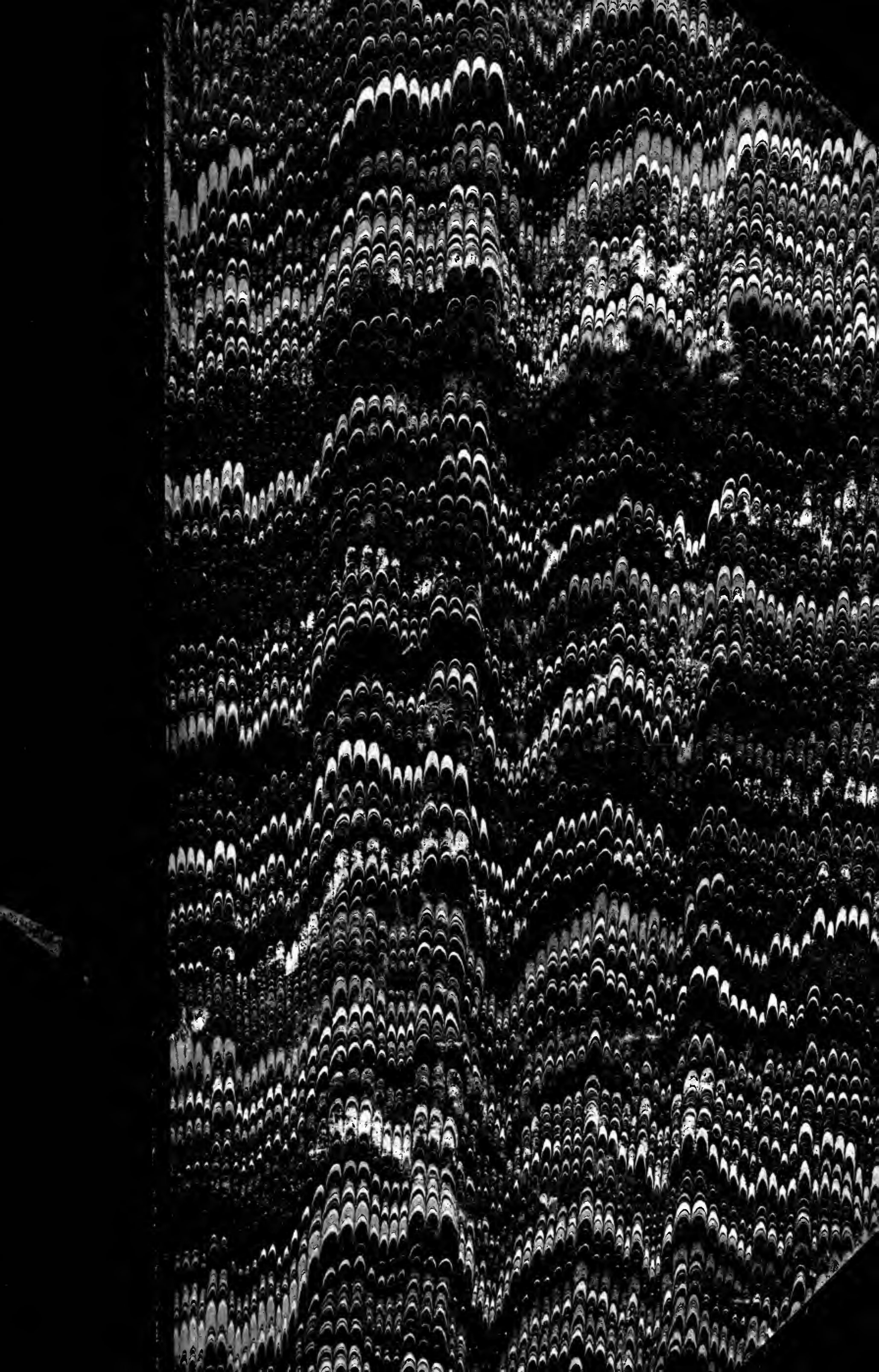

also: F. D. Maurice on Renan's Vie de Jésus 1908.

Thomas Michael Loome

Charles Kingsley on Newman
page 217
the passage that led to
the Apologia

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1864.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

ERNE MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM THE BRAZEN TOWER.

After his wife's death, Sir George Hillyar transferred all the love of his heart from the dead mother to the living child. He was just to his eldest son; but George Hillyar could not but see that he was as naught compared to his younger half-brother—nay more, could not but see that there was something more than mere indifference in his father's feeling towards him; there was dislike. Carefully as Sir George concealed it, as he thought, the child discovered it, and the boy resented it. And so it fell out that George Hillyar never knew what it was to be loved until he met Gertrude Neville. By his father's mistaken policy, with regard to his education, he was thrown among vicious people, and became terribly vicious himself. He went utterly to the dogs. He grew quite abandoned at one time; and was within reach of the law. But, perhaps, the only wise thing his father ever did for him, was to stop his rambles on the Continent, and, partly by persuasion, partly by threats, induce him to go to Australia. He got a cadetship in the police, partly for the pay, partly for the uniform, partly for the sake of the *entrée*—the recognised position it would give him in certain quarters. So he raised himself somewhat. He found, at first, that it *paid* to be respectable. Then he found that it was pleasant to be in society; and his old life appeared, at times, to be horrible to him. And, at last, he fell in love with Gerty Neville; and, what is stranger still, she fell in love with him. At this time there is a chance for him. As we leave him with good Mr. Oxton, looking after his wounded comrade, his fate hangs in the balance.

After his terrible *fiasco*, Sir George would have no more of schools or young servants. He had been careful enough with his firstborn (as he thought then); he would lock Erne up in a brazen tower. He filled his house with grey-headed servants; he got for the boy, at a vast expense, a gentle, kind old college don as tutor—a man who had never taken orders, with a taste for natural history, who wished to live peaceably, and mix with good society. The boy Erne was splendidly educated and cared for. He was made a little prince, but they never spoiled him. He must have friends of his own age, of course; Lord Edward Bellamy and the little Marquis of Tullygoram were selected, and induced to come and stay with him, after close inquiries, and some dexterous manœuvring on the part of Sir George. But Erne did not take to them. They were nice, clever lads, but neither of them had been to school, Erne objected. He wanted to know fellows who had been to school; nay, rebelliously wanted to go to school himself—which was not to be thought of.

In short, at fifteen, Erne was a very noble, sensitive, well-educated and clever lad, without a single friend of his own age; and, becoming rebellious, he began to cast about to find friends for himself. It was through Providence, and not Sir George's good management, that he did not do worse in that way, than he did, poor lad.

Sir George Hillyar and Mr. Compton met in the dining-room at the second gong. Sir George rang the bell and asked if Mr. Erne was come in. He was not.

"We will have dinner, though. If the boy likes his soup cold, let him have it so." And so they went to dinner.

But no Erne. Claret and abuse of Lord John; then coffee and abuse of Sir Robert; but no Erne. They began to get uneasy.

"He has never gone out like this before," said Sir George. "I must really make inquiries."

But no one could answer them. Erne was not in his bedroom. His horse was in the stable. Even Mr. Compton got anxious.

Obstinate men are pretty sure to adopt the counsels they have scornfully declined, as soon as they can do so without being observed. Old Compton knew obstinate men well; and knew, therefore, that what he had said about Erne's being kept in solitude, would, after a decent lapse of time, lead to Erne's being treated in a more rational way. He knew well that no people are more easily managed than obstinate people, (by those whom they thoroughly respect), if a sharp attack is made on them, and then silence preserved on the subject ever after. He knew that the slightest renewal of the subject would postpone the adoption of his advice indefinitely, for he knew that obstinacy was only generated by conceit and want of determination. Therefore he was very anxious.

"Erne has bolted," he thought, "and ruined all. There is no chance of knocking sense into his father's head this next ten years."

But Sir George walked uneasily up and down, thinking of far other things. His terror took a material form. Something must have happened to Erne. He had gone out alone, and something had befallen him; what, he could not conceive, but he vowed that, if he ever got him back again, he should choose what companion he would, but should never go out alone any more. By daylight he was half crazy with anxiety, and just afterwards frantic. The head keeper came in, and reported that one of the boats was loose on the lake.

They dragged it madly, from end to end. The country people heard that young Erne Hillyar was drowned in Stanlake pool, and were kind enough to come in by hundreds. It was the best thing since the fair. The gypsies moved up in a body, and told fortunes. The country folks came and sat in rows on the wire fences, like woodpigeons on ash trees in autumn. The young men and boys "chivied" one another through the flower-garden, turned on the fountains, and pushed one another into the marble basins; and the draggers dragged in the lake, and produced nothing but waterlily roots; which, being mistaken for rare esculents by the half-cockney population, were stolen by the thousand, and, after abortive attempts to eat them, were (politically speaking) thrown in the teeth of Sir George Hillyar, at the next election, by a radical cobbler who compared him to Foulon.

At five o'clock, the body not having been found, Sir George Hillyar, having pre-determined that his son was drowned, gave orders for the cutting of the big dam, not without slight misgivings that he was making a fool of himself. Then the fun grew fast and furious. This was better than the fair by a great deal. They brought up beer in large stone bottles from the public-house, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. By a quarter to six the lake was nearly dry, and nearly everybody was drunk. At this time the first fish was caught; a young man ducked into the mud, and brought out a ten-pound carp by his gills, exclaiming, "Here's the body, Bill!" which expression passed into the

joke of the evening. Every time a fresh carp, tench, or pike, was thrown out kicking into the gravel, the young men would roar out, "Here's the body, Bill," once more. At last the whole affair approached very nearly to a riot. Women, who had come after their husbands, were heard here and there scolding or shrieking. There were two or three fights. There had been more beer ordered than was paid for. A policeman had been pushed into the mud. But no body.

The butler, coming into the library at ten o'clock to see the windows shut against the loose characters who were hanging about, discovered the body of Erne Hillyar, Esquire, in an easy chair, reading *Blackwood's Magazine* by a bed-room candlestick. And the body said, "I say, Simpson, what the deuce is all that row about down by the lake?"

"They have cut the dam, and let off the water to find your body, sir," replied Simpson, who prided himself on not being taken by surprise.

"What fools," said Erne. "Is the Governor in a great *wax?*"

"I fancy not sir, *at present*," replied Simpson.

"Tell him I wish to speak to him, will you," said Erne, turning over a page. "Say I should be glad of a word with him, if he will be good enough to step this way." And so he went on unconcernedly reading; and Simpson, who had a profound belief in Erne, went to Sir George, and delivered the message exactly as Erne had given it.

Sir George came raging into the room in a very few minutes. Erne half-closed his book, keeping his finger in the place, and, quietly looking up at his father, said,

"I am afraid you expected me home last night, my dear father."

Sir George was too much astounded by Erne's coolness, to do more than gasp.

"I hope I have not caused you any anxiety. But the fact is this; I went into town by the five o'clock train, to see the Parkers at Brompton; and they offered me a bed (it being late), which I accepted. I went for a ramble this morning, which ended in my walking all the way home here; and that is what makes me so late."

"You seem to have a good notion of disposing of your own time, without notice, sir," said Sir George, who had been so astounded by his reception, that he had not yet had time to lay his hand upon his wrath bottle.

"Yes, I like having an impromptu ramble of this kind. It is quite a new experience do you know, dad," said Erne, speaking with a little more animation, and laying aside his book for the first time. "I would have given a hundred pounds for you to have been with me to-day. New scenes and new people all the way home. As new to me—nay, newer and fresher—than the Sandwich Islands would be. I wish you had been there."

"Doesn't it strike you, sir, that you are taking this matter somewhat coolly?" said Sir George, aghast.

"No! am I?" said Erne. "That is a compliment, coming from you, dad. How often have you told me, that you hated a man without self-possession. See how I have profited by your teaching."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Sir George, finding his wrath bottle, and drawing the cork. "Are you aware, sir, that the dam has been cut to find your body? Are you aware of that, sir? Do you know, sir, that the populace have, in the excitement consequent on your supposed death, overrun my pleasure-grounds, trampled on my flower-beds, broken my statues, and made faces at my lawyer through my drawing-room window?"

If ever you try a torrent of invective, for heaven's sake steer clear of details, lest in the heat of your speech you come suddenly across a ridiculous or homely image, and, rhetorically speaking, ruin yourself at once, as did Sir George Hillyar on this occasion. As he thundered out this last terrible consequence of Erne's absence, Erne burst out laughing, and Sir George, intensely delighted at getting him back again on any terms, and also dying for a reconciliation, burst

out laughing too, and held out his arms. After which the conversation took another tone; as thus—

"Why did you go away, and never give me notice, my boy?"

"I won't do it again. I will tell you next time." And all that sort of thing.

* * * *

"What on earth has come over the boy?" said Sir George Hillyar to himself as soon as he was in bed, lying on his back, with his knees up, which is the best attitude for thinking in bed. "He will make a debater, that boy, sir, mark my words. I tell you, sir," continued he, angrily, and somewhat rudely contradicting himself, "that you have been a fool about that boy. The cool way in which he turned on you to-day, sir, and, partly by calculating on your affection for him, and partly by native tact and self-possession, silenced you, sir—got his own way, established a precedent for going out when he chose, and left you strongly disinclined to risk another battle—was, I say, sir, masterly."

After a time, having sufficiently contradicted and bullied himself, he turned over on his side, and said, as he was falling to sleep—

"The boy is wonderfully changed in one day. He shall go again if he chooses. I never saw such a change in my life. He never showed fight like this before. What can be the matter with him?"

The old complaint, Sir George. The boy has fallen in love. Nothing else.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECRETARY SEES NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO SUBMIT.

The talk of the colony, for a week or so, turned upon nothing else but the gallant exploit of Lieutenant Hillyar with the bushrangers. He became the hero of the day. His orderly persuaded him to have his hair cut; and the locks went off like smoke at half-a-crown apiece; so fast, indeed, that the supply fell short of the demand, and had to be supplied from the head of a young Danish trooper, who, after this, happening to get drunk in Palmerston, while in plain clothes, and not being recognised, was found to be so closely cropped, that it was necessary to remand him for inquiries, as it was obvious to the meanest capacity that he hadn't been out of jail more than a couple of days.

The papers had leading articles upon it. The *Palmerston Sentinel* (Squatter[1] interest, conservative, aristocratic), said that this was your old English blood, and that there was nothing like it. The *Mohawk* (progress of the species and small farm interest), said, on the other hand, that this Lieutenant Hillyar was one of those men who had been unjustly hunted out of his native land, by the jealousy of an accursed and corrupt aristocracy, in consequence of his liberal tendencies, and his fellow-feeling for the (so-called) lower orders. And this abominable *Mohawk*, evidently possessed of special knowledge, in trying to prove the habitual condescension of George Hillyar towards his inferiors, did so rake up all his old blackguardisms that Mr. Secretary Oxton was as near mad as need be.

It is hardly necessary to say that, when poor little Gerty Neville heard the news, George Hillyar was, to her, transformed from a persecuted, ill-used, misunderstood man, into a triumphant hero. She threw herself sobbing into her sister's arms, and said—

"Now, Aggy! Now, who was right? Was not I wiser than you, my sister? My noble hero! Two to one, Agnes, and he is so calm and modest about it. Why, James and you were blind. Did not *I* see what he was; am *I* a fool?"

Mrs. Oxton was very much inclined to think she was. She was puzzled by this undoubted act of valour on George Hillyar's part. She had very good sense of her own, and the most profound

[1] The "squatters" of Australia are the great pastoral aristocrats, who lease immense tracts from government for pasturage. Some of them are immensely wealthy. I speak from recollection, when I say that one of Dr. Kerr's stations, on the Darling downs, when sold in 1854, contained 102,000 sheep, whose value at that time was about 25*s.* a piece. An improvement on Saville Row, decidedly.

belief in one of the cleverest men in the world—her husband. Her husband's distrust of the man had reacted on her; so, in the midst of Gerty's wild enthusiasm, she could only hope that things would go right, though she tried to be enthusiastic for Gerty's sake.

Things were very near going right just now. The Secretary and his wife knew too little of their man. The man's antecedents were terribly bad, but the man had fallen in love, and become a hero within a very few months. The Secretary knew men well enough, and knew how seldom they reformed after they had gone as far as (he feared) Lieutenant Hillyar had gone. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oxton were inclined to distrust and oppose him still, in spite of his act of heroism.

But the man himself meant well. There was just enough goodness and manhood left in him to fall in love with Gerty Neville: and a kind of reckless, careless pluck which had been a characteristic of him in his boyhood, had still remained to him. It had been latent, exhibiting itself only in causeless quarrels and headlong gaming, until it had been turned into a proper channel by his new passion, the only serious one of his life. The one cause combined with the other; golden opportunity came in his way: and suddenly he, who had been a distrusted and despised man all his life, found himself a hero, beloved by the beauty of the community, with every cloud cleared away from the future; a man whose name was mentioned by every mouth with enthusiastic praise. It was a glimpse of heaven. His eye grew brighter, his bearing more majestic, his heart softer towards his fellow-creatures. He was happy for the first time in his life. As the poor godless fellow put it to himself, his luck had turned at last.

But we must go a little way back in our story. While he and Mr. Oxton were still trying to make the wounded cadet comfortable, assistance arrived, and it was announced that the other bushrangers were captured. (The cadet recovered, my dear madam, and is now the worthy and highly respected chief commissioner of police for Cooksland.) So the Secretary and the lieutenant rode away together.

"I'll tell you what I would do, Hillyar," said the Secretary; "I should ride down to Palmerston as quick as I could, and report this matter at head quarters; you will probably get your inspectorship—I shall certainly see that you do. And I tell you what, I shall go with you myself. I must talk over this with the Governor at once. We can get on to my house to-night, and I shall be pleased to see you as my guest."

"*That* is very kind of you," said Hillyar.

"I cannot conceal from you," said the Secretary, with emphasis, "that I am aware of your having proposed yourself for my brother-in-law."

"I supposed you would know it by this time. I have laid my fortune and my title at Miss Neville's feet, and have been accepted."

"Oh Lord!" said the secretary, as if he had a sudden twinge of toothache, "I know all about it. It is not your fortune nor your title I want to talk about. What sort of a name can you give her? Can you give her an unsullied name? I ask you as a man of the world, can you do that?"

"As a man of the world, hey?" said the lieutenant; "then, as a man of the world, I should say that Miss Gertrude Neville had made a far better catch than any of her sisters; even a better catch, saving your presence, than her sister Agnes. Such is the idiotic state of English society, that a baronet of old creation with ten thousand a year, and a handsome lady-like wife, will be more *répandu* in London than a mere colonial official, whose rank is so little known in that benighted city, that on his last visit, the mayor of Palmerston was sent down to dinner before him at Lady Noahsark's. If you choose to put it as a man of the world, there you are."

"The fellow don't want for wit," thought the Secretary. "I have got the dor this time." But he answered promptly—

"That is all very fine, Hillyar; but you are under a cloud, you know."

"I must request you, once and for ever, sir, not to repeat that assertion. I am under no cloud. I was fast and reckless in England, and I have been fast and reckless here. I shall be so no longer. I have neglected my police duties somewhat, though not so far as to receive anything more than an admonition. What man, finding himself an heir-expectant to a baronetcy and a fortune, would not neglect this miserable drudgery. What young fellow, receiving an allowance of three hundred a year, would have submitted to the drudgery of a cadetship for fourteen months? Answer me that, sir?"

The Secretary couldn't answer that, but he thought—"I wonder why he did it? I never thought of that before." He said aloud, "Your case certainly looks better than it did, Hillyar."

"Now hear me out," said George Hillyar. "My history is soon told. When I was seven years old my mother— Well, sir, look the other way—she *bolted*."

"Oh, dear, dear me," said the Secretary. "Oh, pray don't go on, sir. I am so very sorry, Hillyar."

"Bolted, sir," repeated George with an angry snarl, "and left me to be hated worse than poison by my father in consequence. How do you like that?"

There was a mist in the good Secretary's eyes; and in that mist he saw the dear, happy old manor-house in Worcestershire; a dark, mysterious, solemn house, beneath the shadowing elms; the abode of gentle, graceful, domestic love for centuries. And he saw a bent figure with a widow's cap upon her grey hair, which wandered still among the old flower-beds, and thought for many an hour in the autumn day, whether her brave son would return from his honour and wealth, in far off Australia, and give her one sweet kiss, before she lay down to sleep beside his father, in the quiet churchyard in the park.

"No more, sir!" said the Secretary. "Not another word. I ask your pardon. Be silent."

George would not.

"That is my history. The reason I stayed in the police at all, was that I might stand well with my father; that he might not think I had gone so utterly to the devil as he wished: for he married again—married a milkmaid, or worse—to spite me. And the son he had by her is, according to all accounts, idolized, while I am left here to fight my way alone. I hate that boy, and I will make him feel it."

His case would have stood better without this last outbreak of temper, which jarred sharply on the Secretary's sentimental mood. But he had made his case good. The fight was over. That night he was received at the Secretary's station as an accepted suitor. The next he dined at Government House, and sat all the evening in a corner with Lady Rumbolt (the Governor's wife), and talked of great people in England, about whom he knew just enough to give her Ladyship an excuse for talking about them, which she liked better than anything in the world, after gardening and driving. So nothing could be more charming; and the Secretary, seeing that it was no use to struggle, gave it up, and determined to offer no opposition to the marriage of his sister-in-law to a man who would be a wealthy baronet in England.

And this is what made him so excessively mad about those abominable, indiscreet leaders in the *Mohawk*, in praise of the gallant lieutenant. He had used strong language about the *Mohawk* continually, ever since the first number appeared, in the early days of the colony, printed on whitey-brown sugar-paper, with a gross libel upon himself in the first six lines of its leader. But it was nothing to the language he used now. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald Emmet, the editor of the *Mohawk*, found out that he was annoying the Secretary, and continued his allusions in a more offensive form. Until, so

says report, Miss Lesbia Burke let him know that, if he continued to annoy James Oxton, she would horsewhip him. Whereupon the *Mohawk* was dumb.

CHAPTER XII.

DISPOSES OF SAMUEL BURTON FOR A TIME.

THE evening after the fight with the bushrangers, the affair was getting noisily discussed in the principal men's hut at the Barker's. The large room, earth-floored, with walls and roof of wood, coloured by the smoke to a deep mahogany, was lit up by the mighty blaze of a wood fire in the great chimney at one end, for the south wind had come up, and the night was chilly. Five or six men were seated on logs and stools round the chimney, eating their supper, and one, who had finished his, had got into bed. and was comfortably smoking and joining in the conversation. They were an honest, good-looking set of fellows enough, for in Cooksland and South Australia, the convict element is very small; and the appearance of rude plenty and honest comfort which was over the whole scene, was pleasant enough to witness by a belated and wearied traveller.

Such a one came to the door that evening, and brought his evil face among them. It was the convict that the Secretary had passed on the sands; it was Samuel Burton.

The cattle and sheep dogs, which lay about in the yard, bayed him furiously, but he passed through them unheeding, and, opening the door, stood in the entry, saying:

"Can I stay here to-night, mates?"

"Surely," said the old hut-keeper, shading his face with his hand. "You must be a stranger to Barker's, to ask such a question. Come in, lad."

The young man who was sitting in the best place by the fire, got up to give it to him. Each one of the men murmured a welcome to him as he came towards the fire; and then, as the fire-light fell upon his face, they saw that he was a convict.

Now and then you will find a jail-bird who will, in appearance, pass muster among honest men; but in this case the word "Old hand" was too plainly written on the face to be mistaken. They insensibly altered their demeanour towards him at once. To their kind hospitality, which had been offered to him before they saw what he was, was now added respectful deference, and a scarcely concealed desire to propitiate. Seven honest good fellows, were respectfully afraid of one rogue; and the rogue was perfectly aware of the fact, and treated them accordingly; much as a hawk would treat a cote-full of pigeons, if he found it convenient to pass the night among them. The penniless, tattered felon was a sort of lord among them.

Attribute it to what you will, it is so. A better set of fellows than the honest emigrants, generally, don't exist; but their superstitious respect for an old convict is almost pitiable. I fancy, if the Devil were to take it into his head to make thirteenth at a dinner-party, that we should be studiously polite to him, till we had got rid of him; and be careful not to wound his feelings by any allusion to the past.

They put food and tea before him, and he ate and drank voraciously. The hut-keeper did not wait to ask him if he had tobacco: to extort from him what is the last, most humiliating confession of destitution in the bush; but, seeing him look round, put a fig and a pipe in his hand. After he had lit it, he began to talk for the first time.

"I suppose," he said, "none of you chaps know the names of the fellows who got bailed up by young Hillyar this morning?"

The hut-keeper answered,—a quiet, gentle old man, whom the others called Daddy—

"I knew two on 'em. There was Mike Tiernay. He was assigned to Carstairs on the North Esk one time, I mind."

"Hallo!" said Burton. "Are *you*, Stringy bark?"

"I am from Van Diemen's Land,"

said the old man, quietly. "But an emigrant."

The convict gave a grunt of disappointment.

"The other one I knew," continued the old man, "was Wallaby Thompson."

It is curious that the old man had, before the arrival of Burton, been entertaining the young men with the lives and crimes of these abominable blackguards. Now, before the representative of their class, he spoke as though it were a liberty to mention the gentlemen's names.

"Wallaby Thompson, eh?" said the convict. "He was an honest, good fellow, and I am sorry for him. I never knew that fellow do a bad action in my life. He was as true as steel. Old Carboys sent his mate for trial, and old Carboys was found in the bush with his throat cut. That's what *I* call a man."

Burton was showing off before these emigrants for purposes of his own. Cutting throats was not his special temptation; and he, probably, never saw Wallaby Thompson, Esq. in his life; in fact, his claiming acquaintance with that gentleman was strong evidence that he knew nothing about him; he being a mere liar and rogue, not dangerous unless desperate. But he took these simple emigrants in by a clever imitation of a bushranger's ferocity, and they believed in him.

"Is young Hillyar at the station here, or at the barracks, to-night?" he asked.

"The Lieutenant is gone down to Palmerston, this morning, with the secretary," was the answer.

Burton was evidently staggered by this intelligence. He kept his countenance, however, and asked, as coolly as he could, when he was expected back.

"Back?" said the old man; "Lord love you, he'll never come back *here* no more. At any rate, he'll be made inspector for this job; and so you won't see him *here* again,"

"How far is it to Palmerston?" asked Burton.

"Two hundred and thirty miles."

He said nothing in answer to this. He sat and thought as he smoked. Two hundred and thirty miles! He penniless and shoeless, not in the best of health, having the dread of a return of dysentery! It could not be done—it could not be done. He *must* take service, and then it could not be done for six months; he could not sign for less time than that. He could have cursed his ill luck, but he was not giving to cursing on occasions where thought was required. He made his determination at once, and acted on it; in spite of that curious pinched-up lower jaw of his; with quite as much decision as would his old master and enemy, Sir George Hillyar, with his broad bull-dog jowl.

"Are there any of—my sort—here about?" he asked, with an affectedly surly growl.

There is no euphemism invented yet for the word "convict," which is available among the labouring class of Australia, when a convict is present. Those who think they know something of them, might fancy that "old hand," "Vandemonian," or even "Sydney Sider," were not particularly offensive. Those who know them better know that the use of either three expressions, in the presence of one of these sensitive gentlemen, means instant assault and battery. None of the hands in hut would have ventured on anything of the kind for worlds, but now Burton had put it in his own form, and must be answered.

It appeared that there was a hoary old miscreant of a shepherd, who was, if the expression might be allowed, "Stringy Bark," and who had quarrelled with his hut-keeper. Burton said he would see about it, and did so, the next day. Barker père, a fine old fellow, was of opinion that, if you were unfortunate enough to have one convict on the place, it was better that you should catch another to bear him company. He therefore was not sorry to avail himself of Samuel Burton's services, in the capacity of hut-keeper to the old convict shepherd, he had on the run already.

"Confound 'em," said old Barker; "shut 'em up together, and let 'em cor

rupt one another. I am glad this scoundrel has come to ask for work. I should have had to send old Tom about his business if he hadn't, and old Tom is the best shepherd I've got; but I never could have asked an honest man to cook for old Tom. No. The appearance of this fellow is a special providence. I should have had to send old Tom to the right-about."

So Samuel Burton, by reason of the badness of his shoes, and a general seediness of character, had to take service with Mr. Barker. He had met with a disappointment in not meeting with George Hillyar, but on the whole he was not sorry to get a chance of lying by for a little. The fact was that he had, six weeks before this, lost his character, and travelling was not safe for a time. He had been transported and reconvicted in the colony, but his character had been good until, as I say, six weeks before this, when he turned Queen's evidence on the great bank-forgery case. That act not only ruined his character (among the convicts I mean, of course), but rendered travelling in lonely places, for a time, before men had had time to forget, a dangerous business. Therefore he accepted Mr. Barker's service with alacrity, and so George Hillyar heard nothing of him for six peaceful months.

CHAPTER XIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE GOLDEN THREAD BEGINS TO RUN OFF THE REEL.

Could one ever have been happy in such a squalid unromantic place? Among such sounds, such smells, such absence of fresh air and sunshine, with poverty and vulgarity in its grossest forms on every side of one—shrill Doll Tearsheet, distinctly and painfully audible round the corner, telling the nuthook that he had lied, and that sort of thing, all day long; and Pistol, the cutpurse, ruffling and bullying it under the gas-lamp by the corner, from cockshoot to curfew, at which latter time we used to be rid of him for an hour or so? Could any one have had a happy home amidst all this squalor and blackguardism? And could any one, having gained wealth and honour, ever feel a longing kindness for the old, for the cramped horizon, and the close atmosphere, of the place one once called home?

Yes. I often feel it now. The other day the summer wind was still, and the summer clouds slept far aloft, above the highest boughs of the silent forest; and peace and silence were over everything as I rode slowly on among the clustering flowers. And then and there the old Chelsea life came back into my soul and pervaded it completely, and the past drove out the present so utterly and entirely that, although my mortal body—which, when no longer useful, must perish and rot, like one of the fallen logs around me—was passing through the glorious Australian forest, yet the immortal part of me had travelled back into the squalid old street, and *I* was there once again.

Dear old place! I can love it still. I were but an ingrate if I could not love it better than all other places. After we had been out here ten years, Joe went back on business, and went to see it. A certain change, which we shall hear of, had taken place; the old neighbours were gone, and Chelsea, so far as we cared about it, was desolate. But, as Joe leant lonely against the railings in the new Paulton Square, he heard a cry coming from towards the river, which thrilled to his heart as he came nearer and nearer. What was it, think you It was old Alsop, the fishmonger, bawling out, as of old, the audacious falsehood that his soles were alive. It was nothing more than that, but it was the last of the old familiar Chelsea sounds which was left. When Joe told us this story we were all (simple souls) very much moved. My father said, huskily, that "there were worse chaps than Bill Alsop, mind you, though he did not uphold him in all things," which I was glad to hear. As for my mother, she dissolved into such a flood of tears that the recently-invented pocket-handkerchief was abandoned as useless, and the old familiar apron was adopted instead. Such is the force of habit, that my mother cannot cry comfortably without an apron. The

day I was married, Emma had a deal of trouble with her on this account. It was evident that she wanted to wipe her eyes on her horribly expensive mauve satin gown, and at last compromised the matter by crying into her black lace shawl, which was of about as much use as a fishing net, God bless her.

I have, as I have said, an affection for the old place still; and, when I think of it at its brightest, when I love it best of all, it comes back to me on a fine September evening, on the evening after Joe and I met with our wonderful adventures at Stanlake.

I think I have mentioned before that my father used to relieve me in the shop when he had done his tea; and so I used to have my tea after all the others had done—at which times my sister and I used to have a pleasant talk, while she waited on me.

Latterly I had always had a companion. It was an unfortunate business, but my brother Harry had acquired a sort of habit of getting kept in at school, nearly every day. My mother contrived a meeting with the schoolmaster, and asked him why. The answer was, that he was a good little fellow, but that he *would* draw on his slate. The evening next after she had gained this intelligence, we, all sitting round the fire and expecting to hear the story of how my father came home tipsy the night the Reform Bill was passed, were astonished to find that my mother had composed, and was prepared with, an entirely new story, in the awful-example style of fiction, which she there and then told us. It appeared that she knew a little girl (mark how she wrapped it up) as drew on her slate, and was took with the chalkstone gout in the jints of her fingers. And, while that child was a droring, the chalkstones kep' dropping from her knuckles, and the children kep' picking on'em up and drawing devils on the desks. Harry was at the time both alarmed and distressed at this story. But it had no effect. The next day he drew a devil so offensive that he was not only kept in, but caned.

So Harry, being late from school, was my companion at tea, and sat beside me. Frank, who adored Harry because Harry used to morphise Frank's dreams for him on slates and bits of paper, stayed with him. Fred, the big-headed, who was brought into the world apparently to tumble down stairs, and to love and cuddle everybody he met, sat on my knee and pulled my hair in a contemplative way; while Emma sat beside me sewing, and softly murmured out the news of the day, carefully avoiding any mention of the Avery catastrophe.

Mr. Pistol and Mr. Bardolph had been took by the police for a robbery in the Fulham Road, and Mrs. Quickly was ready to swear, on her Bible oath, that they were both in bed and asleep at the time. Polly Ager had been kep in at school for pinching Sally Holmes. Tom Cole was going to row for Dogget's coat and badge. &c. &c.

Frank told us, that the evening before last he had walked on to Battersea Bridge with Jerry Chittle, and to the westward he had seen in the sky, just at sunset, an army of giants, dressed in purple and gold, pursuing another army of giants dressed in grey, who, as the sun went down, seemed to turn on their pursuers. He said that the thunderstorm which happened that night was no thunderstorm at all, but the battle of these two armies of giants over our heads. He requested Harry to draw this scene for him on his slate, which Harry found a difficulty in doing.

I was thinking whether or no I could think of anything to say concerning this giant story, and was coming to the conclusion that I couldn't, when I looked up and saw Erne Hillyar and Joe in the doorway.

I saw Erne's noble face light up as he saw me. "Here he is" was all he said; but, from the way he said it, I knew that he had come after *me*.

I stood up, I remember, and touched my forehead, but he came quickly towards me and took my hand. "I want to be friends with you, Jim," he said; "I know you and I shall suit one another. Let me come and see you sometimes."

I did not know what to say, at least not in words; but, as he took my hand, my eyes must have bid him welcome, for he laughed and said, "That is right. I knew you would like me, I saw it yesterday."

And then he turned on Emma, who was standing, respectful and still, beside me, with her hands closed before her, holding her work. And their eyes met; and Erne loved her, and has never loved any other woman since.

"This must be your sister," said Erne. "There is no doubt about that. Jim's sister, will you shake hands with me?"

She shook hands with him, and smiled her gentlest, kindest smile in his face.

"I am so glad," she said, "that you want to make friends with Jim. You cannot have a better friend than he, sir."

Here Joe came back, and whispered to me that he had been to father, and told him that a young gentleman had come to see me, and that father had said I was to stay where I was. So there we children sat all together; Erne on one side of me, and Emma on the other, talking about such things as children (for we were but little more) will talk about—Erne sometimes leaning over me to speak to Emma, and waiting eagerly for her answer. Fred got on his knee, and twined his little fingers into his curling hair, and laid his big head upon Erne's shoulder. Frank and Harry drew their stools to his feet, and listened. We were a happy group. Since the wild, petulant earl, had built that great house, nigh three hundred years before, and had paced, and fumed, and fretted up and down that self-same floor, there never had been gathered, I dare swear, a happier group of children under the time-stained rafters of that room, than were we that night in the deepening twilight.

Joe and Erne talked most. Joe spoke of the wonderful old church hard by, a city of the mighty dead, and their monuments, where there were innumerable dark, dim recesses, crowded by tombs and effigies. Here lay the headless trunk of Sir Thomas More—not under the noble monument erected by himself in the chancel before his death, but "neare the middle of the south wall,"—indebted to a stranger for a simple slab over his remains. In this chapel, too, knelt the Duchess of Northumberland, with her five daughters, all with clasped hands, praying for the soul of their unhappy father. One of them, Joe could not tell which, must have married Arthur Pole. Here lay Lord and Lady Dacre, with their dogs watching at their feet, under their many-coloured canopy; and last, not least, here knelt John Hillyar, Esq., father of the first baronet, with his three simple-looking sons in ruffs, opposite his wife Eleanor, with her six daughters, and her two dead babies on the cushion before her.

"Four hundred years of memory," continued Joe, "are crowded into that dark old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumber. It is a church of the dead. I cannot fancy any one being married in that church—its air would chill the boldest bride that ever walked to the altar. No; it is a place for old people to creep into, and pray, until their prayer is answered, and they sleep with the rest."

"*Hallo!*" I said to myself, "*Hal-lo!* this is the same young gentleman who said of Jerry Chittle yesterday, 'That it worn't no business of his'n,' and would probably do so again to-morrow if necessary." Both Emma and I had noticed lately that Joe had two distinct ways of speaking; this last was the best example of his later style that we had yet heard. The young eagle was beginning to try his wings.

Then Erne began to talk. "Did you know, Jim and Joe, that this Church Place belonged to us before the Sloane Stanleys bought it?"

Joe had been told so by Mr. Faulkner.

"It seems so very strange to find you living *here*, Jim. So very strange. Do

you know that my father never will mention the name of the house."

"Why not, sir?" I asked wondering.

"Why, my gentle Hammersmith, it has been such a singularly unlucky house to all who have lived in it. Do you know why?"

I could not guess.

"Church property, my boy. Built on the site of a cell of Westminster, granted by Henry to Essex in 1535. Tom Cromwell got it first and lost it; and then Walter Devereux bought it back for name's sake, because it had belonged to an Essex once before, I suppose; and then Robert built the house in one of his fantastic moods. Pretty luck *they* had with it—Devereux the younger will tell you about that. Then *we* got it, and a nice mess *we* made of it—there was never a generation without a tragedy. It is a cursed place to the Hillyars. My father would be out of his mind if he knew I were here. The last tragedy was the most fearful."

Frank immediately got up on Emma's lap. Erne did not want to be asked to tell us all about it.

"In 1686," he said, "it was the dower house of Jane, Dowager Lady Hillyar. Her son, Sir Cheyne Hillyar, was a bigoted papist, and, thinking over the misfortunes which had happened to the family lately, attributed them to the possession of this church property, and determined that it should be restored forthwith to the Church, even though it were to that pestilent heretic Adam Littleton, D.D., the then rector of Chelsea; hoping, however, says my father, to see the same reverend doctor shortly replaced, by an orthodox gentleman from the new Jesuit school in the Savoy. But there was a hitch in the proceedings, my dear Jim. There was a party in the bargain who had not been sufficiently considered or consulted. Jane, Lady Hillyar, was, though a strong Catholic, a very obstinate old lady indeed. She refused, in spite of all the spiritual artillery that her son could bring to bear upon her, to have the transfer made during her lifetime; and, while the dispute was hot between them her son, Sir Cheyne died.

"Then the old lady's conscience began to torment her. She believed that the house ought to be restored to the Church; but her avarice was opposed to this step, and between her avarice and superstition she went mad.

"All her children had deserted her, save one, a hunchbacked grand-daughter, who came here and lived with her for three months, and who died here. After this poor girl's death, the old woman kept no servants in the house at night, but used to sleep in a room at the top of the house, with her money under her bed. Is there such a room?"

"Yes," I said, "and her ghost walks there now."

"It should," said Erne, "by all reasons, for she was murdered there. They found her dead in the morning, on the threshold between two rooms. She had not been to bed, for she was dressed—dressed in her old grey silk gown, and even had her black mittens on."

Nothing could shake my faith in the ghost after this. The fact of Erne and ourselves, having both heard the same silly story, from apparently different, but really from the same sources, confirmed it beyond suspicion in my mind. The dread I had always had of that room at the top of the house, in which Reuben lived, now deepened into horror—into a horror which was only intensified by what happened there afterwards. Even now, though the room has ceased to exist, the horror most certainly has not.

"But come," said Erne, "let me see this house, which has been so fatal to my family. The weird cannot extend to me, for we own it no longer. What do you say, Emma; has the luck turned?"

"I fear I must keep you ten years, or perhaps fifty, waiting for an answer," she said. "But even then, I could only tell you what I can now, that your fate is to a very great extent in your own hands."

"You don't believe in destiny, or anything of that sort, then?" said Erne.

"Not the least in the world," she said.

"Then you are no true mussulwoman," said Erne. "Let us come up

stairs, and see the haunted mansion. Come on, Emma."

So we went into the empty room upstairs, and Emma showed him the view westward. While they stood together at the window, the sun smote upon their faces with his last ray of glory, and then went down behind the trees; so that, when Erne, Joe, and I started together up stairs to see Reuben's room, it grew darker and darker each step we went.

"A weird, dull place," said Erne, looking around. "There is another room inside this, and the old lady was murdered on the threshold. Does your cousin live here all alone?"

"All alone."

"He must be rather dull."

"The merriest fellow alive."

When we came downstairs, we found my father and mother awaiting us. My mother seemed very much delighted at my having picked up such a fine acquaintance; and my father said,

"Sir, you are welcome. I am glad to see, sir, that my boy Jim is appreciated by gentlemen as well able to judge as yourself." And then my father proceeded to define the principal excellences of my character. I am sure I hope he was right. My crowning virtue, it appeared—the one that contained the others, and surpassed them—was that I was "all there." My father assured Erne that he would find that to be the case. That no one had ever ventured to say that it was not the case. That, if any one *did* say so, and was in anyways prepared to maintain his opinion, he would be glad to hear his reasons, and so on; turning the original proposition, about my being "all there," over and over, and inside out, a dozen times. Erne had no idea what he meant, but he knew it was something highly complimentary to me, and so he said he perfectly agreed with my father, and, that he had taken notice of that particular point in my character the very moment he saw me, which was carrying a polite fiction somewhat dangerously far. At last he said he must go, and, turning to my father, asked if he might come again. My father begged he would honour him whenever he pleased, and then he went away, and I walked with him.

"I've run away, Jim," he said, as soon as we were in the street. "I ran away to see you."

I ventured to express a wish that, at some future time, he might be induced to go back again.

"Yes," he said, "I shall go back to-morrow. I sleep at a friend's house here in Chelsea, and I shall go back to-morrow, but I shall come again. Often, I hope."

When I got home my father was sitting up alone smoking. I sat down opposite to him, and in a few minutes he said—

"A fine young chap that, old man!"

"Very, indeed," I said, slightly anxious about the results of the interview.

"Yes! A fine, handsome, manly lad," continued he. "What's his name, by-the-bye?"

I saw the truth must come out.

"His name is Hillyar," I said.

"Christian name?"

"Erne."

"Then you went to Stanlake yesterday?"

"Yes," I said. "We wanted to see it after what you said, and so we went."

My father looked very serious, and sat smoking a long time; at last he said—

"Jim, you mind the night you was bound?"

"Yes."

"And what I told you about Samuel Burton and his young master, that carried on so hard?"

I remembered every word.

"This young Erne Hillyar is his brother. That's why your mother cried when Stanlake was spoke of; and all this has come out of those dratted waterlilies."

And so we went to bed; but I could not sleep at first. I lay awake, thinking of my disobedience, and wondering what complication of results would follow from it. But at last I fell asleep, saying to myself, "Will he come again to-morrow? when will he come again?

To be continued.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON RENAN'S VIE DE JÉSUS.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

Few persons who have ever read Jean Paul Richter's "Rede des todten Christus von Weltgebäude herab, dass kein Gott sei," or any version of it, will entirely forget it. In a corner of the memory it will lie hidden, till some experience in their own lives, or some event in the history of the times, bring it to light. Many years have passed since I first felt the force of it. I thought it had perished amidst the crowd of present interests and recent utterances. M. Renan's book has given it the power, not of a dream only, but of a prophecy. I shall make no apology for recalling it to the readers of *Macmillan's Magazine.* The author made a distinct protest against the polished Parisian form in which Mde. de Staël presented his barbarous German.[1] An English scholar, who sympathised with him in that complaint, and who had very strict notions of the obligations of any one professing to make his countrymen acquainted with the thoughts of a great man,—who entered into them, and let them enter into him, before he clothed them in words,—made a translation of this Vision of a Godless World, more than twenty-five years ago.

It appeared in a journal, which has become popular since, but which was obscure then. Other versions may have been put forth. I am not aware this has ever been republished. I propose to give some extracts from it:[2]—

"I was lying once on a summer even- " ing, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell " asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a " churchyard. The rolling wheels of the " clock in the tower, that was striking " eleven, had awakened me. I searched " through the dark empty sky for the " sun, for I imagined that an eclipse " had drawn the veil of the moon over " it. All the graves were open, and the " iron doors of the charnel-house were " swung to and fro by invisible hands; " along the walls shadows were flitting, " which no one cast, and other shadows " were walking upright through the " naked air. In the open coffins, no- " thing continued to sleep, save the " children. In the sky, there was " nought but a grey sultry cloud hang- " ing in massy folds, and a huge shadow " kept drawing it in like a net, nearer, " and closer, and hotter. Above me, I " heard the distant falls of avalanches; " below me, the first tread of an illimit- " able earthquake. The church heaved " up and down, shaken by two ceaseless " discords, which were warring against " each other within, and vainly striving " to blend into a concord. At times, a " grey gleam leapt up on the windows, " and at its touch the lead and iron " melted and ran down. The net of " cloud, and the reeling of the earth, " drove me toward the porch, before " which two fiery basilisks were hatch- " ing their venomous broods. I passed " along amid unknown shadows that " bore the marks of every century since " the beginning of things. All the " shadows were standing around the " altar, and in each there was a quiver- " ing and throbbing of the breast in- " stead of the heart. One dead man " alone who had been newly buried in " the church was still lying on his " couch, without any quivering of his " breast, and his face was smiling be- " neath the light of a happy dream. " But when one of the living entered, " he awoke and smiled no more; toil-

[1] See the review of *L'Allemagne* in the collection of Richter's Reviews. Fourth volume of his works, p. 652.

[2] The original will be found in "Blumen-Frucht-und Dornenstücke (Siebenkäs)." Werke, 2e. Band, p. 143. Paris Edition.

"somely he drew up his heavy eyelid, "but no eye was within, and his beating "breast, instead of a heart, contained a "wound. He lifted up his hands, and "clasped them for prayer, but the arms "lengthened, and lowered themselves "from his body, and the clasped hands "dropt off. Over head, in the vault of "the church, stood the dial-plate of "Eternity, on which no number was to "be read, nor any characters except its "own name; only there was a black "hand pointing thereat, on which the "dead said they saw *Time*.

"At this moment, a tall majestic "form with a countenance of imperish-"able anguish sank down from on high "upon the altar, and all the dead cried, "'Christ, is there no God?'

"He answered, 'There is none.'

"The shadow of every dead man "trembled all over, not his breast "merely; and, one after another, their "trembling dispersed them.

"Christ spake on: 'I have gone "through the midst of the worlds, I "mounted into the suns, and flew with "the milky way across the wilderness "of heaven; but there is no God. I "plunged down as far as being flings "its shadow, and pried into the abyss, "and cried, 'Father, where art Thou?' "but I heard only the everlasting tem-"pest which no one sways; and the "glittering rainbow of beings was hang-"ing, without a sun that had formed "it, over the abyss, and trickling down "into it. And, when I looked up towards "the limitless world for the eye of God, "the world stared at me with an empty "bottomless eye-socket, and eternity "was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it "to pieces, and chewing the cud of "what it had devoured. Scream on, ye "discords! Scatter these shades with "your screaming; for He is not!'

"The shades grew pale and dissolved, "as white vapour that the frost has "given birth to is melted by a breath "of warmth; and the whole church be-"came empty. Then—Oh, it was ter-"rible to the heart! The dead children "who had awaked in the churchyard, ran "into the church, and threw themselves "before the lofty Form upon the altar, "and said, 'Jesus, have we no Father?' "and He answered, with tears streaming "down, 'We are all orphans, I and you; "we are without a Father.'

* * * *

"And when Christ saw the crushing "throng of worlds, the torch dance "of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the "coral banks of beating hearts; and "when He saw how one globe after "another poured out its glimmering "souls upon the dead sea, as a water "balloon strews its floating lights upon "the waves, then, with a grandeur which "betokened the highest of finite beings, "He lifted up his eye toward the no-"thingness, and toward the infinite void "above him and said, 'Moveless and "voiceless Nothing! Cold eternal Neces-"sity! Can ye, or any of ye, tell me? "when do you dash to pieces the build-"ing and me? Dost thou know it, O, "Chance! even thou, when thou stridest "with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-"dust of the stars, and puffest out one "sun after another, while the sparkling "dew of the constellations is parched "up as thou passest along. How deso-"late is every one in the vast catacomb "of the universe! There is none beside "me save myself! Oh, Father, Father, "where is thy world-sustaining breast "that I may rest on it? Alas! if every "being is its own father and creator, "why may it not become its own destroy-"ing angel?'"

* * * *

I may seem to have quoted too largely, but I have left out much which would explain, perhaps, more clearly what I mean by saying that M. Renan has converted a dream into a prophecy. The cry to the moveless nothing, to eternal necessity, to frantic chance—this has been often heard. It has ascended from voices scientific and unscientific through many generations. But that *Jesus* should utter the words, "Children, you have no Father," this gave the horror to the vision of the German, and this, I think, is the simple outcome, the faithful summary, of the Frenchman's biography.

There are, indeed, enormous differences. There was an imperishable anguish in the face of Him whom Richter saw descending upon the altar. His eyes streamed with tears as He gave out the fearful tidings. There is an awful determination to utter the truth, whatever it is: *that* has not deserted "the highest of finite beings." All these signs are entirely wanting in him whom M. Renan has introduced to us. There is in him the most perfect gaiety of heart. Sadness seems foreign to his "charming" and "delicious" nature. His gaiety, indeed, depends much upon circumstances—upon the beauty of the Galilean scenery—upon the support of its friendly peasants. When he comes into Judæa he loses the command of himself. He is so discontented with the success of his mission, that he becomes violent and passionate. But still the word Paradise, which he never used —as we have supposed—except in a moment of unutterable agony, expressed the object which he was always contemplating and setting before his disciples. It represented *un jardin délicieux où l'on continuait à jamais la vie charmante que l'on menait ici bas* (p. 193, 9th edition). In the act of commending a man as an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile, this delightful dreamer practised an innocent artifice; what we, in England, should call a deliberate falsehood. Why not? Was not his whole life a falsehood? Did not he assume a connexion with the Supernatural as the very ground of his life, when there was no such connexion, and could be none? Did he not "create a religion" (p. 446) by his wonderful genius, when he pretended to be revealing that which actually is? Did he not call God his Father, and say that he had come to claim men as his brothers, when in no real sense God was his Father—when he had no right to tell men that they were the children of God in him? And seeing, according to M. Renan (p. 18), "this incomparable "man caused religion to take a step to "which no other can be compared, and "to which no future one, perhaps, will "be worthy to be compared," what did he accomplish, but the mighty task of proving that heaven and earth are hopelessly separated? Did he not say, in effect, without a tear, rather with the most contemptuous levity, to the sons of men, "Children, you have no Father!"

