or I'll brain him !" said the man, hoarse with passion.

Tom had followed his dog a few yards along the street.

"Oh, it's you, Mester Magar, is it ? I thought as somebody was listening at the shutters," said Tom. "Here, come in, Cæsar ; come in, lad ; down, dost hear ? Down, dog."

" Listening be hanged," said Magar. " What should I listen for ?"

" I'll be hanged if I know," said Tom, " dost thou, Cæsar, eh, dog ? good dog ; come then, come along ; he'll brain thee, he says."

The dog leaped up at Tom, and they both returned to the cottage, leaving Magar cursing and slinking away in the contrary direction.

"Magar, eh ?" said the Doctor ; "that's odd, nay, it's more than odd ; ha ! what's in the wind, I wonder ? We'll make a note of this, Tom : just a little mem. as they say."

Going to the calendar which had replaced the one of the previous year, the Doctor took out his pencil to mark the date. He started for a moment at the coincidence which presented itself with peculiar force to his mind. Once again it was the fifteenth of November !

"Tom," said the Doctor, solemnly, "when you see Susan home to-night don't go half-way ; see her into Mr. Martyn's house."

CHAPTER VIII.

A FACTORY VISION OF BEAUTY.

Once fairly released from the sick-room, Jacob rapidly recovered his strength. He grew out of his clothes and out of the Gompson power. Mrs. Gompson declared he was too much for her.

One day, when her nephew had been particularly obstinate in opposing some new piece of tyranny, Mrs. Gompson suggested to

Mr. Martyn the desirability of sending Jacob to a boarding-school. Day schools, she argued, were a mistake; boys made companions all over the town, and were spoiled in temper and disposition by mixing with their inferiors; while, in living with a master, there was a guarantee that their morals were looked after, and that they were only permitted to associate with their equals. Whether these reasons carried any weight with Mr. Martyn, or not, we are not prepared to say. We hope he took a broader view of Jacob's educational requirements, though he agreed with his sister that Jacob ought to be placed under a good master at some distance from Middleton.

Singularly enough, when Mr. Martyn opened his letters, on an eventful morning some few weeks after this conversation about Jacob's education, he found that his earliest communication for the next *Middleton Star* was an advertisement in which the master of the public school at Cartown intimated to parents and guardians that he had a vacancy for two or three young gentlemen, as in-door pupils, on moderate terms—the house being pleasantly situated, and references kindly permitted to the vicar of the parish. This bait caught its first fish before it had been fairly dropped into the advertising sea of a newspaper. After communicating with the vicar of the parish of Cartown, Mr. Martyn determined that his son should be one of the two or three young gentlemen for whom Mr. Gregory Spawling had a vacancy.

Accordingly, in due time, the mail cart was ordered to call for Jacob, and the night before the morning fixed for starting the ostler from the inn left word that the Cartown mail would leave Middleton as early as seven o'clock.

Jacob did not dislike the idea of leaving home, especially as everybody was so kind to him on the occasion; his father giving him more pocket-money than he had ever before possessed; Susan packing no end of curious things among his clothes; Tom sending him, wrapped up in brown paper, a bran new pocket knife; Mrs. Gompson presenting him with a comb and brush; Dr. Johnson sending him a cricket bat; and Mrs. Titsy adding to his treasures a book of fairy tales, which she had been advised by the Doctor to purchase, instead of a very severe work on "The Death-beds of Good and Bad Boys," which she had originally selected as "a keepsake for Sunday reading."

All this was very gratifying to Jacob, and excited him into a flutter of good spirits that gave him little sleep at night, and made him wake very early the next morning. Indeed he was up almost as soon as the birds; but he felt a little sad when he went into the garden to bid everything there good-bye. The sun had only just risen. The factory had not begun to make its accustomed noise, though the engine could be heard hissing in a subdued tone, while a thin column of smoke went lazily up from the tall chimney. Jacob wished he could hear the sweet voice which had soothed and charmed him on many a sunny day when he was out among the apple trees. Then he thought how much he should like to see her to whom the voice belonged. He wondered why he had never thought of this until now when he was about to leave the place, perhaps for ever.