If these remarks were made for the purpose of fixing a charge upon M. Renan, they would be unnecessary, they would be even unjust. I do not believe that he means to encourage falsehood, to rob mankind of any treasure which it has possessed, to diminish the honour which it has bestowed on the "noble initiateur." I am satisfied that he feels himself to be a champion of truth, of humanity, of the honour of Jesus. I do not see the least reason to doubt that his visit to Palestine had all the effect which he attributes to it. I can conceive that in that visit he, for the first time, came to a clear conviction that there ever was such a person as the one who had been presented to him in images and pictures, whose name he had associated with a multitude of deceptions. That which he had thought of only as the creation of painters, rose up before him clothed with actual flesh. That which had pursued him as a dark shadow, which he was called upon to love, and in which he could see nothing distinct enough to love; which, when it did become definite, often assumed a look of terror—smiled upon him through the beautiful Galilean scenes which he describes not seldom with the affectation of a Chateaubriand, sometimes with genuine freshness and sympathy. It is most satisfactory to think that all these associations were deepened and hallowed by that event in his domestic history, to which no reviewer could dare to allude if his dedication had not given it to us as a human tie, which his book certainly does not strengthen but cannot break. Let us thankfully assure ourselves, and frankly acknowledge, that M. Renan's conception may be to him an ascent out of utter confusion, not a descent into it. The image of a living Christ may be coming forth out of the grave-clothes of

one who for him had been utterly dead. If the dialect of the boudoir seems to us a dreadful substitute for the dialect of the Evangelists, it may be his first step to the apprehension of a language which is meant for human beings, and not for doctors. If as yet he can only translate a "Son of God," into "one who takes a great step in religion," he may be advancing to the conviction that human relations are the true images of the divine—are the means by which we are raised from the adoption of a religion to faith in a God.

I could not have used the strong language in which I have expressed my convictions of the meaning and nature of the book, without also using this language respecting its author. One does not, in my judgment, qualify the other; each strengthens the other. The voice which says, "Children, you have no Father," rises to me out of every page in the "Vie de Jésus." If I believed it to *be* the Vie de Jésus, I should be sure those words were coming from *Him*. But He may be speaking other words through this very book. Have the numerous readers of M. Renan's "Vie de Jésus" in France or Italy ever thoroughly believed that the Paternoster means what it says? Have they not thought that the only person really entitled to the name of Father over them all, dwells in the City of Rome; a vicar of Christ perhaps, certainly not one from whom He came? I do not presume to say what influences are most likely to act upon them, how they may be best fitted to bear the shock which *has* come upon so many of them when they have been obliged to contemplate the earthly father as the *incubus* upon their moral, their political, their spiritual life, and the shock which WILL come upon them if all reverence for that father should depart, if they should be left to feel that, so far as he is concerned, they are orphans. But I must confess a strong doubt, whether Protestant preaching or Protestant examples, however edifying, will avail them the least in that great crisis. I fear there is very little in our divided societies which can suggest to those who have dreamt of a universal family and a universal father, the thought that we acknowledge either. I am afraid there is much in our theological language which may lead them to suppose that we regard Christ as a veil between us and such a Father, not as One who has undrawn the veil and shown Him to man as He is. I do not think we have any right to say through what instruments the necessity of such a revelation may be made known to the people of the South, by what strange methods they may be brought actually to confess a true sense in the words which they have uttered daily with their lips. If we believe that those words are true—that the children have a father—His ways of making that relation known to them may not be at all like our ways. M. Renan may awaken the inquiry which he cannot satisfy. His Jesus, who died 1800 years ago in Jerusalem and never rose again, can tell them of no Father, can lead them to none. They may be driven to ask heaven and earth if there is One who can.

But the more we cherish this hope, the more have we a right to demand of M. Renan, What is that phrase *Fils de Dieu* which we meet with so continually in your pages? Sometimes it appears to be profoundly important. You call out, "Then he was a *Fils de Dieu* indeed." When he spoke of a God who was not worshipped in Jerusalem or Gerizim to the Samaritan woman, He had a right to the name. Sometimes it seems to be the merest delusion. He fancies himself to be that which he is not; the name indicates his enthusiasm; he is the victim of an idea. Now, M. Renan has told us (p. 252), "Pour nous, races profondément sé-" rieuses, la conviction signifie la sin-" cerité avec soi-même. Mais la sin-" cerité avec soi-même, n'a pas beaucoup" de sens chez les peuples orientaux peu" habituées aux delicatesses de l'esprit" critique. Bonne foi et imposture sont" des mots qui dans notre conscience" rigide, s'opposent comme deux termes" inconciliables. En Orient, il y a de-

"l'un à l'autre mille fuites et mille "détours." I take this statement as I find it. Belonging, like M. Renan, to one of those western races which produced Jesuitism—having been taught to hate all which we represent to ourselves under the name of Jesuitism by an oriental—one who is a special object of M. Renan's dislike—one who said "that "no lie is of the truth;" who said "that there is no greater joy than to "hear of those who walk in the truth;" whose Master told Pontius Pilate that "for this end He was born, and for "this cause He came into the world, "that He might bear witness of the "Truth"—I cannot with a very clear conscience accept the compliment for my people or for myself. But, since M. Renan feels that he has a right to it, he must understand that he lays himself under a very strict obligation. He represents "the profoundly serious races." He embodies in himself "the delicacies of the critical spirit," in which the unhappy Orientals are so deficient. However, then, they may palter with words in a double sense, he must do no such thing. Let them idealise, or materialise, as they please, this expression, Son of God, to him it must import the divinest truth or the most dreadful lie. Mists may belong to the eastern atmosphere. M. Renan assures us that the bright sun of western criticism scatters them all. I call upon him to exhibit conviction in its clear occidental sense. I beseech him to instruct me by an example of perfect *sincerité avec soi-même.* I am sure that we all need it. I am thankful that he is putting us all to tests and trials which make such sincerity absolutely indispensable. I do not, indeed, think that we should advance the interests of sincerity by trying to provide a definition of the phrase which he employs so loosely and variously. I do not know that relations can be defined. If they exist they must be lived in. The child must know its father, not find terms to describe what his name imparts. But we must not be more careless, less rigorous, when we speak of that which concerns the whole of humanity, than when we speak of that which concerns our own separate households. This language is the language of the God of Truth, or it is hateful to Him. It sustains human relations, or it mocks them, and proclaims them to be unreal.

I have hinted at the effects which this book may produce in the southern countries of Europe, where it has already found such acceptance. I am much more interested in the inquiry—"What influence is it likely to have in England?" Now that it comes forth in an authorized translation, that question may reasonably engage some of our thoughts.

To one class of our countrymen and countrywomen this last circumstance will make no difference. The book will have found its way in its original costume to drawing-room tables; it will lie on them beside sensation novels; it will supply a topic for agreeable conversation where they fail to supply one. How will it be received in this circle? I have too little acquaintance with the class to be capable of judging, even perhaps of guessing. There is one suggestion upon the subject which will occur to some of my readers. It will be said "A biography which so summarily disposes of the supernatural as incredible, as impossible, will encounter much resistance from the spiritualistic and table-turning tendencies of refined people. They are flying to strange and unwonted methods of obtaining communications from the unseen world; they will hardly be prepared to say that *the* communication which Christendom assumes as the ground of its existence has no reality." The statement is plausible; nevertheless I entirely distrust it. A temper or state of mind cannot be tried by rules of logic: you may argue, "if *this* is so, then *that* at all events may be so," but such arguments will have no weight, they will breed no conviction. The anxious longing for the touch of an infant's finger, or an ugly scrawl, to assure us that we are not absolutely cut off from all who once dwelt on earth, may issue at last no doubt in the confession of a substantial bond of union

between us and them. The sense of the vanity of charms and Babylonian numbers did drive men of old to seek for One who is the same yesterday and to-day, and for ever. Weariness of table-turning may be a way back to that conviction; no one can tell. But to say that the frivolous temper, the restless longing for signs (and such signs!) can of itself dispose any one to believe in the Christ of the New Testament, or to disbelieve in the charming rose-water substitute for him which M. Renan has provided, is not reasonable.

Will our scientific men accept M. Renan as their apostle? Not, surely, if science means what I take it to mean, a reverence for that which is; for the permanent; for laws which live on through a multitude of changes, and direct these changes. All the dislike which they have expressed for what they have called the thaumaturgy of priests and religious men, must be directed in full force against the object of M. Renan's admiration. He affected to change laws. When he spoke of the permanent and the eternal he did not in the least understand himself. His highest praise is that he was an idealist. Facts were nothing to him. Yet I dare not say that the scientific man, so far as he feels himself merely the member of a caste which has an interest opposed to that of the priestly caste, may not welcome a man who he supposes will give that caste some trouble, who will throw discredit on some of its theories. I cannot say that the compliments which M. Renan bestows upon the wisdom and truthfulness of our age, and the patronage with which he looks back upon the innocent ignorance of former ages, may not have an attraction for men who have dwelt more upon our progress in discovery than upon the thought that the highest discovery only shows us what is not of to-day or of yesterday. There is a superficial phraseology which belongs to every class of men as a class, which becomes a portion of its social dialect, even though its members are engaged in the deepest inquiries. In this current conventional dialect of science M. Renan is an adept; he speaks it easily and gracefully. He exchanges tokens of freemasonry with scientific men as a member of one of their lodges. It is quite possible that these signs may be recognised and returned by some who belong to the English lodge.

What will our men of letters say to the book? I must think that those of them who are real artists, who are able to conceive a character or to exhibit one, will discover in M. Renan's hero a most incoherent jumble of qualities which never could co-exist, which never could form a real man at all, to say nothing of an "incomparable" man. If, for instance, I might venture to speak of one remarkable artist, from whom I have learnt the deepest lessons, the authoress of "Silas Marner" and "Romola," I think she must recognise in this portrait the strangest combination of strength and feebleness, of reality and unreality; such a combination as might be produced if her own Adam Bede and Tito were thrown into the same cauldron, and a monstrous *tertium quid* arose out of the mixture. But remembering how skilfully M. Renan has played with the words "idealist," "realist," "democrat," with those forms of speech which most commend themselves to the tastes and habits of literary men in our day; still more, when I think—oh, with what shame and humiliation—of the unreal form, neither divine nor human, but with a certain dream of divinity to make the human unapproachable, with a certain dream of humanity to make the divine fictitious, not awful, which we have continually set before the minds of our countrymen, and invested with the sacred name of the Son of Man and the Son of God—I cannot determine how much acceptance may be given by the class which he understands, and which we have alienated, to a caricature, perhaps not more distorted than many of those which we have drawn.

Once more, I would fain hope that there is in our English people, as such, that which will not be pleased or flattered with the kind of patronage which

M. Renan bestows upon a Galilean peasant, and with the kind of sympathy which he expresses for the religion of the poor. I trust that the sense of truth and reality, which is the result of actual endurance, will reject the dream of one who pretended to establish a kingdom of God, who cheated men into the belief of it by exhibitions of imaginary power. Can men of hard heads and stout hearts suppose that such a one was capable of inaugurating a great moral or political revolution in which they have an interest? But on this point also I am afraid to express a confident opinion. Our clerical notions of the kingdom of God have been so confused, we have so little made our people understand whether they are under such a kingdom or not—whether it has anything to do with either heaven or earth—whether it is not merely some cloud-land floating between them—that it is quite possible M. Renan's picture of this kingdom, vague and indistinct as it is, may come before them as a welcome refuge from one that holds out more definite promises to the heart of all human beings, and often seems to belie them more.

Indeed, it is the part of M. Renan's book that concerns the kingdom of heaven in which I have discovered most causes of reproach to us—I will add most excuses for sympathy with him. His contradictions on the subject are more numerous than on any other, but they are instructive contradictions; they are far more valuable than the passages which look symmetrical and satisfactory. He believes that the kingdom of heaven must have been a kingdom over the spirit of man; therefore the young Galilean fell into one of his usual delusions when he spoke of it as about to be established on the earth. Yet he intimates that the *ideal* kingdom must have a place on the earth; that it must be for actual men, for poor men; that it must affect all their relations to their fellows, all their relations to their superiors. Whilst he regards it as the greatest sign of enthusiasm and self-deception, that Jesus declared the kingdom of heaven would be manifested before that generation passed away—whilst, with what I cannot call a *délicatesse de l'esprit critique*, he adopts the false translation of "world" for "age," in the passages wherein Christ and the Apostles speak of that which was departing, and that which was to come; whilst he assumes, on the strength of this false translation, that they expected the earth to be destroyed in their day, though the changes of which they speak (and none more than the writer of the Apocalypse) must be changes affecting the earth;—whilst he does all this, he yet intimates, very clearly, that a mighty revolution *has* been produced in the condition of the earth and its inhabitants, by the coming of Christ—a change which did begin to operate when He said it would begin to operate. And he utters a just protest against those writers on New Testament prophecy who have refused to take words in their exact and literal sense; who have assumed that our Lord and his Apostles played tricks with their hearers, or were ignorant themselves; who have, therefore, transferred to an indefinitely distant period what they affirmed was close at hand. These, I repeat it, are inconsistencies of incomparable value, not for the confutation of M. Renan, far more for the confutation of ourselves. He is right that the kingdom of heaven does, according to the New Testament, contain all those elements of past, present, future, of divine and human, of transcendant and most common and earthly, which he sets in apposition to each other. He is right, that if Christmas-day does not import the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth, it is not what our fathers took it to be; it has been an imposition upon the universe. He is right in complaining of the members of the Church, in one age or another, for not proclaiming the great message to humanity which that day proclaims. He is right in calling us to account for these misdeeds, in reminding us that another than he will call us to account for them I will not part from him without thanking him in my own name, and in the name

of all who have taken upon them the vows which I have taken upon me, for giving us these warnings; for calling us to the repentance which must be demanded of us, as it was of the Jews of old, if the kingdom of heaven is so near as they were told it was, as we profess to think that it is. To whatever other class the "Vie de Jésus" may not be of service, to us it may be of the greatest. It may teach us how unspeakable has been the benefit to us of those Jewish teachers of the old world, from whom M. Renan seeks to separate us, with whom he says Christianity has nothing to do. If the message of the I AM was not a real message — if the Jews only held a dry dogma about Monotheism—the Jesus of the New Testament was the vague dreamer about *something* divine, which might be only an apotheosis of the human, of something human, which was after all as much an imagination as the other—that M. Renan supposes him to have been. If the message was true, He either was the perfect image of Him whom He called His Father, or He deserved the name which the Scribes and Pharisees bestowed on Him.[1] In that case, then, He was the great deceiver of mankind—the greatest of all atheists.

But most of all, the clergy, the English clergy, have *this* lesson to learn from M. Renan. He considers the most wonderful step in human progress is to convince us that Jesus was born 1800 years ago, that He had no life before, or has had since. It has been our tendency to fall into this same habit of mind not from a desire of progress, but because we have thought we were only safe in going back. Every pious fraud, every denial of a common humanity, which ecclesiastical history or common history records, has, I think it will be found, sprung from the disposition to glorify the past, or the present, or the future, at the expense of the other; to deny the Eternal in which they meet. Every great reformation, every assertion of the true glory of our race, every overthrow of imposture and fraud, has had its root in the conviction that there is a direct relation between the God of Heaven and His creatures on earth. If we would cast down the thrones of the oppressor, civil or spiritual—if we would really believe the progress of our species—being content to part entirely with the fame and honour of believing it; if we would be in the true sense humanists, being willing to be denounced as bigots by those who usurp the title, we shall speak of a Living Christ—of One who is, and was, and is to come; we should declare that from the highest throne of all, whether it sound from any altar on earth or not, a voice is saying, "Children, you have a Father. I am the way to Him."

[1] In reference to this point I may be permitted, perhaps, to set myself right with Mr. Arnold, who has imputed to me in the last number of this magazine a very "fanciful" opinion about the influence of Spinoza on Lessing and Goethe. It would have been worthy of that, or a more contemptuous name, if I have, as Mr. Arnold supposes, attributed any weight to the "Hebrew nature" of Spinoza. The "Hebrew nature" was (I derive my judgment from the only books which I know about it, those which might be most likely to exalt the Hebrew above other people) just as idolatrous as the nature of any Greek, or any Dutchman, or any Englishman. If the Hebrew ever believed in an I AM, it was by a struggle with his nature, by a victory over it. Through all the metaphysics of Spinoza I perceive the impression which this awful Name made upon him. It is this which led him to *Being* as the ground of all his thoughts. It is this which made his Pantheism not only unlike the Greek Pantheism, but the very reverse of it. Pantheism it was—a Pantheism which swallowed up all Humanity and all Nature in God. It did not swallow up God in Nature or in Humanity. God was the first confession in Spinoza's mind; amidst all his theories of the Hebrew Scriptures, amidst all his strange ethical conceptions, it remained so to the last. This I said a year ago, this I hold more strongly now, to have been the secret of his power over the Hellenized Germans.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER VIII.—ABOUT THE HINDOO CHARACTER; WITH DIGRESSIONS HOME.

CALCUTTA, *April* 17, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—One morning, at the beginning of this month, as I lay between sleeping and waking, near the open window, I began to be aware of a hideous din in an adjacent street. At first the sound of discordant music, and a confused multitude of voices, impressed me with a vague idea that a battalion of volunteers were passing by in marching order, headed by their band. This notion, however, was dispelled by the appearance of my bearer with the tea-tray, who informed me that this was the festival of Cali, the goddess of destruction, and that all the Hindoo people had turned out to make holiday. I immediately sallied forth in the direction of the noise, and soon found myself amidst a dense crowd in the principal thoroughfare leading to the shrine of the deity. During a few minutes I could not believe my eyes; for I seemed to have been transported in a moment over more than twenty centuries, to the Athens of Cratinus and Aristophanes. If it had not been for the colour of the faces around, I should have believed myself to be on the main road to Eleusis in the full tide of one of the Dionysiac festivals. The spirit of the scene was the same, and at each step some well-known feature reminded one irresistibly that the Bacchic orgies sprung from the mysterious fanaticism of the far East. It was no unfounded tradition that pictured Dionysus returning from conquered India, leopards and tigers chained to his triumphal car, escorted from the Hyphasis to the Asopus by bands of votaries dancing in fantastic measure to the clang of cymbals. It was no chance resemblance this, between an Hindoo rite, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and those wild revels that stream along many a Grecian bas-relief, and wind round many an ancient Italian vase; for every detail portrayed in those marvellous works of art was faithfully represented here. If one of the life-like black figures in the Etruscan chamber of the British Museum could have walked down off the back-ground of red pottery into the midst of the road conducting to Cali Ghaut, he would not have attracted the notice of the closest observer. Every half-minute poured by a troop of worshippers. First, came boys stark naked, and painted from head to foot in imitation of leopards and tigers, while others guided them with reins of thin cord. Then followed three or four strange classic figures, wearing the head-dress which is familiar to us from the existing representations of bacchanalian processions, dancing in an attitude which recalled, spontaneously and instantly, the associations of Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities." The only circumstance which was not in common between Tolly's "Nullah" and the Cephisus, was the censer of live charcoal which these men carried before them, supported by wires passed through the flesh under their armpits. Into this, from time to time, they threw a powder, which produced a sudden flash and a most infernal smell. Behind them, his brows crowned profusely with foliage, was led in mimic bonds, the chief personage of the company, who was supposed to be under the direct influence of the god. All around him, musicians were beating tomtoms and clashing tambourines, like the satellites of Evius, on the day when he leapt from his car into the arms of the forsaken Ariadne: as he still leaps on the glowing canvas of Titian. All was headlong licence and drunken frenzy. After struggling through the throng for a mile and a half of dusty street, I came to a narrow slum which descended to the Ghaut, or

landing-place, of Cali, which lies on the nullah of the mythical hero Tolly, who, perhaps, was the Atys of this Oriental Cybele. From this lane, a passage a yard or two in breadth opened on to a dirty court in which stood the sanctuary, whence Calcutta derives its name; which was an object of awe and reverence to the surrounding population for ages before the first ship, laden with Feringhee wares, was warped up the neighbouring river. It seemed impossible to pierce the mob of devotees, and penetrate to the holy place; but not even religious madness, not even the inspiration of bang and toddy, could overcome the habitual respect paid to a white face and a pith helmet. A couple of policemen cleared a passage for me to within a few feet of the sacred image. It appeared to be a rude block, ornamented with huge glass beads; but I dare say the Palladium, which fell from heaven, was not a very elaborate device; and yet it saved the reputation of a young Roman lady, and gave a synonym to an English jury. I wonder what Mr. Edwin James conceived to be the origin of the expression, on the numerous occasions when he appealed to that institution, as the "Playdium of Brish Liberty." He probably supposed it to be the Latin for "bulwark," or "effective guarantee." Before I reached home, what with the jostling, and hubbub, and stench, I was very glad to get back to the society of clean, fragrant Christians. As I grew every moment more tired and hot, the exhibition seemed to savour less of the classical, and more of the diabolical. At last, I came to the ill-natured conclusion, that Satan was at the bottom of the whole business, and not the golden-haired Dionysus. The remarkably unpleasant Mœnads around me suggested the idea of perspiration rather than inspiration, and I felt inclined to exclaim,—

Dea, magna domina Tolli, Calië dea domina,
Procul a meo sit omnis tuus ore, precor, odor!
Alios age hinc olentes. Alios age putridos.

This singular system of idolatry, so perfect in organization, so venerable in its extreme antiquity, already shows evident marks of decay. The study of the history of creeds teaches us, that the laws which govern the religious opinions of mankind may be ascertained as surely as the laws which govern their political and social opinions. A rude nation is content with an absurd, irrational superstition; while a highly civilized community requires a logical and consistent faith. You might as soon expect, in the England of the nineteenth century, to find Ptolemy the great astronomical authority, and Galen the great medical authority, as to meet with tenets such as those of the Church of Rome in the dark ages. Men who are accustomed to examine with care the principles of constitutional government, of commercial policy, of international law, of personal rights; men who will not admit the existence of the most insignificant fact in geology or physiology, without a rigorous investigation, are not likely to be indifferent concerning truth or error in matters to which the interests of this world are as nothing in the balance. The same causes that set John Stuart Mill at work upon the questions of small holdings and limited liability, which led Maclure in quest of the North-west Passage, and Sir Charles Lyell in search of flint-knives and pre-historic men—these very causes incite adventurers of another class to seek a reason for the faith that is in them, amidst perils, to which polar bears and icebergs are a trifle. Yet, incredible as it may seem, instead of bidding them God-speed, we prosecute them, and sequester them and backbite them, and take away their good name and their fellowships. When a *savant*, after a faithful and diligent inquiry, arrives at a conclusion with which we disagree, we are none the less pleased that the subject has been sifted, and we buy his book, and tack some mystical letters to the end of his name. When a theological writer follows this example, we say that his number is six hundred threescore and six, and trounce him of about as many pounds a year. It is very easy for us to tell him to

believe and not to doubt; but it is not so easy to answer the plaintive question, "How shall I know what I am to believe?" If we bid him continue in the faith in which he was brought up, without doubt or cavil, he naturally suggests that on this principle the children of Papists will be Papists, the children of Buddhists, Buddhists, the children of Mormons, polygamists, the children of Mr. Prince, love-birds, and the children of Mr. Home, media, till the end of time.

There was some sense and consistency in the intolerance of Philip the Second and his spouse, who, as you observed in a prize declamation, attached the epithet of "bloody" to the loveliest of English names. They held that the Church which traced back an unbroken descent to the day when Peter received the keys from the hand of her Master and Founder, was infallible and omniscient. Whatever the Church ordained to be essential for salvation—prayer, penance, or indulgence—she must be obeyed, or the consequence would be eternal death. Men who acted under this impression really meant well by you when they screwed you up, and flayed you alive, and roasted you, and confiscated your property. But for Protestants, whose creed is founded upon freedom of thought—who, if thought be not free, are, one and all, in a state of reprobation—for Protestants, on account of honest difference of opinion, to ban, and browbeat, and mulct, and indite each other, and gratuitously forbid each other to preach in their respective dioceses, is an idea to the last degree monstrous and incongruous. Will any one pretend to say, that there exists no fault or blemish in our Church? If the institution is not perfect, if—like everything else in the construction of which man has borne a part—reformation is needed, from what quarter is the reforming movement to begin? When laymen take up the matter, the cry is, "Hands "off! the Church of England is not a "public office, or a government dock-"yard. In the name of Heaven, do not "allow our liturgy to get amidst the "godless House of Commons!" If clergymen step into the breach, the cry rises to a shriek: "How dare you, who "eat the bread of the Church, revile "her service and impugn her belief? "Traitors! impostors! perjured swind-"lers! ill birds! pack up and begone "from the nest you have fouled!"

But I have wandered far enough from Cali Ghaut. You may well imagine that such a scene of idolatrous barbarism as I have described must seem shocking and absurd to natives educated in European literature, and versed in European habits of thought and business. The schoolmaster has long been abroad, and the rationalist generally treads on the heels of that functionary. The introduction of Western learning and science has produced upon the Hindoo religion the same effect that was produced upon the ancient classical creeds by the progress of civilization. As Cicero said of the augurs of his day, it is hard to conceive how one Brahman can look another in the face without a smile. There are some who admire the great men of Greece and Rome, because they united philosophy to the conduct of public affairs. How beautiful to behold Pericles learning from Anaxagoras that the universe in general, and Aspasia in particular, was composed of homogeneous atoms! Cato, on the eve of death, assuring Plato that he reasoned well! Cicero, in the intervals of self-glorification, writing academic treatises, and receiving consolatory letters from people who had sailed from Ægina and Megara. There would be just as much sense in praising Bright for being a Protestant as well as a demagogue, or Pelissier for being a Roman Catholic as well as a Marshal. A man must have a belief, or disbelief, of some sort or kind; and when, as in the case of Jupiter and Vishnu, the national religion is too absurd for an enlightened man to swallow, he must profess himself something, if it were only an atheist. The earliest and most natural heresy is an attempt to rationalise the irrational, and extract from the follies of the old faith a consistent system of morality and divinity.

Towards the beginning of the present century, Ram Mohun Roy (no relation to Lord Stanhope), struck with the idea of divine unity, which he had learnt from the Bible and the Koran, with much audacity and ingenuity undertook to trace out an underlying current of Monotheism in the four books of the Vedas, the most sacred of the Hindoo Scriptures. During a residence in England, he regularly attended a Unitarian place of worship. His sect went by the name of "Vedantists;" in fact, the "Evangelicals" of the East. The orthodox Pundits took alarm, and declared him a heretic, but not before they had most clearly shown that he had entirely failed to explain away the polytheist character of the Hindoo theology. It never occurred to them to assert that this pretended new idea had been exploded as far back as the reign of Shah Jehan.

When, however, European principles of criticism were applied to the Vedas, grave doubts began to spring up concerning their divine origin. One book was evidently the primary basis of the other three, which were little more than a confused liturgy. The Vedantists now began to talk about "natural religion." They refused any longer to acknowledge the high authority of the writings from which their sect received its first name, and professed to believe only in the pure and eternal God, or Brahma. By a strange inconsistency, they still use the old Vedic ritual,[1] the hymns of which they sing to the best music that can be procured in Calcutta, which is not saying very much for it.

With such an element of discord as the proud and bigoted Mahommedan population scattered throughout the country, it is greatly to the credit of our Government that religious disturbances are of such rare occurrence. If you can conceive the Catholics and Orangemen of Ireland, each multiplied by twenty, and planted under a zone where the passions are at blood-heat, you will have an idea what the state of things out here would be if it were not for the heavy hand of English authority. In all sectarian squabbles, our magistrates behave with the same cold justice and magnificent indifference that was displayed by the provincial officers of old Rome in the days of Paul and Barnabas, and I have no doubt but what they get the same hard measure from the enthusiasts whom they prevent from tearing each other in pieces. In all probability, the records and traditions of the respective creeds preserve the name of more than one judge or collector, who was rewarded for having saved the life of some bold preacher, by being handed down to posterity as the impersonification of "carelessness." There are few personages in history who have been so unjustly used as these Roman deputies and chief captains. They seem to have borne themselves with rare courage and judgment, to have stood on every occasion between the persecutors and their prey, and to have given way only when nothing short of concession could avert a general uprising of a fierce and determined nation of fanatics. The conduct of Lycias and Festus seems to have been eminently just and prudent; and, after all, poor Gallio's fault simply consisted in this, that when he found no mention in the revised code, of the crime charged against Paul, he bundled both parties out of his cutcherry. And during the most awful and melancholy scene that the world has ever witnessed, —when the earth trembled with horror, and the kindly sun veiled his face before the cruelty of man—after the Divine victim, and those women whose perfect love cast out their fear, the character who most deserves our pity is the timid, feminine, compassionate ruler, who pleaded hard for that sacred life against the murderous and turbulent mob of Jerusalem; who yielded at last in an agony of remorse and shame; and who restored to His disciples the body of their Master in the teeth of those implacable bigots, who desired to pursue their revenge beyond

[1] These speculative philosophers who stick to their old ritual, resemble Alcibiades, who, according to Mr. Grote, was "celebrated alike for his theories and his liturgy."—(*Note by Mr. Simkin.*)

the limits of the grave. His cowardice seems far more venial than the dastardly desertion of those men who, after living in daily intercourse with our Saviour for the space of three years, hanging on His words, eating with Him at the same table, sleeping at His side, sharing His every toil and privation (made light, indeed, by so blessed a presence, and so deep an affection), at the first sight of sword or staff, "forsook Him and fled." The conduct of Judas, of Caiaphas, of Herod, of Pilate, may be explained by (alas!) ordinary human motives. But who can account for the conduct of Peter and James, Andrew and Philip? In the most stormy tumult, with outrage and massacre staring them in the face, a faithful band of followers and admirers always stuck by Paul to the last. On the day when "the best of men who knew not God" was mobbed by deadly enemies before a prejudiced tribunal, Plato and Crito, Apollodorus and Critobulus stood around their companion and teacher, pressed him with loving importunity to accept their money and their services, and, at the risk of their lives, schemed his escape from prison, loth to acquiesce in his fixed determination to submit to the laws of his country, however unjustly they might have been wrested by his adversaries to ensure his destruction. And yet Paul and Socrates, great and noble as they were, were nothing more than men. How then could those who had been permitted to call themselves the friends of a Divine and perfect being stoop to a baseness from which ordinary men of the world would be preserved by sentiments of honour and self-respect? It indeed required a life as long as that of John, and a fate as painful as the fate of James and Peter, to wipe out such a stain from their own conscience and from the memory of mankind.

You urge me, in all your letters, to tell you something about the aborigines of India. You write as if you were making inquiries about a set of savages, their bread-fruit, their canoes, their clubs, and the pahs from which they carry on a desultory Mars. I have not hitherto gratified your wish, because I am one of those who think that the people of India deserve more than cursory observation, inasmuch as they are the most important class in India, for whose benefit we hold the country, and to whom we shall have one day to account for the manner in which we govern it. Extraordinary as this opinion may seem to some people, it is backed by the high authority of Sir Charles Wood and Lord Stanley, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir John Peter Grant, and the vast majority of the Civil Service. I hate the "damned nigger" style. One requires more than a few months to form a correct set of opinions and impressions concerning an ancient and wealthy society, with a singular and complicated organization; whose habits, instincts, and ways of thought, to a European eye, form "a mighty maze," which, nevertheless, if it be closely examined, will be found to be "not without a plan."

In order to lay a foundation for a conception of the native character, it is essential first to clear away all our preconceived notions of what that character ought to be. It is impossible to judge a Hindoo by any other known standard. He is not, like the North American Indian, a barbarian with a few sound ideas about the bearings of the stars and the habits of deer, and a few crude ideas about the Great Spirit and the future condition of his faithful dog. He is not, like the European of the middle ages, the member of a community, rude indeed as yet, and undeveloped, but replete with the germs of a vigorous civilization. The institutions of his country, though grotesque enough in our point of view, are elaborate and mature as any recorded in history. He belongs to a social order, which dates far back into the depths of time, with innumerable well-defined grades and classes, with titles which were borne by his forefathers, when the ancestors of English dukes still paddled about in wicker canoes, when wild in woods the marquis ran, when the Williams of the period sported a suit of blue paint, on

the principle that wiscounts, "when unadorned," are "adorned the most." He professes a religion compared with which all other creeds are mere parvenus; which looks down on the venerable faith of Buddhism as a vulgar modern heresy, and watches the varying fortunes of Mahommedanism with the same contemptuous curiosity as that with which the Church of England regards the progress of the Revival movement. He still may recognise at every turn the traces of a system of government, justice, and finance, as comprehensive and minute, though not so philosophical, as that which we have founded in its place. His countrymen were bankers, and merchants, and shopkeepers, long before the renaissance era of European commerce; ere Venice had yet supplanted Amphitrite in the affections of Neptune; ere Britain was aware of the charter which had been drawn up for her benefit on the occasion of her rising from the azure main amidst a flattering but somewhat monotonous chorus of guardian angels. Broking, and discounting, and forestalling, and retailing were going on briskly along either bank of the Ganges while Gurney and Overend were squabbling over the skin of a badger which they had trapped on the ground where the Exchange now stands; while Fortnum and Mason were driving a bouncing trade in acorns, and Swan and Edgar were doing a good thing in woad; while Rothschild was compounding for his last grinder with some fierce chieftain in Franconia. Who can wonder that the member of such a society should differ radically from a Frenchman or a German; not as a savage differs from a civilized man, but as one man differs from another who has been brought up amidst an entirely dissimilar set of ideas, scenes, associations, and influences? The day has long passed when the Bengalee could be disposed of by being termed a "mild Hindoo," and I trust that it will not be long before he will cease to be disposed of by being called a "damned nigger."

In the constitution of the native mind, the fundamental characteristic is want of stamina, and this defect is the favourite text of the abuse levelled against the Hindoo by his enemies. The secret of our rapid conquest and secure tenure of the country is the absence of energy among the inhabitants. In every action of his life, the Bengalee makes it manifest that he is entirely without the earnestness of purpose which a Briton carries into his business, his pleasures, even his vices. Your native is perfectly contented to glisten and bask in the sun for days and weeks together, dozing, waking to scratch his arms, and turn over, and dozing again. Conceive a Scotchman, not under the influence of whisky and unprovided with tobacco, lying on his back for two hours of daylight! He would never be able to recover his lost ground and catch up his brother Scotchmen in the race of life. John Stuart Mill has shown that "the standard of comfort indispensable in the opinion of the labouring classes" is the ruling principle of social progress. Now, in India that standard is lamentably low. A penny or twopence a day will provide a man with rice enough to produce a pleasing sense of plethora; a single coarse cotton garment, a mat, and a brass lotah require no large outlay. He digs a great hole in the ground, and makes a dirt-pie, which he calls a house. He grinds his curry on a stone prigged from an English graveyard, cooks his rice in an extempore oven on a fire of dried cow-dung, and eats till he "swells visibly before your very eyes." One good fit of dyspepsia, tempered by a pipe and a siesta, suffices for his sustenance. The great mass of the population will do just as much work as will earn them their simple but flatulent dinner, and not a stroke more. The distinctive traits of the Oriental and the Frank are strongly marked in their respective methods of limiting their exertions to their wants. An English navvy will work like a horse for four days out of the seven, and spend the other three in an Elysium of beer, bird's-eye, pugilism and bull-terriers. A ryot lounges and snoozes over his business every day and all day long, except on

some high festival, when he splotches his turban with pink paint, and sets off to drink the water of the holy river in an exalted state of piety and bang, in the company of twenty or thirty of his neighbours, a tomtom, and two females of bad reputation.

The ordinary Hindoo has no feeling about the sacredness of toil. Honest, faithful performance you will expect from him in vain. A drunken, debauched mechanic in our own country will turn out what work he does, in first-rate style. A knavish, dissipated groom will bring your horse to the door in perfect condition, with not a hair out of place, as fresh as he himself was the evening before. A native, on the contrary, must be watched from morning till night. He has no sense of shame in the matter of laziness, and considers himself horribly ill-used if he is kept to his duty. I learnt this fact during my first night on these shores. After half an hour's sleep, I began to dream that I was Dante, and that I was paying a visit to the Infernal realms under the guidance of Martin Tupper. Protected by his divine presence, I traversed the regions of torment, escaping with difficulty from the clutches of minor demons, who bore a strong resemblance to the Lascars in the service of the P. and O., until we arrived at the sanctum of the Father of Lies, who received us very cordially. The atmosphere was hot, very hot; so hot that I had begun to think of negotiating a retreat, when an imp came up to his majesty, touched his horns respectfully, and said, "More coals, please sir, for General Butler." At this moment I awoke in a fearful state of perspiration to see the punkah hanging motionless overhead. I sallied forth, and there was the bearer rolled up in his blanket, fast asleep; and this fellow had absolutely nothing else to do besides pulling a string for three hours and a half every night: the rest of the twenty-four he had at his own disposal. If you go to sleep on a journey, nothing is more usual than to find your palanquin on the ground at the side of the road, while half the men are gone to a village a mile off for a drink of water, and the other half are smoking in a circle and listening to a disquisition of the torch-carrier, who has just pronounced to the satisfaction of his audience that you are of a lower caste than the Sahib at the last dawk bungalow, because he wore a collar and waistcoat, while you travel without those badges of rank. It is difficult to imagine how any business was done before we came into the country—how any one ever made a road, or a boat, or a journey. The other day I was on a visit at the house of a Maharaja. We were to set off at three in the morning, in palanquins, to catch a train at a distant station. Most minute arrangements had been made over night. Our servants were to start on an elephant at one A.M., our baggage on the heads of coolies an hour after that, while we were to find breakfast ready at a quarter before three. At five minutes before three I awoke by chance, and, out of a household of a hundred and more, not a soul was stirring. They had all gone to bed, not with a determination to oversleep themselves, but absolutely indifferent whether they overslept themselves or not. This utter want of conscience in everything that concerns industry is very trying to men who employ natives in large numbers; and a natural indignation is too apt to render such men oblivious of the fact that the most idle, worthless, servile, timid ryot is the equal of the Viceroy himself in his rights of man and citizen.

Unfortunately, this want of truthfulness leavens the whole being of the Bengalee. And here, though I use the language of the most cruel foes of the native, I entreat you to believe that the same language may be employed with very different ends. Facts are facts. The deduction to be drawn from them is the vital point. Is a firm friend of the Hindoo, a devout believer in the destinies of the race, to blink his eyes to grand faults of the Hindoo character, because those faults form a pretext for those who desire to lower the peasant-proprietor to the condition of a serf? Let us boldly take the native as he is, compare him with what he was, and we shall

find no reason for despair as to what he will be. It is not too much to assert that the mass of Bengalees have no notion of truth and falsehood. During the earliest weeks of Indian life one is amused or irritated, as the case may be, by the transparency or ingenuity of the lies which meet one at every turn. The first Mofussil town at which I spent any time was Patna. When my servant heard that we were going thither, he appeared to be in high glee, and said that he had a papa and mamma at Patna. Pleased at his filial piety, I gave him some hours' leave in the course of every day, little dreaming that his parents were represented by a hideous venal sweetheart of eight-and-thirty. At Mofussilpore his papa and mamma were succeeded by his brother and sister, at Chupra by his uncle and aunt. As we went from station to station he had reason to regret that he had been so extravagant with his relations at first setting out. By the time we came to Gya he had exhausted the whole connexion, and was reduced to the clumsy expedient of transporting the author and authoress of his being from Patna in search of employment. You are obliged to engage a servant with your eyes shut. It is a hundred to one that the testimonials which he brings for your inspection refer to some other man. A lady told me that three ayahs applied to her consecutively, one dirtier than another, with precisely the same set of testimonials. But, however deeply engrained in the Hindoo nature are habits of mendacity, there is good ground for believing that those habits may be corrected or modified in time. Under favourable circumstances a native can refrain from saying the thing that is not. Powerful Rajahs and high-born Zemindars are too proud and independent to lie and cozen. There are abundance of signs which must convince those who do not in their heart of hearts wish their dark brethren to continue "always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," that the Hindoo is capable of speaking the truth, just as he is capable of reading Gibbon, wearing peg-top trousers, and drinking bottled ale. Bengalees who have received an English education, and who mix much with Englishmen, have learnt to appreciate the English feeling about veracity. The Jemmadar, or headman of a factory, who is high in the confidence and much in the company of his master, is often every whit as trustworthy as a Norfolk or Yorkshire bailiff. Who can doubt, then, that among the many blessings which England will have conferred upon India truth will not be wanting? At present she is certainly lying with Hope at the bottom of the tank in Short's bazaar.

The love of gain is strong in the Hindoo, but not so strong as to counteract his aversion for what an Englishman would call work. His covetousness displays itself in a penchant for saving money that almost amounts to a mania, and in the popularity of all occupations which afford an opportunity for turning two-thirds of an anna without any great exertion of mind or body. Your Bengalee dearly loves a contract. He is the ideal contractor, as far as his own interests are concerned. He will spare no trouble or time to buy the article at an absurdly low price, and of the worst quality that can by any possibility pass muster. If there is any quiet little knavery practicable, he marks it with the glance of a vulture. The universal "dustoorie" is a singular monument of the petty peculation which has been going on throughout Bengal for thousands of years. Every agent employed to make a purchase, great or small, pockets a commission unknown to his principal. This commission is called "dustoorie," or "the customary sum;" the amount being regulated by the impudence of the buyer, and the anxiety of the seller to dispose of his goods. A native prince, who agreed to take the house and furniture of a gentleman about to leave the country, claimed to make a deduction from the price, on the ground that he was his own agent. The rascality and acuteness of the servants in European families are something stupendous. A bad servant cheats you right and left. A good servant takes

less and less every year that he lives with you, but he will always take something. He could not reconcile it with his conscience to impugn the institution of the dustoorie. If you give your man a rupee to pay a cab, he puts the coin in his pouch, and arranges the matter when your back is turned. If you bid him throw a few pice into a beggar's lap, he takes his percentage after a bargain made at great length and with much heat. But it never occurs to the cabman or the beggar to dispute his right to a commission. The other day, a treasury messenger was sent to buy some stamps. Not being aware that this commodity is supplied by the Government, which is more apt to take dustoories than to give them, he demanded his discount, which was summarily disallowed by the clerk. Shocked and scandalised by a refusal which appeared to him monstrous and unreasonable, he jumped over the counter, knocked the functionary on the head with his own official ruler, and carried off the ledger in triumph as a hostage back to the treasury. A lady, who lately set up house here, paid the wages of twelve bearers into the hands of the Sirdar or headman during the first month. At the end of that time, she held a review of all the establishment, a step which disconcerted the policy of the Sirdar, who was able to produce only nine bearers, of whom two were evidently coolies, got in for the occasion from a neighbouring bazaar. The same man offered the steward ten shillings a month for the privilege of supplying the lamps with oil. Yet there is every reason to believe that he is honest, as Sirdar-bearers go. The following communication to the *Englishman* will give you a notion of the universality of "dustoorie," and is likewise a fair specimen of a native letter. You must know that Messrs. Thacker and Spink publish a Post-office Directory, prefaced by an almanac. "Chota," as you will probably discover by your unassisted genius, signifies "little."

"THAKKUR AND SPINK'S EKLIPS.

"*To the Edditur of the Englishman.*

"SIR,—I beg to trubble on your "honnor's benificense for shameless "neglekt of Messrs. Thakkur and "Sphinx not keep there words about "Ekklips of mune. I buy Thakkur "and Spink's Post ofice dirrektions "which say ekklips of mune 1st Joone "at 8·45 with diskount and kommishun "for redy rupees. What for my rupees "all gone and no Ekklips? Not my "rupees, but master's. I very good "man, get edukating in Mission Skul, "while Mission Sahib smoke cheroots, "and Mission Sahib buy Thakker and "Spink's for Society, which give me "commisshun and diskount very small "pice. I very fond of Ekklipses, and "I sit up to see Ekklips with Mem "Sahib's ayah, and she say I know "nothing, and she not turn Kristian, "and very angry, and I give her chota "drop out of master's bottle, make her "very glad, and turn anything. Then "master he come out, and look at mune, "and say 'dam Thakkur and Sphinx,' "and throw him in tank, and send me "to fish out Post ofice Direkshions to "curl chota Mem Sahib's hair. But I "think master all rong. Thakker and "Sphinx very good gentlemens, and "give dishkount, and its the Post ofice "and Elekrik Telegremps what made "Ekklips come rong day; and if you "will put it in your paper Post ofice "peoples very mad, and tare wigs, and "kick punka-wallah, but erklips come "all right yesterday after rumpus.

"I pour native boy rite butiful Eng-"lish, and rite good Sirkulars for Mate-"land Sahib and Chamber of Kommerce "very cheap, and gives one rupee eight "annas per diem, but new man say he "make betterer English, and put it all "rong, and only give one rupee; so I "leave the gentlemen's and come to you "if you will give two eight per diem. "I can make potery and country korrus-"pondance.

"Yours trully,

"MOFUSSIL."

Of all avenues to wealth, that most peculiar to this country is the tortuous path of litigation. The native regards a court of law, not as the bulwark of the innocent, and the refuge of the wronged, but as a prize-ring, which affords a fair field and no favour; a stock-exchange, where fortunes are to be made by cleverness and industry, and lost by carelessness and stupidity; where all men have an equal chance, and no one must rely on the justice of his cause, or the blamelessness of his life, or any such natural advantage which he may possess over his fellows. The wealthiest and most respected man in a district will often be one who dates his prosperity from a suit which, as everybody is well aware, was brought to a successful termination by unlimited perjury, and a document discovered at the bottom of a chest in the Zenana, just in time to be produced in court. His neighbours speak of him as the society of an English provincial town speaks of a man who began life under a counter and ends it in the parlour of the county bank, whither he has pushed his way by dint of prudence and frugality. Great families carry on their feuds in the cutcherries and the Zillah courts instead of in the tented field. Accusations and counter accusations of murder, violence, fraud, writs of ejectment and trespass, appeals, summonses, false wills, false witnesses, false dates—such are the weapons which are familiar to the Percies and Douglases, the Capulets and Montagues of Bengal and Bahar. A planter confessed to a friend of mine, that he had been reduced to the verge of ruin by a rajah, who trumped up three actions in succession, and gained them all. The Englishman, however, eventually won back the ground which he had lost in a suit, the facts of which had been invented and arranged by his agent and zeminadar. Amidst such an entagled mass of chicane, falsehood, and inaccuracy, a judge requires a local experience of many years, and considerable natural discernment, to arrive with any certainty at a conclusion, and even with these advantages he is often misled. A Hindoo never sticks at a lie, but in the witness-box he surpasses himself. Even if there is no intention to deceive, the native has not yet been found who can stand the cross-examination of an English barrister. A bold big lawyer will make a ryot contradict himself ten times in as many sentences. The testimony of a single one of our countrymen has more weight with the court than that of any number of Hindoos, a circumstance which puts a terrible instrument of power into the hands of an unscrupulous and grasping Englishman. It is no uncommon thing for a rich native to purchase an estate in the name of a dependent, who farms it for his master's profit, partly from an innate dislike of open dealing, partly from an ancient prejudice against presenting to the world an appearance of wealth—the relic of a lawless age, when none but the poor were safe. On one occasion, a zeminadar bought some valable indigo works, without taking the precaution of binding by a document the agent to whom the factory was nominally to belong. An Englishman in in the neighbourhood got the ear of the agent, and bribed and bullied him into making over the whole concern to himself, knowing well that, in the absence of written evidence, the word of a European would carry the day. And small wonder, when every week a dozen cases come into court in which a plain fact, asserted on oath by a score of men, is denied on oath by another score.

India is the country for those conscientious barristers who have doubts about the morality of advocating a cause which they believe to be unfounded. If Felix Graham came out here he would lead the bar within five years, and his pretty wife wonld be a charming addition to Calcutta society. He would be utterly unable to make out whether his client was the wronged or the wronger, guilty or not guilty. He might say to himself, "We employ perjury, it is "true, but the other side employ both "perjury and forgery. We bring for'ward fifteen witnesses, who would not "speak truth if they could, but the "other side brings forward as many

"who could not speak truth if they "would." Last month, at Mofussilpore, I witnessed a case which came before Benson, and which he referred to Tom. A shopkeeper complained that, as he was walking across the street, one of his neighbours fell on him, knocked him down with a cudgel, and, as he lay insensible on the ground, robbed him of thirteen rupees. He produced seven witnesses, who confirmed circumstantially his whole statement. It eventually turned out that the prisoner struck the prosecutor on the back with a light switch, and that the rupees and the insensibility were an episode which had no foundation in fact. The proceedings in a case where natives are concerned always remind me of the scene at a public school, when a disputed point occurs during an interesting match. Last winter, I witnessed a game of football at Harrow between two boarding-houses, in which twelve boys of known probity (that is to say, the eleven players and their umpire), swore that the ball had blown midway through the base; while twelve other boys, of equally known probity, swore that it had touched one of the poles. What would Paley say to this? Which of these two pre-judications would he find himself unable to resist?

Mildred, my Mofussil friend, who has lived for twenty years in constant communication with the people of the country, at times seeing none but black faces for six months on end, has a very low opinion of native evidence. He is a credible authority on this point, inasmuch as he is a real friend of the Hindoo, and is adored by the population of the neighbourhood. Ryots, who have a suit in court, are very importunate to have him called as a witness in their favour. A man lately entreated the magistrate to summon my friend to testify to his character. On being asked whether he had ground for believing that Mildred knew anything about him, he replied that the Sahib had once fined him ten rupees for cattle stealing! When Mildred was a very young man, he bought a village from a zeminadar, who sold it cheap, because the inhabitants had for some years past refused to pay a pice of rent. As the new proprietor was well aware that his tenants enjoyed a very evil reputation for theft, dacoity, and manslaughter, he called his friends and neighbours together, and rode over with some force to collect the arrears. It happened that cholera was rife in the village; so the party encamped for the night on a spot about a mile distant. Late in the evening, the head man, accompanied by six or seven others, came to Mildred, and told him that, unless he cleared off in the course of the morrow, they would bring the corpse of a ryot who had died of the epidemic, cut the throat, throw it into the camp, and go in a body to the magistrate, to accuse the Sahibs of a murder!

On another occasion, Mildred, in company with two planters of his acquaintance, drove over to visit a friend, who lived at a considerable distance from the station. They had given him no previous intimation to expect them, but people in India can be hospitable on very short notice, and he soon set before them curry, and fowls, and beer, and cheroots. As they were chatting over their tobacco, after a jolly tiffin, they heard the howl of a jackal in the vicinity of the bungalow, and it was proposed to sally forth and have a shot at him. The firearms in a planter's house are always in condition for immediate use; so the host loaded a rifle, and went out with one of his guests, while Mildred and the other remained among the soda-water bottles. After some time a shot was heard, and soon after the pair returned, pale and agitated. The master of the house said, "Mildred, I believe I have shot a man, but we did not dare to go and look." It appears they could not find the jackal; so, in the wantonness of men who were full of meat, and drink, and smoke, they took a shot at a sheep which was feeding about a furlong off. As the gun was fired, a man sprang up out of the grass behind the animal, and dropped again before he was well on his feet. Mildred

went to the spot, and found a peasant stone dead, with a ball through the heart. Now for the sequel. The relations of the poor fellow prosecuted the planter for murder, and more—that he had tied the deceased to a tree, beaten him cruelly, outraged him in the most foul manner, and finally put him out of his misery by deliberately firing at him from the distance of a few yards. This vindictive wicked lie was supported in every particular by a number of the villagers. The presence of his three countrymen, a happy chance, and nothing more, alone saved the prisoner from condemnation. "From that day "forward" (such was the conclusion which Mildred drew from the circumstance) "I resolved, if ever I was on a "jury, never to convict a European of a "capital crime, on native testimony." I endeavoured to show him that his resolution was illogical, and that the consequences of it would be most disastrous; that, if we rejected the evidence of Hindoos when the life of an Englishman was in question, we must refuse to admit it on any other occasion whatsoever; the result of which would be that, instead of providing the people of India with justice of superior quality to that dealt out by their own countrymen, we should banish law and order from the land, until an insulted Providence sent us about our business. He was not convinced.

By the most scrupulous care our officers cannot prevent their names being used for purposes of the grossest corruption. For instance, a native gentleman calls on the magistrate, and then goes straight to the house of some one who has a suit pending, and says: "I sit down in the presence of the Sahib. He has a greater respect for me than for the sub-inspector of police, and loves me better than he loves a lieutenant and two ensigns in the cantonments, and he will soon love me better than one of the captains. Give me five hundred rupees." And, though the poor fool must know that if he gave away his whole fortune in presents he would not alter a tittle of the magistrate's verdict, he pays the money under a hazy conviction that some benefit will ensue. Rich baboos will vie with each other for the post of deputy-treasurer, which is worth fifty or sixty rupees per mensem, and will gladly deposit eighty or a hundred thousand rupees as security for the faithful discharge of the functions. They are attracted, not so much by the honour of being in the service of Government, as by the knowledge that an official position will enable them to drive harder bargains, to obtain higher interest, to oppress their poorer neighbours, and intimidate their equals. And yet every dealer in the town knows that if he was to come to the English authorities, and say: "Baboo Chunder Boss, the deputy-treasurer, told me yesterday that if I refused to let him have my saltpetre at his own price I should repent it," Baboo Chunder Boss would not be deputy-treasurer another twenty-four hours. They know this, but they cannot act upon it. Habit is too strong for reason. Besides, your native positively likes to fee Jacks-in-office. During the progress of a Governor through his province, all the rajahs and zemindars who come to pay their respects to the great man are never content unless they pay their rupees to his servants. They would not enjoy their interview thoroughly if they got it gratis. The sirdar-bearer or the head messenger of a member of council makes a wonderfully good thing of his place. Out of his pay of a pound a month he manages to dress well, feed of the best, and maintain a sufficiency of wives and parasites. If he hears of a good investment on a small scale he can generally come down with a fat bag of rupees. Surely the fellow's clients and patrons can hardly imagine that he has the ear of his master. Their munificence is dictated by "dustoor," or custom, the most powerful of all the motives which actuate the conduct of a native.

Dustoor is the breath of a Hindoo's nostrils, the mainspring of his actions, the staple of his conversation. A ryot

is never so happy as when he is squatted amidst a circle of neighbours, smoking a mixture in which powdered dung is the most fragrant ingredient, and talking about dustoor. The spirit of conservatism, powerful everywhere except among the conservative leaders in the English House of Commons, is rabid in the East. In European countries men keep up old practices and habits which reason cannot approve because familiarity has rendered them attractive. In India men do things which they know to be absurd, and which they excessively dislike, because custom so enjoins. An English family, an hour after their usual bedtime, perform an elaborate toilette, and start off to dance and flirt themselves into a state of unnatural wakefulness. The son is routed out from a quiet corner, where he has been employed over a surreptitious cigar, and hounded up to his dressing-room with threats and execrations. A daughter, who is on ordinary occasions a model of piety, rudely tears the kerchief from the face of her sleeping father, and rouses him from sweet visions of middling fair Pernambuco and ditto transfer stock, to the fearful reality of a four hours' lounge in a back drawing-room, sweetened by fine supper-sherry at twenty-eight and six. And yet they go forth to the sacrifice a troop of willing victims, proud of the fillet, and in fond expectation that they will enjoy the rite. A shopkeeper or clerk, when club-night comes round, duly pays half-crowns which he can ill afford, and swallows four times as much liquor as he can well digest. But, while he is seated at midnight in the midst of a noisy, boozy company, with an incipient headache and the prospect of a crapulous colic, smoking his fourteenth pipe and sipping his ninth—no, tenth—no, eleventh—brar-r-ry war-r-rer, he is all the time under the impression that he is doing something uncommonly jolly and Bacchanalian. Now this is not the case with the Hindoo. Groaning and repenting, he follows whithersoever dustoor may lead him. This thrifty, temperate race, who deny themselves every pleasure and comfort without a sigh, at the command of fashion fling away sums which would keep them and theirs in luxury for a lifetime. To procure these sums they are forced to have recourse to money-lenders, who are the bugbears of Indian social life. A sepoy, whose pay is seven rupees a month, has often been known to sell himself, body, soul, and pension, to a baboo, in order to spend three hundred rupees on a marriage feast. The other day, an ayah, whose wages are those of a London servant-of-all-work, invited a European lady's-maid to a dinner where covers were laid for thirty guests, with champagne and beer *à discretion*. Mildred told me that native gentlemen frequently came to him to borrow some thousands of pounds on the security of a great slice of their estate. He would say: "My good fellow, I am well aware what you want this loan for; and you are well aware that you will never be able to pay it, and that you will have ruined yourself and your descendants in order, once in a way, to cut a figure in the district. You will gain much more respect by being known to be able to spend all your rents." The zemindar would own the truth of everything my friend stated, shrug his shoulders, and go off muttering something about "dustoor." A few days after, the land would be in the clutches of some harpy from Patna.

A curious instance of the pernicious effect of "dustoor" is afforded by the fortunes of the family of my friend the Maharaja. His ancestors were enormously wealthy, and were, besides, the purest of pure Brahmans, and at the head of the religious community for a hundred miles round. If Lord Fitzwilliam were likewise Archbishop of York, his position in the country would be much that of the old Maharajas of Kishenagur, in the tract which lies along the left bank of the Hooghly. The grandfather of the present man brought himself to the brink of ruin by the most reckless and aimless extravagance. On one occasion he sold the battle-ground of Plassey for two lacs (20,000*l.*), and expended the pro-

ceeds on gold and silver cups, which he scattered broad cast among the mob from the summit of his sacred car during the procession on a solemn feast-day. The father received the estate much involved and reduced to very small dimensions. Nevertheless he spent thirty thousand rupees on the marriage of his son. Happily that son had received an English education, and had acquired a taste for English habits and society. He lives freely, keeps open house from year's end to year's end, and is very popular with the residents at the station; and meanwhile he has paid off debts to the tune of seventeen thousand pounds, has cleared the property, and intends to indulge himself in a visit to England next March, as a reward for his sense and forethought. He has much more fun for his money than ever his grandfather had, and yet he manages to eat his chupatty, and have it too. When he had once emancipated himself from the toils of "dustoor," prosperity followed as a natural consequence. Being so very exalted a Brahmin, he may eat and drink in the company of Europeans without blame or stain. Nay, hundreds and hundreds of natives come to him in the course of the year to have their caste restored for a price. It is the old story. I fancy Pio Nono gets his indulgences uncommon cheap. There are some who say that, if we left India to-morrow, the only traces of our occupation would be the empty beer bottles;[1] just as there are some who say that it is all over with the army since the amalgamation, and who make other affirmations of about equal value with the statement that Balbus is building a wall. Let no one assert that we have ruled, and fought, and panted, and perspired, and permanently settled in vain, as long as we have taught one Maharaja the absurdity of "dustoor."

Yours ever,

H. Broughton.

[1] It would be a good thing if empty beer bottles were all. Patriotic and intelligent natives bitterly complain that we have deluged the country with full gin bottles. I fear that some day we may have reason to wish for a millstone and a plunge into the depths of the Bay of Bengal.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOLS. VII. & VIII.

Those who watch, not without anxiety, the national taste, should be comforted by the great success of this book, and rejoice to hear that a whole edition has been sold off before the public had even seen it, simply on the authority of Mr. Froude's name, and of a very able ante-natal review in the *Quarterly*.

It appears that the English literary appetite is not permanently injured by periodic literature, nor even by sensation novels; that, however it may have disported itself (not over-wholesomely) with tiny French kickshaws, wherein unclean beasts are cunningly disguised by sauce piquante, it has still stomach enough left for the good old English pièce de résistance when it appears; and can devour (and we will trust digest) two very ponderous tomes, with an honest belief that it will feel the better after it.

The truth is, that there is as great a demand as ever in Britain, and, we doubt not, in France, Germany, and America, for honest literary work, faithfully done, founded on fact, and worked out in a truly human and humane spirit.

Founded on fact: whatever may be the faults of this generation, there never was one in the world's history which was so greedy after facts, and especially the facts of the past. It is not quite satisfied with the old answers to the three great human questions, by virtue of asking which a man is a man, and not a hairless gorilla—Whence did we come? Where are we? Whither are

we going? It suspects that, for the last fifty years at least, attention has been too exclusively directed to the last of these three questions, to the exclusion of the two former, which surely must be answered, more or less, ere the third can be solved. It is asking, therefore, more and more earnestly, Whence did we come? It asks of Darwinian speculators, of discoverers of flint arrow-heads and kitchen-middens, of antiquaries, of monk-chroniclers, of historic romancers. Even Eugene Sue and his "Fils de Joel" are welcome, if he can tell anything of the great question, How came we hither? This generation is getting a wholesome philosophical instinct, that only by knowing the past can one guess at the future; that the future is contained in the past, and the child father to the man; that one generation reaps what its forefathers have sown; that Nature in nations, as in all other things, non agit per saltum; that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." It has learnt from antiquaries that we are the same people that we were 1,500 years ago; that we brought the germs of our language, our laws, our liberty, with us off the Holstein moors. It has learnt from the High-Church party (and all true Englishmen should gratefully acknowledge that debt) that there was an England before the Reformation; that we had our patriots and our lawyers, our sages and our saints, in the Middle Ages, as well as in the times of Tudors or of Stuarts; and it desires more and more to know what manner of men they were, these ancestors of ours—so unlike us in garb and thought; so like us, it now appears, in heart and spirit. Moreover, men feel—and Heaven grant that they may feel more and more—the awfulness of Britain's greatness—a greatness not so much won as thrust upon her—fortuitous, incoherent, and without plan or concentration; spread and dotted dangerously, if not weakly, over the whole world. They themselves are so small: and yet their country is so great—they know not how—and she, as a collective whole, seems not to know either; nor how to wield her greatness, save from hand to mouth—

> "Oppressed
> With the burden of an honour
> Unto which she was not born."

It is a wholesome frame of mind, that, and a safe one, just because it is a humble one: and we will thank every one, from Mr. Bright at home to French and Prussian journalists abroad, who will keep that mind alive in us, and abuse us, and rate us, and tell us that we may be a monstrous incoherence while we fancy ourselves a compact organism; that we may be going on the utterly wrong path, while we think ourselves on the utterly right one; and toppling to ruin, while we fancy ourselves omnipotent. Let them exaggerate our faults and our weaknesses as they will; the public will be only too likely to exaggerate on the opposite and less safe side.

But for this very cause, the public now welcome anything like good English History.

Only, it demands that the history shall be human. The many are no believers in the theories of Mr. Buckle. They do not put themselves in the same category with wheat and potatoes, sparrows and tadpoles, or any other things whose fate is determined by soil, climate, supply of food, and competition of species. They have a strong and wholesome belief that mankind is not an abstraction, but signifies the men and women who have lived or do live, and that the history of England is the history of the men and women of England, not of its soil, plants, and animals. And therefore they crave for a history of the hearts and characters of those same men and women, and not a mere history of statistics, events, principles. They do not deny the value of those latter; but they rationally and fairly ask for them as they occurred in fact. The statistics must be set forth in the weal or woe of the human beings who were the better or the worse for them; the events in the deeds of the men who acted them; the principles in the lives of those who worked them out, fought for them, died for them. The things did not do themselves; men of old did them: and therefore the men

now of to-day must see the men doing them. That only will they call history. If history is to be written on Mr. Buckle's plan, they simply will not read it. It is to them no history at all. They ask for historic truth, holding that (and rightly) to be identical with dramatic truth. Therefore they will read their Bible (though every number in it were demonstrated to be wrong) and get history therefrom, because it is infinitely dramatic and human. They will get their English history from Shakspeare, and understand and remember it, because he is dramatic and human. They will not read, understand, or remember the modern Constitutional Histories, Philosophies of History, and such like (excellent and instructive to the scholar as they are), because they are not dramatic and human. They will not read M. Guizot, they will not read Sismondi (to take no example nearer home), because they are not dramatic and human. Men wish to know about men of like passions with themselves, and to hear of them from a writer who has human sympathies and dramatic power.

That last is a necessary qualification. To write of men, the writer must be himself a man. When Johnson parodied poor Henry Brooke's line in "Gustavus Vasa"—

> "Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free,"

by

> "Who drives fat bullocks must himself be fat,"

he spake, as wise men are wont, more truth than he thought for. For is it not true? From whence come mad bulls, and all the terrors of Smithfield, save from this—that drovers, like too many historians, are notably and visibly a lean race; and, having no sympathy with the pangs of obesity, do over-drive, hurry, and altogether misunderstand and abuse their quadruped charges, as historians their biped ones, sinning perpetually against the time-honoured law—"Hurry no man's cattle, specially your own."

As it would be good, therefore, for the public safety, if no man were allowed to exercise the craft and mystery of a drover, unless he weighed by scale full sixteen stone, so would it be good for the public knowledge that no one should exercise the craft and mystery of a historian, unless he had had his fair share of the sorrows and joys—nay also, perhaps, of the weaknesses of humanity. One might go further, and say that the model historian ought to have been in at least one conspiracy; to have commanded an army in battle; to have run away therefrom; to have committed a murder; to have had the appointing of half a dozen bishops; to have divorced a wife or two; to have spent the best years of his life in prison strong; and finally, to have been hanged, or, still better, burnt alive. But perfection is impossible in this life.

Certainly, it is not enough to eschew principles and theories, and write exclusively of human beings and their deeds, without a large and deep human sympathy. One has seen examples of that kind of history, which have degenerated into mere inventories of old clothes, or bills of indigestible fare; and it is not important to the human race to know the exact day on which Queen Adeliza Johanna Maud wore a green boddice over a blue kirtle, or on which Abbot Helluo de Voragine cooked five porpoises whole for a single feast. But the most notable instance of a historic failure, from mere want of humanity, is perhaps, Machiavelli's History of Florence. No book can be more free from theory, principle, or moral of any kind—not even a sensation novel. It is not even, like such a novel, inhuman—*i.e.* drawing humanity in monstrous and impossible forms; it is simply extra-human, drawing it not at all. Nevertheless, it is entirely occupied with men and their deeds; it is written as fluently, gracefully, vividly as book need be; it is crammed with incident—with stratagems, and treasons dire, with battle, murder, sudden death, plague, pestilence, and famine; and yet the effect of the whole is utter weariness, confusion, and disgust. There is no delineation of

character; there is no feeling for, or with, any actor. As might be expected from the cynic author of the "Principe," his men are not men, but stronger and cunninger beasts of prey. And therefore the effect of the book is confusion, weariness, disgust. It is no better sport than to look at the insects devouring each other in a drop of water: not even as good; for Machiavelli's insects are all of the same kind, shape, and colour, and one cannot even learn from them a lesson on the competition of species.

If all this be true (and true surely it is in the main), it is easy to understand the steadily increasing success of Mr. Froude's History of the Tudors.

When his first volumes appeared, his capabilities for writing history were altogether unknown save to a few who had read in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine* his admirable essays on "Mary Tudor," "England's Forgotten Worthies," "The Morals of Queen Elizabeth," &c.

They could not tell that he possessed what Mr. Carlyle makes the very definition of genius—"the infinite capacity of taking trouble." That he has that, his subsequent volumes have well proved. But one thing the public knew of him, that genius he had, of a kind which interests the many far more than the genius of taking trouble—the genius of human sympathy. Whatever they thought, or were told to think, about his earlier books, they knew from them this—that he had the power of seeing things in men and women which the mass could not see; of saying things of them which the mass dared not say; and of finding words for his thought which the mass could not find. The public calls that genius—geniality—the gift of sympathy and insight; and on the strength of that one gift they expected eagerly, and accepted gladly, an account of any part of English history which came from a man who could tell them about the heart of man.

They did wisely, and were not disappointed. They expected that he would solve for them puzzles concerning persons rather than concerning things, and they found him at once attempting to explain a personage perhaps the most Titanic, perhaps the most important, certainly the most unintelligible, in the long list of English sovereigns. Henry the Eighth, to the many, had as yet been comprehensible under no law save that popular one of Goldsmith's (by which, indeed, most historical problems are to this day solved)—

> "The dog, to serve his private ends,
> Went mad, and bit the man."

But what the dog's private ends for such a suicidal course might be, they had in vain as yet surmised. Mr. Froude had his theory, discarding for the most part the said private ends, and substituting for them public ones. The critics recalcitrated. If it had been so, would they not have said it themselves long ago? Is it not their business to know all about everything? The instructors of youth recalcitrated. It would unsettle the minds of the rising generation. It would require too many schoolbooks to be written over again. Beside, might it not injure the tender conscience of youth to be informed that one unworthy personage less than they had previously supposed had sat on the throne of England, and helped to build up her wealth and greatness?

The public, obedient to its leaders, recalcitrated likewise as bidden, but read the book nevertheless; not without a secret suspicion, by plain John Bull common sense, that if the once pious, wise, and virtuous Henry the Eighth did suddenly, in his later years transform himself from the likeness of a Christian man into that of a horned satyr of the woods, he might have compassed his wicked pleasures most safely and easily by the same method as his porcine friend, Francis the First, and most carnal men since his time, instead of endangering his crown, his country, and (as he held) his immortal soul, by marrying wife after wife. Moreover, the public, as they read, found wake up in them something of the old English respect

and love for the man who, amid whatever confusions, and even crimes, of thought, feeling, and actions, first dared to face and fight like a man the giant lie of a thousand years, and throw off, once and for all, the incubus which had weighed on England ever since Offa, in a fatal day, sent the first Peter's penny of Rome-scot to "the old Italian man "who called himself a God, upon the "strength of his wonder-working hoard "of rags and bones."

For the public, intensely Protestant—as all who are not such have discovered, and will discover to the end—saw this at least, that Mr. Froude was intensely Protestant likewise; and yet, that he justified their Protestantism to them not by one-sided and unjust fanaticism, but by fairly seeing and setting forth, from a human point of view, the faith, the struggles of conscience, the martyrdoms of the heroes of the old faith—of More, of Fisher, of the poor monks of the Charterhouse.

They found the darkest puzzles on their own side of the question explained by Mr. Froude's knowledge of the other side; and learnt from him—probably for the first time—to understand the deep discontent of Edward the Sixth's reign, and the subsequent revulsion to Popery under Mary, on some human and natural explanation, beside the old one of the rage and malice of the devil and his imps.

These volumes, even more than the earlier ones, showed the advantage of having our history written by students of human nature. The delineations of Somerset and Seymour, in Vol. V., were as masterly in themselves as they were pregnant with causes for the course which affairs took during that confused reign. The delineation of Mary Tudor was, as it ought to be, even more carefully worked out, and with the most complete success. For the first time, people in general could see in that hapless Queen, not a monstrous fury, but a woman, whose deepest sorrows and blackest crimes sprang out of her own warped and maddened womanhood. If Mr. Froude had done no more for English history than the figure of Mary Tudor alone, he would have deserved the thanks of all who love truth.

It was no wonder, then, that Mr. Froude's seventh and eighth volumes were anxiously expected, and greedily bought up. What would he, so subtle an analyst of character, and especially of the character of women, make of the great Elizabeth? Perhaps the first feeling of the many was one of disappointment. There seems to be a feeling abroad that Mr. Froude ought to have introduced the English heroic age and its heroine with some set flourish of trumpets (in the old Elizabethan sense of that phrase, which involved no ridiculous notion); that he should have begun with a proem, indicating both from what point England was starting, and at what goal she would arrive.

But Mr. Froude has not done this. He has confined himself strictly to his method of drawing the time by drawing its personages, their conversations, their letters; by letting the action explain itself, without any explanatory comment from a chorus. It is wisest, perhaps, to believe that Mr. Froude knows best how to tell his own story. He has spent years of thought and labour on these volumes; and he ought, in fairness, to have the benefit of Goethe's paradoxical but true rule, that our first impression of a work of high art is one of disappointment, almost of dislike. It is so different from what we should have made ourselves. Not till we have looked at it again and again do we become reconciled to its unexpected form and proportions. And though it would be too much to claim for this history the honour of a perfect work of art, it is not too much to ask that we should not judge of its value till we have read it more than once—perhaps till we have read the volumes which will follow, and have seen Mr. Froude's picture of Elizabeth and her times as a whole.

Certainly, we must not till then judge of his portrait of Elizabeth herself. Mr. Froude, in these volumes, treats of a period which has been too much slurred over by her biographers, and which is

painful enough to those who (as Englishmen did once, and should once more) admire and love her in spite of all her faults. She came to the throne, as he shows, crippled on every side; crippled by debts incurred by her sister, which she was trying honourably to pay, thereby bringing on herself the odium of stinginess; crippled by her inability to trust the statesmen who had brought England to the brink of ruin during her sister's and her brother's reign; crippled by her reasonable dissatisfaction with extreme negative Protestantism, and the revolutionary and fanatical forms which it was assuming on the Continent; crippled by the knowledge that at least half her subjects were still Romanists, ready to dethrone her—some of them to murder her—and put Mary Stuart in her place; crippled by the intrigues of France and Spain, which she had no power to resist by force of arms, and which she was compelled—or rather fancied herself compelled—to meet, after the fashion of all princes in those days, by paltry and disingenuous counter-intrigues; crippled, last of all, as Mr. Froude freely allows, by an affection for Lord Robert Dudley, which all but alienated from her the hearts of her people, and brought her at one time to the brink of ruin.

Mr. Froude has seen all these excuses for her; but it is a question whether he has brought them before his readers with sufficient prominence. He reiterates contemptuously charges of avarice against her, which may be permissible in a republican author, like Mr. Motley, but do not come so consistently from Mr. Froude, who has confessed that she was trying to pay honestly her sister's debts. Surely, there were great excuses for her shrinking from throwing good money after bad, whether into Scotland or into the Netherlands. There were great excuses for her shrinking from armed assistance to foreign powers, while she had no certainty but that her armaments and her honour would not be fooled away by incapable commanders, as they had been in the preceding reigns. There were great excuses for her vacillating in her assistance both to Scots and to Netherlanders, while neither Scots nor Netherlanders clearly knew what they wanted, and while she, of course, knew still less. She had a vast and unexampled part to play, in an age in which all that was old was rocking to its ruin, all that was new was unformed and untried. Can we wonder that she took years in learning that part—that she made more than one ugly mistake in her lesson? Let it suffice that she did learn it; that from the first, with that fine instinct for choosing great and good servants which was her safeguard in after life, she chose the noble Cecil, and not merely used, but, on the whole, obeyed him; and that, at last, she conquered, leaving England as strong and glorious as she found it weak and disgraced.

As for her falsehoods; they brought their own punishment, so swiftly and so often, that they cured themselves. She began on the wrong path, after the fashion of the then world, when every one seems to have lied over public matters. It is enough that she left that path in time to save England and herself.

Moreover, we must remember the morality of the time was low. If it had not been low, there would have been no Reformation, because none would have been needed. All true reformations, which lay hold of the hearts of the people, as this one did of the heart of England, are moral, not doctrinal, reformations. As long as the old Creed is the salt of the earth, and makes men consciously better men, they will cling to it, be it never so ragged and shaky; for, say they, and truly, the grace of God is still present in it. But when the grace of God is found to be gone out of it, so that it no longer makes men better, but rather worse, then the Creed is but too likely to go the way of "the salt which has lost its savour."

And the Roman religion had, for some time past, been making men not better men, but worse. We must face, we must conceive honestly for ourselves, the deep demoralization which

had been brought on in Europe by the dogma that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depended on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment. From the time that indulgences were hawked about in his name, which would insure pardon for any man, "*etsi matrem Dei violavisset*," the world in general began to be of that opinion. But the mischief was older and deeper than those indulgences. It lay in the very notion of the dispensing power. A deed might be a crime, or no crime at all—like Henry the Eighth's marriage of his brother's widow—according to the will of the Pope. If it suited the interest or caprice of the old man of Rome *not* to say the word, the doer of a certain deed would be burned alive in hell for ever. If it suited him, on the other hand, to say it, the doer of the same deed would go, sacramentis munitus, to endless bliss. What rule of morality, what eternal law of right and wrong, could remain in the hearts of men born and bred under the shadow of so hideous a deception?

And the shadow did not pass at once when the Pope's authority was thrown off. Henry VIII. evidently thought that if the Pope could make right and wrong, perhaps he could do so likewise. Elizabeth seems to have fancied, at one weak moment, that the Pope had the power of making her marriage with Leicester right, instead of wrong.

Moreover when the moral canon of the Pope's will was gone, there was for a while no canon of morality left. The average morality of Elizabeth's reign was not so much low as capricious, self-willed, fortuitous; magnificent one day in virtue, terrible the next in vice. It was not till more than one generation had grown up and died with the Bible in their hands, that Englishmen and Germans began to understand (what Frenchmen and Italians did not understand) that they were to be judged by the everlasting laws of a God who was no respecter of persons.

So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

Ever since Pope Stephen forged an Epistle from St. Peter to Pepin, king of the Franks, and sent it with some filings of the saint's holy chains, that he might bribe him to invade Italy, destroy the Lombards, and confirm to him the "Patrimony of St. Peter;" ever since the first monk forged the first charter of his monastery, or dug the first heathen Anglo-Saxon out of his barrow, to make him a martyr and a worker of miracles, because his own minster did not "draw" as well as the rival minster ten miles off;—ever since this had the heap of lies been accumulating, spawning, breeding fresh lies, till men began to ask themselves whether truth was a thing worth troubling a practical man's head about, and to suspect that tongues were given to men, as claws to cats and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence.

The court of Rome had been for centuries, by the confession not merely of laymen and heretics, but of monks, bishops, canonized saints, beatified prophetesses, the falsest spot on earth, as well as the foulest. "Omnia Romæ venalia" had been a taunt, not of the Reformation-time, but of five centuries' standing. The court policy of Rome had been that of Machiavel's Principe, "Divide et impera." Its example had debauched its vassal kings throughout Christendom. The courts of Europe were Italianized. The old Teutonic "Biederkeit und Tapferkeit," the once-honoured motto, "Treu und fest," had withered beneath the upas-shade of ultramontane falsehood and chicane; the Teuton, whether English, Spanish, or German, tried to make up for the loss of honesty, by clumsy efforts to out-lie Italian legates and bishops, in which

rivalry the Franks alone, the Luegenelder, liars from the beginning, had any tolerable success.

We must remember these things, ere we judge Elizabeth and her heroes. They were born in a demoralized time, with the vices of that time clinging thick upon them; having lost the old popish rule of right and wrong, wretched as it was, and having as yet no new Gospel rules to guide them: but they were growing more and more conscious of that new rule, of the Bible, of free thought, of the sanctity of national life; and by the lights thereof they were working their way out of the slough wherein they were born, to a higher, purer, nobler, more useful type of humanity than the world had seen for many a hundred years. Giants half awakened out of sleep, soiled with many an ugly fall, wearied and crippled in many a fearful fight, and yet victorious after all—we are not the men to judge them harshly, we who stand safe on the firm ground which their struggles won.

Of Elizabeth's attachment to Dudley, Mr. Froude has no doubt. Neither has he of the purity (in act at least) of that attachment. She asserted it at a moment when she believed herself dying; and there is not a jot of evidence in the opposite direction, save in the foul imaginations of Jesuits like Parsons, who could conceive of no love which was not after the model of Paris, Venice, and Rome. What Mr. Froude says on the miserable and scandalous Amy Robsart tragedy is worthy of most careful reading: but let the reader always keep in mind, that if Elizabeth and Dudley had been only willing (as they—at least he—seem to have been for awhile) to submit themselves to the Holy Father at Rome, that Holy Father would have been both able and willing to grant Dudley a divorce from Amy Robsart, and permission to marry the Queen.

Mr. Froude writes angrily and contemptuously of this affection toward Dudley; and there is cause enough for his so doing. He likes Elizabeth too well to allow her a licence which he can allow to Mary Stuart. But he should have remembered, that while Mary took that licence, Elizabeth did not. Meanwhile, after Elizabeth has been so long represented as utterly cold, heartless, the slave of vanity and ambition, it ought rather to raise her, than lower her, in our eyes to find her from her youth a true woman, capable—as her after life showed abundantly to those who have eyes to see—of deep and true affection.

The key to Elizabeth's strange conduct during these early years seems to be, over and above her debt and poverty, and her pardonable ignorance that her true safety lay in putting herself at the head of the Reformed party, this very simple and human fact—that she was honestly and deeply in love with a man who had been the friend of her youth, and the companion of her dangers; that she felt she must not marry him, while woman-like she could not give up the hope. That she amused others, and perhaps herself, with plans of marrying this person and that instead; and in order to put off the evil day, and escape as long as possible the loathed necessity, vacillated and lied, till she herself, and England likewise, was half-mad with suspense. That after all, she nobly resigned herself to the stern logic of facts; and confessed—a truly noble confession for that proud spirit—"that she would "have married my Lord Robert, but "her subjects would not permit her."

As for her love having been misplaced: what it is which produces in any pair of human beings, raised above the mere appetites of the animal, that mysterious attraction, is altogether so unknown and miraculous, that it is impossible for a student of human nature to say what bizzare and unexpected matches may not be made any day, among people whose characters he fancies he knows most thoroughly. Have we never seen noble women throw themselves away on knaves and fools? Have we never seen them, too, after they have found out their own mistake, justify and sanctify it to themselves by devotion the more intense as the object thereof is more unworthy? Unfathom-

able is the heart of woman. It is not for man, at least, to speak rudely of its weakness, when that weakness so often brings to them undeserved blessings. It is not for women, either, to speak rudely of that weakness, when—as in Queen Elizabeth's case—it has been conquered; conquered, as usual, not without fearful struggles, which scar and cripple the whole character for the rest of life: but conquered still, by the simple sense of duty.

It may fairly be questioned, whether Mr. Froude has not indulged too much that subtle power with which he can unweave the tangled skein of human motives—a power which would have made him, had he chosen so to waste it, one of our very best novelists. Certainly page after page of the first of these two volumes leave on us a sense of confusion and bewilderment. We have got not into one spider's web, but into four or five at once, spun, or rather in the act of being spun, through and across each other, all competing for the possession of the one fly—while, to make confusion worse confounded, the fly fancies itself a spider likewise, and begins trying to spin its web in self-defence, with results so painful and ludicrous that Mr. Froude loses his temper a little, and has no pity for the poor fly, forgetting how hard the times were, and how great the temptation to a lone woman like Elizabeth, to try if she could not meet cunning with cunning. The complication of affairs is well likened by the Quarterly Reviewer to the famous "Niece-nephew and Beef-eater dead-lock" in the *Critic.* But Mr. Froude is not content with simply showing us the dead-lock. He takes the puzzle to pieces, bit by bit, puts it together again, suggests possible methods of rearrangement thereof, and ultimately confuses somewhat, not himself—for he seems as much at home in plots as De Quadra or Philip—but his readers.

In that strange intrigue, for instance, which ended in Mary Queen of Scots selling herself, body but not soul, to the miserable Darnley, half out of cool-blooded policy, half out of bravado against Queen Elizabeth (who seems, in these early years, to have borne with her kindly, and advised her wisely), we find Elizabeth entreating Mary to marry Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester); on which Mr. Froude well says, p. 72:—

"Even in the person whom in her "heart she desired Mary to marry, "Elizabeth was giving an evidence of "the sincerity of her intentions. Lord "Robert Dudley was perhaps the most "worthless of her subjects; but in the "loving eyes of his mistress he was the "knight *sans peur et sans reproche:* "and she took a melancholy pride in "offering her sister her choicest jewel, "and in raising Dudley, though she "could not marry him herself, to the "reversion of the English throne."

Well said of Mr. Froude; and nobly done of Queen Elizabeth: but if so, why do we find, fifteen pages afterwards, this very shrewd, but rather unsatisfactory, passage?

"It is possible that the communica-"tions from Lord Robert to the Spanish "ambassador were part of a deliberate "plot to lead Philip astray after a will-"o'-the-wisp, to amuse him with hopes "of recovering Elizabeth to the Church, "while she was laughing in her sleeve "at his credulity. If Lord Robert was "too poor a creature to play such a part "successfully, it is possible that he too "was Elizabeth's dupe. Or again, it "may have been that Elizabeth was in-"sincere in her offer of Lord Robert to "the Queen of Scots, while she was "sincere in desiring the recognition of "Mary Stuart's title—because she hoped "that, to escape the succession of a "Scottish princess, one party or other "would be found in England to tolerate "her marriage with the only person "whom she would accept. If the Queen "was playing a false game, it is hard to "say which hypothesis is the more pro-"bable; yet on the one hand it will be "seen that Cecil, Randolph—every one "who has left an opinion on record—"believed that she was in earnest in "desiring Mary Stuart to accept Lord "Robert; whilst, on the other hand,

"the readiness with which the Spanish "Court listened to Lord Robert's over- "tures, proves that they at least believed "that he had a real hold on Elizabeth's "affections; and it is unlikely, with "the clue to English State secrets "which the Spanish Ministers un- "doubtedly possessed, that they would "have been deceived a second time by "a mere artifice. The least subtle ex- "planations of human things are usually "the most true. Elizabeth was most "likely acting in good faith when she "proposed to sacrifice Dudley to the "Queen of Scots. Lord Robert as pro- "bably clung to his old hopes, and was "sincere—so far as he could be sincere "at all—in attempting to bribe Philip "to support him in obtaining his "object." . . .

No doubt, "the least subtle explana- "tions of human things are usually the "most true." And Mr. Froude had given such an explanation in page 72. But if so, cui bono this whole passage? It only adds—unnecessarily, surely—to that sense of bewilderment which certainly seizes the reader during the perusal of much of the first volume.

But in as far as he omits surmises, and confines himself to the facts, however complicated, has not Mr. Froude a right to say to us critics, who earn our money by telling the world how things ought to have been done, instead of doing them ourselves, "How otherwise would you have had me draw the period, so as to give you a just notion of it? Take care that your very blame be not praise, proving that I have drawn from the life, and to the life. Call this part of my book the worst names you will; say that it is tedious—so was the time. Confused, mean, irritating—so was the time. I have tried to draw it as it was; and let it produce in the reader the same effect which it produced on the whole English people. Had I made the period interesting, I should have made it just what it was not. Had I compressed it, I should have given you the false notion that it was a short and unimportant episode in Elizabeth's reign, instead of what it was—a long suspense and confusion, which tormented people and statesmen alike into all but despair and rebellion, which endangered Elizabeth's throne, which permanently damaged her reputation, and gave a handle for Father Parsons, and the rest of the Jesuit slanderers and plotters, to pour out their foul 'Leicesters, Commonwealths,' and other vomissemens du diable. I have been tedious and irritating? If you had lived in those days, you would have found them infinitely more tedious and irritating than I have been."

The fact is, Mr. Froude has been in the case of one who has to represent on the stage a peat-bog—a foul, quaking, bottomless morass, stretching for weary miles. And how should he have done it, save by representing it as it was? He might have made it, for scenic purposes, look very pretty—deck it over with roses and gilly-flowers, and stuck a maypole in the midst, with swains and nymphs dancing round it, on soil of questionable security. But, on the whole, the impossible is not likely to be the correct.

Or he might have, for dramatic purposes likewise, only indicated his peat-bog, after the method of Bully Bottom and Snug the joiner, and cause one to enter with a spade over his shoulder and a turf in his hand, and say—

> "This turf of peat, which in my hand I hold,
> Doth bog present, both naked, deep, and cold,
> Where snipe and duck do breed;"

and so forth.

After which he must say, of course, "But sweet ladies, or fair ladies, if you think I am truly and indeed a bog, you be too hard on me. I am no bog, but honest John Heathcropper, at your service. So you must not be afraid of falling into me; no, nor of filing the soles of your feet through and of my bog:" &c. &c.—a method not unknown to various writers of history, who have taken on themselves to tell the story of Mary Queen of Scots, Francis the First, and other model sovereigns, with all the naughtiness left out for special reasons.

Mr. Froude has taken the simpler

(and on the whole juster) plan of sending John Heathcropper on the stage to confess that the bog is a very dangerous bog, a naughty bog, and must be crossed nevertheless; but that he has crossed it himself, and come back with a lanthorn; and that any lady or gentleman who chooses to step from this tummock to that tuffet, and so on, may in time get across; but that if they do slip in, he will find them a lanthorn, but cannot find them legs.

In drawing the character of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude has been more successful than he has as yet been in drawing Elizabeth. The task, indeed, is easier. The incidents of her life are so brilliant and dramatic, that, honestly told, they are enough to reveal the woman herself throughout: besides, the character is a shallower one than Elizabeth's—shallow from want of principle, though not from want of intellect or passion; a true panther nature—beautiful and swift, crafty and cruel, with the panther's stealthy crouch, the panther's sudden spring. Mr. Froude's admirable description of her ought to abolish, once and for all, the sentimental notion of her injured innocence, which prompts even Mr. Charles Knight to talk of her trial for her life, in 1586, as "an unequal encounter" between "the most adroit statesmen of her age" and "an inexperienced woman." Inexperienced? Burleigh and his compeers knew too well that, since she had landed in Scotland, she had had six-and-twenty years of perpetual experience in state craft and intrigue. They knew, too, that she had come into Scotland—as John Knox saw at his first glance—hardly needing that additional experience, so trained had she been in the ways of the craftiest court of Europe, and also—alas for her—in the morals and language of a society which—if we are to believe Brantôme, who adored her—can hardly find a parallel now in the lowest purlieus of St. Giles'. Be merciful to her faults, considering the simply infernal atmosphere which she breathed in her girlhood; but talk no more of her inexperience, lest you provoke the laughter of all who know anything of the facts.

One famous personage at least—Rizzio—comes before us in these volumes in a light quite new to the man. We must abolish henceforth (at least for our children's sake) those sentimental pictures in which the harmless minstrel lies thrumming melodiously at the feet of his mistress, who, in her turn, looks languishing into the infinite serene, as she dreams of La Belle France; and substitute for them a dark and able Machiavel, crouched serpent-like at the ear of an Eve whose lowering brow, curling lip, and flashing eye show that she can not only listen to, but sympathise with, the dark hints of the tempter. Rizzio, doubtless, was a fiddler, thrummer on the lute, or other maker of pleasant noises; but he was, over and above, a true sixteenth century Italian; wily, unscrupulous, taking to intrigue as to his natural element. And—what is not generally known—he was at his death the most powerful man in Scotland. Within two or three years of the time when he slept, for want of better bed, on the very chest in the lodge at Holyrood, on which his corpse was flung, he had become Mary's confidant, secretary, practical prime minister. He had entered into, and fomented, all her plots. He had caused her deadly and insane hatred toward her brother, and only wise and good counsellor, Murray. He was about to be invested with the Chancellorship of which Murray had been deprived, and of the lands which were to be taken from him. He was already ruling the nobles of Scotland; he—an unknown foreigner. He was just about to be exalted above them all. The nobles, after the time-honoured custom of the ancient Scots, got rid summarily of the intruder. Why not? It had been the fashion ever since the day when Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn; indeed, since Macbeth did the same by Duncan; or even earlier. When there is no law in a country, every man must needs be a law, if not to himself, at least to his enemies. So Rizzio was abolished; only the stupid and brutal boy Darnley

would have him torn out of the very chamber of the Queen, instead of seizing him at his own lodgings. But Darnley believed—or at least maked all Scotland believe—that Rizzio was Mary's paramour. Mr. Froude believes that he was not, on the sound ground that no one can credit a word which Darnley said on any matter. But the slander, if slander it was, did its work. It justified Rizzio's death in the eyes of the Scotch, who, years after, shouted to poor James, "Come out, thou son of Signor Davie!" and gave occasion to at least one bitter jest—that the said James was the Solomon of England in this at least, that he was the son of David.

One cannot pity Rizzio. He played for all or nothing, and lost. One might have pitied him, if he had turned to bay valiantly at last. Fox as he was, he might at least have died like the fox—dumb and game, biting as long as two limbs are left together. But he did not. The upstart who, five minutes before, had been sitting at supper with the Queen, while noble Scotchmen stood in waiting behind his chair, screamed with pain like a girl, clung to his mistress, then to her bed, and was dragged out, howling for mercy, to die like the false cur that he was.

"Here is his destiny," moralized an old porter, as he stood by, and saw his corpse flung on the chest in the lodge; "for on this chest was his first bed "when he came to this place, and there "now he lieth, a very niggard and mis- "known knave."

It is, in fact, the belief in Rizzio's guilt with Mary which explains the extreme brutality of the conspirators to Mary herself. Mere political jealousy of her favourite would not have vented itself in gratuitous insults to her. They believed Darnley's story, and were, in so far, his dupes. It was this, perhaps, which enabled Mary so far to thrust aside her own feelings as to pardon them, that she might the more securely wreak her vengeance on him.

Of her guilt with Bothwell, and her complicity in Darnley's murder, Mr. Froude's pages leave simply no doubt. He has made use of the famous "Casket-letters." But it is clear, from his own account, that they are no more needed to enable us to judge of her guilt than they were needed at the time. Scotland, England, and France, made up their minds at once, years before these letters were found, and we may, if needful, do the same.

As to the letters themselves, their authenticity, as is well known, has been again and again denied of late years; so, indeed, has Mary's guilt of any kind. It has been considered right, perhaps because it was necessary, to ignore even the one broad fact, worth any dozen others, that within a few days of Darnley's death, Mary was honouring, caressing, playing garden games with the man who had indubitably murdered her husband, and, as the public were informed, abducted and dishonoured her.

"But," says Mr. Froude, "the so- "called certainties of history are but "varying probabilities; and when wit- "nesses no longer survive to be cross- "questioned, those readers and writers "who judge of the truth by their emo- "tions can believe what they please. To "assert that documents were forged, or "that witnesses were tampered with, "costs them no effort; they are spared "the trouble of reflection by the ready- "made assurance of their feelings."

"The story in the text," Mr. Froude says, in a note, "is taken from the de- "positions of Anderson and Pitcairn; "from the deposition of Crawford "in the Rolls' House; and from the "celebrated Casket-letters of Mary "Stuart to Bothwell." Out of these materials, Mr. Froude has constructed a story, which for clearness, pathos, and grace of style, will remain a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, as one of the most perfect specimens of writing in the whole range of our literature. Of the letters, he says:—"Their authenticity will be dis- "cussed in a future volume, in con- "nexion with their discovery, and "with the examination of them which "then took place. Meantime, I shall "assume the genuineness of documents "which, without turning history into a

"mere creation of imaginative sym-"pathies, I do not feel at liberty to "doubt. They come to us, after having "passed the keenest scrutiny both in "England and Scotland. The hand-"writing was found to resemble so "exactly that of the Queen, that the "most accomplished expert could detect "no difference. One of these letters "could have been invented only by a "genius equal to that of Shakspeare; "and that one, once accomplished, "would have been so overpoweringly "sufficient for its purpose, that no "forger would have multiplied the "chances of detection by adding the "rest. The inquiry at the time appears, "to me, to supersede authoritatively all "later conjectures. The English Coun-"cil, among whom were many friends "of Mary Stuart, had the French ori-"ginals before them, while we have "only translations, or translations of "translations."

But even those, it seems to me, are enough. Read that one letter, of which Mr. Froude well says, "that it could "have been invented only by the genius "of a Shakspeare;" and judge whether it could have been written by any human being save by a woman, "at "that strange point where her criminal "passion becomes almost virtue by its "self-abandonment.":—

"I must go forward with my odious "purpose. You make me dissemble so "far that I abhor it. If it were not to "obey you, I had rather die than "do it.

* * * *

"Have no evil opinion of me for this, "for you yourself are the cause of it. "For my own private revenge, I would "not do it to him. Seeing, then, that "to obey you, my dear love, I spare "neither honour, conscience, hazard, "nor greatness, I pray you take it in "good part."

"*Have no evil opinion of me for this.*" What man, villain enough to have forged letters in Mary's name, would have had also human sympathy, insight, genius, enough to have forged that one sentence; to have thrown in that exquisite touch of mingled tenderness and shame; to have made Mary's highest object, not the gratification of her own pleasure, but Bothwell's good opinion; to have represented her, and not him, as the suppliant and the slave? One can imagine—because one knows the drama of those days—what sort of stuff a forger would have put into Mary's mouth—stuff worthy of a stage Semiramis or Messalina: but instead, we find words such as no man—perhaps not even Shakspeare—could invent or imagine; words which prove their own authenticity, by their most fantastic and unexpected, yet most simple and pathetic, adherence to human nature. Those who doubt the terrible fact of Mary's having written that letter, must know as little of the laws of internal evidence as of the tricks of the human heart.

It can be no pleasure to go into such matters; no pleasure to believe any woman an adulteress and a murderess. But as often as the relation of Elizabeth and Mary is brought before us, so often, at least for some years to come, will it be necessary to recollect clearly what it was. The whole matter, ever since Mr. Hume wrote his history—has been overlaid with misstatements, caused, probably, by mere sentimentality, but just as dangerous as if they had been spread about by Father Parsons and the Jesuits themselves, for the express purpose of putting into the minds of men an entirely false view of the case. The sixteenth century Jesuits, however (with some show of sense, as from their point of view), spoke of Mary as a martyr, dying in defence of the Holy Roman faith: it was reserved for modern Protestants to broach the monstrous theory that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of Elizabeth. That notion might, indeed, have something tragic and terrible about it, false as it is, if it could only be proved that the two great Queens were in love with the same man at the same moment, and fought Titanically for the prize. But as the favoured personage required by that hypothesis has not yet been discovered in history, it remains that Elizabeth could have been jealous merely of Mary's superior beauty

—and, indeed, one has seen the case actually so put, by some wiseacre who had probably never taken the trouble to consider what a deliberate and diabolical wickedness, extending over many years, he was imputing to the English Queen.

Certainly, if such people had wished to further the influence of the Romish Church over the public mind, they could have devised no method of treating history better calculated to do so, than to represent this long and internecine battle between Protestantism and Popery as merely the private quarrel of two handsome and ambitious women. And, therefore, it is necessary to repeat again and again, that Mary Queen of Scots was not merely heir to the throne of England, but that she considered and declared herself the rightful queen thereof during the lifetime of Elizabeth. That she was the hope and mainstay of the Popish party, both in England and in Scotland, and the wily and unscrupulous foe of that Protestant cause which has been the strength and the glory of both countries alike. That for that very reason Elizabeth shrank from acknowledging her as her heir, because she knew (as Mr. Froude well shows) that to do so was to sign her own death-warrant; that she would have been shortly murdered by some of those fanatics, who were told by the Pope and the Jesuits that her assassination was a sacred duty. That Mary, by her crimes, alienated from her not her own subjects—they had had too much reason to hate her already—but her Catholic friends in France, Spain, and England; and thus enabled Elizabeth to detain her in captivity as the only security against one who was an open conspirator, and pretender to the throne during her life; and finally, on the discovery of fresh plots against her crown, and the liberties and religion of England, which had by then become identified with the Protestant cause, to bring her to the scaffold. The justice or injustice of that sentence will, no doubt, be discussed by Mr. Froude in a future volume, as ably and fairly as he has in these volumes discussed Mary's original guilt; and if he shall give his verdict against Queen Elizabeth—and therefore against the Lords and Commons of England, who concurred with her in the sentence—we are bound to listen patiently to his decision. No one can come clean-handed out of such a long and fearful struggle; and the party which are in the right are but too certain, ere their work is done, to have likened themselves more than once to the party which is in the wrong.

But that Elizabeth and her party were in the right, and Mary and her party in the wrong, is to be remembered by every man who calls himself a Protestant; and any one who has observed the deep denationalization of mind now prevalent—not in the loyal, hereditary Catholics of these realms—but in those who have lately joined, or are inclined to join, the Church of Rome; their dissatisfaction with the whole course of English history since the Conquest, and of Scotch history since the days of great John Knox, for what, thank Heaven, it is—a perpetual rebellion against ultramontane tyranny; their outspoken contempt for all feelings and institutions which are most honoured by English or by Scotch: those, I say, who have observed this, will never lose an opportunity of reminding their fellow-countrymen, and especially the young, that they must, in justice to their native land, keep unstained and clear their broad sense of right and wrong; and remember that the cause which Elizabeth (with whatever inconsistencies and weaknesses) espoused, was the cause of freedom and of truth, which has led these realms to glory; the cause which Mary (with whatever excuses of early education) espoused, was the cause of tyranny and of lies, which would have led these realms to ruin; and that after all—

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, et victa puellis.

What Mr. Froude will have to say on this subject, we shall wait patiently and hopefully to hear. But that he will take, in the main, the same view as has been taken in this last page, no one can doubt, who has read his already published volumes. C. K.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ABERDEEN GRAMMAR-SCHOOL—DR. JAMES MELVIN.