While a tide of ideas was flowing in this direction, Jacob happened to look up towards the windows whence the sweet sounds had so often come, and there, lo and behold! he saw a face looking out of one of the factory windows, just filling up the opening which had been made out of a couple of panes—and, oh, what a sweet face it was! round and rosy, fair and blue-eyed, and surrounded by golden hair finer than the wealth of yellow silk from China and Japan that went into the factory in bundles of gossamer-like threads, and came out in great breadths of yarn that were sent all over the world to adorn ladies of all degrees. At first Jacob thought the face must belong to an angel, or to a fairy who was going to give him three wishes. He had almost decided to ask as his first wish that his mother should be brought to life again, and for the second that the fairy should come and live with them, when the face disappeared; but the dear familiar voice carolled forth one of the old songs so sweetly that a thrush, which had been singing in the apple trees, stopped to listen as eagerly as Jacob—at least Jacob thought so; but allowance must be made for a romantic youth just setting out into the world.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,

was the burden of the song, and had the singer only known what a happy land she might have made of Middleton, and every other place, to Jacob Martyn, that morning, by putting her face through the little window once more, and saying "Good-bye, Jacob," she would certainly have done so; because her face was a sure index to the kindness of her heart.

Before the song was over, Susan came to hurry Jacob on his journey.

"You don't want to go, eh?"

"I don't know," said Jacob.

"We are bound to do a great many things in this world which we don't like; but the same Power that taught yon swallow to come thousands of miles to build his nest under that window is guiding us."

"How serious we are! You are becoming almost as bad as Mr. Jennings with his sermons."

"I hope not, my love," said Susan. "Do you know, Jacob," she continued, "there is something about Mr. Jennings that I very much dislike? He is not what he pretends to be. Never say I said so, Jacob; but remember it—*remember* it, Jacob."

"Susan, you look ill, and you are crying!" exclaimed Jacob. "What is the matter? Don't fret about me; I shall soon come back."

"But I shall be gone then, love; and years, many years, may go over before we meet again."

"All the better, Susan. I will be a man when you come back, and then you know I can visit you at your house, and you can come to see me at mine. Don't be down-hearted, Susan. Let us say good-bye here, and promise never to forget each other."

Jacob took both her hands, and she kissed him, just as Aunt Keziah appeared upon the scene.

"Come, come, Susan, let the boy have his breakfast; you treat him as if he were a baby. Jacob, I say, be quick!"

Mrs. Gompson seized Jacob's hand, which Jacob resented by immediately releasing himself, and looking at his aunt defiantly.

"Well, well, sir; we will have no noise now: it is time there was a parting here," said Mrs. Gompson, walking on alone; "the ingratitude of some people begins in the cradle."

"There are differences of opinion, Mrs. Gompson, as to what folk ought to be grateful for," said Susan.

"And the impudence of some people is not lessened by their fine airs," continued Mrs. Gompson; and thus this trio entered Mr. Martyn's house; soon after which Jacob Martyn had said good-bye to the whole household.

The conveyance in which Jacob made his first journey into the outer world of Middleton was one that has now disappeared from English highways. It was a comfortable well-to-do sort of cart, capable of carrying four passengers, in addition to the driver. It was dignified by the title of "The Royal Mail," which designation it claimed by reason of its being the postal conveyance between Middleton and Cartown.

The driver of the mail was a bluff hearty countryman, who had been a rural postman before the railway was introduced into Middleton. Driver and cart have now been superseded; the former by a sharp, "horsey" looking fellow, and the cart by a red, sugar-loaf shaped, high-wheeled chariot, constructed to carry the driver and the letter bags.

When Jacob Martyn was a boy the railway was in its infancy, as they say steam is still, and there were several coaches passing daily through Middleton, collecting crowds at the chief inn, to see the foaming steeds changed, and to hear the guards crack their jokes, and to see the drivers crack their whips. To race with the coaches was a daily delight of Will Tunster's. On the morning when Jacob left Middleton the mail-cart soon distanced the coach; for Will had an unusually light load of letters and parcels, and Jacob Martyn was his only passenger.