The Schoolhill in Aberdeen, a street of oldish houses, derived its name from its containing the public Grammar School of the town. There had been a Grammar School in the burgh, on or near this same site, for centuries; and in the records of the town frequent mention is made of this School, and of the names of its masters. Its most noted benefactor, in later days, had been Dr. Patrick Dun, Principal of Marischal College, in the first half of the seventeenth century. How many successive buildings of older make had served for the school before Dr. Dun's time, or what sort of building it was lodged in when he took interest in it, I can only vaguely guess through fancy, and through such occasional entries in the burgh accounts as that of a sum of 38*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, in or about the year 1597, for "thecking the Grammar School with hedder." The School in my time was a plain, dingy building, which had been erected, I believe, in 1757, and which, if it was superior to some of its predecessors in not being thatched with heather, but slated and quite weather-tight, was certainly nothing to look at architecturally. Within a gateway and iron-railed wall, separating the School from the street, and forming a very limited playground in front, you saw a low main building of a single storey parallel with the street, and having a door with stone steps in the middle, and windows at the sides; and from this main building there projected towards the street two equally low wings, forming the two junior class-rooms. Two similar wings, which you could not well see from the street, projected from the main building behind, and accommodated the senior classes. The only entrance to the two back class-rooms was through the public school; the two front class-rooms might also be entered through the public school, but had separate doors from the front playground. The arrangements inside were simple enough. Each of the four oblong class-rooms had a raised desk for the master in one angle and two rows of "factions" as they were called—*i. e.* wooden seats, with narrow sloping writing benches in front of them—along the two sides of the oblong, so as to leave a free passage of some width in the middle for the master, when he chose to walk from end to end. Each "faction" was constructed to hold four boys, so that the look of a full class-room was that of a company of boys seated in two parallel subdivisions of fours along the walls. In the public school, where meetings of all the classes together took place for general purposes, the main desk, a wooden structure of several tiers, was in the middle of the long side of the oblong, immediately opposite the main door, and there were four sets of somewhat larger "factions," where the several classes sat on such occasions, all looking inwards. The entire accommodation internally, as well as the look externally, was of the dingiest; nor was it, perhaps, very creditable to the town that, even in the middle of the eighteenth century, they should not have risen to a somewhat loftier idea of the sort of building suitable for a School that was already historical among them, and was still likely to be of importance. But boys think little of these things; and the low dingy building had for them many snug, and some venerable, associations. In these rows of "factions," which they thumped energetically with sticks and

fists at every meeting, making an uproar till the masters appeared, and over which at other times they leaped in a thousand fashions of chase and mutual fight, roaring out such tags of traditional school-doggrel as—

> "Qui loupavit ower the factions
> Solvet down a saxpence,"

they could not but have a dim idea that generations of young Aberdonians, either long defunct and in their graves, or scattered abroad in mature living manhood, had sat and made uproar before them. The very tags of doggrel they shouted had come down to them from these predecessors; and in the appearance of the "factions" themselves, all slashed and notched and carved over with names and initials of various dates deeply incised into the hard wood, there was a provocation to some degree of interest in the legends of the school. It was not in the nature of boyish antiquarianism to go back to the times of those older heather-thatched school-buildings, ancestors of the present, in which the Cargills and Wedderburns, and other early Scottish Latinists of note, had walked as masters; but some of the traditions of the existing fabric in the days of recent masters, whose names and characters were still proverbial, were within the reach of the least inquisitive. Among these traditions by far the most fascinating was that of Lord Byron's connexion with the school. When, in 1792, Byron's mother had separated from her husband, the profligate Captain Byron of the Guards, she, being by birth a Miss Gordon of Gicht in Aberdeenshire, had retired to Aberdeen with her little lame London-born boy, then not quite five years old, and with about 130*l.* a year saved from her fortune which her husband had squandered. The little fellow, living with his mother in the Broadgate, and catching up the Aberdeen dialect, which he never quite forgot, learnt his first lessons from two or three private tutors in succession, the last of whom he mentions as "a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Patterson," the son of his shoemaker, but a good scholar. "With him," he says, "I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the Grammar School (*Scotice* 'Schule,' *Aberdonice* 'Squeel'), where I threaded all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England, where I had been hatched, by the demise of my uncle." The fact thus lightly mentioned by Byron was, as may be supposed, no small splendour in the annals of Aberdeen. There were many alive in the town who remembered the lame boy well, and some who had been his schoolfellows. We used to fancy the "faction" in which he had oftenest sat; and there was no small search for his name or initials, reported to be still visible, cut by his own hand, on one of the "factions"—always, I believe, without success. One school-legend about him greatly impressed us. It was said that, on his coming to school the first morning after his accession to the peerage was known, and on the calling out of his name in the catalogue no longer as "*Georgi Gordon Byron*" but as "*Georgi, Baro de Byron,*" he did not reply with the usual and expected "*Adsum,*" but, feeling the gaze of all his schoolfellows, burst into tears and ran out. But there are half a hundred Aberdeen myths about Byron, and this may be one of them.

The School was a grammar-school in the old sense of the term as understood in England as well as in Scotland. It was exclusively a day-school for classical education in preparation for the University. In fact, down to my time, it was all but entirely a Latin school. The rudiments of Greek had recently been introduced as part of the business of the higher classes; but, with this exception, and with the farther exception that, in teaching Latin, the masters might regale their classes with whatever little bits of history or of general lore they could blend with their Latin lessons, the business of the School was Latin, Latin, Latin. Since that time there have been changes in the constitution of the seminary to suit it to the requirements of more modern

tastes in education. There is now more of Greek, and express instruction in Geography, History, and I know not what all; but in those days it was Latin, nothing but a four or five years' perseverance in Latin, within those dingy old walls. Although the usual age at which boys entered the School was from eight to twelve, it was assumed that the necessary preliminary learning in matters of English, and in writing and arithmetic, had been gone through beforehand; and, though there were public schools for writing, drawing, and mathematics, equally under the charge of the city-authorities with the Grammar School, and which the pupils of the Grammar School might attend at distinct hours for parallel instruction in those branches, these schools were not attached to the Grammar School, and attendance at them was quite optional. So, on the whole, if you were an Aberdeen boy, getting the very best education known in the place, you were committed, at the age of from nine to eleven, to a four or five years' course of drilling in Latin, five hours every day, save in the single vacation-month of July—tipped only with a final touch of Greek; and, this course over, you were expected, at the age of from thirteen to sixteen, either to walk forward into the University, or, if that prospect did not then suit, to slip aside, a scholar so far, into the world of business. A four or five years' course, I have said; for, though the full curriculum was five years, it was quite customary for readier or more impatient lads to leap to the University from the fourth class.

This exclusive, or all but exclusive, dedication of the School to Latin was partly a matter of fidelity to tradition; but there was a special cause for it in the circumstances of the intellectual system of the town, and, indeed, of that whole region of the North of Scotland of which the town was the natural capital. The School was the main feeder of the adjacent Marischal College and University of the City of Aberdeen, and it also sent pupils annually, though not in such great numbers, to the other neighbouring University of King's College, Old Aberdeen. These two Universities, now united into one, were the Universities to which, for geographical reasons, all the scholarly youths of that northern or north-eastern region of Scotland which lay beyond the ranges of attraction of the other three Scottish Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and St. Andrew's, were naturally drawn. Whatever young man looked forward to a University education in this extensive region—of which Aberdeenshire itself and the adjacent county of Kincardine formed the heart, but which had Forfarshire, Banffshire, Morayshire, Invernesshire, Rosshire, and even more distant northerly parts for its fringes—thought of Aberdeen, and of one or other of its two Universities, as his destination while that education should be going on. The tendency from the Highland, and generally from the more northerly districts, was rather to King's College, while from Aberdeen itself, the eastern and lowland parts of Aberdeenshire, and from Kincardineshire and Forfarshire, the tendency was rather to Marischal College. But, to whichever of the two Universities the predisposition might be, the possibility of giving effect to it was, for many who cherished it, a matter of long preliminary anxiety. There were in that region of North Britain many well-to-do families, perfectly able to send their sons to either of the two Aberdonian Colleges, or even, if they so preferred, to Edinburgh or either of the English Universities; but in that region, more perhaps than in any other even of North Britain, there has always been a numerous class of whom it may be said, in Sydney's Smith's sense, *Musam tenui meditantur avenâ*, "They cultivate the "Muse, or the best rough Muse they "find accessible, on a little oatmeal." In other words, the ambition after a University education existed among a wider and poorer class in that region than is found to cherish a similar ambition elsewhere. The town of Aberdeen is included in this statement. The notion of a University education as possible descended very far down indeed among

the ranks of that community—far below the level of those families who could sustain by their own means the very moderate expense that was necessary with the University actually at their doors. To what is this to be attributed? Partly, if you so choose, to the breed of the folk; but considerably, at least, to a more palpable social cause. This desire for a University education exists there so widely, penetrates there so deep down in society, because in that region, more than in any other part of Great Britain, the means have existed from time immemorial for gratifying the desire. That part of Scotland has long had a peculiarity, of which I have often thought that the whole British world ought to hear, despite its natural antipathy to overabundant information respecting uncouth Scottish matters. That peculiarity is its Bursary System. I say *is*, for I hope it still exists. But what is a bursary, and what is or was the Bursary System of that Aberdonian region of Scotland? A bursary, in Scottish academic phraseology, is what a scholarship or exhibition is in English—a small annual stipend granted to a young man going to college out of funds bequeathed for the purpose, and tenable by him while he is at college. All the Scottish Universities have such bursaries at their disposal, founded by lovers of learning in past centuries; but the two Aberdeen Universities were peculiar in this (St. Andrew's alone, I think, coming near them in the practice) that the greater number of the bursaries were put up annually for open competition to all comers. There were more private bursaries in the gift of certain families, or of the professors, and bestowable by favour, or on the bearers of certain names; but each of the two colleges—King's and Marischal—had about twenty public bursaries to be disposed of every October by open competition. The bursaries were of small amounts, ranging from 5*l.* a year to 20*l.* a year; but, invariably, by the terms of the foundation, each bursary more than covered all the expenses of the college classes. Now, it was this Bursary System—as familiarly known over the whole region concerned as the Aurora Borealis in its nightly sky—it was this Bursary System that had generated and that sustained there a habit of looking forward to a University education among classes in which otherwise such a habit could have hardly been possible. Though the well-to-do youths in the town or in the country around might not care for a bursary, save for the honour—and it *was* reputed an honour, and, when obtained, was kept as such by many to whom it could have been of no substantial consideration—yet for a scholarly boy of poor family in one of the third-rate streets of Aberdeen, or for a poor farmer's son on Donside, following his father's plough and dreaming of a college life as the furrow came to the field's edge, the thought that would murmur to his lips would still be "A bursary: O for a bursary!" With many their going or not going to college depended on their winning or not winning, at the proper time, this coveted prize. One can see what influence such an agency might have been made to exercise over the schooling and intellectual activity of the region within which it operated—how, just as the India and Civil Service Competitions have affected the education of the whole country in these days, and swayed it in particular directions according to the subjects set for the competitions, so, on a smaller scale, even the frugal Bursary System of the North-east of Scotland might have been managed so as to stimulate, within its range of action, not one but many kinds of study. After the time of which I now speak, there *was* a change to this effect in the administration of the bursaries, and they were conferred after an examination testing proficiency of different kinds. But down to the time with which I have here to do, the competition for bursaries at both colleges was solely in Latin, and even mainly in one peculiar practice of Latin scholarship—that of turning a piece of English into Latin. The competition took place with great ceremony

every October in the halls of the two colleges. All who chose might come, and no questions were asked. A lad from Cornwall or from Kent, who had never been in Aberdeen before, might have entered the hall on competition-day, taken his place with the rest, and fought for a bursary with whatever force of Cornwall Latin or of Kent Latin was in him. The temptation was not such, however, as to attract many such outsiders; and it was generally some forty Aberdeenshire, Kincardineshire, Forfarshire, Banffshire, or Highland lads, out of about 160 who had assembled in Aberdeen for the competition, that were made happy by obtaining the bursaries of the year. But, as it was by skill in Latin that the feat was to be done, one can see what a powerful premium was thus put on Latinity all over the territory interested. Even the common parish-schools of the region gave some attention to Latin, and any parish-school that had within twelve years or so sent two or three lads to Aberdeen who had been successful in obtaining bursaries had celebrity on that account. Naturally, however, even if a country lad began his Latin with his own parish schoolmaster, he would, if possible, finish with a year or two at the grammar-school of the nearest town. There were several such grammar schools of some distinction in that far-north region; and old Aberdeen had a grammar-school of its own, acting more expressly as a feeder to King's College. But Aberdeen Grammar School proper, the grammar-school of the main city, was the school of greatest note. And so, on the whole, if the School had been aboriginally a Latin school, this influence of the Bursary System, in the centre of which it was situated, had helped to make it more and more tenacious of its original character. It was a case, I doubt not, partly of cause and partly of effect.

How far back in time the influence of the Bursary System had been in operation in the territory I do not know; but I should not wonder if it were to turn out, on investigation, that some form of the influence had to do with what is, at all events, the fact—that for more than two centuries Aberdeen and the region around had had a special reputation in Scotland for eminence in Latinity. The greatest Scottish Latinist, or at least Latin poet, after Buchanan, had been Arthur Johnston, born near Aberdeen in 1587, and educated at Marischal College; his *Parerga*, *Epigrammata*, and other Latin poems were first given to the world, between 1628 and 1632, from the Aberdeen printing-press; and among his fellow-contributors to the famous *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, or collection of Latin poems by living or recently-deceased Scottish authors, printed at Amsterdam in 1637, several of the best, after himself, were also Aberdonians and Marischal College men. From that time Aberdeen had kept up the tradition of Latin scholarship.

My readers may like to know what was the expense of education at this Aberdeen Grammar School about which and its connexions with a paltry bit of the land of oatmeal I have been making so absurd a fuss. Ten shillings and sixpence a quarter for each boy—that was the expense. Even that was grumbled at by some as too dear, and it was a rise from what had formerly been the rate. Ten shillings and sixpence a quarter for the very best classical school-education that was to be had, for love or money, in all that area of Scotland! The wealthiest and most aristocratic parent, if he kept his son on the spot, could not, by any device, do better for him in the way of schooling than send him to precisely this school—the historical school of the place. The sons of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were there mixed—all on the equal platform of ten and sixpence a quarter; save that, if a boy was lucky enough to be called Dun, he paid nothing. Add six and sixpence a quarter for attendance at Mr. Craigmyle's writing-school, and six and sixpence a quarter for attendance at Mr. James Gordon's mathematical school — at which two

public schools it was usual for the Grammar School boys to take instruction at separate hours—and you have the almost total school-expense for each boy as under five-and-twenty shillings a quarter. Extras, such as French, German, Fencing, Music, and other kickshaws, were then very rare indeed in Aberdeen; they were to be had, I know, but it was as turtle and champagne were to be had. As for Dancing, Heaven only knows how Aberbeen boys, whom I have since seen reel-dancing magnificently as full-grown men in Hanover Square Rooms, came by the rudiments of that accomplishment. I believe it was done by many at dead of night, on creaky floors in out-of-the-way places in the Gallowgate, with scouts on the look-out for the clergy. The only difference, in the matter of expense, between the wealthier and the poorer boys attending the Grammar School was that the former generally had private tutors, who went to their houses in the evening to assist them in preparing their lessons. Such supplementary private tuition was cheap enough. A guinea a quarter for each evening hour so spent was what many a Divinity student was glad to get; and two guineas a quarter was the maximum. It is a curious illustration what differences of tariff there might be in those pre-railway days between portions of the country not far distant from each other, that the rate of payment for exactly the same kind of private tuition in Edinburgh was then two guineas a month, or three times the Aberdeen rate. By a migration from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, if it could be managed and pupils bespoken, an Aberdonian dependent on teaching might at once triple his income. This attraction did operate, among other things, in luring Aberdonians southwards—an unfortunate thing for England; for, once in Edinburgh, the Pict might not stop there.

But my hero is waiting. A word or two more from Byron shall introduce him. "The Grammar School," says Byron in his reminiscences of his Aberdeen boyhood, "might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes, taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself." Save that the total number of pupils had increased to two hundred, or even latterly to between two hundred and three hundred, this succinct description of the Aberdeen Grammar School in Byron's time holds true of it at the time over which my recollection extends. The three under-masters then were Mr. Watt, Mr. Forbes, and Mr. John Dun. Watt and Forbes, or, as they were called irreverently, "Wattie" and "Chuckle," were two old men—the one white-haired and feeble, the other tougher, leaner, and with a brown wig—whose days of efficiency, which may have begun with the century, were now over. As each of the under-masters carried his class on for three years continuously, and then handed it over as the fourth class to the care of the chief master or Rector, himself going back to receive the new entrants, it was not uncommon for careful parents to keep back their boys till it was Mr. Dun's turn to assume the first class. He was a much younger man than the other two, kept splendid order, and was, indeed, a most excellent teacher. His class was usually twice or three times as large as that of Forbes or Watt—commencing at eighty or ninety strong in the first year, and always debouching at the end of the third year into the Rector's charge not only well kept up in numbers, but so well-trained that each third year's wave of "Dun's scholars," as they were called, was welcomed by the Rector as his most hopeful material.

The name of this Rector of the Aberdeen Grammar School, was Dr. James Melvin. For some years of his connexion with the school he had been but James Melvin, A.M.; but the degree of LL.D. had been conferred on him by Marischal College. He was also a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and on rare occasions would occupy the pulpit for one of his friends; but he did not usually figure as a clergyman or place the designation "The Rev." before his name. Living in Belmont Street,

close by the Grammar School, with his good old mother and his devoted sister presiding over his bachelor household—a very conspicuous member of which was a splendid and sagacious Newfoundland dog called Cæsar—he stepped over to the school every morning, Cæsar bounding before him as far as the school-gate; there he spent three hours every forenoon and again two hours every afternoon in teaching the two senior classes in the right-hand back class-room; and, during each winter-session at Marischal College, he did additional duty as Lecturer in Latin ("Lecturer in Humanity" was the official title, according to that strange hyperbole of our forefathers which viewed Latin as "Literæ Humaniorum," the literature of the more civilised folks)—a post to which he had been appointed in consequence of there being at that time no regular or endowed Latin chair among the College professorships. In this simple but not unlaborious round of duties—from his house in Belmont Street to the School, from the School to the College, from the College or School back to his house in Belmont Street, where he would generally have the evenings all to himself in his library—was Melvin's life passed. And yet it is in this man, thus plainly-circumstanced in his native place, and whose name can hardly have reached England, though some fame of him since his death has spread into the south of Scotland, that I would seek to interest the reader. My best reason is that he is still of unique interest to me. I have known many other men since I knew him—men of far greater celebrity in the world, and of intellectual claims of far more rousing character than belong to Latin scholarship; but I have known no one and I expect to know no one so perfect in his type as Melvin. Every man whose memory is tolerably faithful can reckon up those to whom he is himself indebted; and, trying to estimate at this moment the relative proportions of influences, from this man and from that man encountered by me, which I can still feel running in my veins, it so happens that I can trace none more distinct, however it may have been marred and mudded, than that stream which, as Melvin gave it, was truly "honey-wine." It is long, at all events, since I vowed that some time or other I would say something publicly about Melvin. For I know no other notion of historical, or any literature, worth a farthing, than that which rules that the matter of which it consists shall always be matter interesting to the writer, and *previously unknown* to the reader.

Melvin, it is now the deliberate conviction of many besides myself, was at the head of the Scottish Latinity of his day. How he had attained to his consummate mastery in the Latin tongue and literature—how, indeed, amid the rough and hasty conditions of Scottish intellectual life, there could be bred a Latin scholar of his supreme type at all—is somewhat of a mystery. In England, with her longer classical school-drilling, protracted to a later age than in Scotland, and then with her system of University Residence, and her apparatus of College Fellowships to bring scholarship to its rarest flower, the development and maintenance of a style of profound and exact scholarship which Scotland cannot rival, save in a few exceptional instances, is to be expected. And the fact, more especially in Greek learning, corresponds with the expectation. But there *are* exceptional instances—instances of Scotchmen, and not Scotchmen only that have been at the English Universities, who, by private labour aiding a natural bent of genius, have, in Latinity at least, carved themselves up to even the English standard of exquisiteness, albeit something of a national type may still be discerned in the cast of their Latinity, and it may be recognised as the Latinity of the countrymen of Buchanan, Johnston, and Ruddiman. In later times the bent of natural genius that could in any case lead to such a result must have been very decided, and the labour great and secret. In the case of Melvin I can suppose nothing else than that the tra-

ditional muse of Aberdonian Latinity, still hovering about the region and loth to quit it, became incarnate in him at his birth, by way of securing a new lease of residence. The ascertainable incidents of his life, at least, are no sufficient explanation. Born in Aberdeen, of poor parents, in 1794, he had passed through the Grammar School a few years after Byron had left it—his teachers there being a Mr. Nicoll and the then rector, Mr. Cromar; he had gone thence to Marischal College as the first bursar of his year; and, after leaving College, he had been usher at a private academy at Udny, near Aberdeen, and then under-master in Old Aberdeen Grammar School, where the chief master was a Mr. McLauchlan, of some note as a Celtic and classical scholar. In 1822 he had been invited by his old master, Nicoll, then in declining health, to be his assistant in the Aberdeen Grammar School; and, on Nicoll's death, he had been appointed to succeed him, after a public competition in which he distanced the other candidates and won extraordinary applause from the judges. The Rector, Cromar, dying in 1826, Melvin, though the youngest under-master, had again, in public competition, won the unanimous appointment; and on the 24th of April in that year—in one of those assemblies of the city-magistrates, city-clergy, college-professors, and other dignitaries, not forgetting the red-coated town's officers, which took place in the main school-room, to the great delight of the boys, on gala-days, and always at the annual Visitation and distribution of prizes—he was installed, at the age of thirty-two, into the post which was to be his till death. The office may have been worth 250*l.* a year. His appointment to the Latin lectureship in Marischal College, which may have been worth 80*l.* a year more, came soon afterwards.

Whatever start he may have had in the lessons of Nicoll and Cromar, and whatever firmer grasp of rudimentary Latin he may have got in teaching it at Udny and under McLauchlan in Old Aberdeen, Melvin's scholarship must have been the result of an amount of reading for himself utterly unusual in his neighbourhood. The proof of this exists in the superb library, one of the wonders of Aberdeen, which, even with his moderate means, he had managed to collect around him. There was nowhere in that part of Scotland, probably nowhere in all Scotland, such another private library of the classic writers and of all commentaries, lexicons, scholiasts and what not, appertaining to them. To see him in his large room in Belmont Street, every foot of the wall-space of which, from the floor to the ceiling, and even over the door and between the windows, was occupied with books filling the exactly-fitted book-shelves, was at once a treat and a revelation to a native of those parts. And the collection of this library must have been begun early in his life. His surviving sister, who was considerably his junior, says that her first recollections are "not so much recollections of him as of books and him." From the first he had catalogues of books sent to him from all quarters, and he was always purchasing. He had complete sets of the fine old editions of the Latin classics, Dutch and English, with some of the later German; and his collection of Mediæval Latin literature was probably the completest in Scotland. The most obscure and out-of-the-way names were all represented. In Greek literature his collection was nothing like so full; there were even extraordinary gaps in it. Among the Latins, he abounded most in editions of Horace—having, as he once told a friend,[1] a copy of Horace for every day in the year. And so, among these Latin classics, and the commentators and grammarians of all ages illustrating them, he had read and read, till, at the time of his appointment to the Grammar School Rectorship, his knowledge of Latinity was

[1] Professor Geddes, now of the University of Aberdeen, and formerly Melvin's successor in the Rectorship of the Grammar School; to whom I am indebted for various particulars in the present paper, supplied either privately or through a copy of a notice of Melvin which he wrote at the time of his death.

probably already more extensive, original, deep, subtle, and delicate than that of any other scholar within the limits of North Britain.

A slight monument of the style of Melvin's Latin scholarship and especially, as a competent critic has said, of the *curiosa diligentia* in minute matters for which he was remarkable, remains in a Latin Grammar which he compiled for the School soon after his appointment to it, and which was used in the School incessantly, from the lowest classes upwards, as supplementary to the Rudiments. This Grammar, which went through three editions, consists, in the first place, of a series of rules in Etymology and Prosody, all in Latin Hexameters, partly made by Melvin, partly mended and borrowed by him from preceding grammars of the kind — the whole of which had to be got by heart gradually by the boys. The Latin rules, however, are bedded in an explanatory English text elucidating obscure points and giving additional information. Then —at least in the edition now before me —there are occasional critical footnotes, correcting or questioning the views of former grammarians as to the genders, declensions, quantities, &c. of particular words. From these footnotes I will cull a few morsels that seem especially Melvinian :—

Gender of Homo.—"The authority of Plautus has been alleged to prove that *Homo* may be used with a feminine adjective ; *Hominis miseræ misereri*, Cist. IV. 2. 21. But the passage thus quoted is corrupt. Correct editions have, *Homines misere miseri.* I should not have mentioned this mistake, which has long ago been exposed by Vossius, had it not found its way into Ainsworth's Dictionary, and been suffered to remain in the latest editions. It is much to be regretted that a book in such general use should abound, as it does, with such inaccuracies. But even the best Dictionaries—those of Gesner, Forcellini, Scheller, &c.—though certainly they do not deceive the unwary consulter by such citations, are not in every instance correct in marking the genders of nouns. In justice to Ainsworth, it must be added, that the original edition of his Dictionary, in 1736, the only one that he superintended, is not disgraced by the erroneous quotation here noticed, and is also free from several of the other blunders which subsequent editions, though otherwise improved, are found to contain."

The word Pollen.—"After the most diligent research, I have not been able to determine with certainty either the termination or the gender of *pollen.* Ruddiman quotes *pollen* as used by Celsus (V. 19. § 4) ; and so indeed some editions have it ; but in others, and those the most correct, there is no such word. Priscian says that Probus and Cæsar declined it *pollen,-inis,* neut. Charisius, according to the same Priscian, makes it *pollis,-inis,* fem. ; but Phocas says it is *pollis,-inis,* masc., like *sanguis.* In Isidorus (XX. 2.), we find *polles,* which seems to be a mistake, but whether for *pollen,* or *pollis,* is uncertain. Some of the ancient Glossaries have it *pollinis,-is,* masc. Cato, Pliny, and Mela, use *pollinem* as the accusative, but in what gender, or from what nominative, cannot be known. Serenus, a poet of little authority, has *madida polline.*"

Ablative singular of Par.—"Vossius, Messieurs de Port Royal, Ruddiman, and many others, say that the masc. or fem. substantive *par* has in the abl. *pare* only ; in proof of which, *two poetical* authorities are produced. Some also confound *par,* com. gen. (an equal, a mate, &c.) with *par,* neut. (a pair). But they are two distinct words ; and, in prose, have both *pari.* Thus ; *Cum illo tuo pari,* Cic. Pis. 8. § 18. *Sine pari,* Plin. VIII. 21. § 33. *In ejusmodi pari,* Cic. Pis. 12. § 27. &c. But the com.-gen. word has sometimes E ; as, *Cum pare contendere,* Sen. de Ira, II. 34. § 1."

Spondaic Alcmanian Tetrameters in Horace. —"This ["Mensorem cohibent archyta"] is the only instance in Horace of a Spondee for the third foot of the Alcmanian Tetrameter ; though unskilful Prosodians find another in the following line of the same poet, (Od. I. 28. 24.)

Ossibus et capiti inhumato.

But it is to be observed that the first two syllables of *ĭnhŭmato* are short, and that the verse is to be scanned without eliding the I of *capiti ;* thus,

ōssibŭs | *ēt căpĭ-* | *-tī ĭnhŭ-* | *-mātō.*"

Scanning of Latin Sapphics.—"As the division of a *simple* word often occurs between the third Sapphic and the Adonic, Dr. Carey conceives that the stanza was intended to consist only of *three* lines, the Adonic being added to the third Sapphic, with the fifth foot of the long verse either a spondee or a trochee. To this union, however, there exists this objection, that final vowels, and even final *m* with its accompanying vowel, will thus be frequently preserved from elision ; in Horace's Sapphic Odes, for example, *four* several times.—(Od. I. 2. 47.—I. 12. 7.—ibid. 31.—I. 22. 15.)— Now, there is no instance of neglected elision in any other part of Horace's Sapphics ; and but *three* unquestionable examples of such neglect in *all* his other Odes, and *no* example where *m* is concerned, the asynartetic verse (No. 32) in Epode XI. not being taken into account."

During our three years in the under-classes we saw Melvin only incidentally and on the weekly gatherings of the whole school in the public schoolroom, when the fact that he wore a gown and kept his hat on, while the other three masters were without gowns and had their hats off, greatly impressed the young ones. His authority over the other masters was never made in the least apparent, but it was felt to exist; and there was always an awful sense of what might be the consequences of an appeal to him in a case of discipline. No such appeal, in my day, from Watt or Forbes (Mr. Dun required to make none) ever ended in anything more serious than a public verbal rebuke; but that was terrible enough. For the aspect of the man—then in the prime of manhood, lean, but rather tall and well-shouldered, and with a face of the pale-dark kind, naturally austere, and made more stern by the marks of the small-pox—was unusually awe-compelling. The name "Grim," or, more fully, "Grim Pluto," had been bestowed upon him, after a phrase in one of the lessons, by one of his early classes; and this name was known to all the School. When he entered the school-gate, the whisper in the public-school would be "Here's Grim"; and, as he walked through the School into his own class-room, looking neither right nor left, with his gold watch-chain and seals dangling audibly as he went, all would be hushed. And yet, with all this fear of him, there was affection, and a longing to be in his classes, to partake of that richer and finer instruction of which we heard such reports.

When one did pass into the Rector's immediate charge, one came to know him better. The great awe of him still remained. Stricter or more perfect order than that which Melvin kept in the two classes which he taught simultaneously it is impossible to conceive. But it was all done by sheer moral impressiveness, and a power of rebuke, either by mere glance or by glance and word together, in which he was masterly. As a born ruler of boys, Arnold himself cannot have surpassed Melvin. And, though there were wanting in Melvin's case many of those incidents that must have contributed to the complete veneration with which the Rugby boys looked at Arnold—the known reputation of the man, for example, in the wide world of thought and letters beyond the walls of the school—yet, so far as personal influence within the school was concerned, there was in Melvin some form of almost all those things that we read of in Arnold as tending to blend love more and more, on closer intimacy, with the first feeling of reverence. Integrity and truthfulness, conjoined with a wonderful considerateness, were characteristic of all he said and did. His influence was so high-toned and strict that, even had he taught nothing expressly, it would have been a moral benefit for a boy to have been within it. It did one good even to look at him day after day as he sat and presided over us. As he sat now, in his own class-room, always with his hat off, one came to admire more and more, despite his grim and somewhat scarred face, the beauty of his finely-formed head, the short black hair of which, crisping close round it, defined its shape exactly, and made it more like an ideal Roman head than would have been found on any other shoulders in a whole Campus Martius of the Aberdonians. One un-Roman habit he had—that of snuff-taking. But, though he took snuff in extraordinary quantities, it was, if I may so say, as a Roman gentleman would have taken it—with all the dignity of the toga, and every pinch emphatic.

In that teaching of Latin which Melvin perseveringly kept to as his particular business, a large portion of the work of his classes consisted, of course, of readings in the Latin authors in continuation of what had been read in the junior classes. Here, unless perchance he began with a survey of the Grammar, to see how we were grounded, and to rivet us afresh to the rock, we first came to perceive his essential peculiarities. Ac-

curacy to the last and minutest word read, and to the nicest shade of distinction between two apparent synonyms, was what he studied and insisted on, and this always with a view to the cultivation of a taste for pure and classic, as distinct from Brummagem Latinity. The authors chosen were few and select—chiefly Cæsar and Livy among the prose writers, and Virgil, Horace, and Buchanan's Psalms among the poets. The quantity read was not large—seldom more than a page a day. But every sentence was gone over at least five times—first read aloud by the boy that might be called on; then translated, word for word, with the utmost literality, each Latin word being named as the English equivalent was fitted to it; then rendered as a whole somewhat more freely and elegantly, but still with no permission of that slovenly and soul-ruining practice of translation which is called "giving the spirit of the original;" then analysed etymologically, each important verb or noun becoming the text for an exercise up and down, backwards and forwards, in all appertaining to it; and lastly construed, or analysed in respect of its syntax and idiom, the reasons of its moods, cases, and what not. In the case of a poetical reading there was, of course, the farther process of the scanning, in which Melvin was, above all, exacting. To the common reproach against Scottish scholarship, that Scotchmen have no grounding in quantities, and say *vectīgal* or *vectĭgal*, just as Providence may direct them at the moment—the Aberdeen Grammar School, at least, was not liable. A false quantity was even more shameful in Melvin's code than a false construction, and it was not his fault if we did not turn out good Prosodians. Of course, in the readings, whether from the prose writers or the poets, occasion was taken by Melvin to convey all sorts of minute pieces of elucidative historical and biographical information, in addition to what the boys were expected to have procured for themselves in the act of preparation; and in this way a considerable amount of curious lore—about the Roman calendar, the Roman wines and the ways of drinking them, &c.—was gradually and accurately acquired. Never, either, did Melvin leave a passage of peculiar beauty of thought, expression, or sound, without rousing us to a sense of this peculiarity, and impressing it upon us by reading the passage himself, eloquently and lovingly, so as to give effect to it. Over a line like Virgil's description of the Cyclopes working at the anvil,

"Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt,"

he would linger with real ecstasy, repeating it again and again with something of a tremble of excitement in his grave voice. Perhaps, however, it was in expounding his favourite Horace that he rose oftenest to what may be called the higher criticism. It was really beautiful to hear him dissect a passage in Horace, and then put it together again thrillingly complete. Once or twice he would delight us by the unexpected familiarity of an illustration of a passage in Horace by a parallel passage from Burns. The unexpected familiarity I have called it; for, though his private friends knew how passionately fond he was of Burns, how he had his poems by heart, and often on his lips, and was moreover learned in Scottish poetry and the old Scottish language generally, this was hardly known in the School, and it gave us a start to hear our Rector suddenly quoting Scotch. It gave him a pleasure, I believe, which he could not have resisted at the moment, though the glee of the class had become uproar, to link his darling Horace with his darling Burns, and to remind us that, if Horace, in his "O Fons Bandusiæ," had said

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ,"

the Scottish Bard, without consulting Horace, had had the same thought:

"The Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock your crest;
We'll gar *our* streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best."

On the whole, however, Melvin's teaching of Latin was strictly philological. He did not lead us over a great deal of ground in our readings, and he kept carefully to the track of what we did read. He did not belabour us with vast masses of lax information about the Romans, nor branch out into speculative disquisitions on the philosophy of literature and things in general. His aim was, by the intense accuracy of our reading in a well-arranged course of progressive difficulty, both to drill us to accuracy in all intellectual matters whatever, and to put us in perfect possession of the instrument of Latin, should we care afterwards to use it for ourselves.

To test the degree in which we possessed the instrument, there was in the Aberdeen Grammar School an amount of practice in Latin composition such as, I believe, was known at that time in no other school in North Britain. Almost from the first class we were practised in making Latin sentences, and even in constructing sentences to be turned into Latin, with which publicly to puzzle each other. And very soon, in addition to the printed Exercise-Books of this kind which we used, there came into play the agency of what were called "Versions"—*i.e.* pieces of English expressly prepared by the Master to be dictated to us in the class-room and there turned into Latin. But it was in Melvin's classes that this practice of Version-making—having reference, no doubt, to the peculiar arrangements of that competition for the Bursaries of the two Universities of which I have spoken—attained its fullest development. He did not tax us much in the way of Latin versification—which was reserved rather for his Marischal College classes; but our practice in Latin prose-composition was incessant. Two entire days in every week were regularly devoted to "the Versions;" and these were the days of keenest emulation. In anticipation of them, it was our habit to jot down in note-books of our own, divided alphabetically, and with index-margins for the leading words, any specialities of phrase or idiom—any niceties about *Ut*, *Quum*, *Quod* and *Quia*, *Ille* and *Iste*, *Uter* and *Quis*, *Suus* and *Ejus*, *Plerique* and *Plurimi*, and the like—upon which Melvin dwelt in the course of our readings. With these manuscript "phrase-books" or "idiom-books" (containing, doubtless, much that might have been found in print, but precious as compiled by ourselves), and with Ainsworth's Dictionary for our authorised guide under certain rather numerous cautions and restrictions, we assembled on the morning of every Version-Day; and, sure enough, in the piece of English which Melvin then dictated to us—which was always a model of correct style and punctuation, and generally not uninteresting in matter—there were some of the traps laid for us against which he had been recently warning us. We sat and wrote the versions—those who were done first (generally the first-faction boys) going up to Melvin's desk to have them examined; after which, they became his assistants in examining the other versions, so as to clear them all off within the day. In these versions into Latin, as in the translations from the Latin, closeness to the original was imperative—no fraudulent "giving of the spirit of the original," so as to elude the difficulty presented by the letter, was tolerated for a moment. The system of marking was peculiar. You were classed, not by your positive merits of ingenuity, elegance, or such like, but, as in the world itself, by your freedom from faults or illegalities. There were three grades of error—the *minimus*, or as we called it, the *minie*, which counted as 1, and which included misspellings, wrong choices of words, &c.; the *medius* or *medie*, which counted as two, and included false tenses and other such slips; and the *maximus* or *maxie*, which counted as 4, and included wrong genders, a glaring indicative for a subjunctive, &c. There might, in a single word, be even (horrible event!) a double *maxie*, or a combination of *maxie* and *medie*, or *maxie* and *minie*. On a *maxie* in the version of a good scholar Melvin was always cuttingly severe. "*Ut . . . . dixit*" he would say, underscoring the two

words, in a sentence where the latter should have been *diceret*—" *Ut . . . . dixit*," he would repeat, refreshing his frown with a pinch of snuff—" *Ut . . . dixit*," he would say a third time, with a look in the culprit's face as if he had murdered his father, " Oh, William, William, you have been very giddy of late;" and William would descend crest-fallen, and be miserable for half a day. So thoroughly was this gradation of *maxie*, *medie*, and *minie* worked into us, that I believe it became identified permanently with our notions of the nature of things, and I question whether there is a Melvinian abroad in the world now that does not classify sins and social crimes as *minies*, *medies*, and *maxies*. On our versions, at all events, the sum-total of the errors, so graduated, was marked at the top; and we took our places accordingly. Only between two versions coequal in respect of freedom from fault was any positive merit of elegance allowed to decide the superiority; and if, among two or three versions of the first-faction boys that were passed as *sine errore*, one was declared *sine errore, elegantissime*, you may fancy whether the top-boy that owned it did not feel like a peacock. But, when Melvin dictated his own Latin next day, to be written in our version-books after the English, then the difference between *our* best and his ordinary would be at once apparent.

In preparing the "Versions" for his classes Melvin was most conscientious. Nothing vexed him more than, through some rare press of engagements, to be obliged to dictate an old version a second time. They used to see, at home, by his face, when this was the case. Every year he prepared about a hundred versions, so that altogether he must have left in manuscript between two and three thousand. The fame of them had gone abroad through Scotland in his lifetime, and some, taken from stray Version-Books of his old pupils, were unscrupulously appropriated and printed without acknowledgment in his later years.[1]

From what has been said, it will be seen how it was that the sole objection ever made to Melvin's method of teaching by those who were acquainted with it, took the form of a question whether it was not too narrow, too pertinaciously old-fashioned, too little according to the newest lights. For myself, though I can conceive another method or other methods of teaching Latin than Melvin's, which should be also good, I am persuaded that not only was his method admirably perfect for its end, but also that no method that did not aim as resolutely at the same end by a considerable use of the same means would be worth much in the long run. At all events, Melvin's method was deliberately adopted by him, and, though in accordance with his nature, yet not, perhaps, without some cost of self-repression. The Melvin that we came afterwards to know in his own house and library, for example, had many tastes and interests of an intellectual kind that one could hardly have surmised in the Melvin of the Grammar School. I have already mentioned his fondness for old Scottish poetry, and his expertness in the Scottish dialect; and I find that, as early as 1825, when he was still only under-master in the School, he had rendered such services to Jamieson, in connexion with the two-volume Supplement to his Dictionary of the Scottish Language published in that year, as to obtain rather distinguished notice among the acknowledgments of help in the Preface to that work. But as he kept to himself to the last, as one of his private recreations, this knowledge of Scottish philology, so even of his Latin philology it was but a sifting of the purest wheat that he gave to his pupils.

[1] Specimens of Melvin's Versions to the number of 231 in all, honestly compiled and acknowledged, may be found in a volume entitled "Latin Exercises as Dictated by the late James Melvin, LL.D." (Edinburgh, Maclachlan and Stewart: London, Simpkin and Marshall); put forth by the Rev. Peter Calder, A.M. Rector of the Grammar School, Grantown, N.B. This volume, the second edition of which bears date 1862, is worth looking after by teachers of Latin. There is a supplementary volume, by way of Key.

Though, in instructing them, he drew Latin only from what he considered the wells of Latin undefiled, his own erudition was vast in the Latin literature of all styles and epochs. He had in his library, as I have said, an extraordinary collection of the Mediæval Latinists; and though, in the class-room, we had come to regard Plautus, poor fellow, as little better than an abomination, on account of his perpetually misleading us in the matter of deponent verbs, I have no doubt that, by himself, Melvin enjoyed Plautus as much as any one. Then his excursions among the Grammarians and in the History of modern Latinity were, on the whole, unknown to us. We had the results, but of the masses of material we heard but little. Of his admiration for Buchanan we were made fully aware, because Buchanan's Psalms chanced to be amongst the books read, and the beauty of his Latinity became a subject of comment; but of Arthur Johnston, the Aberdonian, whom he also admired, we heard only incidentally; and I do not think we could have guessed in the class-room, what was nevertheless the fact, that the modern scholar of whom his admiration was most profound was the English Bentley. In all this there must have been self-repression, and a resolute recollection of the maxim that it is biscuit, rather than strong meat, that suits a beginner.

That so much of Melvin's scholarship died with him, uncommemorated either by any work from his pen in addition to his grammar, or by any sufficient tradition among his pupils, is a matter for regret. Towards a Latin Dictionary, on which he was reported to be engaged, and which was certainly thought of by him as a worthy labour of his life, I know not whether he left any materials. The passion for acquisition, I fancy, had conquered in him the desire for production. A living scholar who knew him well has expressed his regret that he did not, at least, give to the world an edition of some classic author which might have preserved some of "those fruits of ripe "scholarship and those exquisite morsels "of keen and delicate criticism which "he had gathered in his long experi-"ence;" and the same scholar suggests that Statius, "who is in want of such a service," might have suited the purpose.

There was, however, a third way in which more of Melvin might have been brought out than could be educed by the work of a Grammar School. As he had been Lecturer in Humanity in Marischal College for some ten years before the institution and endowment in that University of a regular Humanity Professorship, and as in that post he *had* given effect to some of the higher developments of Latinity, it was expected, in 1839, when the Professorship was actually established and endowed, that his promotion to that post, relieving him from the drudgery of his School-Rectorship, would begin a new era in his life. But the Whigs, then in office, knew nothing of Melvin; and so there was appointed to the new post, instead of Melvin, one of his old pupils, then an Edinburgh barrister—a man to whom the only objection even then was that he had obtained what had been popularly destined for Melvin, and of whom it has to be said since that he has stirred Scotland in many ways by his eccentricities and his genius. And thus, for another spell of years, Melvin, his connexion with Marischal College at an end, went between his house in Belmont Street and the School, faithfully doing the duties of his Rectorship. But, again, when he was far on in his fifties, the Professorship became vacant by the transference of its first holder to the University of Edinburgh. This time Melvin's friends made sure that he would be appointed. Many of his pupils were now grown-up and men of local influence, and every exertion was made in his behalf. But again he was set aside. I think it was the Conservatives—Melvin's own party, so far as he belonged to one—that were then in power. He said little and went on as before; but it was a cruel blow, and they say he never recovered it. Testimonials from old pupils and other public demonstrations, attested the sympathy felt for him and the desire to

compensate, as far as possible, for his disappointment. The last testimonial, being a sum of 300*l.* in a silver snuff-box, was presented to him on the 18th of June, 1853, by a deputation, headed by the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, who waited on him in his own house. He thanked them feelingly, but was in too feeble health to say much. He had persevered in teaching his classes as usual, but was hardly able to move to and from the school; and his friends were looking forward to the approaching holiday-month of July, during which, as in previous years, he might go into the country to recruit. The boys, respecting his weakness, were less noisy than usual as the holiday-time drew near, and, if they were preparing for the usual decorations of the "factions" and school-walls with green branches of trees and crowns and festoons of flowers, made their preparations in quiet. He spoke of this careful kindliness of the boys with much pleasure and gratitude. On Monday, the 28th of June, he was in his place in the school; but on that day he fainted from exhaustion, and had to be carried home. The next day, Tuesday the 29th, he died in his house in Belmont Street, aged fifty-nine years.

There is a poem of Browning's which I read often because it reminds me of Melvin. It is entitled "A Grammarian's Funeral," and is supposed to be the song sung by the disciples of a great scholar, shortly after the Revival of Learning in Europe, as they are carrying the dead body of their master up from the plain to the high mountain-pinnacle where they mean to bury him. First they tell why they select this lofty eminence for his burying-place—why his honoured body should not repose in the valley; then, marching slowly on to the mountain-side, they chaunt—

"Step to a tune, square chests, erect the head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.
Sleep, crop and herd! sleep darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather!
He whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should spring take note
Winter would follow?"

And so, toiling on and up, carrying their burden, they wend at last to the peak which is their destination, still chaunting their master's praises, and telling how to the last, in illness and paralysis, he had never ceased learning and labouring.

"So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife
Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
Properly based *Oun*,
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place.
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak! the multitude below
Live, for they can, there.
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send
Lofty designs must close with like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART III.

CHAPTER VII.

WONDERS come natural at fifteen ; the farmer's son of Ramore, though a little dazzled at the moment, was by no means thrown off his balance by the flattering attentions of Lady Frankland, who said everything that was agreeable and forgot that she had said it, and went over the some ground again half a dozen times, somewhat to the contempt of Colin, who knew nothing about fine ladies, but had all a boy's disdain for a silly woman. Thanks to his faculty of silence, and his intense pride, Colin conducted himself with great external propriety when he dined with his new friends. Nobody knew the fright he was in, nor the strain of determination not to commit himself, which was worthy of something more important than a dinner. But after all, though it shed a reflected glory over his path for a short time, Sir Thomas Frankland's dinner and all its bewildering accessories was but an affair of a day, and the only real result it left behind was a conviction in the mind of Lauderdale that his young *protégé* was born to better fortune. From that day the tall student hovered, benignly reflective, like a tall genie over Colin's boyish career. He was the boy's tutor so far as that was possible where the teacher was himself but one step in advance of the pupil ; and as to matters speculative and philosophical, Lauderdale's monologue, delivered high up in the air over his head, became the accompaniment and perpetual stimulation of all Colin's thoughts. The training was strange, but by no means unnatural, nor out of harmony with the habits of the boy's previous life, for much homely philosophy was current at Ramore, and Colin had been used to receive all kinds of comments upon human affairs with his daily bread. Naturally enough, however, the sentiments of thirty and those of fifteen were not always harmonious, and the impartial and tolerant thoughtfulness of his tall friend much exasperated Colin in the absolutism of his youth.

"I'm a man of the age," Lauderdale would say as they traversed the crowded streets together ; "by which I am claiming no superiority over you, callant, but far the contrary, if you were but wise enough to ken. I've fallen into the groove like the rest of mankind, and think in limits as belongs to my century—which is but a poor half-and-half kind of century, to say the best of it—but you are of all the ages, and know nothing about limits or possibilities. Don't interrupt me," said the placid giant ; "you are far too talkative for a laddie, as I have said before. I tell you I'm a man of the age : I've no very particular faith in anything. In a kind of a way, everything's true ; but you needna tell me that a man that believes like *that* will never make much mark in this world or any other world I ever heard tell of. I know that a great deal better than you do. The best thing you can do is to contradict me ; it's good for you, and it does me no harm."

Colin acted upon this permission to the full extent of all his youthful prowess and prejudices, and went on learning his Latin and Greek, and discussing all manner of questions in heaven and earth, with the fervour of a boy and a Scotsman. They kept together, this strange pair, for the greater part of the short winter days, taking long walks, when they left the University, through the noisy dirty streets, upon which Lauderdale moralized ; and sometimes through the duller squares and crescents of respectability which formed the frame of the picture. Sometimes their peregrinations concluded in Colin's little room, when they

renewed their arguments over the oat-cakes and cheese which came in periodical hampers from Ramore; and sometimes Lauderdale gave his *protégé* a cheap and homely dinner at the tavern where they had first broken bread together. But not even Colin, much less any of his less familiar acquaintances, knew where the tall Mentor lived, or how he managed to maintain himself at college. He said he had his lodging provided for him, when any inquiry was made, and added, with an odd humourous look, that his was an honourable occupation; but Lauderdale afforded no further clue to his own means or dwelling-place. He smiled, but he was secret and gave no sign. As for his studies, he made but such moderate progress in them as was natural to his age and his character. No particular spur of ambition seemed to stimulate the man whose habits were formed by this time, and who found enjoyment enough, it appeared, in universal speculation. When he failed, his reflections as to the effect of failure upon the mind of man, and the secondary importance after all of mere material success, "which always turns out more disappointing to a reflective spirit than an actual breakdown," the philosopher would say, "being aye another evidence how far reality falls short of the idea," became more piquant than usual; and when he succeeded, the same sentiments moderated his satisfaction. "Oh ay, I've got the prize," he said, holding it on a level with Colin's head, and regarding its resplendent binding with a smile; "which is to say, I've found out that it's only a book with the college arms stamped upon it, and no a palpable satisfaction to the soul as I might have imagined it to be, had it been yours, boy, instead of mine."

But with all this composure of feeling as respected his own success, Lauderdale was as eager as a boy about the progress of his pupil. When the prize lay in Colin's way, his friend spared no pains to stimulate and encourage and help him on; and as the years passed, and the personal pride of the elder became involved in the success of the younger, Lauderdale's anxieties awoke a certain impatience in the bosom of his *protégé*. Colin was ambitious enough in his own person, but he turned naturally with sensitive boyish pride against the arguments and inducements which had so little influence upon the speaker himself.

"You urge *me* on," said the country lad, "but you think it does not matter for yourself." And though it was Colin's third session, and he reckoned himself a man, he was jealous to think that Lauderdale urged upon him what he did not think it worth his while to practise in his own person.

"When a thing's spoilt in the making, it matters less what use ye put it to," said the philosopher. It was a bright day in March, and they were seated on the grass together in a corner of the green, looking at the pretty groups about, of women and children — children and women, perhaps not over tidy, if you looked closely into the matter, but picturesque to look at—some watching the patches of white linen bleaching on the grass, some busily engaged over their needlework, and all of them occupied:—it was comfortable to think they could escape from the dingy "closes" and unsavoury "lands" of the neighbourhood. The tall student stretched his long limbs on the grass, and watched the people about with reflective eyes. "There's nothing in this world so important to a man as a right beginning," he went on. "As for me, I'm all astray, and can never win to any certain end—no that I'm complaining, or taking a gloomy view of things in general; I'm just as happy in my way as other folk are in theirs—but that's no the question under discussion. When a man reaches my years without coming to anything he'll never come to much all his days; but you're only a callant, and have all the world before you," said Lauderdale. He did not look at Colin as he spoke, but went on in his usual monotone, looking into the blue air, in which he saw much that was not visible to the eager young eyes which kept

gazing at him. "When I was like you," he continued, with a half-pathetic, half-humorous smile, "it looked like misery and despair to feel that I was not to get my own way in this world—I'm terrible indifferent now-a-days—one kind of life is just as good as another as long as a man has something to do that he can think to be his duty; but such feelings are no for you," said Colin's tutor, waking up suddenly. "For you, laddie, there's nothing grand in the world that should not be possible. The lot that's accomplished is aye more or less a failure; but there's always something splendid in the life that is to come."

"You talk to me as if I were a child," said Colin, with a little indignation; "you see things in their true light yourself, but you treat me like a baby. What can there be that is splendid in my life?—a farmer's son, with perhaps the chance of a country church for my highest hope—after all kinds of signings, and confessions, and calls, and presbyteries. It would be splendid, indeed," said the lad, with boyish contempt, "to be plucked by a country presbytery that don't know six words of Greek, or objected to by a congregation of ploughmen—that's all a man has to look for in the Church of Scotland, and you know it, Lauderdale, as well as I do."

Colin broke off suddenly, with a great deal of heat and impatience. He was eighteen, and he was of the advanced party, the Young Scotland of his time. The dogmatic Old Scotland, which loved to bind, and limit, and make confessions, and sign the same, belonged to the past centuries. As for Colin's set, they were "viewy" as the young men at Oxford used to be in the days of Froude and Newman. Colin's own "views" were of a vague description enough, but of the most revolutionary tendency. He did not believe in Presbytery, nor in that rule of Church government which in Scotland is known as Lord Aberdeen's Act; and his ideas respecting extempore worship and common prayers were much unsettled. But as neither Colin nor his set had any distinct model to fall back upon, nor any clear perception of what they wanted, the present result of their enlightenment was simply the unpleasant one of general discontent with existing things, and a restless contempt for the necessary accessories of their lot.

"Plucked is no a word in use in Scotland," said Lauderdale; "it smacks of the English universities, which are altogether a different matter. As for the Westminster Confession, I'm no clear that I could put my name to that myself as my act and deed—but you are but a callant, and don't know your own mind as yet. Meaning no offence to you," he continued, waving his hand to Colin, who showed signs of impatience, "I was once a laddie myself. Between eighteen and eight-and-twenty you'll change your ways of thinking, and neither you nor me can prophesy what they'll end in. As for the congregation of ploughmen, I would be very easy about you if that was the worst danger. Men that are about day and night in the fields when all's still, cannot but have thoughts in their minds now and then. But it's no what you are going to be, I'm thinking of," said Colin's counseller, raising himself from the grass with a spark of unusual light in his eyes, "but what you *might* be, laddie. It's no a great preacher, far less what they call a popular minister, that would please me. What I'm thinking of is, the Man that is aye to be looked for, but never comes. I'm speaking like a woman, and thinking like a woman," he said, with a smile; "they have a kind of privilege to keep their ideal. For my part, I ought to have more sense, if experience counted for anything; but I've no faith in experience. And, speaking of that," said the philosopher, dropping back again softly on the greensward, "what a grand outlet for what I'm calling the ideal was that old promise of the Messias who was to come! It may still be so for anything I can tell, though I cannot say that I put much trust in the Jews. But aye to be able to hope that the next

new soul might be the one that was above failure must have been a wonderful solace to those that had failed and lost heart. To be sure, they missed Him when He came," continued Lauderdale; "that was natural. Human nature is aye defective in action; but a grand idea like that makes all the difference between us and the beasts, and would do, if there were a hundred theories of development, which I would not have you put faith in, laddie," continued the volunteer tutor. "Steam and iron make awful progress, but no man—"

"That is one of your favourite theories," said Colin, who was ready for any amount of argument; "though iron and steam are dead and stationary, but for the Mind which is always developing. What you say is a kind of paradox; but you like paradoxes, Lauderdale."

"Everything's a paradox," said the reflective giant, getting up slowly from the turf; "the grass is damp, and the wind's cold, and I don't mean to sit here and haver nonsense any longer. Come along, and I'll see you home. What I like woman for is, that they're seldom subject to the real, or convinced by what you callants call reason. Reason and reality are terrible fictions at the bottom. I more believe in facts, for my part. The worst of it is, that a woman's ideal is apt to look a terrible idiot when she sets it up before the world," continued Lauderdale, his face brightening gradually with one of his slow smiles. "The ladies' novels are instructive on that point. But there's few things in this world so pleasant as to have a woman at hand that believes in you," he said, suddenly breaking off in his discourse at an utterly unexpected moment. Colin was startled by the unlooked-for silence, and by the sound of something like a sigh which disturbed the air over his head, and being still but a boy, and not superior to mischief, looked up, with a little laughter.

"You must have once had a woman who believed in you, or you would not speak so feelingly," said the lad, in his youthful amusement; and then Colin, too, stopped short, having encountered quite an unaccustomed look in his companion's face.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, and then there was a pause. "If it were not that life is aye a failure, there would be some cases harder than could be borne," he continued, after a moment; "no that I'm complaining; but if I were you, laddie, I would set my face dead against fortune, and make up my mind to win. And speaking of winning, when did you hear of your grand English friends, and the callant you picked out of the loch? Have they ever been here in Glasgow again?"

At which question Colin drew himself to his full height, as he always did at Harry Frankland's name; he was ashamed now to express his natural antagonism to the English lad in frank speech as he had been used to do, but he insensibly elevated his head, which, when he did not stoop, as he had a habit of doing, began to approach much more nearly than of old to the altitude of his friend's.

"I know nothing about their movements," he said, shortly. "As for winning, I don't see what connexion there can be between the Franklands and any victory of mine. You don't suppose Miss Matilda believes in me, do you?" said Colin, with an uneasy laugh; "for that would be a mistake," he continued, a moment after. "She believes in her cousin."

"Maybe, said Lauderdale, in his oracular way, "it's an uncanny kind of relationship upon the whole; but I would not be the one to answer for it, especially if it's him she's expected to believe in. But there were no Miss Matildas in my mind," he added, with a smile. "I'll no ask what she had to do in yours, for you're but a callant, as I have to remind you twenty times in a day. But such lodgers are no to be encouraged," said Colin's adviser, with seriousness; "when they get into a young head it's hard to get them out again; and the worst of them is, that they take more room than their fair share. Have you got your essay well

in hand for the Principal? That's more to the purpose than Miss Matilda; and now the end of the session's drawing near, and I'm a thought anxious about the philosophy class. Yon Highland colt with the red hair will run you close, if you don't take heed. It's no prizes I'm thinking upon," said Lauderdale; "it's the whole plan of the campaign. I'll come up and talk it all over again, if you want advice; but I've great confidence in your own genius." As he said this, he laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder and looked down into his eyes. "Summer's the time to dream," said the tall student, with a smile and a sigh. Perhaps he had given undue importance to the name of Miss Matilda. He looked into the fresh young face with that mixture of affection and pathos—ambition for the lad, mingled with a generous, tender envy of him—which all along had moved the elder man in his intercourse with Colin. The look for once penetrated through the mists of custom and touched the boy's heart.

"You are very good to me, Lauderdale," he said, with a little effusion; at the sound of which words his friend grasped his shoulder affectionately and went off, without saying anything more, into the dingy Glasgow streets. Colin himself paused a minute to watch the tall, retreating figure before he climbed his own tedious stair. "Summer's the time to dream," he repeated to himself, with a certain brightness in his face, and went up the darkling staircase three steps at a time, stimulated most probably by some thoughts more exciting than anything connected with college prizes or essays. It was the end of March, and already now and then a chance breeze whispered to Colin that the primroses had begun to peep out about the roots of the trees in all the soft glens of the Holy Loch. It had only been in the previous spring that primroses became anything more to Colin than they were to Peter Bell; but now the youth's eyes were anointed, he had begun to write poetry, and to taste the delights of life. Though he had already learned to turn his verses with the conscious deception of a Moore, it did not occur to Colin as possible that the life which was so sweet one year might not be equally delightful the next, or that anything could occur to deprive him of the companionship he was looking forward to. He had never received any shock yet in his youthful certainty of pleasure, and did not stop to think that the chance which brought Sir Thomas Frankland's nursery, and with it his pretty miss, to the Castle, for all the long spring and summer, might never recur again. So he went upstairs three steps at a time, in the dingy twilight, and sat down to his essay, raising now and then triumphant, youthful eyes, which surveyed the mean walls and poor little room without seeing anything of the poverty, and making all his young, arrogant, absolute philosophy sweet with thoughts of the primroses, and the awaking waters, and the other human creature, the child-Eve of the boy's Paradise. This was how Colin managed to compose the essay, which drew tears of mingled laughter and emotion from Lauderdale's eyes, and dazzled the professor himself with its promise of eloquence, and secured the prize in the philosophy class. The Highland colt with the red hair, who was Colin's rival, was very much sounder in his views, and had twenty times more logic in his composition; but the professor was dazzled, and the class itself could scarcely forbear its applause. Colin went home accordingly covered with glory. He was nearly nineteen; he was one of the most promising students of the year; he had already distinguished himself sufficiently to attract the attention of people interested in college successes; and he had all the long summer before him, and no one could tell how many rambles about the glens, how many voyages across the loch, how many researches into the wonders of the hills. He bade farewell to Lauderdale with a momentary seriousness, but forgot before the smoke of Glasgow was out of sight that he had ever parted from anybody, or that all

his friends were not awaiting him in this summer of delight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Come away into the fire; it's bonnie weather, but it's sharp on the hillside," said the mistress of Ramore. "I never wearied for you, Colin, so much as I've done this year. No that there was ony particular occasion, for we've a' been real weel, and a good season, and baith bairns and beasts keeping their health; but the heart's awfu' capricious, and canna hear reason. Come in bye to the fire."

"There's been three days of east wind," said the farmer, who had gone across the loch to meet his son, and bring him home in triumph, "which accounts for your mother's anxiety, Colin. When there's plenty of blue sky, and the sun shining, there's naething she hasna courage for. What's doing in Glasgow? or rather what's doing at the college? or maybe, if you insist upon it, what are *you* doing? for that's the most important to us."

To which Colin, who was almost as shy of talking of his own achievements as of old, gave for answer some bald account of the winding up of the session and of his own honours. "I told you all about it in my last letter," he said, hurrying over the narrative; "there was nothing out of the common. Tell me rather all the news of the parish. Who is at home and who is away, and if any of the visitors have come yet?" said the lad, with a conscious tremor in his voice. Most likely his mother understood what he meant.

"It's ower early for visitors yet," she said, "though I think for my part there's nothing like the spring, with the days lengthening, and the light aye eking and eking itself out. To be sure, there's the east winds, which is a sore drawback, but it has nae great effect on the west coast. The castle woods are wonderful bonnie, Colin; near as bonnie as they were last year, when a' those bright English bairnies made the place look cheerful. I wonder the Earl bides there so seldom himself. He's no rich, to be sure, but it's a moderate kind of a place. If I had enough money I would rather live there than in the Queen's parlour, and so the minister says. You'll have to go down to the manse the morn, and tell him a' about your prizes, Colin," said his proud mother, looking at him with beaming eyes. She put her head upon her boy's shoulder, and patted him softly as he stood beside her. "He takes a great interest in what you're doing at the college," she continued; "he says you're a credit to the parish, and so I hope you'll aye be," said Mrs. Campbell. She had not any doubt on the subject so far as her own convictions went.

"He does not know me," said the impatient Colin; "but I'll go to the manse to-morrow if you like. It's half-way to the castle," he said, under his breath, and then felt himself colour, much to his annoyance, under his mother's eyes.

"There's plenty folk to visit," said the farmer. "As for the castle, it's out of our way, no to say it looked awfu' doleful the last time I was by. The pastor would get it but for the name of the thing. We've had a wonderful year, take it a' thegither, and the weather is promising for this season. If you're no over-grand with all your honours, I would be glad of your advice, as soon as you've rested, about the Easter fields. I'm thinking of some changes, and there's nae time to lose."

"If you would but let the laddie take breath!" said the farmer's wife. "New out of all his toils and his troubles, and you canna refrain from the Easter fields. It's my belief," said the mistress, with a little solemnity, "that prosperity is awfu' trying to the soul. I dinna think you ever cared for siller, Colin, till now; but instead of rejoicing in your heart over the Almighty's blessing, I hear nothing, from morning to night, but about mair profit. It's no what I've been used to," said Colin's mother, "and there's mony a thing mair important that I want to hear about. Eh! Colin, it's my hope you'll no get to be over-fond of this world!"

"If this world meant no more than a fifty pound or so in the bank," said big Colin, with a smile; "but there's no denying it's a wonderful comfort to have a bit margin, and no be aye from hand to mouth. As soon as your mother's satisfied with looking at you, you can come out to me, Colin, and have a look at the beasts. It's a pleasure to see them. Apart from profit, Jeanie," said the farmer, with his humorous look, "if you object to that, it's grand to see such an improvement in a breed of living creatures that you and me spend so much of our time among. Next to bonnie bairns, bonnie cattle's a reasonable pride for a farmer, no to say but that making siller in any honest way is as laudable an occupation as I ken of for a man with a family like me."

"If it doesna take up your heart," said the mistress. "But it's awfu' to hear folk how they crave siller for siller's sake; especially in a place like this, where there's aye strangers coming and going, and a' body's aye trying how much is to be got for everything. I promised the laddies a holiday the morn to hear a' Colin's news, and you're no to take him off to byres and ploughed land the very first day, though I dinna say but I would like him to see Gowan's calf," said the farmer's wife, yielding a little in her superior virtue. As for Colin, he sat very impatiently through this conversation, vainly attempting to bring in the question which he longed, yet did not like, to ask.

"I suppose the visitors will come early, as the weather is so fine?" he ventured to say as soon as there was a pause.

"Oh, ay, the Glasgow folks," said Mrs. Campbell; and she gave a curious inquiring glance at her son, who was looking out of the window with every appearance of abstraction. "Do you know anybody that's coming, Colin?" said the anxious mother; "some of your new friends?" And Colin was so sensible of her look, though his eyes were turned in exactly the opposite direction, that his face grew crimson up to the great waves of brown hair which were always tumbling about his forehead. He thrust his heavy lovelocks off his temples with an impatient hand, and got up and went to the window that his confusion might not be visible. Big Colin of Ramore was at the window too, darkening the apartment with his great bulk, and the farmer laid his hand on his son's shoulder with a homely roughness, partly assumed to conceal his real feeling.

"How tall are you, laddie? no much short of me now," he said. "Look here, Jeanie, at your son." The mistress put down her work, and came up to them, defeating all Colin's attempts to escape her look; but in the meantime she, too, forgot the blushes of her boy in the pleasant sight before her. She was but a little woman herself, considered in the countryside rather too soft and delicate for a farmer's wife; and with all the delicious confidence of love and weakness, the tender woman looked up at her husband and her son.

"Young Mr. Frankland's no half so tall as Colin," said the proud mother; "no that height is anything to brag about unless a' things else is conformable. He's weel enough, and a strong-built callant, but there's a great difference, though, to be sure; his mother is just as proud," said the mistress, bearing her conscious superiority with meekness; "it's a grand thing that we're a' best pleased with our ain."

"When did you see young Frankland?" said Colin, hastily. The two boys had scarcely met since the encounter which had made a link between the families without awaking very friendly sentiments in the bosoms of the two persons principally concerned.

"That's a thing to be discussed hereafter," said the farmer of Ramore. "I didna mean to say onything about it till I saw what your inclinations were, but women-folk are aye hasty. Sir Thomas has made me a proposition, Colin. He would like to send you to Oxford with his own son if you and me were to consent. We're to gie him an answer when we've made up our minds. Nae doubt he has heard that you were like enough

to be a creditable protejee," said Big Colin, with natural complacency. "A lad of genius gies distinction to his patron, if ye can put up with a patron, Colin."

"Can *you?*" cried his son. The lad was greatly agitated by the question. Ambitious Scotch youths of Colin's type, in the state of discontent which was common to the race, had come to look upon the English universities as the goal of all possible hopes. Not that Colin would have confessed as much had his fate depended on it, but such was the fact notwithstanding. Oxford, to his mind, meant any or every possibility under heaven, without any limit to the splendour of the hopes involved. A different kind of flush, the glow of eagerness and ambition, came to his face. But joined with this came a tumult of vague but burning offence and contradiction. While he recognised the glorious chance thus opened to him, pride started up to bolt and bar those gates of hope. He turned upon his father with something like anger in his voice, with a tantalizing sense of all the advantages thus flourished wantonly, as he thought, before his eyes. "Could *you* put up with a patron?" he repeated, looking almost fiercely in the farmer's face; "and if not, why do you ask me such a question?" Colin felt injured by the suggestion. To be offered the thing of all others he most desired in the world by means which made it impossible to accept the offer would have been galling enough under any circumstances, but just now, at this crisis of his youthful ambition and excitement, such a tantalizing glimpse of the possible and the impossible was beyond bearing. "Are we his dependents that he makes such an offer to me?" said the exasperated youth; and Big Colin himself looked on with a little surprise at his son's excitement, comprehending only partially what it meant.

"I'll no say I'm fond of patronage," said the farmer, slowly; "neither in the kirk nor out of the kirk. It's my opinion a man does aye best that fights his own way, but there's aye exceptions, Colin. I wouldna have you make up your mind in any arbitrary way. As for Sir Thomas, he has aye been real civil and friendly—no one of your condescending fine gentlemen—and the son—"

"What right have I to any favour from Sir Thomas?" said the impatient Colin. "He is nothing to me. I did no more for young Frankland than I would have done for any dog on the hillside," he continued, with a contemptuous tone; and then his conscience reproved him. "I don't mean to say anything against *him.* He behaved like a man, and saved himself," said Colin, with haughty candour. "As for all this pretence of rewarding me, it feels like an insult. I want nothing at their hands."

"There's no occasion to be violent," said the farmer. "I dinna expect that he'll use force to make you accept his offer, which is weel meant and kind, whatever else it may be. I canna say I understand a' this fury on your part; and there's no good that I can see in deciding this very moment and no other. I would like you to sleep upon it and turn it over in your mind. Such an offer doesna come every day to the Holy Loch. I'm no the man to seek help," said Big Colin, "but there's times when it's more generous to receive than to give."

The mistress had followed her son wistfully with her eyes through all his changes of countenance and gesture. She was not simply surprised like her husband, but looked at him with unconscious insight, discovering by intuition what was in his breast—something, at least, of what was in his heart—for the anxious mother was mistaken, and rushed at conclusions which Colin himself was far from having reached.

"There's plenty of time to decide," said the farmer's wife; "and I've that confidence in my laddie that I ken he'll do nothing from a poor motive, nor out of a jealous heart. There never were ony sulky ways, that ever I saw, in ony bairn of mine," said Mrs. Campbell; "and if there was one in the world that was mair fortunate than me, I

wouldna show a poor spirit towards him, because he had won, whiles it's mair generous to receive than to give, as the maister says; and whiles it's mair noble to lose than to win," said the mistress, with a momentary faltering of emotion in her voice. She thought the bitterness of hopeless love was in her boy's heart, and that he was tempted to turn fiercely from the friendship of his successful rival. And she lifted her soft eyes, which were beaming with all the magnanimous impulses of nature, to Colin's face, who did not comprehend the tenderness of pity with which his mother regarded him. But, at least, he perceived that something much higher and profounder than anything he was thinking of was in the mistress's thoughts; and he turned away somewhat abashed from her anxious look.

"I am not jealous that I am aware of," said Colin; "but I have never done anything to deserve this, and I should prefer not to accept any favours from—any man," he concluded abruptly. That was how they left the discussion for that time at least. When the farmer went out to look after his necessary business, his wife remained with Colin, looking at him often, as she glanced up from her knitting, with eyes of wistful wonder. Had she been right in her guess, or was it merely a vague sentiment of repulsion which kept him apart fron young Frankland? But all the mother's anxiety could not break through the veil which separates one mysterious individuality from another. She read his looks with eager attention, half right and half wrong, as people make out an unfamiliar language. He had drifted off somehow from the plain vernacular of his boyish thoughts, and she had not the key to the new complications. So it was with a mixed and doubtful joy that the mistress of Ramore, on the first night of his return, regarded her son.

"And I suppose," said Colin, with a smile dancing about his lips, "that I am to answer this proposal when they come to the castle? And they are coming soon as they expected last year? or, perhaps, they are there now?" he said, getting up from his chair again and walking away towards the door that his mother might not see the gleams of expectation in his face.

"But, Colin, my man," said the mistress, who did not perceive the blow she was about to administer, "they're no coming to the castle this year. The young lady that was delicate has got well, and they're a' in London and in an awfu' whirl o' gaiety like the rest of their kind; and Lady Mary, the earl's sister, is to have the castle with her bairns; and that's the way Sir Thomas wants our answer in a letter, for there's none of the family to be here this year."

It did not strike the mistress as strange that Colin made no answer. He was standing at the door looking out, and she could not see his face. And when he went out of doors presently, she was not surprised—it was natural he should want to see everything about the familiar place; and she called after him to say that, if he would wait a moment, she would go herself and show him Gowan's calf. But he either did not hear her, or, at least, did not wait the necessary moment; and when she had glanced out in her turn, and had perceived with delight that the wind had changed, and that the sun was going down in glorious crimson and gold behind the hills, the mistress returned with a relieved heart to prepare the family tea. "It'll be a fine day to-morrow," she said to herself, rejoicing over it for Colin's sake; and so went in to her domestic duties with a lightened heart.

At that moment Colin had just pushed forth into the loch, flinging himself into the boat anyhow, disgusted with the world and himself and everything that surrounded him. In a moment, in the drawing of a breath, an utter blank and darkness had replaced all the lovely summer landscape that was glowing by anticipation in his heart. In the sudden pang of disappointment, the lad's first impulse was to fling himself forth into the solitude, and escape the voices and looks which were hateful

to him at that moment. Nor was it simple disappointment that moved him; his feelings were complicated by many additional shades of aggravation. It had seemed so natural that everything should happen this year as last year, and now it seemed such blind folly to imagine that it could have been possible. Not only were his dreams all frustrated and turned to nothing, but he fell ever so many degrees in his own esteem, and felt so foolish and vain and unkind, as he turned upon himself with the acute mortification and sudden disgust of youth. What an idiot he had been! To think she would again leave all the brilliant world for the loch and the primroses, and those other childish delights on which he had been dwelling like a fool! Very bitter were Colin's thoughts, as he dashed out into the middle of the loch, and there laid up his oars and abandoned himself to the buffetings of excited fancy. What right had he to imagine that she had ever thought of him again, or to hope that such a thread of gold could be woven into his rustic and homely web of fate? He scoffed at himself, as he remembered, with acute pangs of self-contempt, the joyous rose-coloured dreams that had occupied him only a few hours ago. What a fool he was to entertain such vain, complacent fancies! He, a farmer's son, whose highest hope must be, after countless aggravations and exasperations, to get "placed" in a country church in some rural corner of Scotland. And then Colin recalled Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal, and took to his oars again in a kind of fury, feeling it impossible to keep still. The baronet's kind offer looked like an intentional insult to the excited lad. He thought to himself that they wanted to reward him somehow by rude, tangible means, as if he were a servant, for what Colin proudly and indignantly declared to himself was no service—certainly no intentional service. On the whole, he had never been so wretched, so downcast, so fierce and angry and miserable, in all his life. If he could but, by any means, by any toil, or self-denial, or sacrifice, get to Oxford, on his own account, and show the rich man and his son how little the Campbells of Ramore stood in need of patronage! All the glory had faded off the hills before Colin bethought himself of the necessity of returning to the homely house which he had greeted with so much natural pleasure a few hours before. His mother was standing at the door looking out for him as he drew towards the beach, looking at him with eyes full of startled and anxious half-comprehension. She knew he was disturbed somehow, and made guesses, right in the main, but all wrong in the particulars, which were, though he tried hard to repress all signs of it, another exasperation to Colin. This was how the first evening of his return closed upon the student of Ramore. He could not take any pleasure just then in the fact of being at home, nor in the homely love and respect and admiration that surrounded him. Like all the rest of the world, he neglected the true gold lying close at hand for the longing he had after the false diamonds that glittered at a distance. It was hard work for him to preserve an ordinary appearance of affection and interest in all that was going on, as he sat, absent and preoccupied, at his father's table. "Colin's no like you idle laddies; he has ower much to think of to laugh and make a noise, like you," the mistress said with dignity, as she consoled the younger brothers, who were disappointed in Colin. And she half believed what she said, though she spoke with the base intention of deluding "the laddies," who knew no better. The house, on the whole, was rather disturbed than brightened by the return of the firstborn, who had thus become a foreign element in the household life. Such was the inauspicious beginning of the holidays, which had been to Colin, for months back, the subject of so many dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

It was some time before Colin recovered his composure, or found it possible to console himself for the failure of his hopes. He wrote a great deal of poetry in the meantime—or rather of verses which looked wonderfully like poetry, such as young men of genius are apt to produce under such circumstances. The chances are, that if he had confided them to any critic of a sympathetic mind, attempts would have been made to persuade Colin that he was a poet. But luckily Lauderdale was not at hand, and there was no one else to whom the shy young dreamer would have disclosed himself. He sent some of his musings to the magazines, and so added a little excitement and anxiexty to his life. But nobody knew Colin in that little world where, as in other worlds, most things go by favour, and impartial appreciation is comparatively unknown. The editors most probably would have treated their unknown correspondent in exactly the same manner had he been a young Tennyson. As it was, Colin did not quite know what to think about his repeated failures in this respect. When he was despondent he became disgusted with his own productions, and said to himself that of course such maudlin verse could be procured by the bushel, and was not worthy of paper and print. But in other moods the lad imagined he must have some enemy who prejudiced the editorial world, and shut against him the gates of literary fame. In books all the heroes, who could do nothing else, found so ready a subsistence by means of magazines, that the poor boy was naturally puzzled to find that all his efforts could not gain him a hearing. And it began to be rather important to him to find something to do. During the previous summers Colin had not disdained the farm and its labours, but had worked with his father and brothers without any sense of incongruity. But now matters were changed. Miss Matilda, with her curls and her smiles, had bewitched the boy out of his simple innocent life. It did not seem natural that the hand which she consented to touch with her delicate fingers should hold the plough or the reaping hook, or that her companion in so many celestial rambles should plod through the furrows at other times, or go into the rough drolleries of the harvest field. Colin began to think that the life of a farmer's son at Ramore was inconsistent with his future hopes, and there was nothing else for it but teaching, since so little was to be made of the magazines. When he had come to himself and began to see the surrounding circumstances with clearer eyes, Colin, who had no mind to be dependent, but meant to make his own way as was natural to a Scotch lad of his class, bethought himself of the most natural expedient. He had distinguished himself at college, and it was not difficult to find the occupation he wanted. Perhaps he was glad to escape from the primitive home, from the mother's penetrating looks, and all the homely ways of which the ambitious boy began to be a little impatient. He had come to the age of discontent. He had begun to look forward no longer to the vague splendours of boyish imagination, but to elevation in the social scale, and what he heard people call success in life. A year or two before it had not occurred to Colin to consider the circumstances of his own lot—his ambition pointed only to ideal grandeur, unembarrassed by particulars—and it was very possible for the boy to be happy, thinking of some incoherent greatness to come, while engaged in the humblest work, and living in the homeliest fashion. But the time had arrived when the pure ideal had to take to itself some human garments, and when the farmer's son became aware that a scholar and a gentleman required a greater degree of external refinement in his surroundings. His young heart was wounded by this new sense, and his visionary pride offended by the thought that these external matters could count for anything in the dignity of a man. But Colin had to yield like every other. He loved his family no less, but he was less

at home among them. The inevitable disruption was commencing, and already, with the quick insight of her susceptible nature, the mistress of Ramore had discovered that the new current was setting in, that the individual stream of Colin's life was about to disengage itself, and that her proud hopes for her boy were to be sealed by his separation from her. The tender-hearted woman said nothing of it, except by an occasional pathetic reflection upon things in general, which went to Colin's heart, and which he understood perfectly; but perhaps, though no one would have confessed as much, it was a relief to all when the scholar-son, of whom everybody at Ramore was so proud, went off across the loch, rowed by two of his brothers, with his portmanteau and the first evening coat he had ever possessed, to Ardmartin, the fine house on the opposite bank, where he was to be tutor to Mr. Jordan's boys, and eat among strangers the bread of his own toil.

The mistress stood at her door shading her eyes with her hand, and looking after the boat as it shot across the bright water. Never at its height of beauty had the Holy Loch looked more fair. The sun was expanding and exulting over all the hills, searching into every hollow, throwing up unthought-of tints, heaps of moss, and masses of rock, that no one knew of till that moment; and with the sunshine went flying shadows that rose and fell like the lifting of an eyelid. The gleam of the sun before she put up her hand to shade her face fell upon the tear in the mistress's eye, and hung a rainbow upon the long lash, which was wet with that tender dew. She looked at her boys gliding over the loch through this veil of fairy colours, all made out of a tear, and the heart in her tender bosom beat with a corresponding conjunction of pain and happiness. "He'll never more come back to bide at home like his father's son," she said to herself, softly, with a pang of natural mortification; "but, eh, I'm a thankless woman to complain, and him so weel and so good, and naething in faut but nature," added the mother, with all the compunction of true love; and so stood gazing till the boat had gone out of hearing, and was just touching upon that sweet shadow of the opposite bank, projected far into the loch, which plunged the whole landscape into a dazzling uncertainty, and made it a doubtful matter which was land and which was water. Colin himself, touched by the loveliness of the scene, had paused just then to look down the shining line to where this beatified paradise of water opened out into the heaven of Clyde. And to his mother's eyes gazing after him, the boat seemed to hang suspended among the sweet spring foliage of the Lady's Glen, which lay reflected, every leaf and twig, in the sweeter loch. When somebody called her indoors she went away with a sigh. Was it earth, or a vision of Paradise, or "some unsubstantial fairy place"? The sense of all this loveliness struck intense, with almost a feeling of pain, upon the gentle woman's poetic heart.

And it was in such a scene that Colin wrote the verses which borrowed from the sun and the rain prismatic colours like those of his mother's tears, and were as near poetry as they could possibly be to miss that glory. Luckily for him, he had no favourite confidant now to persuade him that he was a poet, so the verse-making did him nothing but good, providing a safety-valve for that somewhat stormy period of his existence.

Mr. Jordan was very rich and very liberal, and, indeed, lavish of the money which had elevated him above all his early friends and associations. He had travelled, he bought pictures, he prided himself upon his library, and he was very good to his young tutor, who, he told everybody, was "a lad of genius;" but naturally, with all this, Colin's existence was not one of unmingled bliss. As soon as he had left Ramore he began to look back to it with longing, as was natural to his years. The sense that he had that home behind him, with everybody ready to stand by him whatever trouble he might fall into, and every heart open to hear and sympathise in all the particulars of his life, restored the young man all at once to content and

satisfaction with the homely household that loved him. When he was there life looked gray and sombre in all its sober-coloured garments; but when he looked across the loch at the white house on the hillside, that little habitation had regained its ideal character. He had some things to endure, as was natural, that galled his high spirit, but, on the whole, he was happier than if he had still been at Ramore.

And so the summer passed on. He had sent his answer to Sir Thomas without any delay—an answer in which, on the whole, his father concurred—written in a strain of lofty politeness which would not have misbecome a young prince. "He was destined for the Church of Scotland," Colin wrote, "and such being the case, it was best that he should content himself with the training of a Scotch university." "Less perfect, no doubt," the boy had said, with a kind of haughty humility; "but, perhaps, better adapted to the future occupations of a Scotch clergyman." And then he went on to offer thanks in a magnificent way, calculated to overwhelm utterly the good-natured baronet, who had never once imagined that the pride of the farmer's son would be wounded by his proposal. The answer had been sent, and no notice had been taken of it. It was months since then, and not a word of Sir Thomas Frankland or his family had been heard about the Holy Loch. They seemed to have disappeared altogether back again into their native firmament, never more to dazzle the eyes of beholders in the west country. It was hard upon Colin thus to lose, at a stroke, not only the hope on which he had built so securely, but at the same time a great part of the general stimulation of his life. Not only the visionary budding love which had filled him with so many sweet thoughts, but even the secret rivalry and opposition which no one knew of, had given strength and animation to his life, and both seemed to have departed together. He mused over it often with wonder, asking himself if Lauderdale was right; if it was true that most things come to nothing; and whether meetings and partings, which looked as if they must tell upon life for ever and ever, were, after all, of not half so much account as the steady routine of existence? The youth perplexed himself daily with such questions, and wrote to Lauderdale many a long mysterious epistle which puzzled still more his anxious friend, who could not make out what had set Colin's brains astray out of all the confident philosophies of his years. When the young man, in his hours of leisure, climbed up the woody ravine close by, to where the burn took long leaps over the rocks, flinging itself down in diamonds and showers of spray into the heart of the deep summer foliage in the Lady's Glen, and from that height looked down upon the castle on the other side, seated among its leaves and trees on the soft promontory which narrowed the entrance of the loch, Colin could not but feel this unexpected void which was suddenly made in his life. The Frankland family had been prominent objects on his horizon for a number of years. In disliking or liking, they had been always before him; and even at his most belligerent period, there was something not disagreeable to the lad's fancy, at least, in this link of connexion with a world so different from his own—a world in which, however commonplace might be the majority of the actors, such great persons as were to be had in the age might still be found. And now they had gone altogether away out of Colin's reach or ken; and he was left in his natural position nowise affected by his connexion with them. It was a strange feeling, and notwithstanding the scorn with which he rejected the baronet's kindness and declined his patronage, much disappointment and mortification mingled with the sense of surprise in Colin's mind. "It was all as it ought to be," he said to himself many times as he pondered over it; but, perhaps, if it had been quite as he expected, he would not have needed to impress that sentiment on his mind by so many repetitions. These reflections still recurred

to him all the summer through whenever he had any time to himself. But Colin's time was not much at his own disposal. Nature had given to the country lad a countenance which propitiated the world. Not that it was handsome in the abstract, or could bear examination feature by feature, but there were few people who could resist the mingled shyness and frankness of the eyes with which Colin looked out upon the miraculous universe, perceiving perpetual wonders. The surprise of existence was still in his face, indignant though he would have been had anybody told him so; and tired people of the world, who knew better than they practised, took comfort in talking to the youth, who, whatever he might choose to say, was still looking as might be seen, with fresh eyes at the dewy earth, and saw everything through the atmosphere of the morning. This unconscious charm of his told greatly upon women, and most of all upon women who were older than himself. The young ladies were not so sure of him, for his fancy was preoccupied; but he gained many friends among the matrons whom he encountered, and such friendships are apt to make large inroads upon a young man's time. And their hospitality reigns paramount on those sweet shores of the Holy Loch. Mr. Jordan filled his handsome house with a continual succession of guests from all quarters; and as neither the host nor hostess was in the least degree amusing, Colin's services were in constant requisition. Sometimes the company was good, often indifferent; but, at all events, it occupied the youth, and kept him from too much inquisition into the early troubles of his own career.

His life went on in this fashion until September brought sportsmen in flocks to the heathery braes of the loch. Colin, whose engagement was but a temporary one, was beginning to look forward once again to his old life in Glasgow—to the close little room in Donaldson's Land, and the long walks and longer talks with Lauderdale, which were almost his only recreation. Perhaps the idea was not so agreeable to him as in former years. Somehow, he was going back with a duller prospect of existence, with his radiance of variable light upon his horizon; and in the absence of this fairy illumination the natural circumstances became more palpable, and struck him with a sense of their poverty and meanness such as he had never felt before. He had to gulp down a little disgust as he thought of his attic, and even, in the involuntary fickleness of his years, was not quite so sure of enjoying Lauderdale's philosophy as he had once been.

He was in this state of mind when he heard of a new party of visitors who were to arrive the day after at Ardmartin—a distinguished party of visitors, fine people, whom Mr. Jordan had met somewhere in the world, and who had deigned to forget his lack of rank, and even of interest, in his wealth, and his grouse, and the convenient situation of his house; for Colin's employer was not moderately rich—a condition which does a man no good in society—but had heaps upon heaps of money, or was supposed to have such, which comes to about the same, and was respected accordingly. Colin listened but languidly to the scraps of talk he heard about these fine people. There was a dowager countess among them, whose name abstracted the lady of the house from all her important considerations. As for Colin, he was still too young to care for dowagers; he heard without hearing of all the preparations that were to be made, and the exertions that were thought necessary in order to make Ardmartin agreeable to so illustrious a party, and paid very little attention to anything that was going on, hoping within himself to make his escape from the fuss of the reception, and have a little time to himself. On the afternoon on which they were expected he betook himself to the hills, as soon as his work with his pupils was over. It had been raining as usual, and everything shone and glistened in the sun, which blazed all over the braes with a brightness which did not neu-

tralize the chill of the wind. The air was so still that Colin heard the crack of the sportsman's gun from different points around him, miles apart from each other, and could, even on the height where he stood, discriminate the throb of the little steamer which was progressing through the loch at his feet, reflecting to the minutest touch, from its pennon of white steam at the funnel to the patches of colour among its passengers on the deck, in the clear water on which it glided. The young man pursued his walk till the shadows began to gather, and the big bell of Ardmartin pealed out its summons to dress into all the echoes as he reached the gate. The house looked crowded to the very door, where it had overflowed in a margin of servants, some of whom were still importing the last carriage as Colin entered. He pursued his way to his own room languidly enough, for he was tired, and he was not interested either. As he went up the grand staircase, however, he passed a door which was ajar, and from which came the sound of an animated conversation. Colin started as if he had received a blow, as one of these voices fell on his ear. He came to a dead pause in the gallery upon which this room opened, and stood listening, unconscious of the surprised looks of somebody's maid, who passed him with her lady's dress in her arms, and looked very curiously at the tutor. Colin stopped short and listened, suddenly roused up into a degree of interest which brought the colour to his cheek and the light to his eye. He thought all the ladies of the party must be there, so varied was the pleasant din and so many the voices; but he had been standing breathless, in the most eager pose of listening, for nearly half the time allowed for dressing, before he heard again the voice which had arrested him. Then, when he began to imagine that it must have been a dream, the sound struck his ear once more—a few brief syllables, a sweet, sudden laugh, and again silence. Was it *her* voice? or was it only a mock of fancy? While he stood lingering, wondering, straining his ear for a repetition of the sound, the door opened softly, and various white figures in dressing-gowns flitted off upstairs and downstairs, some of them uttering little exclamations of fright at sight of the alarming apparition of a man. It was pretty to see them dispersing, like so many white doves, from that momentary confabulation; but *she* was not among them. Colin went up to his room and dressed with lightning speed, chafing within himself at the humble place which he was expected to take at the table. When he went into the dining-room, as usual, all the rest of the party were taking their places. The only womankind distinctly within Colin's sight was one of fifty, large enough to make six Matildas. He could not see *her* though he strained his eyes up and down through the long alley of fruits and flowers. Though he was not twenty, and had walked about ten miles that afternoon over the wholesome heather, the poor young fellow could not eat any dinner. He had been placed beside a hoary old man to amuse him, whom his employer thought might be useful to the young student; but Colin had not half a dozen words to spend upon any one. Was *she* here? or was it mere imagination which brought down to him now and then, through the pauses of the conversation, a momentary tone that was like hers? When the ladies left the room the young man rushed, though it was not his office, to open the door for them. Another moment and Colin was in paradise—the paradise of fools. How was it possible that he could have been deceived? The little start with which she recognised him, the moment of surprise which made her drop her handkerchief and brought the colour to her cheek, rapt the lad into a feeling more exquisite than any he had known all his life. She smiled; she gave him a rapid, sweet look of recognition, which was made complete by that start of surprise. Matilda was here, under the same roof—she whom he had never hoped to see again. Colin fell headlong into the unintended swoon. He sat pondering over her look and her

startled movements all the tedious time, while the other men drank their wine, without being at all aware what divine elixir was in *his* cup. Her look of sweet wonder kept shining ever brighter and brighter before his imagination. Was it wonder only, or some dawning of another sentiment? If she had spoken, the spell might have been less powerful A crowd of fairy voices kept whispering all manner of delicious follies in Colin's ear, as he sat waiting for the moment when he could follow her. Imagination did everything for him in that moment of expectation and unlooked-for delight.

"MY BEAUTIFUL LADY."

This is the quaint title—and there is much in a title—of a volume of poetry, nay, we may conscientiously say a poem, which, even if less note-worthy in itself, would have been remarkable for the circumstances of its production. It is not one of the innumerable "lays," "verses," "lyrics"—the weak, crude efforts of some young scribbler thirsting for reputation, but the one work, the concentrated, deliberate labour of love, given, as the fruit of many years, by a man whose life-labour in another art has earned for him a reputation high enough to make poetical renown of very secondary value. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, has no need of the fame of a poet. And though when he leaves the chisel for the pen, he must necessarily be judged among pen-labourers, just as severely and accurately as if his marble-poems had never existed,—still it is curious to trace in this additional instance a confirmation of the fact, that genius has but one common root, and that its development into one of the three branches of the sister arts is often a mere accident. We could name many living men of mark, or whom chance alone appears to have decided whether they should be poets, artists, or musicians. And we need not go so far back as Da Vinci or Michael Angelo to find some who have excelled in all the various subdivisions into which branches that strange gift which we call the creative faculty; who have been at once painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, musicians, poets. Though, except in rarest instances, this is a fatal excellence. A man is far safer in having one single settled purpose in his life, unto which all his study, observation, and experience ought to tend. It is highly to Mr. Woolner's credit—and doubtless to the great benefit of his fame as a sculptor—that, with all this facility of versification, and the intense delight which all who read his book must be convinced the author took therein, he has allowed himself to be, Rumour says, from ten to fifteen years, in perfecting, unpublished, "My Beautiful Lady."

And he has his reward. Seldom does a critic rest with such complete satisfaction on a book, which, whatever level of literary merit it may attain, cannot but be regarded as being, of its kind, a pure work of art, careful, conscientious, complete: in which nothing is done slovenly, or erratically, or hastily. Earnest, too—and though strictly impersonal in its character—yet retaining the vivid impression of the author's individuality, that is, his individuality transfused through his imagination, so as to be able to generalize, concentrate, and elevate accidental fact into universal, poetic truth. In plain words, no one would ever suspect Mr. Woolner of being the hero of his own poem, yet by the power which genius alone possesses, he has been able so thoroughly to identify himself with his conception, that every one who reads his pathetic story of "love which never found its earthly close," will feel at once that it is in one sense absolutely true; that sublimation of literal fact, out of which the poet creates a universal verity.

This fervid and touching realism lifts the book in some degree out of the level of ordinary criticism. Reviewers, trained and eager to dart with "flaw-seeking eyes, like needle-points," upon faulty expressions, fancied plagiarisms, tumid common-places, might no doubt discover such in this volume; but the mere reader, who reads for his own delight, will be carried along, heart-warm, by the mere impetus of that delight, nor pause to criticise till he has ceased to feel.

Strongly emotional—yet with both passion and fancy made subordinate to its ethical purpose, the book stands out distinctly among all poems of late years, as the deification of Love. Love, regarded neither as the "Venus Victrix" of the ancients, nor treated with the sentimental chivalry of mediæval times—or the fantastic, frivolous homage of a later age, under which lay often concealed the lowest form of the passion which can degrade manhood or insult womanhood; but love, the consoler, the refiner, the purifier, the stimulator to all that is high and lovely and of good report Love, not spread abroad among many objects—the "episode in man's life," as Byron terms it—(alas! he spoke but as he knew)—or the dream of mere fancy, like Shelley's :—

> "In many mortal forms I rashly sought
> The shadow of this idol of my thought;"

but love, strong, human, undivided, and from its very singleness the more passionately pure;—the devotion of the individual man to the individual woman, who is to him the essence of all womanhood, the satisfaction of all his being's need; from whom he learns everything, and to whom he teaches everything of that secret which is the life-blood of the universe, since it flows from the heart of God Himself—the Love Divine.

This doctrine, the Christian doctrine of love, is, even in our Christian times, so dimly known and believed in, that we hail thankfully one more poet, one more man, who has the strength to believe in it, and the courage to declare it. For, God knows, it is the only human gospel which in this fast corrupting age will have power to save men and elevate women. Coventry Patmore preached it in his "Angel in the House," which, with all its quaintnesses and peculiarities, stands alone as the song of songs, wherein is glorified the pure passion, which, if it is to be found anywhere in the world, is to be found at our English firesides — conjugal love. And though "My Beautiful Lady," attains not that height—fate forbidding that the love of betrothal should ever become the perfect love of marriage—still it breathes throughout the same spirit. Such books as these are the best barrier against that flood of foulness which seems creeping in upon us, borne in, wave after wave, up to our English doors by the tide of foreign literature; French novels, with their tinsel cleverness, overspreading a mass of inner corruption; and German romances, confusing the two plain lines of right or wrong with their sophistical intellectualities and sentimental affinities: or, worse than either, being a cowardly compromise between the two, that large and daily increasing section of our own popular writing, which is called by the mild term, "sensational."

"My Beautiful Lady" is, of course, a love poem; divided into sections—call them cantos—of varied style and rhythm, after the manner of "Maud." Nay, there are many critics who will aver that had "Maud" never been written neither would Mr. Woolner's poem. But besides the fact, that the latter was planned and partly executed before the former appeared—the differences are great enough to prevent all suspicion of plagiarism beyond a certain occasional Tennysonian ring, which pervades most of our modern verses, marking the involuntary influence of the master-poet on all the poetry of our age. It is the history of a holy, happy, mutual love—crowned, not by fruition, but loss: yet still complete. For death, at first the ruthless divider, afterwards only perfects, into the perfectness of a noble, resigned, useful and not unhappy

ite this passion of the soul—which had it been a merely human passion,

> "Would at once, like paper set on fire,
> Burn — and expire."

The story is simplicity itself: there being no characters except the two—hero and heroine: no incidents save those of love and death. Few descriptions;—even the portrait of "My Lady" is projected, or rather reflected, less by her own corporeal identity than by the mental influence which she exercises over the imagination of her lover. Not many poets, who, while they pretend to

> ". . . despise
> Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes,"

yet prate of them incessantly as the best realities of love, have drawn with such purely spiritual and yet vivid touches a more life-like portrait than this:

> "I love my lady, she is very fair,
> Her brow is wan, and bound by simple hair;
> Her spirit sits aloof and high,
> But glances from her tender eye
> In sweetness droopingly.
>
> "As a young forest while the wind drives through,
> My life is stirred when she breaks on my view;
> Her beauty grants my will no choice
> But silent awe, till she rejoice
> My longing with her voice.
>
> "Her warbling voice, though ever low and mild,
> Oft makes me feel as strong wine would a child;
> And though her hand be very light
> Of touch, it moves me with its might,
> As would a sudden fright.
>
> "A hawk, high poised in air, whose nerved wing-tips
> Tremble with might suppressed, before he dips,
> In vigilance, scarce more intense
> Than I, when her voice holds my sense
> Contented in suspense.
>
> "Her mention of a thing, august or poor,
> Makes it far nobler than it was before:
> As where the sun strikes life will gush,
> And what is pale receives a flush,
> Rich hues, a richer blush."

Such a woman, we feel, was worthy of the following poem, or rather psalm, of lover-like rapture over the love won:

DAWN.

> "O lily, with the sun of heaven's
> Prime splendour on thy breast,
> My scattered passions toward thee run,
> Poising to awful rest.
>
> "The darkness of our universe
> Smothered my soul in night:
> Thy glory shone; whereat the curse
> Passed molten into light.
>
> "Raised over envy, freed from pain,
> Beyond the storms of chance,
> Blest king of my own world I reign,
> Controlling circumstance."

"Noon" and "Night"—two other carols—rich and rosy with the atmosphere of full delight and contented love, carry forward the story through its brief sunshine into the shadow of the fate which is to come. "Her Garden" gives the first sign:

> "In walking forth, I felt with vague alarm
> Heavier than wont her pressure on my arm,
> As through morn's fragrant air we sought what harm
> That eastern wind's despite had done the garden's growth,
> Where much lay dead or languished low for drouth.
>
> "Her own parterre was bounded by a red
> Old buttressed wall of brick, moss-broidered,
> Where grew, mid pink and azure plots, a bed
> Of shining lilies, intermixed in wondrous light—
> She called them "Radiant spirits robed in white."
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "My Lady dove-like to the lily went,
> Took in curved palms a cup, and forward leant,
> Deep draining to the gold its dreamy scent.
> (I see her now, pale beauty, as she bending stands,
> The wind-worn blossom resting in her hands.)
>
> "Then slowly rising, she in gazing trance
> Affrayed, long pored on vacancy. A glance
> Of chilly splendor tinged her countenance,
> And told the saddened truth that stress of blighting weather
> Had made her lilies and My Lady droop together."

"Tolling Bell" is beautiful, despite some jarring faults, an exaggeration of diction, and a didactic lengthiness. Both matter and style should have been perfectly simple, with that solemn severity

of art which Tennyson indicates when he says:

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is felt in outline and no more."

The lover has come to see his mistress, who has recovered from temporary illness, but is still under the warning shadow which foretells her slow-advancing doom:

"I watched in awkward wonder for a time
While there she listless lay and sang my rhyme,
Wrapped up in fabrics of an Indian clime,
And looked a bird of Paradise
Languid from the traversed skies.

"A dawn-bright snowy peak her smile.—Strange I
Should dawdle near her grace admiringly
When love alarmed and challenged sympathy:
Unnerved in chills of creeping fear,
Danger surely threatening near.

"I shrank from searching the abyss I felt
Yawned by: whose verge voluptuous blossoms belt
With dazzling hues. She speaks! I fall and melt,
One sacred moment drawn to rest,
Deeply weeping on her breast.

* * * * *

"Our visions met, when pityingly she flung
Her passionate arms about me, kissing clung,
Close kisses, stifling kisses, till each wrung
With welded mouths, the other's bliss
Out in one long sighing kiss.

"Love-flower that burst in kisses and sweet tears,
Scattering its roseate dream-flakes, disappears
In cold truth: for loud, with brazen jeers,
That bell's toll, clanging in my brain
Beat me, loath, to earth again."

Finely painted, with a pencil of awful reality, is the man's agony of despair, stung by the woman's resignation into impious outcries against Providence, and even bitter reproaches against herself, until he is calmed by the angelic calm of the loving spirit already bound for the

"desolation, dark, unknown,
Whose limits, stretched from mortal sight
Touch the happy hills of light."

The description of his yet unconquerable anguish, of her soothing, of their peaceful reading together, of the temporary parting; after which, crushed by the sense of what is coming upon him, he rushes out in the wild night, wandering wearily, he "knew not where," till morning;—all this it is nearly impossible to criticise. One's cool appraisement of the literary value of the poetry sinks dumb before the pathetic human-ness of the subject. We follow the story through three more portions —"Will-o'-the-Wisp," "Given Over," "Storm," to "My Lady in Death"; of which it is the highest tribute that can be paid to the author to say that its intense reality almost makes us feel, in reading, as if we had no right to read —or he to write of such things. It commences thus.

"All is but coloured show. I look
Up through the green hues shed
By leaves above my head,
And feel its inmost worth forsook
My being when she died.
This heart, now hot and dried,
Halts, as the parched course where a brook
Mid flowers was wont to flow,
Because her life is now
No more than stories in a printed book.

"Grass thickens proudly o'er that breast,
Clay cold, and sadly still
My happy face felt thrill.
How much her dear, dear mouth expressed!
And now are closed and set
Lips that my own have met:
Her eye-lids by the damp earth pressed,
Damp earth weighs on her eyes,
Damp earth shuts out the skies.
My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

"To see her high perfection sweep
The favoured earth, as she
With welcoming palms met me!
How can I but recall and weep?
Her hands' light charm was such
Care vanished at their touch.
Her feet spared little things that creep;
"For stars are not," she'd say,
"More wonderful than they."
And now she sleeps her heavy, heavy sleep.

His fancy then recalls two scenes: one, than which few poets have written a sweeter, of the lovers sitting together, in the hush of a summer wood, fondly anticipating their near-at-hand marriage-day;—the other, the day of death, while "My Lady's" soul departs—

"Oblivion struck me like a mace,
And as a tree that's hewn
I dropped in a dead swoon,
And lay a long time cold upon my face.

"Earth had one quarter turned before
My miserable fate,
Pressed down with its whole weight.
My sense came back, and, shivering o'er,
I felt a pain to bear
The sun's keen, cruel glare—
Which shone not warm as heretofore—
And never more its rays
Will satisfy my gaze.
No more, no more; oh, never any more."