On their route they delivered letter bags at Crossley, a mining village which every year sent up to London thousands of tons of coals. Never having been far beyond the precincts of Middleton, Jacob took careful note of all he saw, and especially at Crossley, which was one of the most notable sights in the wonderful panorama that seemed to be flying past him. There were long rows of newly-built cottages, with water-tubs in front and pig-styes behind; red burly Dissenting chapels; beer-houses and inns; little shop-windows filled with tempting displays of sugar and flies, tape, nutmegs, clogs, currants, mouse-traps, gingerbread, mops, buckets, Spanish juice, shot bags—the latter adorned with an illustration in which the chief figure was a man firing a gun, at the discharge of which innumerable birds were falling to a brace of barking dogs. At intervals, high chimneys towered above the little mining town, casting long shadows on the house-tops, and darkening the sky with rolling clouds of smoke. On one side of the village the blackened fields looked like gigantic cordage manufactories. The coal-pits were surmounted by long three-legged erections, supporting a net-work of ropes which ran along iron rollers with an incessant rattle. Mountains of coal were piled along the road side. Troops of black-visaged miners, who had been working through the night, wended their way to their respective homes in the houses with the pig-styes and water-tubs, in front of which noisy children quarrelled over marbles, to the annoyance of boisterous mothers, who fought the battles of their respective offspring in language more noticeable for its energy than for its refinement.

"I must waken them up yonder," said Will, as they left Crossley and approached a turning in the road; whereupon he commenced an ambitious performance on an old keyed bugle which he carried at his back, vigorously blowing out the melody of "Rory O'More," with snatches of which he announced his approach at the various villages or inns for which he had parcels. Gradually "Rory O'More" was transformed into "Tom Moody," over which the performer grew red in the face.

Then Crossley disappeared, and the change in the scenery, as Will Tunster's horse turned up a by-lane, was as striking, when compared with Crossley, as the difference between Bagdad and the enchanted regions which surrounded that famous city of romance. In place of coal pits and pitmen's hovels, there were now tall hedgerows and trees, and rich pastures. On one side of the road there was a rude stone footpath, fringed by a stream of clear water, which irrigated a numberless variety of cresses; and on the other a long verdant streak of grass stretched into the distance, where a small house lay half concealed by a wood.

"Oh, how pretty!" said Jacob involuntarily, as this bit of rural fairyland opened up before him.

"Ah, it's a noice tune enough; I've blown it for years," said Will Tunster, taking Jacob's remark as a compliment to the echo passages in "Tom Moody." "We've gotten to stop here to take up Miss Dorothy Cantrill, your schoolmester's housekeeper, and somebody else's housekeeper that is to be when the toime comes," continued Will as he pulled up opposite the house amongst the trees.

The door was opened as the mail stopped. An elderly woman handed out a bonnet box, and a man brought forth a portmanteau covered with a very rich drawing-room paper. Next came a shawl, an umbrella, another little box, and a bunch of flowers; and then the passenger herself, a comely looking woman of about thirty, with whom Will Tunster shook hands, and whom Will Tunster carefully assisted into the cart.

"Here's the young gentleman who is to have the honour of living wi' you, Dorothy," said Will Tunster, directing her attention to Jacob.

"How do you do, Sir?" said Dorothy, settling herself into a seat, her face beaming with good nature. "I hope Mr. Tunster has been kind to you."

"Thank you," said Jacob; "yes, he has been very kind."

"I've played him 'Tom Moody' with variations, and told him all about the pits and foire damp, and colliery accidents, haven't I, Mester Jacob?" said Will, touching up his mare as he spoke.

"Yes, Sir," said Jacob.

Dorothy waved her handkerchief to her father and mother, Will flourished his whip and played the echo passages in "Tom Moody" very loudly, Jacob waved his cap to the old people, the mail-cart turned another bend in the road, and then the schoolmaster's housekeeper began asking Will a variety of questions concerning the news of Middleton and Crossley. Will told her how he had been to the parson's at the latter town, to hear a lecture on fire damp, a recent explosion at one of the pits there having destroyed a hundred men and boys.

"Dear me," said Dorothy, "you talk like a book."