After this comes to the lover the death-in-life, the mortal torpor of loss, followed by that desperate craving for some token of love beyond the grave, out of whose awful silence proceeds no answer, until at last the voice of Divine Mercy, speaking through a vision, conjured up in the night-time beside "My Lady's" moonlit grave, convinces the bereaved heart through the strength of its own love, of the immortality of that for which it mourns and craves. The lover is thereby taught the lesson of reproof and submission, that, softened by the chastisement of pain, he may stretch out in the higher life where Love is sublimed into Duty, and Hope loses itself in Faith—"the evidence of things not seen."

A subject so noble would raise even the plainest prose to a certain level of poetry—while the highest poetry would scarcely be commensurate with the grandeur of the theme. When we say that in "My Lady's Voice from Heaven" Mr. Woolner has failed in making his execution equal to his conception, it is only saying that he has failed where almost any poet, save a Dante or a Milton, would have failed. Nevertheless, the moral beauty of the whole, and the artistic beauty of the fragments, compensate for a degree of disappointment which the reader feels in what should have been the climax of the poem. Something of this may be owing to the stiff, short lilt of the rhythm, and to a certain aroma, so to speak, which reminds one of the "Poet's Vow" of Mrs. Browning. Yet it has exquisite passages. Witness this, when the lover is sitting by the midnight tomb:—

"— A wind came, blown o'er distant sheaves,
That hissing, tore and lashed the leaves,
And lashed the undergrowth.

"It roared and howled, it raged about
With some determined aim;
And storming up the night, brought out
The moon, that, like a happy shout,
Called forth My Lady's name,

"In sudden splendour on the stone;
Then, for an instant, I
Snatched and heaped up my past, bestrown
With hopes and kisses, struggling moan,
And pangs: as suddenly,

"Oppressed with overwhelming weight
Down fell the edifice;
When touched as by the hand of Fate
My gloom was gone. I felt my state
So light, I sobbed for bliss."

Part III. of "My Beautiful Lady" consists of two blank-verse poems, "Years After," and "Work." The first, supposed to be written ten years subsequent to "My Lady's" death, contains tender memory-pictures of her home, her parents, her own childhood and maidenhood, her sweet household words and ways. It seems as if grief—as grief often will do—had gone backward with a desperate leap over the chasm of despair into the pleasant fields of fond remembrance, where love in fancy could still walk hand in hand with the lost beloved, and feel no more anything of the past, except love. And in the last poem, "Work," shines out the final sanctification of all this anguish—the wisdom won out of sorrow, the large patience and universal loving-kindness taught by the bitterness of personal pain. Duty, endurance, faith—all these hidden seeds of eternal life which never spring up in the human heart till the rough ploughshare of affliction has passed over it—arise in the heart of this man, to make green and lovely the existence that was once so black and bare.

Amidst much to the same purport towards the close, he speaks as follows:

"I, craving gracious aid of heaven, straightway
Began the work which shall be mine till death.
And if 'tis granted that I may disroot
Some evil deeds, or plant a seed which time
Shall nourish to a tree of pleasant shade,

To wearied limbs a boon, and fair to view—
I then shall know the Hand that struck me down,
Has been my guide unto the paths of truth.
And she, my lost adored one, where is she?
Where has she been throughout these dragging years
Of labour?
She has been my light of life!
The lustrous dawn and radiance of the day
At noon—and she has burned the colors in
To richer depths across the sun at setting:
And my tired lips she closes; then, in dreams
Descends a shaft of glory barred with stairs,
And leads my spirit up where I behold
My dear ones lost. And thus through sleep, not death,
Remote from earthly cares and vexing jars,
I taste the stillness of the life to come."

Thus, in that peaceful completeness—which should be the aim and crown of all true poetry, of all imaginative writing of every sort—closes "My Beautiful Lady." It is its highest praise. No poet—no author of any kind—has a right to torture the world with his own distempered fancies, useless griefs, unsatisfied doubts, and unrepented sins. We all suffer alike, we that sing and we that are dumb; let none of us add the weight of his own, wantonly, to his brother's burthen. The genius which, so far from striving with the clear-eyed power which genius especially possesses,

"To justify the ways of God to men,"

—by its own wilfulness seeks to involve them in double darkness—has been false to the highest gift which God can bestow. Therefore, above many greater and more perfect poets, do we rate this poet, because in this sense, he has been true to his Divine calling. Being—as all real authors are—a creator, he has created not a monster, but a man; a human shape, complete, pure, noble, and life-like, as one of his own marble images. Whether he ever writes another book or not—perhaps, genius itself having its limits of power, and art being long and life short, he had better not—it may henceforward be truthfully said of Thomas Woolner, "that he can do two things—he can make a statue, and he can make a poem."

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY IN THE AMERICAN CONTEST REGARDED FROM THE FEDERAL POINT OF VIEW.

This series of essays[1] on the neutral relations of England and the United States originated, as we learn from the prefatory note, in a private correspondence. It had been stated to Mr. Loring that, among a considerable section of the English people, a disposition prevailed to regard the American civil struggle in a purely legal light, and, apart from the merits of the contest, looking simply to the honour of England, to discharge impartially and faithfully the duties of a strict neutrality; and this appears to have suggested to him the idea of treating the subject of neutral relations with a view to meet this mode of looking at the case. The present *brochure*, therefore, though published in America, is to be regarded as addressed to Englishmen, and more particularly to those Englishmen in whom anxiety for their country's honour, as a neutral in the present contest, prevails over their sympathies, whether with aristocracy or democracy, with slavery or freedom. It is, in short, an appeal by an American to English respect for law and sense of justice. We will add that it claims our attention not less on grounds of interest, than on those of honour. The position which Federal America now occupies as a belligerent, is that which England must occupy in any future war in which she may be engaged. At present we are neutrals, and are, therefore, liable to look too exclusively at the neutral side of international questions: not only this—an influential section of our population

[1] "The Neutral Relations of England and the United States," by Charles G. Loring. Wm. V. Spencer, *Boston*.

entertains feelings strongly and avowedly hostile to that combatant whose place in the contest and whose interest in belligerent rights correspond with what our own will be when war again overtakes us, and it shall be once more our turn to assert those rights. Under such circumstances, there is no small danger that we may give our sanction to principles which may prove inconvenient or even disastrous in our day of trial; and it is, therefore, of no slight advantage that we should have this subject of neutral rights discussed for us by those who occupy what will one day be our own position. For reasons of national self-interest, then, no less than of national honour, we cordially welcome this able and timely production.

It is rather overstating the scope of these essays to describe them as a discussion of neutral rights: in truth, the author confines himself to the examination of a single topic—a topic, however, to which all others in connexion with this subject have, for the time, become subordinate—the question of building ships of war by a neutral for a belligerent power. Mr. Loring contends for two points: 1. That such transactions—taking the actual cases of this kind which have occurred—are illegal; and 2. That, in permitting them, the English Government has been guilty of a dereliction of neutral duty—a dereliction such as renders the country responsible—to what extent is not here considered—for the consequences which have followed from the illegal acts, and as would justify the United States in demanding indemnification.

As regards the legal question, we are disposed to think that Mr. Loring has, in a certain sense, made out his case: he has, at all events, shown that his view of the law is *favoured* by the decisions of American courts, and by the practice alike of English and American Governments. Whether our Foreign Enlistment Act, properly construed, will bear out the interpretation which Mr. Loring has placed upon it, is a question on which, with the expressed opinion of the Lord Chief Baron to the contrary, and with an appeal from this judgment pending in the Court of Error, we do not of course presume to offer an opinion. On the other question—the degree of blame which, looking at the subject in its political aspects, attaches to our Government in consequence of what has occurred, and what must be commensurate with this[1]—the extent of our responsibility to the injured nation—on this portion of the case we think that sufficient allowance has not been made by Mr. Loring for the extreme difficulty, theoretical as well as practical, of the problem with which our Government was called upon to deal.

It is too much the habit with writers on international law to discuss its problems as if the key to their solution were necessarily, in all cases, to be found in that collection of treaties, decisions, and maxims of various nations, which form what may be called the corpus of the international code. It was an old hypothesis that the law, when non-existent everywhere else, remained *in gremio magistratus*: this notion has been elided from our municipal jurisprudence, but something like it seems still to hold its ground in the domain of international law. Whatever may be the novelty or complexity of the incident which may arise for adjudication, it rarely seems to occur to international lawyers that the case may be one entirely outside the purview of any principle which international usage has established: it is almost invariably assumed that a rule exists somewhere adequate to a satisfactory solution, could it only be found. It will scarcely, however, be denied by any one conversant with the juridical controversies of the last few years, that in many of its most important branches international jurisprudence is still in

[1] On the principle laid down by Jefferson (in his correspondence with the French Ambassador in 1793, on the occasion of complaints from the Government of Great Britain similar in character to those which are now urged by the Federal Government against ourselves), that restitution should be made "if it can be effected by any means in our power," and where all the means in our power for giving restitution have not been employed, then in such cases "compensation."

a state very far from maturity. Its present condition, in truth, is one of rapid growth—growth, however, mainly through a process which to other inconveniences adds this one, that it has the effect of concealing the development of law in the promotion of which it aids. We shall render our meaning plain by saying that every fresh decision which takes place in a prize court, though purporting merely to give effect to pre-existing law, in reality becomes itself a constituent element of the law, furnishing a new datum which, in a greater or less degree is destined to influence all future decisions to which the principle involved in the case may be applicable. International law has thus, as is well known, been largely created by Lord Stowell; although in each particular case with which he was required to deal, that learned judge was supposed, and perhaps supposed himself, to be merely giving effect to a law existing already. International law is thus being constantly built up in the prize courts of civilized nations, by what has been well called by our ablest living writer on jurisprudence, the method of "Fiction"—a method which is not the less real or effective because it for the most part eludes observation. We are not, therefore, to take it for granted that in every question which arises for settlement between nations, a solution is to be found in the actual international code, such as the expediency, the justice, or the necessity of the case, after full consideration, would prescribe; more particularly we are not to take this for granted when the question at issue is connected with rapidly growing interests or with new modes of warfare. Now, the question at present pending between England and the United States is one in which both these conditions are conspicuous, and we think it will not be difficult to show that what the recent exigency required of the English Government was not to give effect to the law, but to make the law—not to administer legal rules, but to legislate—a consideration which it is very necessary to bear in mind in awarding praise or blame to its conduct, and in estimating the extent of responsibility which it has entailed on the nation.

It appears to us that two positions bearing upon the building of armed vessels in neutral ports may be regarded as now established. It is held, in the first place, that neutral trade in contraband of war with either belligerent by private persons of the neutral state is no violation of neutrality, and is therefore not an act which the neutral government is in any way bound directly to restrain. The proper remedy for a belligerent aggrieved by such acts is capture *in transitu* of the contraband goods; and the neutral sufficiently discharges his duty when he simply abstains from interfering with this process. And, secondly, it seems equally decided that the position of neutrality imposes upon the neutral state the obligation of either freely admitting both belligerents to his territory for warlike purposes, or else of rigidly excluding both: the territory of the neutral must not be placed at the disposal of either belligerent to be used as a "vantage ground" against his foe. It may easily be shown that these doctrines are founded in the primary necessities of international relations. To control the commerce of its subjects so as to prevent trading in contraband of war would be a task beyond the power of any government: "it would be hard in principle, and impossible in practice." This task is, therefore, of necessity remitted to those who are interested in its performance, *i.e.* the belligerents. On the other hand, for a neutral to place his territory at the disposal of one of the contending parties for the purpose of organizing expeditions against his enemy, is a proceeding which no nation injured by it, and in a position to resent it, would for a moment tolerate. It would be better for the nation so attacked at once to declare war against the conniving neutral: it would thus, at least, compel him to declare himself, and at worst substitute an open for a secret foe. The rule, therefore, which prohibits the using of neutral territory as a position from which to attack an enemy is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states

must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world.

These principles, then, may be regarded as beyond dispute; nor, so long as actual cases admit of being brought under the exclusive domain of either, does it seem that much difficulty can arise in their practical application. But the facts do not always square with this proviso. A transaction may assume such a form that it may be doubtful to which principle it belongs, or that it may be governed at once by both. It may be a strictly commercial transaction, in the sense that it is undertaken by those who have charge of it from simple motives of gain; while it may at the same time be a hostile enterprise issuing from a neutral shore. Now, where this occurs, the question arises which of the two doctrines above stated is the subordinate, and which the paramount, one. Looking to the ultimate ground of international law—the welfare and harmonious intercourse of independent nations—the question is one which there may not perhaps be much difficulty in answering; but what we maintain is, that the answer to it is not to be found in any doctrines of international law as yet authoritatively declared. Both doctrines in all their breadth have been frequently laid down by the highest authorities; but no authority that we know of has yet told us which, when they come in conflict, is to give way.[1]

Now, it is just here, as it seems to us—in this conflict of two principles the relative importance of which has not yet been ascertained—that the real difficulty lies of dealing with the transactions which have occasioned this controversy. The essential facts involved in those transactions may, we think, without much hesitation, be taken to be these:—Certain English shipbuilders have entered into contracts with the agents of the Confederate Government to build ships adapted for war. These ships sail from England partially armed; it being arranged that the completion of their armament shall take place at some neutral port previously decided on, outside the jurisdiction of England; and the materials for the purpose are sent thither in other ships also despatched from England. The ships, when their equipment is completed, are handed over to a Confederate officer with a commission from the Confederate Government, who forthwith proceeds to employ them in making depredations on the marine of the United States. Now, taking this as a correct statement of what has occurred, and assuming it to be all capable of proof, we think it is apparent that the transaction partakes of the double character we have described, that it is at once a commercial adventure and a hostile enterprise. It is a commercial adventure; for we have no reason to suppose that those who organized that portion of the expedition which was prepared on English ground were actuated by other motives than those of gain: they received a lucrative order from a foreign government; they executed it, and were paid for their trouble. The case, therefore, under this aspect of it, comes within the law as laid down by Judge Story in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*:—

> "There is nothing in our laws or in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation."

Equally clear is it, nevertheless, that the transaction bears the impress of a hostile enterprise. It is true the elements of the expedition were combined beyond the pale of English jurisdiction, and Mr. Canning, in a passage quoted, and apparently adopted by "Historicus," has laid down the doctrine that "it is only when the elements of armaments are combined that they come within the provisions of the law, and if that combination does not take place till they have left the country, we have no right to interfere with them." But a higher authority has distinctly negatived this view. In the

[1] There are no doubt decided cases in which the two characters of commerce and hostility *seem* to concur, in which, therefore, it might appear that the relative force of the two principles had been ascertained; but it will be found that in such cases the concurrence is seeming only.

case of the *Bolivar* (U.S. *v.* Quincey, quoted by Mr. Loring), it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that it was *not* necessary that the jury should find that the *Bolivar*, when she left Baltimore and when she arrived at St. Thomas, and during the voyage, was armed, or in a condition to commit hostilities: it was sufficient if a fixed intention to employ her in a hostile manner could be shown to be entertained before she left the United States.

The cases just referred to are those which seem to furnish the best clue for guiding us through our recent complications. The misfortune is that, while both cases seem about equally analogous to those under discussion, they each enjoin an opposite course of action. Take the case of the *Alabama*: as between the case of that vessel and that of the *Santissima Trinidad* there are these points of difference: 1. That the *Alabama* was built, as it is believed, under a positive contract with a power engaged in hostilities with a nation with which we were at peace; while the *Santissima Trinidad*, though built for belligerent purposes and for sale, was yet, at least originally, not destined for the services of any particular State; and 2. That the latter was transferred to the belligerent purchaser in his own port; while in the former case the transference took place in the port of the neutral, the vessel having never been brought within belligerent territory. These points of difference unquestionably place the building and sale of the *Alabama* more distinctly within the category of hostile actions than if the case corresponded in all its parts with that with which it has been compared; but it must at least be admitted that the dividing line is a narrow one. Moreover, the incidents in question, however they may establish the character of hostility, do not yet deprive the transaction of its commercial character. If the doctrine laid down by Chief Justice Story be taken, as it is expressed, without qualification, that "a commer-" cial adventure" is one which "no " nation is bound to prohibit," we think it must be admitted that there is some point in the question of the Lord Chief Baron:—"If a man may build a vessel " for the purpose of offering it for sale " to either of the belligerent parties, " may he not execute an order for it?" On the other hand, the comparison of the *Alabama* with the *Bolivar* case brings out a correspondence not less close, though here, too, there is a difference at least as important as that in the comparison which has just been made. In the *Bolivar* case the defendant, who had fitted out the vessel and taken it out of port, was also the commander who had fought it; whereas in the case of the *Alabama* these functions were kept distinct: the warlike element was introduced into the enterprise by one set of men outside English jurisdiction; the commercial part of it was performed within English jurisdiction by another.

If this be, as we believe it to be, a fair statement of the position of the question, so far as it admits of solution on the rules deducible from the records of decided cases, then it seems to follow that the materials for a decision on the grounds of existing law really do not exist. While no rule precisely meeting the actual case is adducible, those which do exist, and which come nearest to the case in hand, bear with about equal weight in opposite directions. The actual case, in short, to repeat our former statement, embodies two opposite principles, and no authority has yet told us, when this happens, which principle must give way.

Yet it is absolutely necessary that a decision should be made, and further, the moment we extend our view beyond the bounds of the strictly legal horizon, there can scarcely be a doubt as to what that decision should be. Is it to be supposed that a belligerent, undisputed master of the sea, his enemy's fleet swept from the ocean, his enemy's ports blockaded, will endure to see that enemy deliberately contrive a scheme to convert the ports of a neutral power into dockyards for his use, appropriate funds for the purpose, appoint agents in the neutral territory, and, after his proper fleet has been annihilated, quietly

proceed, under the protection of a neutral flag, to build a new one, destined to issue from the neutral ports fully armed to depredate and to destroy? This is a question which, it seems to us, admits of but one answer; and, when matters have reached this pass, whatever may be the doctrine of lawyers, for statesmen the real problem is—if, indeed, neutrality is what they desire—simply by what means such practices may best be put down. The interest of non-combatant States and the freedom of trade must of course be kept in view; but, even with a view to these very ends, effectual prevention is the primary need.

The mode hitherto adopted for this purpose—for reconciling the interests of neutral trade with the preservation of neutrality—we have just seen; it sought its end by distinguishing commercial adventure from hostile enterprise. Experience has proved that this distinction, clear enough in abstract statement, fails to meet the exigencies of actual events: in practice the commercial and hostile characters frequently concur in the same act. It is thus necessary to seek a more stringent formula. This has been attempted in the recent discussion: it has been suggested that the question of legality should be made to turn, not simply on the commercial nature of the transaction, but upon this in connexion with a further condition—the transport, namely, of the contraband article to a belligerent port before being employed in belligerent operations. A park of artillery, so the case is put, may without any violation of neutrality be sold to a belligerent by the subjects of a neutral nation, because a park of artillery cannot be employed against the enemy of that belligerent till it is first transferred to belligerent territory. The belligerent against whom the contraband is intended to be used has here his proper remedy—he may, if he can, intercept it by capture *in transitu.* On the same principle the building, and even complete equipment, of a vessel of war for a belligerent ought not to be regarded as a violation of neutrality, provided it conforms to the same rule—provided it is placed in belligerent territory before it is employed in belligerent operations. But, when a vessel built in neutral territory proceeds at once to operate against its enemy from the basis of a neutral shore, the ordinary belligerent remedy against trade in contraband no longer applies: in this case the neutral territory becomes a "vantage "ground" for one of the belligerents, and here accordingly neutrality is violated.

The distinction is in theory sufficiently clear, and may, we believe, be defended on general grounds; our objection to it is that it could never be a working principle. The legality of the transaction is made to depend upon the destination of the vessel after she has left neutral jurisdiction. Now this is a point which, it seems to us, could rarely, if ever, be established by evidence until evidence was forestalled by the accomplished fact. It may be possible to infer, in a general way, commercial motives from overt acts; but from such data to pronounce upon the destination, in a geographical sense, of a vessel still in neutral territory—to decide whether a fully armed vessel of war was about to sail for a belligerent port or to engage in immediate operations—would be a feat of interpretative skill, which nothing would render possible but such gross and stupid blundering on the part of the violators of the law as certainly nothing in our recent experience gives us the least reason for calculating on. After the illegal end had been definitively accomplished, after the mischief had been done, the violation of neutrality would be sufficiently plain; but where then would be the remedy? And what can be conceived more calculated to keep alive a chronic irritation between belligerent and neutral nations — to promote that state of feeling which if long continued almost inevitably leads to war—than a rule which would indeed be effective if carried out, but which in practice never could be carried out, which would permit a real injury to be inflicted, while it always provided for this injury a technical justification?

To render neutrality real, it seems to us plain that it will be necessary to go a

step further than any scheme we have yet considered, and to place the distinction neither in the quality of the transaction, nor in the destination of the enterprise, but in the kind of the commodity. The line, in short, must be drawn between ships and other contraband goods;[1] and for this we think it can be shown that there is solid ground in the nature of the case. We repudiate, indeed, the doctrine which we have lately seen advanced, that a ship is a portion of the territory of the country to which it belongs—a doctrine, in our judgment, at once artificial, questionable, and inadequate. We place the distinction for which we contend upon the plain fact, that an armed ship, or ship prepared for armour, is a form of contraband, and the only form, which admits of being used directly from a neutral shore. That a ship admits of being so used affords a sufficient presumption that, when the temptation offers, it will be so used; and since, as we have shown, it is impossible in practice to distinguish a legitimate from an illegitimate destination, the one effectual remedy which remains is simply to proscribe this form of contraband trading altogether. The nature of the manufacture would render the enforcement of the prohibition easy; and we do not believe that it would interfere with any important interest. It would still be open to the shipbuilder, where the destination of the vessel was a legal one, to satisfy the Government of this, on which he might obtain a license to proceed with his work.

To the principle, however, of distinguishing between ships and other contraband it is objected (no longer, indeed, by the *Times*, whose patriotism, let us do it justice, has proved stronger than its hatred of a kindred nation) that the rule would in practice operate unequally, that it is unfair, for example, to permit the Federals free access to our manufactories of guns and ammunition, while we shut out the Confederates from our dockyards which provide that species of contraband of which *they* stand in need. Those who employ this argument apparently suppose that it is the artisans of the Southern States who have manufactured all the guns and gunpowder which have been expended by the Confederates in the present contest; and yet they are not ignorant—on the contrary, they are never tired reminding us of the number of vessels which, despite of the "mock blockade," are constantly entering the Southern ports. With what, let us ask, do they suppose the blockade-runners to be freighted? The truth is the gain to the South from the neutral trade in contraband, keeping in view the relative abilities of the two parties to provide themselves from native resources, is immeasurably greater than any which has been reaped by the North. The actual exports of contraband to Northern ports may, for aught we know, be larger than those which have passed through the blockade; but have they been of the same importance to the receivers? Which belligerent could with least detriment have dispensed altogether with a foreign market? It is obvious that, while for the North, with its great mechanical

[1] A writer, to whom the country is not a little indebted for an admirable and timely exposition of the branch of international law bearing upon neutral rights, has in terms repudiated this distinction. In the preface to his latest publication he asks:—"Why are ships to be prohibited rather than cannon, or rifles, or gunpowder, with which the illegal recruit is equally to be armed? Such a distinction is obviously illogical and unsustainable." . . . "It cannot be denied, however," he adds, "that the present state of the Foreign Enlistment Act is unsatisfactory. The statute goes either too far or not far enough." (*Additional Letters of Historicus*, p. xiii.) In a later letter, however, in the *Times*, in reply to the same question which had been put to him by Mr. Lindsay, he replies:—"An English merchant may manufacture cannon and all other munitions of war for a belligerent because there is no law to prevent it. An English shipbuilder may not equip a vessel of war or a transport for a belligerent, because there happens to be an English Act of Parliament which expressly prohibits his doing so." We understand from this that the writer's view is, that the Foreign Enlistment Act draws the line between ships of the kind described and other contraband goods; and as his most recent writing has tended towards this result on general grounds, we conclude that his present view of the policy of the question would not differ from that stated in the text.

and manufacturing resources, the neutral trade in contraband has never been more than a convenience, it has for the South been nothing short of a vital necessity.

So far as the present war is concerned, there is thus a plain answer to the objection in the facts of the case. But we think that it admits also of a more general answer on the ground of principle. Grant that the rule may in certain cases fall with more severity on one of the combatants than on the other, does it follow that this result is properly chargeable on the rule? We think not. Where it can be shown, as in the present case it may be shown, that a rule is adopted on general grounds, without reference to the conditions of any particular contest, and that it is called for by the necessities of the case, it seems to us that the requirements of international impartiality have been fulfilled: any inequality which may afterwards result is properly attributable to the circumstances which have given to the operation of the rule this one-sided effect—for example to the superiority at sea of one of the combatants—a superiority which it is no part of the neutral's business to annul.

We have argued this question on the assumption that what the neutral has a right to require from one belligerent in relation to the other, he is under an obligation to require; that there are neutral duties as well as neutral rights. If not the reverse of this position, at least something in terms extremely like it has, however, lately been maintained by learned writers. It has been contended "that the right which is injured by the "act of the offending belligerent [in "such violations of neutrality as we "have been considering] is the right of "the neutral government, and not that "of the other belligerent": from which the "important consequence" is deduced "that it is the neutral, and not "the belligerent, who is strictly entitled "to claim and to enforce the remedy"... "Statutes, like the Foreign Enlistment "Act, are [thus] purely municipal enactments for the protection and benefit of "the neutral state, and not laws in furtherance of any international obligation."[1] Having regard, however, to the qualifying admissions which those who have maintained this position have made, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Loring that, "notwithstanding all the learning "and ability employed in maintaining "these theses, they are, for the most "part, mere abstractions [and, we will "add, misleading abstractions] in the "practical applications of the rules of "duty to the faithful observance of "neutral obligations."

It is not denied by those who take this ground that the neutral is bound by the law of "impartiality" as between the contending parties. On the contrary the doctrine of Kent is quoted and adopted, "that the neutral is to "carry himself with perfect equality "between both belligerents, giving "neither the one nor the other any "advantage." If this be so, it would seem to follow that we, as neutrals, are bound toward each belligerent to enforce as against the other our neutral rights, unless indeed we are prepared to adopt the other alternative of neutrality —to set free our people to take, as each feels inclined, a side in the quarrel, to place our ports without reservation at the disposal of both belligerents alike, and, in a word, to inaugurate civil war at home. "Permission or sufferance "[on any other terms than these] is," to adopt the words of Mr. Loring, "virtual connivance with the enemy, "and converts the professing neutral "into an ally whom the offended belligerent may justly treat as such."

And all this is admitted, but a distinction is taken. The doctrine "that "it is not only the right but the duty "of neutral states to insist on the immunity to which they are entitled, "and to punish and redress all invasions of their territory or their laws," "is only "sound" when "properly "limited and explained." "The duty "[in question] is not a duty on the "part of the neutral corresponding to "any right vested in the belligerent, "and is consequently at most what "jurists call a *duty of imperfect obli-*

[1] Letters of Historicus, pp. 152–155.

"*gation.*"[1] The neutral on general grounds of morality is bound to be impartial; but this obligation is like the obligation of charity: it does not correspond with any "right" residing in the belligerent who is injured by its infraction; and, if the neutral choose to disregard the obligation, the suffering belligerent has no more "right" to call him to account, than has the pauper to exact alms from the uncharitable rich.

With extreme deference for the able writer who has advanced this argument, we must take leave to say that the distinction for which he contends appears to us, in the case with which we are concerned, to be a distinction without a difference. The distinction between duties of perfect and those of imperfect obligation can only have place where "law" in the proper sense of the term is contrasted with morality. Now, international law is not law in the proper sense: it is "law" only analogically. International law is not promulgated by any determinate superior—it is not enforced by any regular system of sanctions—it is, in short, a law of public opinion, or, to adopt the accurate language of the late Mr. Austin, "positive morality." It is true that certain portions of this international "positive morality" have been submitted to the manipulation of courts of justice, and have been brought into the form of definite formulas; that they thus offer externally a closer resemblance to positive law than other portions of the same moral code which have not been reduced into formal shape. But the difference here is a difference in form merely: in principle the two classes of international duties are essentially the same, springing from the same source in the moral sense of the civilized world, and upheld by the same sanctions—the force which civilized opinion or the indignation of particular nations wields. An incident in the blockade will enable us at once to test and illustrate this position. When the *Peterhoff* was seized by the Federal cruisers, and her owners in England made application to the Government to procure her restoration, Lord Russell refused to interfere. International law required that the neutral country should submit its suspected vessels to the adjudication of a belligerent prize court. Had we refused to comply with this rule, it would have been a *casus belli* for the Federal States. But supposing the decision of the Federal courts proved to be in our opinion a manifestly unjust one, should we be bound to submit (as an individual in the analogous case under municipal law would be bound to submit) because it had been obtained through the recognised international tribunals in the formally legal way? Lord Russell distinctly intimated the contrary. It would still be open to us to demur to this decision on the score of a miscarriage of justice, and, in the event of our failing to obtain satisfaction, to have recourse to the *ultima ratio* of nations. In other words, for the violation of a perfectly vague and undefined duty—the duty of administering justice according to the evidence—the recognised remedy in international law is the same as where the obligation infringed is the strictly defined one of submitting suspected vessels to the adjudication of a prize court. It seems, then, that in the sphere of international relations, however obligations may differ in the greater or less degree of precision with which they are capable of being determined, in the essential points—the source from which they emanate and the sanctions by which they are enforced—all stand alike upon the same footing. The difference, however, to which we have adverted may, for the purpose of the immediate argument, be disregarded. The duty of the neutral to insist on the immunity to which he is entitled is an obligation no less definite than that of the belligerent to concede to him that immunity: the subject-matter of the two obligations is the same. Neither on the ground of form then, nor on that of its essential character, can the distinction which is contended for be made out. We have entered with some fulness into this question, because, though in appearance

[1] Letters of Historicus, p. 156.

a purely theoretical one, we conceive it might easily become one of practical importance. Factitious distinctions are generally productive of factitious confusion; and confusion of ideas as to the cogency of our international obligations might readily, in the present state of the public mind, be productive of serious results.[1]

The foregoing observations have been directed towards two points:—the legality of the proceedings in the case of the *Alabama* and her companions, and the nature of our duties as neutrals in enforcing the immunity from belligerent operations to which we are entitled. There remains the further question as to what our conduct should be with reference to the vessels which have escaped. It is very important that Englishmen should understand the light in which this matter is viewed by the Northern people—not, be it observed, by the "mob," or by party politicians, but by the whole people of the Northern States, including the most thoughtful, moderate, and cultivated men whom the country contains. It is, beyond question, that the universal feeling on this subject is one of profound indignation and resentment—indignation and resentment such as only spring from a galling sense of wrong. Such a feeling pervading a great people, however exaggerated or mistaken it may be deemed, is not one which a wise nation will treat with levity or disdain. It may be well, therefore, to present to ourselves this matter as it is viewed by those who conceive themselves wronged by us. We avail ourselves for this purpose of Mr. Loring's powerful statement.

"The recognition [of the Southern States] must have been upon the implied condition that the rebels as an acknowledged belligerent would conform to the law of nations as generally understood, and as avowed and acted upon by England and by the United States. By one of those laws, now almost universally insisted upon by all nations, and entirely settled by statute and judicial decision in England and in the United States, neutral goods on board an enemy's vessel are exempt from confiscation, and, although the vessel may be condemned, the cargo is to be restored to the neutral owner, and conversely, although an enemy's goods on board of a neutral vessel may be condemned as good prize, the vessel is not liable to confiscation, but must be restored. . . . —(P. 66.)

"Another of the laws of nations, believed to be now generally recognized and acted upon, and certainly established as between England and the United States (as appears by their statutes and judicial decisions), is, that the ownership of enemy's property *captured at sea* is not changed, and does not vest in the captor, by the mere seizure, but remains in abeyance until sentence of condemnation, as lawful prize, by a court of competent jurisdiction; which court, with a few occasional exceptions, under treaties or arrangements with allies, can only be lawfully held in the country of the captors. . . .—(P. 67.)

"Until the capture," says Kent, "becomes invested with the character of prize by a sentence of condemnation, the right of property is in abeyance, or in a state of legal sequestration. *It cannot be alienated or disposed of;* but the possession of it by the Government of the captor is a trust for the benefit of those who may be ultimately entitled. This salutary rule, and one so necessary to check irregular conduct and individual outrage, has been long established in the English Admiralty; and *it is now everywhere recognized* as the law and practice of nations. . . . I. *Kent's Com.* pp. 100–102.—(Pp 67–68.)

"Now it is notorious to the whole world that the rebels are carrying on this parricidal war in utter and avowed defiance of this law; that, having no ports into which they can take vessels captured by them for adjudication, they, after plundering from their cargoes all

[1] In his last letter to the *Times* (Nov. 7, 1863) "Historicus" has thus expressed himself:—"That it is the right, and, in some sense, the duty of a neutral State, to prevent its soil from being made the base of hostile operations against either belligerent is admitted on all hands, and a culpable slackness or indifference in the Executive as to such transactions would be justly regarded by the injured belligerent as evidence of a fraudulent neutrality which he would be entitled to construe as a connivance at and participation in the schemes of his enemy. Such conduct would amount to an alliance or complicity with the enemy, equivalent to hostility, and justly treated as such." Substantially, therefore, we have no difference with this writer. If it be admitted that neglect to enforce our neutral rights where this neglect is prejudicial to one of the belligerents may justly be treated as hostility, and bring down on us a declaration of war, then there is no real question in dispute. An international duty thus sanctioned may be a "duty of imperfect obligation," but we are unable to see by what stronger sanction those international duties can be enforced of which it is alleged that the obligation is perfect.

that can be taken on board of their own ships, immediately burn or sink the captured vessels with the remainder; that this is done by the orders, and under an arrangement, of the Rebel Government, by which it has agreed to pay to the captors one half part of the value of all vessels and cargoes belonging to the citizens of the United States thus destroyed; and that such destruction has, in repeated instances, involved that of neutral property.

"It does, indeed, seem marvellous that this gross and public defiance of one of the most sacred laws of war has been suffered to pass unchallenged, and without protestation, or attempt at suppression by the self-styled Mistress of the Sea, whose assumption of that position might reasonably seem to demand of her some watch and ward over the observance of its laws, and especially of one of which she was the principal author. And this while she knows that from her own ports and by her own citizens were furnished all the means and opportunities for these outrages, and that they are perpetrated principally by her own subjects, and often under her own flag; perpetrated, too, not in behalf of honest men struggling to free themselves from tyranny or oppression, but by rebels seeking the subversion of the freest government the sun ever shone upon (of which they had themselves almost entire political control) in order to substitute a despotism founded on chattel-slavery. Above all, it is marvellous that, when a word from her of revocation or threatened revocation, of her recognition of them as a lawful belligerent, would instantly suppress these atrocities, or render their future perpetration impossible—instead of uttering that word she receives the perpetrators with open arms into her ports, with national salutes and official feastings, and with all the manifestations of sympathy with their cause and their brigandism which could be bestowed upon the Bayards and Sidneys in a noble warfare for the dearest of human rights. . . .—(Pp. 68–69.)

We do not quote these passages as adopting every assumption of law, expressed and latent, which they contain. Our object is to place before our readers the case of the Northern people as it is regarded by the best minds amongst them; and we think no candid reader of the above extracts will deny that they have at least a strong *primâ facie* grievance to present.

There is one doctrine, however, advanced by Mr. Loring in the passage just quoted, on which, as it has been somewhat violently, and we think too unreservedly, denounced by a learned writer here, we will venture a few words. Mr. Loring lays it down on the authority of Kent that, "until the capture becomes "invested with the character of prize "by a sentence of condemnation, the "right of property is in abeyance, or "in a state of legal sequestration. *It* "*cannot be alienated or disposed of;* but "the posession of it by the government "of the captor is a trust for the benefit "of those who may be ultimately entitled. This salutary rule, and one so "necessary to check irregular conduct "and individual outrage, has been long "established in the English Admiralty; "and it is now everywhere recognized "as the law and practice of nations." (1 Kent's Com. 100, 102);—a doctrine which he reinforces by the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Jecker *v.* Montgomery (13 Howard's Rep. 516):—"This act [of "capture] merely enforces the performance of a duty imposed upon the "captor by the law of nations, *which* "*in all civilized countries secures to the* "*captured a trial in a court of competent* "*jurisdiction before he can finally be* "*deprived of his property.*" Against this, however, it has been contended, that "the rule of bringing a captured "vessel before a prize court is introduced in favour of neutrals and not "of belligerents." . . . "If the vessel "were brought before a prize court, the "enemy could have no *locus standi,* "and he cannot allege any grievance "upon the loss of an adjudication "upon which he could not possibly "have been heard." [1] Now, without stopping to inquire how far the latter assumption is true in the case of the escaped war-ships—respecting which it is admitted by the same writer in another passage of the same letter that, should they, having been determined to have been equipped in violation of our laws, come within our ports with a prize, "their prizes should be taken "from them and restored to the original "owner"—without stopping to inquire how far this obligation on the part of the neutral to make restitution of prizes to the belligerent owner is consistent with the doctrine in the absolute form in which it has been laid down, that the enemy would in no case have

[1] "Historicus" in the *Times.*

a *locus standi* in a prize court in an adjudication consequent upon such captures—it at least cannot be denied that where *neutral* property is the subject of these irregular proceedings, the *neutral* is on impregnable ground in demanding an adjudication. Now it is, we believe, a matter of fact that British property has in several instances been disposed of, in the manner described, by these Confederate vessels. Mr. Loring mentions one "notable instance within the immediate knowledge of the people of "this city [Boston]; being the case of "the ship *Nora*, belonging to Messrs. "George B. Upton and Son, eminent "merchants of Boston, which was burned "at sea by the rebel commander and "crew of the *Alabama*, with a valuable "cargo belonging exclusively to British "subjects, and regularly documented as "such, and about the ownership of "which there could be no reasonable "pretence of doubt."

This being so, what is the position of Great Britain in overlooking such proceedings? Assuming it to be the fact, that the Confederate Government has compensated the owners of these cargoes (and if this has not been done, the case is simply without palliation), is there not some point in Mr. Loring's inquiry —whether "this is all England's duty "in the matter? Is the recovery of "money all she owes to her dignity and "self-respect, and all she owes to the "world? Is she to condone piracy "committed on her citizens, in gross "violation of a sacred law of nations, "which if observed, would have prevented it." Nor does it diminish the force of these home thrusts, that the mere assertion of her unquesquestionable rights in this matter, would of itself go far to remedy the injury which has been done—done—can we deny it? in some degree through our own remissness. Let us endeavour to represent to ourselves this episode in our history, as it will be regarded by an impartial posterity. During a great civil strife between two branches of a kindred nation—into the merits of the cause at issue we, for the moment, forbear to enter—in which strife we profess to observe a strict neutrality, three formidable vessels, in defiance of our authority, and in disregard at all events of the spirit of international law, have issued from our ports. These vessels, built in English dockyards, equipped and armed by English artisans, paid for by a loan raised in the English money-market, in part manned by English sailors—"an English navy in all but the name and the flag"—now roam the ocean, plundering and burning the property of their adversaries, and, in some instances, our own. The English Government, by simply asserting an unquestionable right, has it in its power, if not at once to arrest their career, at all events greatly to curtail their capacity for mischief; but this assertion of its right it omits to make. When with this omission are coupled the facts, that a portion of the English people has loudly proclaimed its sympathy with the cause of the depredators, and that English shipping is largely a gainer through its comparative immunity from the risks incurred by the belligerent marine, and, lastly, that shameful incident—the cheers which in the English Parliament greeted the announcement, made by the principal violator of the law, of the magnitude of the depredations—when these facts are disclosed on the impartial record of history, what will be the judgment of posterity?—will the page be one which future Englishmen will read without a blush?

Nor will posterity fail to contrast our neutrality with the bearing of another neutral under circumstances precisely analogous to ours. We will let Mr. Loring tell the story:—

"The first call made upon [the United States] was a crucial test, for it was made by England, her recent oppressor and enemy, for protection against the violation of neutral relations within her territories by or in behalf of the subjects of France, her ally and friend, by whom she had been aided in the war with England, and towards whom the United States felt and acknowledged the strongest obligations.

"In the great war then raging between England and France the English Government entertained, very naturally and with good reason, apprehensions that privateers would be fitted out in the United States to prey upon English commerce under the French

flag; and, their apprehensions being communicated to our Government, President Washington in 1793 issued a proclamation forbidding all such violations of neutrality, and stating that instructions had been given *to the officers of the United States to cause prosecutions to be instituted* against all persons who should violate the law of nations with respect to the powers at war or any other. . . .—(P. 15.)

"At the same time the Governors of States were called upon to cause vessels to be arrested if about to depart on any such service; and several were so arrested and prevented from sailing. Prizes which had been taken by such privateers, fitted out and sailing from ports in the United States, were restored to the British owners; and the Government of the United States proclaimed that it held itself responsible to indemnify for such captures.[1]

"All this was done under a *sense of duty as imposed by the law of nations*, no Enlistment Act having then been passed. But, in 1794, Congress, with an earnest desire to preserve the strictest fidelity, enacted a statute on this subject for the purpose of compelling the observance of an entire neutrality within the jurisdiction of the United States. And in the same year a treaty was made with England, in which one clause provided that the United States should make indemnity to British owners for vessels which had been previously captured by privateers that had been fitted out in the United States. *This Act of 1794 was made immediately after the application of the British Government upon this subject, and for the purpose of insuring the immediate observance of a strict neutrality, as was expressly admitted and stated by Mr. Canning in Parliament.* And yet we are now coolly told by Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell that England cannot alter her municipal laws to suit other Governments. . . .—(P. 16.)

"The next occasion for the elucidation of the principles of our Government on this subject was in the war of 1854–55 between Russia on one side, and England and France on the other. And here, again, the test was a stringent one, as the utmost cordiality had always existed between the Russian Government and that of the United States. . . .—(Pp 18–19.)

"Nor has it been left to conjecture how the British Government would think it proper to construe their requisition, or how the United States would interpret their promise to comply with it. During that war the bark *Maury*, of New York, a mere merchant ship, was fitting out in New York for a voyage to China, and a suspicion having arisen in the minds of the British Consul and some English residents that she was taking in arms and munitions of war to be used in the service of Russia, and the Consul having communicated his suspicions to the British Minister at Washington, and he having made complaint to the Government of the United States—though the evidence submitted on which it was founded was of the feeblest and most unsatisfactory character—the vessel and cargo were immediately seized by officers of the United States, without the slightest previous notice to the owners, and were detained until the British Consul and those instigating the seizure were perfectly satisfied that the suspicions where wholly erroneous; and for these he afterwards made a public apology in one of the *Gazettes* in that city."—(Pp. 19–20.)

Mr. Loring is proud of these passages in the history of his country, and he may well be so. They should not be forgotten by the English people; and, though for a time a cloud seems to have passed over our memory, let us hope that they are but obscured to us, not obliterated. That a section of English society cherishes a rancour towards the Free States of America, at once so violent and so blind that, to gratify it, it is prepared to sacrifice, not only the good faith and honour of the country, but even its plainest and most vital interests, is what, we fear, cannot be denied—for, if ever interest and honour were coincident, it is here. But such passions have, we believe, no place in the minds of the English people; and we are sure that the history of international intercourse with the United States, when under the guidance of those earlier Federal Statesmen, whose traditions it is the aim of the present leaders in the North to restore, needs only to be better known in order to call forth in this country a spirit of justice and conciliation towards the people of the Northern States.

Into the question of restitution and compensation we have not entered: in its practical form it will doubtless present points of some difficulty and nicety for adjustment; but with the precedent of 1793-4 to guide us—a precedent to which neither Federal nor English statesmen can refuse to defer—it will indeed be strange if we cannot arrive at a satisfactory settlement. Of this at least we are certain, that a spirit of mutual fairness and moderation is all that is needed to accomplish this result.

J. E. Cairnes.

[1] There is a slight, but material, omission here: the captures for which the United States Government undertook to indemnify were captures *brought within its jurisdiction.*

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GLEAM OF THE AUTUMN SUNSET.

"On the 27th, at the Cathedral, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Palmerston, assisted by the Very Reverend Dean Maberly, of N.S.W., and the Rev. Minimus Smallchange of St. Micros, Little Creek, George Hillyar, Esq., Inspector of Police for the Bumbleoora district, eldest son of Sir George Hillyar, of Stanlake, England, to Gertrude, sixth and last remaining daughter of the late James Neville, Esq. of Neville's Gap."

That was the way the *Sentinel* announced it—"last remaining daughter." In England, one would have thought that all the other daughters were dead! Australians understood the sentence better. It merely meant that all the other sisters were married; that the Miss Nevilles were exhausted; that there wern't any more of them left; that, if you wanted to marry one of these ever so much now, you couldn't do it; and that the market was free to the most eligible young ladies next in succession. That was all the *Sentinel* meant. Dead! Quotha?

Some of the young ladies said: Their word—they were surprised. That, if you had gone down on your knees now, and told them that Gerty was ambitious and heartless, they would not have believed it. That, if you had told them that she was a poor little thing with no manners; that she never could dress herself in colours, and so stuck to white; that she was the colour of a cockatoo when she sat still, and got to be the colour of a king-parrot the moment she began to dance; that she was a forward little thing, and a shy little thing, and a bold little thing, and an artful little thing, and that her spraining her ankle at the ball at Government House was all an excuse to get on the sofa beside Lord Edward Staunton—they would have believed all this. But they never, never, could have believed that she would have sold herself to that disreputable, smooth-faced creature of a Hillyar, for the sake of his prospective title.

But other young ladies said that Gerty was the sweetest, kindest, best little soul that ever was born. That, if Inspector Hillyar did anything to make her unhappy, he ought to be torn to pieces by wild horses. But that there must be something good in him, or Gerty could never have loved him as she did.

The Secretary, who was cross and uneasy over the whole matter, on being told by his wife about this young-lady tattle, said that the detractors were all of them the daughters of the tradesmen and small farmers—the female part of the Opposition. But this was not true, for Gerty had many friends even among the opposition. Miss Hurtle, daughter of the radical member for North Palmerston (also an ironmonger in Banks

Street), behaved much like Miss Swartz in *Vanity Fair*. She was so overcome at the wedding that she incautiously began to sob; her sobs soon developed themselves into a long discordant bellow, complicated with a spasmodic tattoo of her toes against the front of the pew. The exhibition of smelling salts only rendering her black in the face; they had to resort to stimulants. And, as the procession went out, they were met by the sexton, with brandy-and-water. The Secretary laughed aloud, and his wife was glad to hear him laugh, for he had been, as she expressed, "as black as thunder" all the morning.

Yes, for good or for evil, it was all over and done; and one might as well laugh as cry. Gerty Neville was Mrs. Hillyar, and the best must be made of it.

The best did not seem so very bad. The Hillyars came and stayed with the Oxtons at the Secretary's house near town, after spending their honeymoon in Sydney, and every day they stayed there the Secretary's brow grew smoother, and he appeared more reconciled to what had happened.

Gerty seemed as bright as the morning star. A most devoted and proud little wife, proud of herself, proud of her foresight and discretion in making such a choice, and, above all, proud of her cool, calm, gentlemanly husband. Her kind little heart was overflowing with happiness, which took the form of loving-kindness for all her fellow-creatures, from the Governor down to the meanest native who lay by the creekside.

"*She* afraid of her terrible father-in-law," she would say, laughing; "let him meet her face to face, and she would bring him on his knees in no time." She was so very lovely, that Mr. and Mrs. Oxton really thought that she might assist to bring about a reconciliation between father and son, though George, who knew more than they, professed to have but little hopes of any change taking place in his father's feelings towards him.

A great and steady change for the better was taking place in George himself. There could be no doubt that he was most deeply and sincerely in love with his wife; and also that, *with her*, this new life did not, as the Secretary had feared, bore and weary him. It was wonderfully pleasant and peaceful. He had never had *repose* before in his life; and now he began to feel the full beauty of it.

The Secretary saw all this; but his dread was that this new state of being, had come to him too late in life to become habitual. There was the danger.

Still the improvement was marked. He lost the old impatient insolent fall in the eyes when addressed; he lost his old contradictory manner altogether; his voice grew more gentle, and his whole air more cheerful; and, lastly, for the first time in his life, he began to pay little attentions to women. He began to squire Mrs. Oxton about, and to buy flowers for her, and all that sort of thing, and to show her, in a mute sort of way, that he approved of her; and he made himself so agreeable to all his wife's friends that they began to think that she had not done so very badly after all.

He very seldom laughed heartily. Indeed, what little humour he had was dry and caustic, and he never unbent himself to, or was easy and confidential with, any human being—unless it were his wife, when they were alone. His treatment of the Secretary was respectful, nay, even *for him*, affectionate; but he was never free with him. He would talk over his affairs with him, would discuss the chances of a reconciliation with his father, and so on; yet there was no warmth of confidence between them. Neither ever called the other "old fellow," or made the most trifling joke at the other's expense. If you had told the Secretary that he still distrusted George Hillyar, he would have denied it. But, generous and freehearted as the Secretary was, there was a grain of distrust of his brother-in-law in his heart still.

Thus, even at his best, but one human being *loved* the poor fellow, and that one being was his wife, who, for some reason,

adored him. It is quite easy to see that in the times before his marriage he may have been a most unpopular person. Here he is before us now, for the six months succeeding his marriage, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-one, with a rather pale, hairless face, somewhat silent, somewhat reserved, but extremely self-possessed; very polite and attentive in small things, but yet unable to prevent your seeing that his politeness cost him an effort,—a man striving to forget the learning of a lifetime.

Shortly after his marriage he wrote to his father:

"MY DEAR SIR,—We have been so long and so hopelessly estranged that I have considerable difficulty in knowing in what terms I ought to address you.

"Since I left Wiesbaden, and requested you in future to pay the annual sum of money you are kind enough to allow me into the bank at Sydney, none but the most formal communications have passed between us. The present one shall be as formal as possible, but I fear will trench somewhat on family matters.

"I have been four years in the police service of this colony, and have at last, by a piece of service of which I decline to speak, raised myself to the highest rank obtainable in it.

"In addition to this piece of intelligence, I have to inform you that I have made a most excellent marriage. Any inquiries you may make about the future Lady Hillyar can only be answered in one way.

"Hoping that your health is good, I beg to remain,

"Your obedient son,
"GEORGE HILLYAR."

The answer came in time, as follows:—

"MY DEAR GEORGE—I had heard of your brilliant gallantry, and also of your marriage, from another source, before your letter arrived. I highly approve of your conduct in both cases.

"In the place of the 300*l.* which you have been receiving hitherto from me, you will in future receive 1,000*l.* annually. I hope the end has come at last to the career of vice and selfish dissipation in which you have persisted so long.

"I confess that I am very much pleased at what I hear of you this last six months (I am well-informed about every movement you make): I had utterly given you up. The way to good fame seems to be plainly before you. I wish I could believe that none of this enormous crop of wild oats, which you have so diligently sown for the last eighteen years, would come up and bear terrible fruit. I wish I could believe that.

"Meanwhile, if your duties call you to England, I will receive you and your wife. But take this piece of advice seriously to heart. Make friends and a career where you are. Mind that.