"You'd rather I'd talk like a letter: Miss Dorothy Cantrill, care of Mr. Gregory Spawling, Cartown, Midlandshire, England, and if not there, at Mr. Cantrill's, near Crossley, post paid," said Will, holding his whip and ribbons in one hand, and gazing intently into the other, as though reading the superscription of a letter. On pronouncing the last word, he cast a sly glance at Dorothy, who, instead of making any reply, put the corner of her apron to each eye in succession, and complained of the dusty road. This little subterfuge, however, was without avail, for Jacob saw that she was crying.

Will coughed violently and thrashed his horse, but finding that this did not repair the mischief, he turned sharply round upon Dorothy, and begged her pardon "a thousand times over"—assuring her that he did not mean to hurt her feelings.

Why Miss Cantrill should have cried at all Jacob could not understand, but he was quite convinced that Mr. Tunster had been guilty of some gross act of unkindness, and until the mail-driver had begged Dorothy's pardon a thousand times, Will, despite his musical powers, had very much deteriorated in Jacob's good opinion.

The little storm blown over, Mr. Tunster commenced to blow his horn with unwonted vigour (but whether the tune was "Rory O'More," "Tom Moody," or both, or neither, not Will nor any other accomplished musician could have decided), and the little party entered Cartown.

"Yonder is the church," said Dorothy, pointing to a brown, time-worn tower among a clump of trees; "and that's the 'Blue Posts,'" pointing to an inn, with two posts painted blue, a water trough, a bucket, and two men refreshing themselves and their horses; "and this is the market-place," she continued, as they entered an irregular square of irregular houses and shops, with a few people loitering about on an irregular pavement, and several persons looking from their windows and several tradesmen gazing from their doors at a carriage and pair, which had halted before the chemist's shop.

"And here's the post-office," said Will, as he pulled up opposite a private house with a window half blackened, and a slit in one of the panes for letters, a green curtain above, and an "Important Notice" with a coat of arms fitted into one of the square panes. A black square beneath this was opened, and Will, thrusting in a leather bag covered about the neck with worn-out wax seals, said it was "nice weather," and on the mail started again, the driver occasionally dropping a parcel into the hands of people who were standing at their shop doors, in anticipation of packages inscribed with their names and addresses.

Miss Cantrill, who was quite at home with Jacob already, and was almost as kind to him as Susan herself, said: "Dear me, the streets seemed quite natural again since she had seen them, which was a fortnight come Monday"—such a holiday as she had not had for some time. She told Jacob a great deal about the town, and said she was sure he would like Mr. Spawling. Will Tunster expressed a similar opinion, and guessed that Jacob would like Mr. Spawling's housekeeper too. Jacob frankly admitted that he liked her already, an admission which pleased Dorothy amazingly, and an admission which Susan Harley might not have liked so well, much as she desired Jacob's happiness; for there is a tinge of jealousy in every phase of woman's love.

"That's the school," at length said Dorothy, pointing to a plain stone building standing between a grocer's shop on the one hand, and a large square playground on the other. It was a very plain-looking establishment, even to the sign which described the place, in simple Roman capitals, as "The Cartown Public School." Will Tunster said the school was only some five years old, but he understood it was doing a deal of good; upon which he entered into some very crude speculations about the position he might have held in society if there had been such "shops" for learning when he was a boy, until once more he gave the reins a check and the conveyance stopped at Mr. Spawling's—a small house standing alone in a bye-lane some few hundred yards from the school, with a blood-red rose climbing over a lattice porch, and—the front door being open—a refreshing peep, right across a long strip of oil-cloth and well cleaned stones, into a back garden full of a miscellaneous collection of vegetables and flowers.

Mr. Spawling came to the door to meet his visitors. He was a man beyond the meridian of life; though Time had dealt kindly with him, only leaving a few grey marks of his passing on Mr. Spawling's head and among Mr. Spawling's whiskers. It is true there was a slight falling in at the mouth, but this only heightened the benignant expression which animated his regular features. There was an elasticity in his gait, a quiet grace of manner, a bright healthy twinkle of the eye, and a music in Mr. Spawling's voice that relieved Jacob's mind of a great weight of doubt and fear, which had occasionally influenced his thoughts and speculations about his new home.