"Your affectionate father,
"GEORGE HILLYAR."

A cold, cruel, heartless letter. Not one word of tender forgiveness; not one word of self-blame for the miserable mistakes that he had made with his son in times gone by: the hatred which he felt for him showing out in the prophecies of unknown horrors in what seemed a brighter future. The devil, which had not looked out of George Hillyar's eyes for six months past, looked out now, and he swore aloud.

"'Make friends and a career where you are.' So he is going to disinherit me in favour of that cursed young toad Erne."

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH THE SNAKE CREEPS OUT OF THE GRASS.

THE place in which he had received this letter was the post-office at Palmerston, one of the principal public buildings of that thriving capital—a majestic and imposing pile of galvanized iron, roofed with tin, twenty feet long, surmounted by a pediment, the apex of which rose fifteen feet from the level of Banks Street, and carried a weathercock.

The mail was just in, and the place was crowded. Roaring for his

orderly was of very little use; it only raised a few eager eyes impatiently from their letters, or made a few disappointed idlers wonder what the inspector was hollering after. His orderly had probably got a letter, and was reading it in some secret corner. He would wait for him.

The devil had been in him a few minutes ago; but, as he stood and waited there, in the sweltering little den called the post-office, with all the eager readers of letters around him, the devil began to be beat out again. There was an atmosphere in that miserable little hot tin-kettle of a post-office which the devil can't stand at all—the atmosphere of home. Old loves, old hopes, old friends, old scenes, old scents, old sounds, are threads which, though you draw them finer than the finest silk, are still stronger than iron. Did you ever hear the streams talk to you in May, when you went a-fishing? Did you ever hear what the first rustle of the summer leaves said to you in June, when you went a-courting? Did you ever hear, as a living voice, the south-west wind among the bare ash-boughs in November, when you were out a-shooting? If you have imagination enough to put a voice into these senseless sounds of nature, I should like to stand with you in the Melbourne post-office on a mail day, and see what sort of voice would speak to you out of the rustling of a thousand fluttering letters, held by trembling fingers, and gazed on by faces which, however coarse and ugly, let the news be good or bad, grow more soft and gentle as the news is read.

Poor George Hillyar. His letter had no hope or comfort in it; and yet, by watching the readers of the other letters, and seeing face after face light up, he got more quiet, less inclined to be violent and rash, less inclined to roar for his orderly, and make a fool of himself before Gerty. He leant against an iron pillar, and fixed his attention on a good-natured-looking young man before him, who was devouring an ill-written, blotted letter with an eagerness and a delight which made his whole face wreathe itself into one very large smile.

He was pleased to look at him, and looked at him more earnestly. But, while he looked at him, he found that he could not concentrate his attention on him. He tried to do so, for this young fellow, by reason of a deficient education, was enjoying his letter amazingly; he was reaping all the pleasures of anticipation and fruition at one and the same time. When he began a sentence, following the words with a grimy forefinger, he grinned because he felt certain that something good was coming; when he had spelt through it he grinned wider still, because it surpassed his expectations. Once, after finishing one of these hard-spelt sentences, he looked round radiantly on the crowd, and said confidentially: "I told you so. I know'd she'd have him!"

At this gushing piece of confidence to an unsympathising crowd, poor George Hillyar felt as if he would have liked to meet this young man's eyes and smile at him. But he could not. Somehow, another pair of eyes came between him and everything else — eyes which he could not identify among the crowd, yet which he could feel, and which produced a sensation of sleepy petulance with which he was very familiar. He had read some account of the fascination of snakes, and, because it seemed a bizarre, and rather wicked sort of amusement, he had tried it for himself. He used to go out from the barracks on Sunday afternoon, find a black snake among the stony ridges, engage its attention, and stare at it. The snake would lie motionless, with its beady eyes fixed on him. The fearful stillness of the horrible brute, which carried instant death in its mouth, would engage him deeply; and the wearying attention of his eye, expecting some sudden motion of the reptile, would begin to tell upon the brain, and make the watcher, as I have said before, petulant and dull. At length the snake, gathering confidence from his stillness, would gleam and rustle in every coil, stretch out its quivering neck, and attempt flight. Then his suppressed

anger would break forth, and he would arise and smite it, almost careless, for the moment, whether he died himself or no.[1]

He passed out of the crowd, and came into the portico; the people were standing about, still reading their letters, and his own orderly was sitting, with his feet loose in his stirrups, nearly doubled up in his saddle, reading his letter too, while he held the rein of George Hillyar's horse loosely over his arm. The flies were troublesome, and sometimes the led horse would give such a jerk with his head as would nearly pull the letter out of the orderly's hand; but he did not notice it. He sat doubled up on his saddle, with a radiant eager smile on his face, and read.

Time was when poor Hillyar would have sworn at him, would have said that the force was going to the devil, because a cadet dared to read a letter on duty. But those times were gone by for the present. George Hillyar had been a bully, but was a bully no longer. He waited till his orderly should have finished his letter, and waited the more readily because he felt that those two strange eyes, of which he had been clearly conscious, were plaguing him no more.

So he waited until his orderly had done his letter before he approached him. The orderly, a gentle-looking English lad, with a kind, quiet face, looked on his advance with dismay. He had committed a slight breach of discipline in reading his sister's letter while on duty in the public streets; and Bully Hillyar, the man who never spared or forgave, had caught him. It was a week's arrest.

Nevertheless, he looked bright, pushed the letter into his breast, and wheeled the led horse round ready for the inspector to mount. He *knew*, this sagacious creature, that he was going to catch it, and, so to speak, put up a moral umbrella against the storm of profane oaths which he *knew* would follow.

Will you conceive his astonishment when the inspector, instead of blaspheming at him, took his curb down a link, and said over the saddle, preparing to mount, "What sort of news, Dickenson? Good news, hey?"

Judging by former specimens of George Hillyar's tender mercies, the orderly conceived this to be a kind of diabolical chaff or irony, preparatory to utter verbal demolition and ruin. He feebly said that he was very sorry.

"Pish, man! I am not chaffing. Have you got good news in your letter, hey?"

The astonished and still-distrusting orderly said, "Very good news, sir, thank you."

"Hah!" said George Hillyar. "I haven't. What's your news? Come, tell us."

"My mother is coming out, sir."

"I suppose you are very fond of your mother, arn't you? And she is fond of you, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"She don't play Tom-fool's tricks, does she? She wouldn't cut away with a man, and leave you, would she?"

"No, sir."

"If she were to, should you like her all the same, eh?"

"I cannot tell, sir. You will be pleased to close the conversation here, sir. My mother is a lady, and I don't allow any discussion whatever about her possible proceedings."

"I didn't mean to make you angry," said Bully Hillyar, the inspector, to quiet Dickenson, the cadet; "I am very sorry. I am afraid my manner must be unfortunate; for just now, on my honour, I was trying to make a friend of you, and I have only succeeded in making you angry."

Young Dickenson, not a wise being by any means, remembered this conver-

[1] This is my theory about snake-fascination. The above are the only results I ever arrived at (except a creeping in the calves of my legs, and an intense desire to run away). Dr. Holmes don't quite agree. But I will publicly retract all I have said, if he will promise not to try any further experiments with his dreadful crotuli. The author of "Elsie Venner" is far too precious a person for that sort of thing.

sation all his life. He used to say afterwards that Bully Hillyar had had good points in him, and that he knew it. When George Hillyar was condemned, he used to say, "Well, well! this was bad, and that was bad, but he was a good fellow at bottom." The fact is, that George unbent, and was his better self before this young man. He had been slowly raising himself to a higher level, and was getting hopeful. When he felt those eyes fixed upon him, as he read his letter—which eyes gave him a deadly chill, though he had not recognised them—the vague anxiety which possessed him had caused him to be confidential with the first man he met.

So he rode slowly home to the barracks and sat down in his quarters to business, for he had taken the business off the hands of the Palmerston inspector, and had so given him a holiday. The office was a very pleasant place, opening on the paddock—at this time of year a sheet of golden green turf, shaded by low gum-trees, which let sunbeams through their boughs in all directions, to make a yellow pattern on the green ground. The paddock sloped down to the river, which gleamed a quarter of a mile off among the tree-stems.

It was a perfectly peaceful day in the very early spring. The hum of the distant town was scarcely perceptible, and there was hardly a sound in the barracks. Sometimes a few parrots would come whistling through the trees; sometimes a horse would neigh in the paddock; sometimes a lazily-moved oar would sound from the river; but quiet content and peace were over every thing.

Even the two prisoners in the yard had ceased to talk, and sat silent in the sun. A trooper going into the stable, and two or three horses neighing, to him was an event. George Hillyar sat and thought in the stillness, and his thoughts were pleasant, and held him long.

At length he was aroused by voices in the yard—one that of a trooper.

"I tell you he's busy."

"But I really must see him," said the other voice. "I bring important information."

George listened intently.

"I tell you," said the trooper, "he is busy. Why can't you wait till he comes out?"

"If you don't do my message, mate, you'll repent it."

"You're a queer card to venture within a mile of a police-station at all; leave alone being cheeky when you are in the lion's jaws."

"Never you mind about that," said the other. "You mind your business half as well as I mind mine, and you'll be a man before your mother now. What a pretty old lady she must be, if she's like you. More moustache though, ain't she? How's pussy? I was sorry for the old gal getting nabbed, but—"

As it was perfectly evident that there would, in one instant more, be a furious combat of two, and that George would have to give one of his best troopers a week's arrest, he roared out to know what the noise was about.

"A Sydney sider, sir, very saucy, insists upon seeing you."

"Show him in then. Perhaps he brings information."

The man laid George's revolver on the table, put the newspaper carelessly over it, saluted, and withdrew. Directly afterward the evil face of Samuel Burton was smiling in the doorway, and George Hillyar's heart grew cold within him.

CHAPTER XVI.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: ERNE AND EMMA.

My dear father's religious convictions were, and are, eminently orthodox. He had been born and bred under the shadow of a great Kentish family, and had in his earlier years—until the age of manhood, indeed—contemplated the act of going to church anywhere but at the family church in the park as something little less than treason. So when, moved by ambition, he broke through

old routine so far as to come to London and establish himself, he grew fiercer than ever in his orthodoxy; and, having made such a desperate step as *that*, he felt that he must draw a line somewhere. He must have some holdfast to his old life; so his devotion to the Establishment was intense and jealous. The habit he had of attending church in all weathers on Sunday morning, and carefully spelling through the service, got to be so much a part of himself that, when our necessities compelled us to render ourselves to a place where you couldn't go to church if you wished it, the craving after the old habit made my father most uneasy and anxious, as far on in the week as Tuesday afternoon; about which time the regret for the churchless Sunday just gone by would have worn itself out. But then the cloud of the equally churchless Sunday approaching would begin to lower down about Thursday afternoon, and grow darker as the day approached; so that for the first six months of our residence in our new home, our Saturday evenings were by no means what they used to be. And yet I can hardly say that my father was at this time a devout man. I think it was more a matter of custom.

Of political convictions, my father had none of any sort or kind whatever. He sternly refused to qualify himself, or to express any opinion on politics, even among his intimates at the Black Lion on Saturday evening. The reason he gave was, that he had a large family, and that custom was custom. Before you condemn him you must remember that he had never had a chance in his life of informing himself on public affairs, and that he showed a certain sort of dogged wisdom in refusing to be led by the nose by the idle and ignorant chatterboxes against whom he was thrown in the parlour of the public-house.

I wish he had shown half as much wisdom with regard to another matter, and I wish I and Joe had been a few years older before he went so far into it. Joe and I believed in him, and egged him on, as two simple, affectionate boys might be expected to do. The fact is, as I have hinted before, that my father had considerable mechanical genius, and was very fond of inventing; but then he was an utterly ignorant man, could scarcely read and write, and knew nothing of what attempts, and of what failures, had been made before his time.

As ill luck would have it, his first attempt in this line was a great success. He invented a centrifugal screw-plate, for cutting very long and large male screws almost instantaneously. He produced the handles of an ordinary screw-plate (carrying a nut two inches diameter) two feet each way, and weighted them heavily at the ends. This, being put on a lathe, was made to revolve rapidly, and by means of an endless screw, approached the bar of iron to be operated on when it was spinning at its extreme velocity. It caught the bar and ran up it as though it were wood, cutting a splendid screw. A large building firm, who needed these great screws for shores, and centres of arches, and so on, bought the patent from my father for seventy pounds.

This was really a pretty and useful invention. My mother went blazing down the street to church in a blue silk gown and a red bonnet, and the gold and marqueterie in Lord Dacres' great monument paled before her glory. It was all very well, and would have been better had my father been content to leave well alone.

But he wasn't. I never knew a man worth much who was. The very next week he was hard at work on his new treadle-boat. We were saved from *that*. The evil day was staved off by Erne Hillyar.

Joe, among other benefits he was receiving as head boy at the parochial school, was getting a fair knowledge of mechanical drawing; so he had undertaken to make the drawings for this new invention. I had undertaken to sit next him and watch, keeping Fred quiet; my father sat on the other side; Frank lay on his back before the fire singing softly; and the rest were grouped round Harry. Emma went silently hither and

thither about housework, only coming now and then to look over Joe's shoulder; while my mother sat still beside the fire with her arms folded, buried in thought. She had been uneasy in her mind all the evening; the greengrocer had told her that potatoes would be dear that autumn, and that "Now is your time, Mrs. Burton, and I can't say no fairer than that." She had argued the matter, in a rambling, desultory way, with any one who would let her, the whole evening, and was now arguing it with herself. But all of a sudden she cried out, "Lord a mercy!" and rose up.

It was not any new phase in the potato-question which caused her exclamation; it was Erne Hillyar. "I knocked, Mrs. Burton," he said, "and you did not hear me. May I come in?"

We all rose up to welcome him, but he said he would go away again if we did not sit exactly as we were; so we resumed our positions, and he came and sat down beside me, and leant over me, apparently to look at Joe's drawing.

"I say, Jim," he whispered, "I have run away again."

I whispered, "Wouldn't his pa be terrible anxious?"

"Not this time he won't. He will get into a wax this time. I don't want him to know where I come. If I go to the Parker's, they will tell him I don't spend all the time with them. I shall leave it a mystery."

I was so glad to see him, that I was determined to make him say something which I liked to hear. I said, "Why do you come here, sir?"

"To see you, gaby," he said; and I laughed. "And to see Emma also: so don't be conceited. What are you doing?"

My father and Joe explained the matter to him, and his countenance grew grave, but he said nothing. Very soon afterwards Emma and he and I had managed to get into a corner together by the fire, and were talking together confidentially.

Erne told Emma of his having run away, and she was very angry with him. She said that, if he came so again, she would not speak one word to him. Erne pleaded with her, and defended himself. He said I was the only friend he had ever made, and that it was hard if he was never to see me. She said that was true, but that he should not do it in an underhand way. He said he must do it so, or not do it at all. She said that her brother was not one that need be run away to, or sought in holes and corners. He said that she knew nothing of the world and its prejudices, and that he should take his own way. She said it was time for Fred to go to bed, and she must wish him good-night; so they quarrelled, until Fred's artificial shell—pinafore, frock, and all the rest of it—was unbuttoned and unhooked, and nothing remained but to slip him out of it all, and stand him down, with nothing on but his shoes and stockings, to warm his stomach by the fire. When this was done Erne came round and hoped she wasn't angry with him. He said he would always try to do as she told him, but that he must and would come and see us. And she smiled at him again, and said she was sure that we three would always love one another, as long as we lived; and then, having put on Fred's nightgown, she carried him up to bed, singing as she went.

When Erne had done looking after her, he turned to me, and said:

"Jim, she is right. I must not come sneaking here. I must have it out with the governor. I have told old Compton about it, and sworn him to secrecy. Now for some good news. Do you remember what you told me about the Thames?"

"Do you mean how it was getting to stink?"

"No, you great Hammersmith. I mean about sailing up it in a boat, as Joe and you and your cousin did; and all the tulip-trees and churches and tea-gardens." I dimly perceived that Erne wished me to take the æsthetical and picturesque view of the river, rather than the sanitary and practical. By way of showing him I understood him, I threw in:

"Ah! and the skittle-alleys and flag-staffs."

"Exactly," he said. "It's a remarkable fact, that in my argument with my father I dwelt on that very point—that identical point, I assure you. There's your skittles again, I said; there's a manly game for you. He didn't see it in that light at first, I allow; because he told me not to be an ass. But I have very little doubt I made an impression on him. At all events, I have gained the main point: you will allow that I triumphed."

I said "Yes;" I am sure I don't know why. I liked to have him there talking to me, and would have said "Yes" to anything. We two might have rambled on for a long while, if Joe, who had come up, and was standing beside me, had not said,

"How, sir, may I ask?"

"Why, by getting him to take a house at Kew. I am to go to school at Dr. Mayby's, and we are going to keep boats and punts and things. And I am going to see whether that pleasant cousin of yours, of whom you have told me, can be induced to come up and be our waterman, and teach me to row. Where is your cousin, by-the-bye?"

He was out to-night, we said. He might be in any moment. Erne said, "No matter. Now, Mr. Burton, I want to speak to you, and to Joe."

My father was all attention. Erne took the drawings of the treadle-boat from my father, and told him that the thing had been tried fifty times, and had failed utterly as compared with the oar; that, with direct action, you could not gain sufficient velocity of revolution; and that, if you resorted to multiplying gear, the loss of power sustained by friction was so enormous as to destroy the whole utility of the invention. He proved his case clearly. Joe acquiesced, and so did my father. The scheme was abandoned there and then; and I was left wondering at the strange mixture of sound common sense, knowledge of the subject, and simplicity of language, which Erne had shown. I soon began to see that he had great talents and very great reading, but that, from his hermit-like life, his knowledge of his fellow-creatures was lower than Harry's.

He had got a bed, it appeared, at the Cadogan Hotel in Sloane Street, and I walked home with him. I was surprised, I remember, to find him, the young gentleman who had just put us so clearly right on what was an important question to us, and of which we were in the deepest ignorance, asking the most simple questions about the things in the shop-windows and the people in the streets—what the things (such common things as bladders of lard and barrels of size) were used for, and what they cost? The costermongers were a great source of attraction to him, for the King's Road that night was nearly as full of them as the New Cut. "See here, Jim," he said; "here is a man with a barrow full of the common murex; do they eat them?" I replied that we ate them with vinegar, and called them whelks. Periwinkles he knew, and recognised as old friends, but tripe was a sealed book to him. I felt such an ox-like content and complacency in hearing his voice and having him near me, that we might have gone on examining this world, so wonderfully new to him, until it was too late to get into his hotel; but he luckily thought of it in time. I, remembering the remarks of a ribald station-master on a former occasion, did not go within reach of the hotel-lights. We parted affectionately, and so ended his second visit.

CHAPTER XVII.

ERNE AND REUBEN.

The next morning my father and I were informed that Mr. Compton would be glad to speak to us; and, on going indoors, there he was, as comfortable and as neat as ever.

"Well, Burton," he said, cheerily, "how does the world use you? As you deserve apparently, for you haven't grown older this fifteen years."

My father laughed, and said, "Better,

he was afeared. His deservings weren't much. And how was Mr. Compton?"

"Well, thankee. Anything in my way? Any breach of patent, eh? Remember me when your fortune's made. What a hulking great fellow Jim is getting! What do you give him to eat, hey, to make him grow so?"

My father was delighted to give any information to his old friend. He began to say that sometimes I had one thing and sometimes another — maybe, one day beef and another mutton. "Jints, you understand," said my father; "none of your kag-mag and skewer bits—"

"And a pretty good lot of both, I'll be bound. Was Erne here last night, Jim?"

You might have knocked me down with a feather. I had not the wildest notion that Mr. Compton, a very old acquaintance of my father, knew anything about the Hillyars. I said, "Yes."

"I am very glad to hear it," he said. "There's a devil of a row about him at home. I hope he has gone back."

I said that he was gone back.

My father said, "Look here, Mr. Compton. I cannot say how glad I am you came to-day, of all men. I and my wife are in great trouble about Master Erne and his visits, and we don't rightly know what to do."

"I am in trouble also about the boy," said Mr. Compton; "but I *do* know what to do."

"So sure am I of that, sir," said my father, "that I was going to look you up, and ask your advice."

"And I came down to consult with you; and so here we are. How much does Jem know about all this?"

"A good deal," said my father; "and, if you please, I should wish him to know everything."

"Very well, then," continued Mr. Compton, "I will speak before him as if he was not here. You know this young gentleman has not been brought up in an ordinary way—that he knows nothing of the world; consequently I was terribly frightened as to where he might have run away to. When he told me where he had been, I was easy in my mind, but determined to come and speak to you, whom I have known from a child. What I ask you is, Encourage him here, Burton and Jim, but don't let any one else get hold of him. He can get nothing but good in your house, I know. By what strange fatality he selected *your* family to visit, I cannot conceive. It was a merciful accident."

I told him about the yellow water-lilies.

"Hah," he said, "that removes the wonder of it. Now about his father."

"I should think," said my father, "that Sir George would hardly let him come here, after hearing our name?"

"He does not know that you are any connexion with our old friend Samuel. I don't see why we should tell him—I don't, indeed. It is much better to let bygones be bygones."

"Do you know that *his* son lives with us now?"

"Yes. You mean Reuben. How is he going on?"

"Capital—as steady and as respectable as possible."

"Well, then," said Mr. Compton, "for *his* sake we should not be too communicative. Sir George knows nothing of you. He only knows your name from my father's having unfortunately recommended Samuel to him. I think, if you will take my advice, we will keep our counsel. Good-bye, old friend."

Mr. Compton and my father were playfellows. The two families came from the same village in Kent, and Mr. Compton had, unfortunately, recommended Samuel Burton to Sir George Hillyar.

Three days afterwards Erne came in, radiant. "It was all right," he said; "he was to come whenever he could get away."

"We had an awful row though," he continued; "I got old Compton to come home with me. 'Where have you been, sir?' my father said in an awful voice, and I said I had been seeing my friends, the Burtons, who were blacksmiths—at least, all of them except the women and children—in Church Place, Chelsea. He stormed out that, if I must go

and herd with blackguards, I might choose some of a less unlucky name, and frequent a less unlucky house. I said I didn't name them, and that therefore *that* part of the argument was disposed of; and that, as for being blackguards, they were far superior *in every point* to any family I had ever seen; and that their rank in life was as high as that of my mother, and therefore high enough for me. He stood aghast at my audacity, and old Compton came to my assistance. He told me afterwards that I had showed magnificent powers of debate, but that I must be careful not to get a habit of hard-hitting—Lord knows what he meant. He told my father that these Burtons were really everything that was desirable, and went on no end about you. Then I told him that I had his own sanction for my proceedings, for that he himself had given me leave to make your acquaintance. He did not know that it was *you* I had been to see, and was mollified somewhat. I was ordered to leave the room. When I came back again, I just got the tail of the storm, which was followed by sunshine. To tell you the truth, he came to much easier than I liked. But here we are, at all events."

We sat and talked together for a short time; and, while we were talking, Reuben came in. Erne was sitting with his back towards the door; Reuben advanced towards the fire from behind him, and, seeing a young gentleman present, took off his cap and smoothed his hair. How well I can remember those two faces together. The contrast between them impressed me in a vague sort of way even then; I could not have told you why at that time, though I might now. Men who only get educated somewhat late in life, like myself, receive impressions and recognise facts, for which they find no reason till long after: so those two faces, so close together, puzzled me even then for an instant, for there was a certain similarity of expression, though probably none in feature. There was a look of reckless audacity in both faces—highly refined in that of Erne, and degenerating into mere devil-may-care, cockney impudence in that of Reuben. Joe, who was with me, remarked that night in bed, that either of them, if tied up too tight, would break bounds and become lawless. That was true enough, but I saw more than that. Among other things, I saw that there was far more determination in Erne's beautiful set mouth than in the ever-shifting lips of my cousin Reuben, I also saw another something, to which, at that time, I could give no name.

Reuben came and leant against the fireplace, and I introduced him. Erne immediately shook hands and made friends. We had not settled to talk when Emma came in, and, after a kind greeting between Erne and her, sat down and began her work.

"You're a waterman, are you not, Reuben?" said Erne.

Reuben was proud to say he was a full waterman.

"It is too good luck to contemplate," said Erne; "but we want a waterman, in our new place at Kew, to look after boats and attend me when I bathe, to see I don't drown myself. I suppose you wouldn't—eh?

Reuben seemed to think he would rather like it. He looked at Emma.

"Just what I mean," said Erne. "What do you say, Emma?"

Emma looked steadily at Reuben, and said quietly:

"If it suits Reuben, sir, I can answer for him. Answer for him in every way. Tell me, Reuben. Can I answer for you?"

Reuben set his mouth almost as steadily as Erne's, and said she might answer for him.

"Then will you come?" said Erne. "That will be capital. Don't you think it will be glorious, Emma?"

"I think it will be very nice, sir. It will be another link between you and my brother."

"And between myself and you."

"That is true also," said Emma. "And I cannot tell you how glad I am of that, because I like you so very, very much. Next to Jim, and Joe, and Reuben, I think I like you better than any boy I know."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: REUBEN AND SIR GEORGE HILLYAR.

Golden hours, which can never come back any more. Hours as peaceful and happy as the close of a summer Sabbath, among dark whispering elm-woods, or on quiet downs, aloft above the murmuring village. Was it on that evening only, or was it on many similar evenings, that we all sat together, in a twilight which seemed to last for hours, before the fire, talking quietly together? Why, when at this distance of time I recall those gatherings before the fire, in the quaint draughty old room, do I always think of such things as these?—of dim, vast cathedrals, when the service is over, and the last echoes of the organ seem still rambling in the roof, trying to break away after their fellows towards heaven—of quiet bays between lofty chalk headlands, where one lies and basks the long summer day before the gently murmuring surf—of very quiet old churches, where the monuments of the dead are crowded thick together, and the afternoon sun slopes in on the kneeling and lying effigies of men who have done their part in the great English work, and are waiting, without care, without anxiety, for their wages? Why does my rambling fancy, on these occasions, ever come back again to the long series of peaceful and quiet images—to crimson sunsets during a calm in mid ocean—to high green capes, seen from the sea, the sides of whose long-drawn valleys are ribbed with grey rocks—to curtains of purple dolomite, seen from miles away across the yellow plain, cut in the centre by a silver waterfall—to great icebergs floating on the calm blue sea—to everything, in short, which I have seen in my life which speaks of peace? And why, again, do I always come at last to the wild dim blue promontory, whose wrinkled downs are half obscured by clouds of wind-driven spray?

How many of these evenings were there? There must have been a great many, because I remember that Reuben came home for the winter one dead drear November night, and Erne accompanied him and stayed for an hour. I cannot say how long they lasted. A year or two, first and last.

What arose out of them that is noticeable is soon told. In the first place, this period constituted a new era in Joe's life. Erne's books and Erne's knowledge and assistance were at his service, and he soon, as Erne told me, began to bid fair to be a distinguished scholar. "He not only had perseverance and memory, but genius also," said Erne. "He sees the meaning of a thing quicker than I do. Joe is far cleverer than I."

At first I had been a little anxious about one thing, though I have never named my anxiety to any one. I was afraid lest Reuben should become jealous of Erne, and stay away from us. It was not so. Reuben grew devoted to Erne, and seemed pleased with his admiration of Emma. I began to see that Emma's influence over Reuben, great as it was, arose more from a sincere respect and esteem on his part than anything else. I was therefore glad to find that nothing was likely to interfere with it. As for Erne, he had fallen most deeply in love with her, and I had seen it from the beginning.

I, for my part, in my simplicity, could see no harm in that. In fact, it seemed to me an absolutely perfect arrangement that these two should pass their lives in a fool's paradise together. As for my father and mother, they looked on us all as a parcel of children, and nothing more; and, besides, they both had the blindest confidence in Emma, child as she was. At all events, I will go bail that no two people ever lived less capable of any design on Erne's rank or property. I insult them by mentioning such a subject.

Whether it was that I had represented Sir George Hillyar to Reuben as a very terrible person, or whether it was that Reuben's London assurance would not stand the test of the chilling atmosphere of the upper classes, I cannot say; but Reuben was cowed. When

the time came for him to fulfil his engagement to go to Kew and take care of Sir George Hillyar's boats, he grew anxious and fidgetty, and showed a strong tendency to back out of the whole business.

"I say, Emma, old woman," he said, the night before I was to go with him and introduce him, "I wish I was well out of this here."

"Well out of what, Reuben dear?" said Emma.—"And nobody but the child and the two angels knew as the crossing-sweeper boy was gone to heaven; but, when they got up there, he was a-waiting for 'em, just as the angel in blue had told the angel in pink silk and spangles he would be." (This last was only the tail of some silly story which she had been telling the little ones; it has nothing to do with the Plot).

"Why, well out of going up to Kew, to look after these boats. The old co—gentleman, I should say, is a horrid old painted Mussulman. When he do go on the war-train, which is twenty-four hours a day—no allowance for meals—he is everlastingly a-digging up of his tommy-awk. All the servants is prematurely grey; and, if the flowers don't blow on the very day set down in the gardening column of *Bell's Life,* he's down on the gardeners, till earthquakes and equinoctials is a fool to him."

"Ain't you talking nonsense, Reuben dear?" said Emma.

"May be," said Reuben, quietly. "But, by all accounts, he is the most exasperating bart as ever was since barts was, which was four years afore the first whycount married the heiress of the great cod liver-oil manufacturer at Battersea. It flew to his lower extremities," continued Reuben, looking in a comically defiant manner at Emma, and carefully putting the fire together; "and he drank hisself to death with it. He died like a bus-horse, in consequence of the grease getting into his heels. Now!"

"Have you quite done, Reuben?" asked Emma.

Reuben said he had finished for the present.

"Then," said Emma, "let me tell you that you are very foolish in prejudicing yourself against this gentleman from what you have heard at the water-side, since he came to Kew. However, I am not altogether sorry, for you will find him quite different—quite different, I assure you."

It was bed-time, and we all moved upstairs together in a compact body, on account of Frank. That tiresome young monkey Harry, in an idle hour—when, as Dr. Watts tells us, Satan is ready to find employment—had told Frank that the Guy Fawkeses lived under the stairs, and had produced the most tiresome complications. The first we heard of it was one day when Frank was helping Fred downstairs. Fred was coming carefully down one step at a time, sucking his thumb the while, and holding on by Frank, when Frank suddenly gave a sharp squeal, and down the two came, fifteen stairs, on to the mat at the bottom. To show the extraordinary tricks which our imaginations play with us at times—to show, indeed, that Mind does sometimes triumph over Matter—I may mention that Frank (the soul of truth and honesty) declared positively that he had seen an arm clothed in blue cloth, with brass buttons at the wrist, thrust itself through the banisters, and try to catch hold of his leg. On observing looks of incredulity, he added that the Hand of the Arm was full of brimstone matches, and that he saw the straw coming out at its elbows. After this a strong escort was necessary every night, when he went to bed. He generally preferred going up pick-a-back on Reuben's broad shoulders, feeling probably safer about the legs.

How well I remember a little trait of character that night. Fred conceived it more manly to walk up to bed without the assistance even of Emma. When we were half-way up the great staircase, Reuben, carrying Frank, raised an alarm of Guy Fawkeses. We all rushed screaming and laughing up the stairs, and, when we gained the landing, and looked back, we saw that we had left Fred behind, in the midst of all the

dreadful peril which we had escaped. But the child toiled steadily and slowly on after us, with a broad smile on his face, refusing to hurry himself for all the Guy Fawkeses in the world. When he got his Victoria Cross at Delhi for staying behind, that he might bring poor Lieutenant Tacks back on his shoulders, to die among English faces, I thought of this night on the stairs at Chelsea. He hurried no faster out of that terrible musketry fire in the narrow street than he did from the Guy Fawkeses on the stairs. Among all Peel's heroes, there was no greater hero than our big-headed Fred. The post-captain who has got Frederick Burton for his boatswain is an envied and lucky man to this day.

Reuben, who had to toil upstairs to his lonely haunted room at the top of the house, asked me to come with him. Of course I went, though, great lubberly lad as I was, I remember having an indistinct dread of coming down again by myself.

There was a dull fire burning, and the great attic looked horribly ghostly; and, as I sat before the fire, strange unearthly draughts seemed to come from the deserted and still more ghostly room beyond, which struck, now on this shoulder and now on that, with a chill, as if something was laying its hand on me. Reuben had lit a candle, but that did not make matters better, but a great deal worse; for, when I looked at his face by the light of it, I saw that he looked wild and wan, and was ashy pale.

He took a letter from the pocket of his pea jacket, and burnt it. Before it was quite consumed he turned to me, and said:

"Jim, Jim, dear old chap, you won't desert me, will you, when it comes, and I can't see or speak to Emma or the kids any more? You will go between us sometimes, and tell her and them that I am only stupid old Reuben, as loves 'em well, by G—; and that I ain't changed in spite of all?"

I was infinitely distressed. The fact is, that I loved my cousin Reuben—in a selfish way, of course. I had a certain quantity of rough, latent humour, but no power of expression. Reuben, on a mere hint from me of some gross incongruity, would spin out yard after yard of verbose, fantastic nonsense to the text which I had given him. He was necessary to me, and I was fond of him in consequence.

"Reuben, old boy," I said, "I'll go to death with you. I'll never, never desert you, I tell you. If you have been led away, Reuben, why, you may be led back again." I took his hand, and *felt* that I was as pale as he. "Is it—is it—anything that will take you for long, Rube? Shall you go abroad, Rube?" And here, like a young fool, I burst out crying.

"Lord bless his faithful heart!" said Reuben, in his old manner, "*I* haven't been doing of nothink. But, Jim, what was it you said just now?"

I said, "What did he mean? 'that I could follow him to death'?"

He said, "Yes; that is what I meant. And, Jim, old chap, it *runs* to that. Not for me, but for others. In my belief, Jim, it runs to that. Joe could tell us, but we musn't ask Joe. Joe's a chap as is rising fast, and musn't be pulled down by other folk's troubles. Lawyers could tell us—but, Lord love you, we musn't ask no lawyers. We'd best know nothing about it than ask they. And *you* musn't *know* nothing either; only don't desert me, old Jim."

I said again that I would not. And, if ever I kept my word, I kept that promise.

"I know you won't," he said, with that strange mixture of shrewdness, rough honour, and recklessness which one finds among Londoners; "but then, Jim, if you are true to me, you will have, may be, to know and not to know at one and the same time, to go with a guilty breast among the little ones, and before Emma. Better leave me, Jim; better leave me while you can."

I declared I would not; but that I would stick by him and give him a good word when he wanted it. And then, at his solicitation, I stayed with him all night. Once he woke and cried

out that the barge had got too far down the river, and was drifting out to sea. Then that the corpses of all the people who had committed suicide on the bridges were rising up and looking at us. I slept but little after this, and was glad when morning dawned.

But the next morning Reuben was as bright, as brisk, and as nonsensical as ever. He defied Emma. She ventured to hope that he would be steady, and not attend to every thing he heard about people without inquiry. He said he was obliged to her, and wouldn't; that he had left three or four pair of old boots upstairs, and, if she'd be good enough to send 'em to the beadle and get 'em darned, he'd thank her. The passion and earnestness of last night was all gone apparently. Nothing was to be got from him, even by Emma, but chaff and nonsense. The true London soul revolted from, and was ashamed of, the passion of last night. Even with me he seemed half ashamed and half captious.

We were not very long in getting to Kew. Early as we were, the servants had to inform us that Sir George and Mr. Erne had gone out riding. We waited in the servants' hall, in and out of which grey-headed servants came now and then to look, it would seem, at the strange sight of two round young faces like ours. About nine o'clock, the butler came and asked us to come to prayers, and we went up into a great room, where breakfast was laid, and made the end of a long row of servants, sitting with our backs against a great sideboard, while a grey-headed old gentleman read a very long prayer. The moment we were alone together Reuben, who was in a singularly nervous and insolent mood, objected to this prayer in language of his own, which I shall not repeat. He objected that three-quarters of it was consumed in conveying information to the Deity, concerning our own unworthiness and His manifold greatness and goodness; and that altogether it was as utterly unlike the Lord's Prayer or any of the Church prayers as need be.

I was very anxious about him. I dreaded the meeting between him and the terrible old baronet. I was glad when things came to a crisis. We saw Sir George come riding across the park on a beautiful swift-stepping grey cob, accompanied by Erne on a great, nearly thorough-bred chestnut. They were talking merrily together and laughing. They were certainly a splendid couple, though Erne would have looked to better advantage on a smaller horse. They rode into the stable-yard, where we were instructed to wait for them, and dismounted.

"That," said Sir George Hillyar, advancing and pointing sternly at me with his riding-whip, "is the boy Burton. I have seen him before."

This previous conviction was too damning to be resisted. I pleaded guilty.

"And that?" said he, turning almost fiercely upon Reuben.

Erne stood amused, leaving us to fight our own battle. I said it was Rube.

"Who?" said Sir George.

"Reuben, my cousin," I said, "that was come to take care of his honour's boats."

Sir George looked at Reuben for full a minute without speaking, and then he said, "Come here, you young monkey."

As Reuben approached, utterly puzzled by this style of reception, I noticed a look of curiosity on Sir George's face. When Reuben stood before him, quick as light Sir George turned and looked at Erne for one second, and then looked at Reuben again. Steadily gazing at him, he pointed the handle of his riding-whip towards him, and said, "Look here, sirrah, do you hear? You are to have fifteen shillings a week, and are to put three half-crowns in the savings'-bank. You are to get up at seven, to say your prayers, to clean the boats, and offer to help the gardener. If he is fool enough to accept your offer, you may tell him that you weren't hired to work in the garden. If Mr. Erne bathes, you are to row round and round him in a boat, and try to prevent his

drowning himself. If he does, you are to send a servant to me, informing me of the fact, and go for the drags. If such a casualty should occur, you are to consider your engagement as terminated that day week. I object to skittles, to potting at public-houses, and to running along the towing-path like a lunatic, bellowing at the idiots who row boat-races. Any conversation with my son Erne on the subjects of pigeon-shooting, pedestrianism, bagatelle, all-fours, toy-terriers, or Nonconformist doctrines, will lead to your immediate dismissal. Do you understand?"

I did not; but Erne and Reuben did. They understood that the old man had taken a fancy to Reuben, and was making fun. They both told me this, and of course I saw they were right at once. Still, I was puzzled at one thing more. Why, after he had turned away, did the old gentleman come back after a few steps, and lay his hands on Reuben's shoulders, looking eagerly into his face? Could he see any likeness to his father—to the man who had used him so cruelly—to Samuel Burton? I could not think so. It must have been merely an old man's fancy for Reuben's handsome, merry countenance; for Sir George pushed him away with a smile, and bade him go about his business.

To be continued.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER IX.—BRITISH TEMPER TOWARDS INDIA, BEFORE, DURING, AND SINCE THE MUTINY.

Calcutta, *May* 11, 1863.

Dear Simkins,—I lately read through a file of the *Friend of India*, for 1836, with great pleasure, not unmingled with regret. The value of such a paper in these days would be incalculable. The tone of the articles indicated the existence in Anglo-Indian society of a spirit which has passed away and left but faint traces. In those times the well-being of the Hindoo was the first and dearest care of our leading civilians. Their successors honestly do their duty by the native population; but that duty is no longer a labour of love. Thirty years ago the education of the people of the country was the favourite subject of conversation in the best circles, and occupied the spare time of men who had little enough of that commodity. Hindoo history, Hindoo literature, Hindoo social life, were discussed with inexhaustible ardour; and the hopes entertained concerning the future of the race were proportionate to the interest which it excited. Of course this feeling, like all that is noble and unselfish in the mind of man, partook of a strong dash of illusion. But the same may be said of every successive stage in the progress of knowledge and civilization. Philanthropists are a sanguine class; and it is well for them that they are so. The generation which was determined to show that Englishmen came to India with other ends than that of making money, and swaggering about the "great Anglo-Saxon race," might well be forgiven for over-rating the merits of Sanskrit poetry or the attainments of a Bengalee Bachelor of Arts. Once every week, Marshman, the editor of the *Friend of India*, would come down from Serampore for a conversation with the Secretary to Bengal; and the salutary fruits of this close understanding between the executive power and the press were evident, both in the acts of the Government and the articles in the *Friend*. Public measures were dictated by a spirit of enlightened philosophy, and the suggestions and disquisitions in the journal were practical and temperate, and acquired additional value from the fact that they were understood to represent the views of men in power. A noisy and en-

thusiastic breakfast-party frequently met to discuss the subject which was next their hearts. Of these men, some are still doing good work well, while others have passed away, leaving their mark more or less deeply impressed on their generation. There was Sir Edward Ryan, then Chief Justice of Bengal, now President of the Civil Service Commission, whose hearty address and kindly advice are among the most agreeable associations which a young civilian carries from the shores of England. I remember well, that, on emerging from his pleasant presence, I remarked in the hall a bust of Dwarkanath Thakur, a Hindoo gentleman for whom Sir Edward entertained a strong regard. For our officers were then not ashamed to call a native by the name of "friend," and would have been very much ashamed to talk of him by the appellation of "nigger," even without the customary prefix. Then there was young Trevelyan, very vigorous and earnest, and very proud of "Dwarky" having eaten a mutton-chop in his house. When Sir Charles returned to Calcutta, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, he was mobbed by Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Parsees, with whom in old days he had hunted and travelled and disputed about Persian poetry and jurisprudence, and whom the most excellent Indophilus treated with a courtesy and familiarity which a young assistant-magistrate of modern days would scorn to show towards the proudest zemindar. There was young Colvin, whose destiny was to die sick and weary in the darkest hour of the great mutiny, at a time when his authority as governor of the North-West Provinces was confined to the space commanded by the guns of the fort of Agra: Sir Benjamin Malkin, an able judge and a ripe scholar, a man eminently distinguished "by public spirit, "ardent and disinterested, yet always "under the guidance of discretion:" Ross Mangles, who, when chairman of the Court of Directors during that eventful year 1857, could never be convinced that the mass of the population of India had been suddenly transformed into felons and rebels, preordained by Providence to afford food for powder and the gallows. Last, but not most silent, there was Macaulay, in high delight at finding himself in a country where so much was to be learned, keeping the company far on towards noon over the cold curries and empty teacups, until the consciousness of accumulating bones drove them one by one to their respective offices. Now-a-days such a reunion would be reviled in the local papers as a parcel of conspirators assembled to hatch dark plots against the English name, the planting interest, and the development of the resources of the country. Under the auspices of Lord Dalhousie, the harvest which had been sown by these men and those who thought with them was reaped in a series of wise and beneficent reforms. But during the reign of the next viceroy things took a fatal turn.

At the commencement of 1857, humanity and philanthropy were the order of the day. We had just brought to an end the Russian war, which had been fought throughout in a spirit of generous chivalry, in spite of the efforts of those who endeavoured to turn a contest waged to preserve the balance of power into a murderous struggle of embittered nations. It was not many years since we had put down, in a cheery, off-hand style, an Irish rebellion, which would have furnished our forefathers with a welcome excuse for barbarous severity and prolonged and increased oppression. In 1798, the victorious Orangemen could not be induced to spare the lives of a parcel of clever schoolboys, who talked a little too much about Brian Boru, and Harmodius, and Aristogiton. In 1848 we transported the leader of the revolt for a few years, rather because we did not know what else to do with him, than from any desire to make him suffer for his presumption. When Smith O'Brien was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, any one who knew the temper of the nation was perfectly aware that the value of the life of the condemned

rebel, in an annuity office, was as good as that of any other man of his age in the three kingdoms.

Then came the tidings of the outbreak at Meerut; of the massacre at Delhi. The first impression produced by the intelligence was curiosity mingled with pity, and surprise that any interesting thing could come out of India. But as every mail brought a fresh story of horror and disaster, a significant change came over the face of society. If the sympathy and indignation inspired by an outrage is intense in proportion to the faculty of suffering in the victim, here was a case in which indignation and sympathy could know no bounds; for the victims belonged to the most refined and enlightened class of the first nation in the world. Ladies, bred and nurtured amidst all that wealth and affection could afford, were dragged along, under a June sun, in the ranks of the mutineers, in hourly expectation, and soon in hourly hope, of death. Officers, who had been trained to the duties of government by the best education which the mother-country could supply, judges, magistrates, men of science, men of letters, were pelted to death with brickbats, or hung, amidst shouts of laughter, after a mock trial. Then from the lowest depths of our nature emerged those sombre, ill-omened instincts, of whose very existence we had ceased to be aware. Intense compassion, intense wrath, the injured pride of a great nation—those combative propensities against which Mr. Bright has so often testified in vain—surged in upon the agitated community. It was tacitly acknowledged that mercy, charity, the dignity and sacredness of human life—those great principles which, at ordinary times, are recognised as eternally true—must be put aside till our sway was restored and our name avenged. It is well that nations, as men, should pray to be delivered from temptation. Two years of civil war have changed the people who boasted themselves to be ahead of the universe in the march of progress, into a society of combatants, without *habeas corpus*, or free-trade, or decency, or self-respect, or gold, or a single friend and admirer, except some ignorant mechanics, and a few men of thought, who have pinned their reputation to the cause of the United States. Two months of Nana Sahib brought about an effect on the English character at the recollection of which Englishmen at home have already learned to blush, but the lamentable consequences of which will be felt in India for generations yet unborn or unthought of.

Who does not remember those days, when a favourite amusement on a wet afternoon, for a party in a country house, was to sit on and about the billiard-table devising tortures for the Nana; when the palm was given to that ingenious gentleman who proposed that he should be forced, first, to swallow a tumbler of water in which all the blue papers in a seidlitz-powder box had been emptied, and then a tumbler with the contents of all the white papers in a state of solution? when every one chuckled to hear how General Neill had forced high Brahmans to sweep up the blood of the Europeans murdered at Cawnpore, and then strung them in a row, without giving them the time requisite for the rites of purification? It is singular that he imitated in every particular the conduct of Telemachus towards the maid-servants who had lent too kind an ear to those suitors who were content to fly at low game, with a view, I presume, to keep their hands in during the intervals of their more ambitious courtship. Every one chuckled, with the exception of a certain evangelical paper, which remonstrated with the General for depriving these poor men of their chances of salvation! "Have you heard the news?" said a celebrated author to an acquaintance, as they stood together under the porch of the Athenæum. "The Sepoys have taken to inflicting the most exquisite cruelties upon the Sikhs, and the Sikhs in return swear that they will cut the throat of every Sepoy who comes in their way. These are the sort of tidings that now-a-days fill every heart in England with exultation and thankfulness."

During the first debate at the Union Society, in my first term, an orator wound up with these remarkable words: "When the rebellion has been crushed "out from the Himalayas to Comorin; "when every gibbet is red with blood; "when every bayonet creaks beneath its "ghastly burden;[1] when the ground in "front of every cannon is strewn with "rags, and flesh, and shattered bone;— "then talk of mercy. Then you may "find some to listen. This is not the "time." This peroration was received with a tumult of applause by an assembly whose temper is generally characterised by mild humanity, modified by an idolatrous attachment to the memory of Archbishop Laud. If you turn over the volume of *Punch* for the latter half of 1857, you will probably open on a picture representing a big female, with a helmet and a long sword, knocking about a black man, in appearance something between a gorilla and a soldier in one of our West Indian regiments, who is standing over a dead woman and child. Two palm-trees in the background mark the locality, and the whole production is labelled "Justice," or "Nemesis," or "O God of Battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!" What must have been the fury of the outburst which could transport to such lengths that good-natured and sensible periodical, which so admirably reflects the opinions of a good-natured and sensible nation!

Such was the feeling in England; and, being such, it was only the faint shadow of the state of things in India. For out here men were influenced, not only by pity and wrath, intensified by the immediate presence of the objects of those passions, but by shame, by the bitterness of bereavement and ruin, by an ever-present fear, by the consciousness of an awful risk which they had barely escaped, and of innumerable perils still to come. History shudders at the recollection of the terrible "Spanish fury" which desolated Antwerp in the days of William the Silent; but the "English fury" was more terrible still. With the grim determination and the dogged pertinacity of their race, men went forth over the face of the land to shoot, and sabre, and hang, and blow from guns, till the work should be accomplished. It was generally understood that no one would be called in question for having erred on the side of severity. Many a one of those good-humoured agreeable civilians with whom you canter along the course, or play billiards at the club, who are so forgiving when you revoke palpably and inexcusably, and so ready with their letters of introduction and offers of hospitality—many a one of them has witnessed strange scenes, and could tell strange tales. He could tell how he has ridden into some village in Shahabad or the Dooab, with a dozen troopers at his heels; how he has called for a drink of milk, and taken his seat under a tree, pistol in hand, while his men ferreted out the fugitive mutineers who had found their way home to seek concealment and sustenance among their relations and neighbours; how very short a trial sufficed to convict those who were accused of housing and abetting the rebels; and how, as he left for the next camping-ground, he pretended not to observe his followers stealing back to recover their picket-ropes. There is a degree of mutual terror which almost necessitates mutual extermination. At a time when the safety of India depended on the Punjab, and the safety of the Punjab hung on a single hair (and, thank God, that single hair was a strong one, for it was Sir John Lawrence), a native regiment quartered in that province, unable to resist the epidemic of sedition, mutinied and left the cantonments. An energetic civil officer started off in pursuit with the slender force of sixty-six policemen, brought the mutineers to bay, and, by a rare display of audacity and craft, captured them to a man. It is more easy to blame what followed than to say how he should have acted under the circumstances. It would have been madness to send off a compact and numerous force with tickets of leave to recruit the rebel garrison of Delhi. At the same time, Sir Joshua Jebb himself would have hesitated before he

[1] Sic in orig.

undertook to guard a battalion of regular troops with a handful of native policemen, who were themselves at that moment on the eve of an outbreak. One course remained. There is a closer prison than a Government jail: a surer sentry than a Punjabee chokedar.