"Well, my boy, how are you?" said Mr. Spawling, when Jacob had alighted; "and how have you enjoyed yourself, Dorothy? and how does the world go with you, Mr. Tunster?" listening and smiling at the answer which each question elicited.

While these little courtesies were being observed, Will handed out the luggage. Dorothy soon bustled off her bonnet and shawl, and by Mr. Spawling's directions drew a glass of beer for Will; and in a most astonishingly short space of time Jacob found himself in a pleasant little parlour, taking tea, with Dorothy on one side and Mr. Spawling on the other.

That evening rapidly changed into night, though the twilight lingered lovingly about the open window, while the wind wandered gently in, laden with the scent of mignonette and sweet briar. The lamp was, however, trimmed at last, and—with the sounds of Mr. Spawling's voice (reading a chapter of the Old Testament before Jacob's retiring) lingering in his ear, and the rattle of the cart, and the good-bye of Susan, and the remembrance of bright spots in the panorama of the day's journey, all mingling together in a strange jumble—Jacob soon found himself between the cleanest and coollest of white sheets, surrounded by the whitest of white dimity, in the smallest and prettiest of pretty little rooms, trying to go to sleep, and feeling himself able to do nothing but think and dream, until at length memory gradually faded away, and even the angel face looking out of the factory window was forgotten.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I THINK it was Benjamin Franklin who made the curious mistake of supposing that a man could not open his eyes under water. The statement occurred in a practical dissertation on swimming. The writer was an accomplished master of the art in all its forms. He could float, and tread, and dive, and perform innumerable feats; and when, in the course of his instructions, he was explaining the method of swimming under water and of finding and bringing up a small object from the bottom, he stated that the diver must take the precaution of entering the water with his eyes open, or the pressure of the fluid would keep the lids closed till he rose to the surface. It is conceivable that a man unaccustomed to the water should imagine this difficulty, but it is extraordinary that a practised diver should not have known as a fact that the external pressure of liquid is no obstruction whatever to the opening and closing of the eyes. *Apropos* of under-water swimming, I would like to put a question to the physiologist. Several writers on diving—Dr. Franklin among the number—recommend that the swimmer should inflate his lungs well before descending, and expel the air with force, as a relief to the organs of breathing, when he can bear the tension no longer. The air so expelled rises to the top of the water in bubbles; and the theory is that this act enables the diver to remain a few seconds longer, before coming up to take breath. Is the theory a correct one? A corresponding experiment out of water would tend to prove its correctness; but, under water, if one may trust to one's individual experience, the relief of emptying the lungs of the stock of air is so very slight as to make but an almost inappreciable difference in the possible duration of the dive. In the mere act of expulsion there is ease to the lungs; but the instant the air is gone you must come to the surface. The problem involves, no doubt, a question of the necessity for continued aëration of the blood. I leave it to the biologist.

SOME men are so impressed by the influences of their school life, that they do not cease to be school-boys all their days. The business of the world never thoroughly takes possession of their minds. Events are to them like lessons in a class-book. The figures in history are not representatives of living men and women, moved by the tendencies and the passions which are to be seen also at work in contemporary life; they are puppets in the student's laboratory; they are lay characters doing duty in the work of preparing the scholar for examination. The man is not merely ticketted for life with the name of his public school or college ; but the school or college holds him always a complaisant slave. Out in the world he is a purblind creature, apparently gone astray. It is a question whether such men are the best fitted for teaching the young : it is certain that for any other serious duty their education has, in a great measure, disqualified them. I am looking with some anxiety to see that our educational reforms do not tend to perpetuate the production of this class of scholars. A man of the world should carry lightly his school honours, and the scars made in the strife of scholastic competition should wear out early.

It is curious how little is generally known of the Commune of Paris. The thought is the more strongly impressed upon my mind after reading the excellent work by one of my former contributors, John Leighton, entitled "Paris under the Commune." People know that there was "a second siege of Paris," and that the Communists burned a great part of the fair city, but of the actors in this tragedy and its details we are all amazingly ignorant, although the drama was played out almost at our own doors. The generals of the Commune walk the streets of London in poverty. It is not unlikely that some of them have solicited you and me for alms. Bergeret himself is in London. It was he who stood in the central pavilion of the Tuileries to watch the Versailles troops coming down the Champs-Elysées, declaring that if they passed that line he would immolate the pile. Vermesch, of the *Père Duchêne*, and his printer and a host of other communistic notabilities who figured in the terrible *émeute*, are among us. Napoleon III. may frequently pass in the London streets the very men who fired his palace. It is almost difficult to realise this remarkable story of the rise and fall of the Communists. The times have been too stirring, history has been too swift for us to take proper note of events—even too swift for Mr. Baillie Cochrane. One would have given the hon. member credit for being quite *au courant* with the doings of the International ; yet even he had to be corrected by Mr. Leighton for confounding the mild and amiable Dupont of the Commune with his namesake of the society which is aiming at a wicked development of our trades unions for revolutionary purposes. Dupont the Communist is quoted as an illustration of "how insurgents are made, not born." Having as an amateur chemist experimented with nitroglycerine, and declared that with a morsel of this substance he had blown paving-stones into the air, the police sought him and made his house a trap for the rebellious. The Imperial police hatched the "bomb plot" there, and got Dupont sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for attending secret meetings. After twenty-five days he was released by the general amnesty of September 4 "with a title to public favour and a future in the Commune." Cannot Bradbury and Evans give us a cheap reprint of John Leighton's book ? The libraries and the upper ten have had several editions of it. "Paris under the Commune" is a bit of modern history which everybody should have the chance of reading.

Is it not almost time that some original investigator of the phenomena of human life should have arisen either to refute Gall and Spurzheim or to carry their work further into the region of exact science? The inquiry ought not to remain longer in its present unsatisfactory position. I know there are eminent physiologists and anatomists of the brain who are ready to make answer that phrenology is wholly unscientific, and unworthy of serious refutation. I do not think that this is a sufficient reply to Gall and his followers. Those who are in possession of the evidence in favour of the system propounded by the famous German physician nearly a hundred years ago, elaborated by Combe, and extended by Fowler of New York, are not likely to be confounded by the scepticism of men who never attempt to grapple with them on the phrenologists' own ground, or to account for the facts which seem to support the theory. It needs a man of original powers of mind, gifted at once with the instinct of the psychologist, and the patience and exactness of the physiologist, to define the real position in relation to science occupied by craniology and to evolve out of the mass of observation and evidence something that may satisfy the exacting demands of the student of pure science. After all we know very little, as yet, of the complex phenomena of life, and I am not sure that we can afford to cast aside, as of no value, the perhaps inexact observations and rough deductions of the phrenologist.

In a letter filled with expressions of astonishment and dismay, a fair correspondent of mine in North Wales relates a weird but to all appearance authentic anecdote in proof that the belief in witchcraft has not yet died out in the remote districts of the Principality. It seems that a medical gentleman who attends pauper patients in a union a few miles distant from Beaumaris was called upon to visit an old woman living in a wild, unfrequented part of his district. He found his patient very aged, strangely deformed, and suffering from the effects of having a few days previously fallen into the fire. A younger woman, a native of Anglesey, kept the poor old creature company. The patient saluted the doctor with a volley of the foulest and bitterest of curses, and her attendant, with signs of terror in her face, attempted to account for these delirious ravings by explaining that she was a witch, in proof whereof she beckoned him aside, and took an old crock from a cupboard, out of which she drew a dirty folded piece of paper. The paper was found to be marked with a cross in discoloured ink or blood, and a few scraps of human hair were attached to its corners by the aid of pins. "That," said the nurse, "is her Power; that is what she witches by." Well, the poor old creature died, and it may be or may not be that she is the last of the Welsh witches. My correspondent marvels much that such gross ignorance should continue to exist in this country. I am not so sure that ignorance is the word for it. Learning was never in the olden times a safeguard against a belief in demonology; nor will any amount of education enable a man to prove, beyond question, that witchcraft is impossible and that an old lady may not make a bargain with Satan. I and my Welsh correspondent refuse to put faith in these things, and the vast preponderance of opinion on this question is with us: but it would be hard for us to say why it is so unless we fall back upon the position that the burden of proof of the reality of witchcraft rests with the witches, and that they fail to adduce evidence sufficient to convince us. I hope I shall not shock my fair friend by writing in this strain on this serious subject; but does not the fact that one may hardly say what one pleases even now on such a topic indicate that the stronghold of the sceptic is not thought to be wholly safe?

THE *Athenæum* falls into a strange error with respect to Berkeleyism in a review of Mr. W. H. S. Monck's new work "Space and Vision." Mr. Monck says "Berkeley's chief arguments were directed against the doctrine that sight is originally perceptive of distance from the eye." The critic speaks of this as an "old mistake" which Mr. Monck has repeated, and corrects him thus: "What Berkeley was concerned to prove was that the Visible was not a *datum* from which the Tangible could be inferred by necessary reasoning, but a *symbol* through which it was suggested by arbitrary divine appointment." In this rather startling exposition of Berkeley's doctrine the critic does one of two things: he either confounds the philosopher's New Theory of Vision with his Principles of Human Knowledge, mixing up his technical arguments upon the objects of sight with his metaphysical speculations upon the existence of matter; or he curiously misrepresents the Theory of Vision. If the former, then he should have known that the Theory of Vision is an inquiry separate from and but very slightly associated with Idealism. The theory, simply stated, is this: that it is experience, and not sight of itself, which informs us that one object before our eyes is more distant than another. The blind adult, suddenly gifted with vision, would not understand why he should not as easily clutch with his hand the tree upon the horizon as the flower in the hedge close in front of him. In time he would learn to *infer* distance by studying the differences of shade and colour which are the conditions of various degrees of remoteness. It is a matter of inference founded not upon "necessary reasoning," but upon the experience of the other senses. Berkeley, therefore, never contended that the visible is a "symbol" through which the tangible is "suggested by arbitrary divine appointment." It would be as reasonable to say that the tangible is a symbol through which the visible is suggested by arbitrary divine appointment. It is simpler and more correct to state that there is no real identity or similarity between our visible and our tangible impressions of the same object. These are the remarks which suggest themselves if I take the words I have quoted to refer only to the Theory of Vision. If they are meant to relate to Idealism then I submit that the Bishop of Cloyne never contended that the visible was or was not a *datum* from which the tangible could be inferred; for the "Tangible" is a very different thing from the "noumena" or "substratum," in whose existence as a basis for our impressions Berkeley had no belief. These questions are difficult enough to those who have not devoted special attention to them. I think it is an increase of intellectual culture to understand them, and therefore I always regret it when I see the difficulty increased by confused and erroneous representations.

HAS it really come to this: that the best literature of the time is only written to be retailed to the reading public in quotations and summaries in cheap periodicals? The question is suggested to my mind in this way: In a column of notices of current publications in the *Exeter Gazette* I find the following sentence: "In the *Illustrated Review* we have one of the marvels of the modern cheap press, supplying at an almost nominal price *all that ordinary readers care to know of the cream of the literature of the day.*" I have not a word to say in disparagement of any periodical which "at an almost nominal price" makes its readers acquainted, however imperfectly, with the cream of the literature of the day, but I am concerned to know whether it is really true or whether it is a libel upon that large class of more or less educated people represented by the "ordinary reader"—for whom I am bound to entertain a high degree of respect—that these small doses of "cream," and the larger doses of "cream" very much diluted, with which they are supplied by these marvels of the modern cheap press are all that they care to be supplied with. I would not thus pounce upon the perhaps hasty expression of a newspaper reviewer were it not for the fact that in one form or another the same notion is often to be met with. I trust that the reading public will not be led by such observations into the mischievous belief that the cream of literature is to be obtained without going to the books themselves. "Marvels of the modern cheap press" are doubtless very useful in their way, but their usefulness, I hope, consists in a tendency to create a desire among the general community for a better acquaintanceship with the cream of literature. The periodical noticed by the provincial reviewer must be very injudiciously conducted if it so introduces a first-class book to the attention of its readers as to cause them to feel that they have become possessed of all they care to know of the author's work.

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