When first I came out there were two gentlemen here who were considered the most welcome addition to Calcutta society. One was a jolly comical-looking chap, an excellent officer, and a capital man for a small dinner-party. The other was most refined and intelligent, with a remarkably courteous and winning address. It was said that these two had hung more people than any other men in India. The jolly fellow was supposed to have been somewhat too indiscriminate in his choice of subjects, while it was generally allowed that the other had turned off no one who did not richly deserve it. Mr. Hume, of Etawah, who was blamed by many for excess of leniency, but who so bore himself that no one could blame him for want of courage, distinguished himself by keeping down the number of executions in his district to seven, and by granting the culprits a fair trial. These he treated with fatherly tenderness, for he invented a patent drop for their benefit; so that men prayed—first, that they might be tried by Mr. Hume, and next, that, if found guilty, they might be hanged by him. One morning I was lounging in the room of a very good friend of mine, one of the youngest captains in the army, who went through as much rough-and-tumble fighting as could be squeezed into twelve months, and who came out of the business with the reputation of being a first-rate cavalry officer. We were overhauling his collection of guns, trying the locks, and criticizing the grooving, as men do on such occasions, when I remarked, suspended in the place of honour, an archaic rickety revolver, and an old cut-and-thrust sword, with a bright notched blade, and a well-worn leathern handle. Those were not holiday weapons. Once, when charging a couple of hundred of the famous Dinapore mutineers, he left that sword in the body of a sepoy. While dismounting to recover it he was separated from his squadron, and surrounded by a party of desperate Pandies, who, being perfectly aware that their last hour was come, were desirous of opening to themselves the gates of the celestial Zenana by the sacrifice of so redoubted a Sahib. My friend sheltered himself as best he could behind his horse's neck, and kept the assailants off with his revolver, till two faithful Punjabees galloped back to his assistance. Meanwhile, he had shot three men dead on the spot, each with a bullet through the brain. He took part in the pursuit of Coer Sing from Lucknow to the Ganges. On the night before that old warrior succeeded in passing the river, a picket was posted to keep watch upon the rebels, who were quartered in and near a populous village. From time to time the country-people came in with the intelligence that the enemy were still there, until their importunate desire to give information roused a suspicion that all was not right. We advanced cautiously, and found that Coer Sing had stolen away, and was already well on his road towards the ferry. After the affair had terminated in the escape of the mutineers, our commanding officer sent back his cavalry, with orders to take signal vengeance on the peasants whose treachery had foiled his carefully-concerted plan. The regiment surrounded the village, set the roofs on fire, looted the dwellings of what cloth and grain they contained, stripped the women of their bangles and anklets, and put all the males to the edge of the sword. This was only one among many like deeds, deeds of which every one approves at the time, but which afterwards no one cares to justify or to discusss. We little dream what a dire and grim significance is attached by many a widow and orphan in Oude or Bahar to the names of some who appear to us the mildest and most lovable of human beings. In the eyes of only too many Roman matrons Cæsar was the most attractive and insinuating among the young swells of his day; whether amiability and tenderness formed the leading features

of his character, as conceived by a Helvetian or a Nervian, may reasonably be doubted.

Things had now come to a terrible pass. During the first weeks of the mutiny the murders were perpetrated by the "budzarts," or black sheep, of the regiment, with a view to implicate their comrades beyond the hope of pardon; to place between themselves and their former condition of life a gulf filled with English blood. Their scheme met with entire success. The minds of our countrymen were so agitated and distorted by anger and uneasiness, that even those battalions which remained true to their salt began to be apprehensive for their safety whenever they found themselves in the same cantonment with European troops. In a station where this state of things existed, suspicion and dislike reigned supreme. The officers of the native corps slept in the European lines with loaded revolvers under their pillows; the guns, unlimbered and charged to the muzzle with grape, faced the quarters of the sepoys; a strong force was at all times under arms, and the very air seemed heavy with an impending storm. Under such circumstances an outbreak would have been regarded rather as a relief than as a misfortune. But if our people were anxious, the wouldn't-be mutineers had far more reason to be nervous. On occasions of this description there is nothing which men so constantly underrate as the terror which they themselves inspire in the breasts of others. During a town and gown row, I always used to think that the hostile column looked most formidable and impressive, while I was only too conscious that the fighting power of our own array was lamentably defective. Who could depend on Screwington, who had descended by hebdomadal steps from the second to the sixth boat, until he finally retired into the illimitable? on Dufferly, who cried three weeks before he left school, when the fags mutinied and pelted him with penny-rolls? on Timkins, who had never taken a walk a mile long since he spent the day at Shelford to escape being condoled with after missing his scholarship? And yet the effect produced on the imagination of the town by our onward charge was, doubtless, very demoralizing. A cloud of tall forms, in square caps and flowing gowns, bearing down through the fog, must test the courage of the hardiest Barnwell cooley, or the most vindictive college kitmudgar, burning to take out his unpaid wages in undergraduate gore. Once, or more than once, it befell that, when the suspected troops were ordered out to be disarmed or discharged, the loaded cannon, the lighted matches, the line of frowning white faces, proved too much for their nerves. Convinced that they had been assembled to be butchered, the poor devils broke and took to their heels, under a crashing fire of shrapnel and canister. By the time it came to this, the only chance of existence for the one party lay in the utter destruction of the other. Quarter was not given, and, indeed, hardly could be said to be worth the asking. An Englishman knew well that, though one set of Pandies were to spare his life, the next lot who came across him would cut his throat; and a sepoy knew well that, if his captors took the trouble to drag him about in their train for a few days, the magistrate at the first station on the road would infallibly hang him before the officer in command of the party had finished his dinner.

The presence of a military officer, however, seldom afforded much comfort to a prisoner. None of their persecutors were so dreaded by the natives as the royal troops lately arrived from England. No civilian armed with the thunderbolts of the law, able to ascertain at a glance whether the culprit was a pensioned sepoy, a Mahommedan fanatic, or a peaceable cultivator, was half so terrible a judge as a beardless subaltern, fresh from the depôt at Chatham, whose experience of the population was summed up in the statements that "niggers were all blasted liars," and that, "when a feller said he was a ryot, he was sure to be the greatest scoundrel unhung:" a distinction which he was not likely long

to retain. The knowledge of the servants of the Company was far less formidable than the ignorance of the servants of the Crown. No Sikh burning to avenge Aliwal and Sobraon on the revolted mercenaries who had been used by the Feringhees as tools to accomplish the humiliation of his race, inspired such horror in the souls of the village people, as the British private who saw a probable murderer, and an undoubted subject for "loot," in every "Moor" who came in his way—for in those days the rank and file of our army always spoke of the inhabitants of India by the appellation of "Moors." As the men landed at Bombay, they expressed vexation and disappointment at not being allowed to go in at the Moors who were taking their *siesta* upon the beach. They had been brought all the way from England to kill Moors, and why should they not begin at once? One Moor in the hand was worth two in the bush, or rather the jungle. At one time it became necessary to double the guards at Fort William, in order to prevent the soldiers from sallying forth at night to avenge the atrocities committed in Oude and Rohilcund, upon the sycees of Chowringhee, and the palkee-bearers of the China-bazaar. A corporal, who had travelled up with a party from Bombay to join his regiment in the field, on his arrival at head-quarters reported that in the course of the journey a mutiny had taken place among the bullock-drivers. On inquiry, it appeared that the hero of the affair was an honest fellow, who had disembarked with his head full of the Nana and the fatal well. His story was simple:—"I seed two "Moors talking in a cart. Presently I "heard one of 'em say 'Cawnpore.' I "knowed what that meant; so I fetched "Tom Walker, and he heard 'em say "'Cawnpore,' and he knowed what "that meant. So we polished 'em both "off."

At Buxar, which, you may remember, is on the Ganges, a little above Arrah, there lived a native, well known to all the residents by the name of "Coony Baboo," who was employed by the Government in a subordinate capacity. He was a Bengalee, and as such had just as much reason to be alarmed for his safety as any Englishman at the station. One day he was pursuing his avocation at a wharf on the river, armed with a pistol, which he kept to protect his life and property against the stray mutineers, and other vagrants, who swarmed in those troubled regions, when a steam-flat came up the stream carrying a detachment of English troops. The commanding officer sent a boat to communicate with the authorities on shore. The crew, seeing a man who, to their eyes, presented a suspicious appearance, hanging about the jetty, took it into their heads that he might just as well hang on board their steamer, and accordingly seized him and searched his person. When the pistol came to light, they made no doubt but that he was a mutineer who had in some unaccountable manner been delivered into their hands. They forthwith took him on board, where, after a short but satisfactory investigation, the poor Baboo was ordered for immediate execution. Happily, in the nick of time, a civil officer appeared on the scene, who, when he saw the prisoner, exclaimed, "Why, it is Coony Baboo! What are they doing to you, Coony?" It was with great difficulty that the captors could be induced to believe the assurances of the civilian, whom they evidently regarded as an emissary of Lord Canning, and a representative of that clemency policy which was the bugbear of the day.

At a place hundreds of miles distant from the seat of war, some brinjarries, or corn-dealers, came into the camp of a regiment which had been a very short while in the country. The men on guard observed that the heads of the strangers were shaved, and knew by instinct that they must be sepoys. A hastily-constituted tribunal took cognizance of the matter, and called in a serjeant who had the reputation of a profound knowledge of India. Pleased at being consulted, he cocked his eye, and after due inspection, pronounced that the prisoners were undoubtedly

sepoys. A civilian, who was present, remonstrated most vehemently, but was answered with the *primâ facie*, or rather *primo capite* argument, "You see their heads are shaved! They must be sepoys." At length his importunity prevailed, and the colonel ordered the soldiers to take the brinjarries to the outskirts of the camp and let them go. These orders were obeyed to the letter. The men were led beyond the tents, set free, and shot down as they ran away. The events of those times have left their trace in our military vocabulary. During the year and a half which followed the outbreak at Meerut, to "loot" and to "polish off" became household verbs in the British army. The sterling qualities of that army alone rescued it from utter demoralization. No other soldiers in the world could have preserved their self-respect amidst so fearful an ordeal. Eighteen months in such a school would have turned the French regiments into Zouaves, the Zouaves into Turcos, and the Turcos into cannibals.

After all, however, the best hope of the miserable natives lay in the justice and moderation of official men. The stern and cold animosity of the civilians, the reckless and unscrupulous retribution dealt out by the military, were as nothing to the rabid ferocity of the non-official community. These men had come to the shores of India for the sole purpose of making money. They were under no professional obligation of providing for the prosperity and happiness of the population, and indeed were too apt to regard their dark fellow-subjects simply as tools for promoting their own ends. Now that their lives and fortunes were brought to the extreme of jeopardy, in consequence of a wide-spread and most formidable revolt of the despised race, their fury and hatred knew no measure. In one or two instances the Government was constrained by the pressure of circumstances to place power in the hands of men of this class. In a place where the outbreak had been accompanied by deeds of peculiar atrocity, some such persons were vested with authority. The unhappy place was delivered over to a Reign of Terror. Whatever misery could be inflicted by cupidity, private malice, and vulgar barbarity, was endured to the full by the wretched natives.

The tone of the press was horrible. Never did the cry for blood swell so loud as among these Christians and Englishmen in the middle of the nineteenth century. The pages of those brutal and grotesque journals published by Hébert and Marat during the agony of the French Revolution, contained nothing that was not matched and surpassed in the files of some Calcutta papers. Because the pampered Bengal sepoys had behaved like double-dyed rascals, therefore every Hindoo and Mussulman was a rebel, a traitor, a murderer; therefore, we were to pray that all the population of India might have one neck, and that all the hemp in India might be twisted into one rope. It would be wearisome to quote specimens of the style of that day. Every column teemed with invectives which at the time seemed coarse and tedious, but which we must now pronounce to be wicked and blasphemous. For what could be more audacious than to assert that Providence had granted us a right to destroy a nation in our wrath?—to slay, and burn, and plunder, not in the cause of order and civilization, but in the name of our insatiable vengeance, and our imperial displeasure? The wise ruler, whose comprehensive and impartial judgment preserved him from the contagion of that fatal frenzy, was assailed with a storm of obloquy for which we should in vain seek a precedent in history. To read the newspapers of that day, you would believe that Lord Canning was at the bottom of the whole mutiny; that upon his head was the guilt of the horrors of Cawnpore and Allahabad; that it was he who had passed round the chupatties and the lotahs, and spread the report that the Russ was marching down from the north to drive the English into the sea. After all, the crime charged against him was, not that he had hindered the butchery, but that his heart was not in

the work. No one had the face to say, or, at any rate, no one had the weakness to believe, that Lord Canning had pardoned any considerable number of condemned rebels. His crying sin was this, that he took little or no pleasure in the extermination of the people whom he had been commissioned by his Sovereign to govern and protect.

After Lord Canning, Sir John Peter Grant had the gratification of being the personage most profusely and fiercely maligned by the enemies of the native; which honourable position he long retained, until of late Sir Charles Wood put in his claim, a claim which has been instantly and fully recognised. A certain journal made the brilliant suggestion that Sir John Peter, had he dared, would very likely have released the sepoys whom General Neill had ordered for execution, and then proceeded to abuse him as if he had actually so done. This hypothetical case soon grew into a fact. It was stated positively in all quarters, that Sir John Peter Grant had set free the murderers of Cawnpore, with a bombastic proclamation, containing the words "in virtue of my high authority," an expression which at once discredited the story in the estimation of all who knew the man. Sir John and his high authority were reviled and ridiculed in the daily and weekly papers of England and India, in conversation, on the stage, and on the hustings. Meanwhile, with native laziness and good humour, he said nothing, and allowed the tempest to whistle about his ears without moving a muscle. At length the Home Government wrote out to the Governor-General, directing him to take cognisance of the affair; and he accordingly requested the accused party to explain how the matter stood. Then Sir John spoke out, and affirmed that the report was a pure fabrication; that he never enlarged a single sepoy; and that, had he desired to thwart General Neill, such interference would have been entirely out of his power. Hereupon, the press in general proceeded to make amends in a full and satisfactory manner. One newspaper, however, had no intention of letting him off so easily, and put forward an apology which was exquisitely characteristic, and which probably diverted the object quite as much as it was designed to vex him. The gist of it was, that Sir John had undoubtedly been falsely charged in this particular instance, but that he was such a confirmed and abandoned friend of the native as quite to deserve everything he had got, and that no contumely, whether rightly or wrongly bestowed on him, could by any possibility come amiss.

And now who can wonder that among a generation which has gone through such a crisis philanthropy is somewhat at a discount? It is unjust to blame men who have lost their fortunes and friends and health in the desperate struggle, because the moment the victory is decided they cannot set to work heart and soul at concocting and promoting plans for the benefit of their conquered foe! That struggle irresistibly reminded us that we were an imperial race, holding our own on a conquered soil by dint of valour and foresight. Cantonments and arsenals, field batteries and breaching batteries seemed more essential to the government of the country than courts of law, normal schools, and agricultural exhibitions. The questions of the day were, not whether Sanskrit should be taught at the Presidency College, or to what extent the pure mathematics of Hindoo men of science were borrowed from European sources, but whether artillery might safely be posted at a station where no English cavalry were quartered, whether the advantages of massing troops at central points compensated for the sanitary dangers of that measure. As long as human nature remains what it is, men who have just made a great and successful effort will ask themselves whether they and theirs are not to profit by their exertions. Had we poured forth our blood like water in order that the children of sepoys might receive a better education than they would have obtained in the event of their fathers having overturned the British supremacy? In order that

the disaffected Rajpoots of Shahabad might reap the advantages of a more speedy and equitable administration of justice than they would have enjoyed under the rule of Coer Sing? What was England to gain in return for her millions of money and thousands of lives? Did she not merit some more substantial recompense for having recovered India, than the privilege of governing the Indians in a spirit of wisdom and unselfishness? Echo and the planters answered "yes!" though equity and humanity steadily continued to assert that the events of 1857 and 1858 had not altered a whit our position in India—that our reconquest could be justified in the sight of God and Europe only by the same conditions as had justified our original conquest. We must still govern the land in the interest of the inhabitants. We must still provide them with everything that is essential to their well-being and happiness. We must still pay rent and taxes, keep the roof tight and the drains open, or out we must turn as unprofitable and dishonest tenants. It is greatly to the credit of the civilians that they hearkened to the voice of equity and humanity. The natives cannot accuse their governors of neglect or injustice. They have no reason to regret having exchanged Munro and Elphinstone for Grant and Beadon. Most of our officers would do all and suffer all rather than betray their trust. Some have already done much, and suffered not a little. But the new order of things is not as the old. The children of the soil are no longer regarded with the lively interest, the credulous partiality of yore. Those are plants which do not flourish amidst the rank weeds and rushes, the sand and rubble that overspread the land which was lately submerged by the deluge of civil strife. Men cannot at will cast aside the recollection of those times when all was doubt and confusion and dismay; when a great fear was their companion, day and night; when the mother and children were in sanctuary at the head-quarters of the division; when the husband worked with a loaded revolver among his papers, a horse standing saddled in the stable, his feet resting upon a pair of saddle-bags crammed with his most valuable property. The distrust and dislike engendered by such an experience are too deeply rooted to be plucked up by an act of volition.

Though the civilians do not allow the impressions left by the events of the mutiny to influence their opinions and their conduct, the case is far other with the non-official society. And here I may remark that there is some difficulty in finding an appellation for the members of that society. They themselves insist upon it that the civilians have given them the name of "interlopers," and grow extremely wroth over this imaginary grievance. I solemnly declare that I never heard the word used in conversation by a civilian, and never saw it in print, except when it occurs in the effusions of the "interloping" party. On occasions, when they are very angry indeed, they will have it that they are called "adventurers." Perhaps "settlers" is the least objectionable and most comprehensive title. Well, the European settlers in India speedily acquired that contempt for the Bengalees which it is a law of nature that the members of a conquering race should entertain for the subject population among whom they live. As the Norman baron regarded the Saxon churl, as the Dutch boer regarded the Hottentot, so it was inevitable that the English planter should regard the ryot and the cooly. No one can estimate very highly the moral and intellectual qualities of people among whom he resides for the single purpose of turning them to pecuniary account. But in the course of time a new element was added to the feelings which the settler displayed towards the Hinoo. Dislike appeared by the side of disdain. The Dutchman might treat the Hottentot as he pleased, without the interposition of government, as represented by as numerous and able body of public servants paid to protect and cherish the ancient population of the country. Front-de-Bœuf and Brian Bois de Guil-

bert did what was right in their own eyes, without fear of being charged with dacoity and abduction under the revised penal code before the civil and sessions judge of the district. But the English settler became aware that he must behave towards the Bengalee as towards a fellow-citizen and fellow-subject, or the local magistrate and the Supreme Court would know the reason why. This discovery did not raise his opinion of the natives, but caused him to look on them in the light of enemies, possessed of rights and privileges whereto they had no just claim, and which, as time went on, they might be tempted to employ against him as weapons of annoyance. His state was much that of a boy at school who is prevented by an wholesome dread of the monitors from fagging a stupid, cowardly fellow in the same bed-room with himself to the extent which the eternal fitness of things appears to him to demand—a position which is not calculated to foster the most kindly sentiments of our nature.

At the period of the mutiny the feeling of aversion was intensified into deadly hatred. For a season this hatred was shared by the entire mass of our countrymen. Invectives against the treacherous, blood-thirsty Mussulman, ironical sneers about the "mild Hindoo," were nuts alike to the civilian and the planter. The latter rejoiced to hear the world acknowledge that his estimate of the native had been correct throughout. But this glimpse of happiness was too bright to last. This sweet vision of a Utopia of rampant Anglo-Saxons and "damned niggers" melted away as swiftly as it had arisen, and disclosed the stern reality in all its horrid nakedness: a land flowing indeed with ghee and indigo, but peopled by a race of free peasants, possessed of an ancient interest in the soil, and by an oppressed and disheartened community of Englishmen, whose unnatural mother-country refused to recognise any distinction in civic rights between a nigger doomed to everlasting torment and a white man in a state of salvation. At home the reaction against a severe and retributive policy set in with irresistible strength. People fell to repenting their recent excesses, in sackcloth and ashes; or, to speak more accurately, in pamphlets and May meetings. The official society out here soon followed suit, and the unfortunate settler found himself in the plight of a colonial Abdiel, "faithful only he" to the great principles of the debasement of the native, the domination of the Anglo-Saxon, and the "development of the resources of India" into English pockets. Always sore upon the question of the social and political condition of the native, he now became positively raw and festering. The events of the last few years have certainly not been of a nature to soothe his injured soul. His morbid detestation of the Bengalee, as displayed in the pages of the local journals, would be ludicrous, if there could be a ludicrous side to a phenomenon so painful and ill-omened. One unfortunate correspondent, who happened to make use of the expression, "our native brethren," was lately treated to a column of indignant remonstrance and ill-tempered satire. A certain great man, in answer to an affectionate address presented to him by a large number of wealthy and influential Hindoos, spoke of "the two great races" who occupy India. Next morning he was taken to task firmly but respectfully for having been weak enough to call the natives a "great race," and place them, by implication, on an equality with Englishmen. As if this gentleman, in order to gratify the vanity and spite of any class in existence, would have chosen to insult a body of worthy men who had assembled to give him a mark of respect and devotion, by reminding them that they belonged to an inferior and subject people!

It is only natural that the protectors of the native should come in for a share of odium. Though the great majority of planters live on the most cordial terms with the officials in their neighbourhood, it cannot be denied that the *meneurs* of the party have worked them-

selves up into a state of violent excitement against the very name of civilian. I said above that the events of the last few years have not been of a nature to calm the agitation of the public mind. In fact, from the day that law and order were restored throughout the land, one vexed question has followed another in swift and baneful succession. First came the great indigo row. Now, if you cannot touch pitch without being defiled, you certainly cannot touch indigo without being made to look uncommon blue. Besides, I am not one of those who, like Mr. Kinglake, enjoy walking "through fires placed under the crafty cinder;" so I will confine myself to stating baldly that the ryots (excited, as some think, by the general up-turning of society occasioned by the rebellion) objected to grow indigo, on the ground that other crops paid them better. Then followed a good deal of confused and angry cross-fighting, in which, generally speaking, the civilians found themselves opposed to the planters—the most memorable incident in the *melée* being the imprisonment of an English clergyman for libel, after a scene in court which recalled irresistibly the political trials of the seventeenth century. Close upon the heels of the indigo row came the rent dispute. Some planters, who at the same time were landholders, raised the rents of their tenantry, on the principle of doing what they liked with their own; while the civilians, as a class, maintained that the ryots had an undefined but undoubted right in the land, which had been confirmed by Act Ten of '59. This complication was not calculated to throw oil on the troubled pools, or rather vats. When the matter was laid before the Lord Chief Justice of Bengal, he decided broadly and roundly against the ryot; a decision which, if carried into effect, would reduce millions upon millions of peasant proprietors to the condition of Irish cottier tenants, ground to the earth by a rack-rent, and a sense of humiliating dependence without aim or hope. The civilian magistrates and judges, however, so arrange matters that the planters have got very scant satisfaction from this decision of the Chief Justice. Then came the renewed demand for a criminal contract law, a subject with regard to which a planter is as touchy as a Buckinghamshire farmer in the matter of Free Trade and Protection. The modification of the resolutions concerning the sale of waste lands did not tend to heal the breach; and the ringleaders of the European settlers now regard the civilians as their sworn foes, and have firmly persuaded themselves that, in their public acts, our officers are influenced by an inveterate hatred of all English capitalists and Zemindars. Read the following extracts from the writings of one of the shining lights of what he himself calls the "interloping" party:—

"I feel compelled to protest against "the supineness on the part of interlopers, which has been permitting the "Government, now, as formerly, under "the rule of the Traditional Policy "Party, to undo all that has been done, "and to return by degrees to the state "of things which prevailed before the "mutinies. Not two years ago, interlopers had conquered and dismissed a "lieutenant-governor, had overcome the "prejudices which the governor-general "had been imbibing for five years from "his civilian advisers, and had seen "their old enemy, Mr. Cecil Beadon, "introducing that horror of civilians, "a Contract Act, into the Legislative "Council. I shall not call to your "recollection at present the minor circumstances of their triumph, such as "the discomfiture of Mr. Seton-Karr "and others. Not two years ago interlopers were in the zenith of their "power; but, having attained to that "proud eminence, they seemed to have "lain down and slept there, till their "old enemies, recovering, ventured to "give them a shove, and sent them "down the hill much faster than they "climbed it."

Then follows a jeremiad on the falling-off of Mr. Beadon, who appears to have "relapsed into the pure "civilian which he had always been,

"guided by the principles and maxims "of civilianism, which had become "his second nature." Happily, whatever may be the second nature of that worthy successor of Sir John Peter Grant, his first nature is as noble and genial as any being on earth is blessed with. After this comes a description of "the civilian policy, which never dies, "but is handed down from one generation to another, more than a match for "the tactics of a society whose members "are ever changing, and whose leaders "are even now scattered, though but "such a short time has elapsed since "the date of their greatest victories; "and I am sorry to say that we have but "little chance of seeing them reunited, "or of seeing another band of men "fighting like them, until civilian mis-"rule again destroys a great industry, "or inflicts some unbearable oppression "upon a race which is but too long-"suffering." And so on, and so on, *usque ad nauseam.* There is plenty more of this to be had at the same shop. It is wearisome work, morning after morning wading through huge masses of balderdash, in which her Majesty's servants are held up to execration because they prevent one class of her subjects from oppressing and enslaving another class.

The theory that the native is his equal in the eyes of the law is of itself sufficiently aggravating to the European settler; but, when the occasion comes for that theory to be put in practice, when justice demands that one of our countrymen should be brought to account for outrage or oppression, then class hatred breaks forth into a paroxysm of illogical fury; then is the great Anglo-Saxon spirit neither to hold nor to bind; then are the "English name," and the "development of the resources of India," unlimbered, and trundled out to overawe the civilian magistrates and the judges of the High Court. It was bad enough not to be permitted to hang natives at discretion, but what if it came to hanging a member of the imperial race? Last year, one Rudd, who was in the service of a Mr. Jellicoe, was desired by his master to procure a sheep for the use of the household. He accordingly selected one from the flock of a shepherd of the name of Fazil, who objected to his choice, saying, "Sir, do not take the sheep; she is with young, and I will give you another." To this piece of Indian perversity Rudd replied by carrying off the animal *vi et armis.* The owner followed him to the bungalow, and appealed to Mr. Jellicoe, who, after hearing the story, gave back the sheep, and reproved his servant for his want of consideration. The weak and un-English behaviour of his master gave great offence to Rudd, whose righteous and Anglo-Saxon soul was vexed to such a point that he could vent his indignation by no milder measure than that of pelting Fazil with stones, and kicking him in the loins—a proceeding which excited sympathy rather than surprise among the bystanders, who were probably acustomed to Rudd's method of conducting a purely commercial transaction. Apparently imagining that enough had not been done to avenge the English name upon this insolent nigger, our countryman soon afterwards took a gun from the house and fired in the air, over Fazil's head; and then, having brought out another gun, shot the poor fellow through the back as he ran away. The murderer returned to the bungalow "very pale;" a pallor which was much insisted on by his admirers as a proof of the kindliness of his disposition. His victim died soon after, and Rudd was put upon his trial, and overwhelmed by a mass of evidence, native and English, which could leave no doubt of his guilt on the minds of the most indulgent jury. Sir Charles Jackson (who, by the way, has never been forgiven for the part which he played on this occasion), in spite of his evident compassion for the prisoner, summed up like a true English judge who does not fear what man or the Calcutta press can do unto him. Rudd was convicted of wilful murder—murder all the more horrible from the wanton brutality which considered no punishment too severe for a native who

dared to have a voice in the disposal of his own property.

Then the Bengal *Hurkaru* spoke out: "We discern signs that Calcutta will be "stirred to its utmost depths in a day or "two, all classes and conditions of men "banding together for a common object, "to achieve the gain of a human life, an "existence which is forfeit to the public "strangler. Marvellous, indeed, is the "power of the instinct of mercy. "Mightier and holier the wish to save "than the yearning to destroy." And this was the very journal which but three short years before cried the loudest and longest for blood, and yet more blood! which howled at Lord Canning as a traitor, because he displayed no marked satisfaction at the consciousness that more natives had been hung during his reign than under all the former Viceroys together! which called down fire from heaven upon every civilian who refused to degrade himself from a judge into a "public strangler!" "Mar-"vellous indeed was the power of the "instinct of mercy" in the months that followed the mutiny. That quality, as far as the sepoys were concerned, was certainly strained uncommonly fine. The relation between the might and holiness of the wish to save and the yearning to destroy, in the year 1862, was exactly what it had been in the year 1857. This talk about "human life," and "marvellous instincts," and "holy wishes," ill became those who had so lately been the foremost to hound on the slayer. It would have been more honest to have refrained from these generalisations, and boldly to have declared that the sentence of the law must not be carried out because, villain as he might be, Rudd belonged to the Anglo-Saxon race—because the murdered man was no better than a damned nigger.

When such was the state of feeling in the European community there was no difficulty in obtaining a vast number of signatures to a petition urging the Governor-General to commute the sentence. Naturally enough, the educated Hindoos, who had but just now been accustomed to see multitudes of innocent natives hung simply because they were natives, were scandalised at the notion that a guilty Englishman must be spared, simply because he was an Englishman. One of these men expressed the sentiments of his class in a temperate and well written article, containing the following passage:—"If "the offender has deserved the extreme "penalty of the law, in the name of "justice and humanity let the forfeit "be extorted. Let blood be shed for "blood. To attempt in such a case to "mitigate the punishment is to attempt "to pervert justice, to shake the staple "foundations upon which society rests." These expressions, in the eyes of the *Hurkaru*, savoured of blasphemy and ferocity, and called forth an invective, of which the following lines are a specimen:—"The editor is a sable Christian—"one who has grafted upon the traditional "mildness of the Hindoo character the "charitable tendencies of the Gospel. "Christian Cali desires blood, and de-"nounces the immorality which would "afford a criminal the chance of sobbing "out his life in ignominy and pain."

What would this humane gentleman have said if Sir John Peter Grant, in virtue of his high authority, had packed off General Neill's prisoners to "sob out their lives in ignominy and pain" on the shores of the Andamans? To my mind the writer had better have thought twice before he accused his neighbours of impiety. Another statement in the same columns is only saved from being revolting by its extreme absurdity:—"The Mosaic dispensation "is dispensed with by the Christian "era. A mightier than Moses is Prince "of Justice." Does this mean that it was under the Law that we hung ryots in 1857, and that in obedience to the Gospel we are to spare murderers in 1862? Was the Mosaic dispensation in force during the mutiny, and was the Christian era coincident with the pacification of India? After puzzling over the matter for some time, I at length came to the conclusion that the writer was of opinion that the Mosaic dispensation went out with the old Company,

and that the Indian Council and the Evangelists came in together.

The Governor-General, to his infinite credit, refused to use his prerogative of pardon, and, as a natural consequence, the people who had reviled Lord Canning for saving from the gallows one out of a thousand condemned natives, now reviled Lord Elgin for sending to the gallows a single Englishman. The Viceroy, however, was proof against that outcry, to which even the stern spirit of his predecessor at length yielded—a concession that produced such lamentable results during the last months of his otherwise spotless administration. So, finding that he was not likely to be frightened into compliance or repentance by any amount of bluster—conscious, too, that it was impossible to deprive Sir Charles Wood of the honour of being the enemy *par excellence* of the English name, and invest Lord Elgin with that title on so short a notice—the votaries of Rudd changed their tack, and fell foul of the native community for having investigated the martyrdom of their saints.

"Give him" (the native) "an English "life. His forefathers offered up human "sacrifices to ensure good harvests, and "their descendants ask that the gallows "and the cord may aid in the same "good work of promoting Bengalee hap-"piness."

"The convict Rudd is to be hanged "in spite of the earnest prayers of more "than 3,000 people. Well, when the "gods are to be propitiated, it is well "to have a victim at hand, and the "offering will be all the more accept-"able if they are not angry at the "moment of sacrifice. Rudd will die "because he is an Englishman."

"We hesitate not to say that nine-"tenths of those who vote for the public "strangling of the unhappy wretch have "done so because if Rudd is not hanged "the native population will be dis-"satisfied. They will do injustice if "the heavens threaten to fall."

And here occurs an interesting speculation. Why is a native always "polished off," and an Englishman "publicly strangled?" The operation is the same in both cases.

Unfortunately, within the last few months, circumstances have taken place which have called forth those bad passions that had slept since the execution of Rudd. An English family, who possess a large and thriving estate in the Delta of the Ganges, had long been desirous of purchasing a village which would have conveniently rounded off their property. The inhabitants, however, stoutly refused to sell. The servants of the disappointed landholders did their best to annoy and terrify these poor people into acquiescence. On one occasion they made an attack on the village, and got a sound thrashing for their pains. They were now irritated to such a degree that they resolved to take a signal revenge on these obstinate peasants, and especially on the head man of the place, a Bengalee Naboth, called, as far as I can remember, Raneemoollee. Be it observed that the employers of this pack of rascals had no cognizance whatever of these iniquitous proceedings. They are universally acknowledged to be kind-hearted, loyal English gentlemen. One night a strong force assailed the village, brutally ill-used the ryots, murdered Raneemoollee, and carried off two women of his family. It was strongly suspected that a young Irishman of the name of Dennis Hely had been the ringleader. He disappeared immediately after the affair, and the police long searched for him in vain.

Now here was an occurrence which, one would think, should have stirred the compassion and indignation of every honest man in Bengal and Behar. Oppression, violence, abduction, murder, brutal satellites, innocent peasants slaughtered for refusing to sell the homesteads of their fathers—no element of horror and villany was wanting. On what conditions do we hold India? What is the strongest plea by which we may justify our occupation of the country in the eyes of rival nations and impartial posterity? Surely, that we have enthroned order and the law where rapine and the sword once reigned supreme;

that we have banished from the land, to the best of our power, the curse of brigandage and dacoity. But what gang of dacoits ever committed a more flagrant outrage than this atrocity, which had been perpetrated under the supposed instigation of one of our countrymen? The sin of Ahab and Jezebel was a trifle to it, for they, at any rate, preserved the forms of justice, and forbore to take the law into their own hands. Would not the first sentiment of every true Englishman be profound pity, and an earnest desire that Hely might be brought to account, in order that if guilty he might expiate his crime, and if guiltless might establish his innocence, and wipe off a foul suspicion from the English name?

What, then, was the view of the subject taken by the anti-native portion of the Calcutta press? What was the theme upon which they especially delighted to dwell? Pity for the sufferers? No, indeed. Solicitude for the honour of our rule and nation? Far from it. The fear lest Hely should be condemned by the machinations of the friends of the Hindoo, and the deduction that the Bengalees were damneder niggers than ever, occupied their thoughts so entirely, that no room was left for more noble or humane sentiments. Hely was at last secured, and put to trial on a charge such that no jury in the world would have convicted him. Instead of indicting him as having been present at and engaged in a murderous riot, the prosecutor undertook to prove that the fatal shot had been fired by the prisoner's own hand. The hopeless confusion of a night attack, and the confusion, far more hopeless, of native evidence, would have prevented such a charge from being substantiated had the accused been ten times guilty. The jury declined to hear the defence, and at once returned a verdict in his favour. Then appeared a series of leading articles from which we have selected the following extract:—

"The Conciliation Policy, Lord Canning's great stumbling-block and infatuation, pensively declined to cut the cords which bound the victim to the altar, lest the native population should be baulked of the wished-for immolation. Their instinctive antipathy to the Feringhee might, it is presumed, be dangerously excited without that sacrifice. An annual tragedy, with a European to do the death-scene, is a capital contrivance for obviating rebellion. The tranquillizing entertainment can hardly now be discontinued. Cerberus must have his sop, or the infernal regions will become intolerable from his hungry howlings."

Now I do not hesitate to brand the expression, "an annual tragedy," as a foul mis-statement. From the columns of this very journal I learn that the last Englishman who suffered the extreme penalty of the law in Calcutta, was a soldier, who was executed as far back as 1858 for the murder of a comrade and a countryman. Since Rudd, no European has died on the gallows.

It is satisfactory to be enabled to add that on both these occasions the *Englishman*, though virulently "Anglo-Saxon," steadily maintained that party-spirit should not be allowed to interfere with the administration of justice.

I have some thoughts of publishing a translation of the Odes of Horace adapted to the use of Indian readers. Here are three samples. If they meet your approbation I will set to work in earnest.

Lib. III. Carm. 7.

Quid fles, Asteriē, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii?

I.

My dear Miss White, forbear to weep
Because the North-West breezes keep
At anchor off Rangoon
That youth who, richer by a lac,
May safely be expected back
Before the next monsoon.

II.

Beneath his close mosquito nets,
With love and prickly-heat he frets
On Irawaddy's water,
Nor heeds a dame on board the ship,
Who lets no fair occasion slip
For praising up her daughter.

III.

She talks of maiden's heart so true,
And angry brothers six foot two
Demanding satisfaction;

And, as a last resource, throws out
Hints very palpable about
A breach-of-promise action.

IV.

She tells how Pickwick's glance of fire
Quailed 'neath an angry woman's ire;
But let not that alarm ye;
He still remains as deaf as those
Who govern India to the woes
Of Bengal's ill-used army.

V.

Fear not for him. But, thou, beware!
'Tis whispered (though I hardly dare
To credit the assertion),
How very kind an ear you lend
To some young Civil Service friend
Who lately passed in Persian—

VI.

Than whom no other wallah steers,
With less excruciating fears,
His buggy down the course;
Or chooses out a softer place,
And with a more seductive grace
Drops off a shying horse.

LIB. IV. CARM. 8.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus.

If all my "woulds," dear Jones, were changed to "coulds,"
I'd deck thy bungalow with Europe goods;
With bronzes which the awe-struck Baboo stops
To gape and stare at in Chowringhee shops;
With flagons such as either Ross has won
In many a hard-fought match at Wimbledon;
With Brett's *chefs d'œuvre* that Ruskins buy and praise
Amidst the scorn of petulent R. A's;
With Woolner's busts which, in an anile huff,
Our dons rejected, spite of Palgrave's puff.
Brave presents these, but how can I dispense 'em,
With some four hundred odd rupees per mensem?
One potent gift I boast, one treasure dear,
The access to an editorial ear.
Not full-length portraits, frame and all complete,
Nor yet ovations at his country-seat,
Nor presentation swords, nor statues, shed
Such deathless lustre round his glorious head,
Who, when 'gainst fearful odds the English van
Bore up the battle in the grim Redan,
Undaunted, from the cloud of dust and flame,
Straight back to camp for reinforcements came,
As that small squad whom once the hero sent
To pitch our Special Correspondent's tent.
What gives old Time the lie, and keeps alive
In school-boys' mouths the mighty name of Clive;
Preserves great Hastings from oblivion's flood,
And daubs poor Impey with perennial mud?
Why, just two articles in that review
Where tawdry yellow strives with dirty blue.
Ne'er will the man on whom the press has smiled
Pine in collectorates remote and wild;
'Tis not for him the beaten path to trudge,
From sub-assistant up to Zillah judge;
And, when, persuaded by his wife to give her
The best advice in London for her liver,
He chooses a convenient month to start in,
And hurries home to see Sir Ranald Martin,
These magic words perchance may thrill his breast,
"Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood request ——"[1]

LIB. I. CARM. 11.

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dî dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios,
Tentaris numeros.

Matilda, will you ne'er have ceased apocalyptic summing,
And left the number of the beast to puzzle Dr. Cumming?
'Tis vain to rack your charming brains about (confusion take her)
The Babylonian Lament, the pretty dragon-breaker.
What can't be cured must be endured. Perchance a gracious heaven
May spare us till the fated year of eighteen sixty-seven.[2]
Perchance Jove's board of public works the dread decree has passed,
And this cold season, with its joys, is doomed to be our last.
Let's to the supper-room again, though kitmutgars may frown,
And in Lord Elgin's dry champagne wash all these tremors down:
And book me for the fifteenth walse: there, just beneath my thumb;
No, not the next to that, my girl; the next may never come.

Yours ever,
H. BROUGHTON.

[1] Sic Jovis interest optatis epulis.
[2] This is the date fixed by Dr. Cumming for the end of all things, including the sale of his books.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Jordan had invited a large party of people to meet the Dowager Countess; but the greatness of the leading light, which was to illustrate his house, had blinded him to the companion stars that were to tremble in her company. The principal people about had consented graciously to be reviewed by her ladyship who, once upon a time, had been a very great lady and fashionable potentate. A very little fashion counts for much on the shores of the Holy Loch, and the population was moved accordingly. But the young ladies, who accompanied the dowager, were less carefully provided for. When Miss Frankland, who was unquestionably the beauty of the party, cast a glance of careless but acute observation round her, after all the gentlemen had returned to the drawing-room, she saw nobody whom she cared to distinguish by her notice. Most of the men about had a flavour of conventionality in their talk, or their manner, or their whiskers. Most of them were rich, some of them were very well bred and well educated, though the saucy beauty could not perceive it; but there was not an individual among them who moved her curiosity or her interest, except one who stood rather in the background, and whose eyes kept seeking her with wistful devotion. Colin had improved during the last year. He was younger than Miss Frankland, a fact of which she was aware, and he was at the age upon which a year tells mightily. Looking at him in the background, through clouds of complacent people who felt themselves Colin's superiors, even an indifferent spectator might have distinguished the tall youth, with those heaps of brown hair overshadowing the forehead which might have been apostrophized as "domed for thought" if anybody could have seen it; and in his eyes that gleam of things miraculous, that unconscious surprise and admiration which would have given a touch of poetry to the most commonplace countenance. But Miss Matilda was not an indifferent spectator. She was fond of him in her way as women are fond of a man whom they never mean to love—fond of him as one is fond of the victim who consents to glorify one's triumph. As she looked at him, and saw how he had improved, and perceived the faithful allegiance with which he watched every movement she made, the heart of the beauty was touched. Worship is sweet, even when it is only a country boy who bestows it—and perhaps this country boy might turn out a genius or a poet—not that Matilda cared much for genius or poetry, but she liked everything which bestows distinction, and was aware that in the lack of other titles, a little notability, even in society, might be obtained if one was brave, and knew how to manage it, by these means. And besides all this, honestly, and at the foundation, she was fond of Colin. When she had surveyed all the company, and had made up her mind that there was nobody there in the least degree interesting, she held up her fan with a pretty gesture, calling him to her. The lad made his way through the assembly at that call with a smile and glow of exultation which it is impossible to describe. His face was lighted up with a kind of celestial intoxication. "Who is that very handsome young man?" the Dowager Countess was moved to remark as he passed within her ladyship's range of vision, which was limited, for Lady Hallamshire was, like most other people, shortsighted. "Oh, he is not a handsome young man, he is only

the tutor," said one of the ladies of the Holy Loch; but, notwithstanding, she too looked after Colin, with aroused curiosity. "I suppose Matty Frankland must have met him in society," said the dowager, who was the most comfortable of *chaperones*, and went on with her talk, turning her eyeglass round and towards her pretty charge. As for the young men, they stared at Colin with mingled consternation and wrath. What was he? a fellow who had not a penny, a mere Scotch student, to be distinguished by the prettiest girl in the room? for the aspiring people about the Holy Loch, as well as in the other parts of Scotland, had come to entertain that contempt for the national universities and national scholarships which is so curious a feature in the present transition state of the country. If Colin had been an Oxford man the west-country people would have thought it quite natural, but a Scotch student did not impress them with any particular respect.

"I'm so glad to meet you again!" said Matty, with the warmest cordiality, "but so surprised to see you here. What are you doing here? why have you come away from that delicious Ramore, where I am sure I should live for ever and ever if it were mine? What have you been doing with yourself all this time? Come and tell me all about it, and I do so want to know how everything is looking at that dear castle and in our favourite glen. Don't you remember that darling glen behind the church, where we used to gather basketfuls of primroses—and all the lovely moors? I am dying to hear about everything and everybody. Do come and sit down here, and tell me all."

"Where shall I begin?" said Colin, who, utterly forgetful of his position, and all the humilities incumbent on him in such an exalted company, had instantly taken possession of the seat she pointed out to him, and had placed himself according to her orders directly between her and the company, shutting her into a corner. Miss Matty could see very well all that was going on in the drawing-room, but Colin had his back to the company, and had forgotten everything in the world except her face.

"Oh, with yourself, of course," said Matty. "I want to know all about it; and, first of all, what are you doing among these sort of people?" the young lady continued, with a little more of her face towards the assembled multitude, some of whom were quite within hearing.

"These sort of people have very little to say to me," said Colin, who suddenly felt himself elevated over their heads; "I am only the tutor;" and the two foolish young creatures looked at each other, and laughed, as if Colin of Ramore had been a prince in disguise, and his tutorship an excellent joke.

"Oh, you are only the tutor?" said Miss Matty—that is charming. Then one will be able to make all sorts of use of you. Everybody is allowed to maltreat a tutor. You will have to row us on the loch, and walk with us to the glen, and carry our cloaks, and generally conduct yourself as becomes a slave and vassal. As for me, I shall order you about with the greatest freedom, and expect perfect obedience," said the beauty, looking with her eyes full of laughter into Colin's face.

"All that goes without saying," said Colin, who did not like to commit himself to the French. "I almost think I have already proved my perfect allegiance."

"Oh, you were only a boy last year," said Miss Matty, with some evanescent change of colour, which looked like a blush to Colin's delighted eyes. Now you are a man and a tutor, and we shall behave to you accordingly. How lovely that glen was last spring, to be sure," continued the girl, with a little quite unconscious natural feeling; "do you remember the day when it rained, and we had to wait under the beeches, and when you imagined all sorts of things in the gathering of the shower? Do you write any poetry now? I want so much to see what you have been doing since," said the siren, who, half-touched by nature in her own person, was still perfectly conscious of her power.

"Since!" Colin repeated the word over to himself with a flush of happiness which, perhaps, no such good in existence could have equalled. Poor boy! if he could but have known what had happened "since" in Miss Matty's experience—but, fortunately, he had not the smallest idea what was involved in the season which the young lady had lately terminated, or in the brilliant winter campaign in the country, which had brought adorers in plenty, but nothing worthy of the beauty's acceptance, to Miss Matty's feet. Colin thought only of the beatific dreams, the faithful follies which had occupied his own juvenile imagination "since." As for the heroine herself, she looked slightly confused to hear him repeat the word. She had meant it to produce its effect, but then she was thinking solely of a male creature of her own species, and not of a primitive, innocent soul like that which looked at her in a glow of young delight out of Colin's eyes. She was used to be admired and complimented, and humoured to the top of her bent, but she did not understand being believed in, and the new sensation somewhat fluttered and embarrassed the young woman of the world. She watched his look, as he replied to her, and thereby added double, though she did not mean it, to the effect of what she had said.

"I never write poetry," said Colin, "I wish I could—I know how I should use the gift; but I have a few verses about somewhere, I suppose, like anybody else. Last spring I was almost persuaded I could do something better; but that feeling lasts only so long as one's inspiration lasts," said the youth, looking down, in his turn, lest his meaning might be discovered too quickly in his eye.

And then there ensued a pause—a pause which was more dangerous than the talk, and which Miss Matty made haste to break.

"Do you know you are very much changed?" she said. "You never did any of this society-talk last year. You have been making friends with some ladies somewhere, and they have taught you conversation. But, as for me, I am your early friend, and I preferred you when you did not talk like other people," said Miss Matty, with a slight pout. "Tell me who has been forming your mind?"

Perhaps it was fortunate for Colin at this moment that Lady Hallamshire had become much bored by the group which had gathered round her sofa. The dowager was clever in her way, and had written a novel or two, and was accustomed to be amused by the people who had the honour of talking to her. Though she was no longer a leader of fashion, she kept up the manners and customs of that remarkable species of the human race, and when she was bored, permitted her sentiments to be plainly visible in her expressive countenance. Though it was the member of the county who was enlightening her at the moment in the statistics of the West Highlands, and though she had been in a state of great anxiety five minutes before about the emigration which was depopulating the moors, her ladyship broke in quite abruptly in the midst of the poor-rates with a totally irrelevant observation—

"It appears to me that Matty Frankland has got into another flirtation; I must go and look after her," said the Dowager; and she smiled graciously upon the explanatory member, and left him talking, to the utter consternation of their hostess. Lady Hallamshire thought it probable that the young man was amusing as well as handsome, or Matty Frankland, who was a girl of discretion, would not have received him into such marked favour. "Though I daresay there is nobody here worth her trouble," her chaperone thought as she looked round the room; but anyhow a change was desirable. "Matty, mignonne, I want to know what you are talking about," she said, suddenly coming to anchor opposite the two young people; and a considerable fuss ensued to find her ladyship a seat, during which time Colin had a hundred minds to run away. The company took a new centre after this performance on the part of the great

lady, and poor Colin, all at once, began to feel that he was doing exactly the reverse of what was expected of him. He got up with a painful blush as he met Mr. Jordan's astonished eye. The poor boy did not know that he had been much more remarked before : "flirting openly with that dreadful little coquette Miss Frankland, and turning his back upon his superiors," as some of the indignant bystanders said. Even Colin's matronly friends, who pitied him and formed his mind, disapproved of his behaviour. "She only means to make a fool of you, and you ought not to allow yourself to be taken in by it," said one of these patronesses in his ear, calling him aside. But Fate had determined otherwise.

"Don't go away," said Lady Hallamshire. "I like Matty to introduce all her friends to me ; and you two look as if you had know each other a long time," said the dowager, graciously, for she was pleased, like most women, by Colin's looks. "One would know him again if one met him," she added, in an audible aside ; "he doesn't look exactly like everybody else, as most young men do. Who is he, Matty?" And Miss Frankland's *chaperone* turned the light of her countenance full upon Colin, quite indifferent to the fact that he had heard one part of her speech quite as well as the other. When a fine lady consents to enter the outer world, it is to be expected that she should behave herself as civilized people do among savages, and the English among the other nations of the world.

"Oh, yes ! we have known each other a long time," said Matty, partly with a generous, partly with a mischievous, instinct. "My uncle knows Mr. Campbell's father very well, and Harry and he and I made acquaintance when we were children. I am sure you must have heard how nearly Harry was drowned once when we were at Kilchain Castle. It was Mr. Campbell who saved his life.

"Oh!" said Lady Hallamshire; "but I thought that was"—and then she stopped short. Looking at Colin again, her ladyship's experienced eye perceived that he was not arrayed with that perfection of apparel to which she was accustomed ; but at the moment her eye caught his glowing face, half pleased, half haughty with that pride of lowliness which is of all pride the most defiant. "I am very glad to make Mr. Campbell's acquaintance,"—she went on so graciously that everybody forgot the pause. "Harry Frankland is a very dear young friend of mine, and we are all very much indebted to his deliverer."

It was just what a distinguished matron would have said in the circumstances in one of Lady Hallamshire's novels ; but, instead of remaining overcome with grateful confusion, as the hero ought to have done, Colin made an immediate reply.

"I cannot take the credit people give me," said the lad, with a little heat. "He happened to get into my boat when he was nearly exhausted—that is the whole business. There has been much more talk about it than was necessary. I cannot pretend even to be a friend of Mr. Frankland," said Colin, with the unnecessary explanatoriness of youth, "and I certainly did not save his life."

With which speech the young man disappeared out of sight amid the wondering assembly, which privately designated him a young puppy and a young prig, and by various other epithets, according to the individual mind of the speaker. As for Lady Hallamshire, she was considerably disgusted. "Your friend is original, I dare say ; but I am not sure that he is quite civil," she said to Matty, who did not quite know whether to be vexed or pleased by Colin's abrupt withdrawal. Perhaps on the whole the young lady liked him better for having a mind of his own, notwithstanding his devotion, and for preferring to bestow his worship without the assistance of spectators. If he had been a man in the least possible as a lover, Miss Frankland might have been of a different opinion ; but, as that was totally out of possibility, Matty liked, on the whole, that he should do

what was ideally right, and keep up her conception of him. She gave her head a pretty toss of semi-defiance, and went across the room to Mrs. Jordan, to whom she was very amiable and caressing all the rest of the evening. But she still continued to watch with the corner of her eye the tall boyish figure which was now and then to be discerned in the distance, with those masses of brown hair heaped like clouds upon the forehead, which Colin's height made visible over the heads of many very superior people. She knew he was watching her and noted every movement she made, and she felt a little proud of the slave, who, though he was only the tutor and a poor farmer's son, had something in his eyes which nobody else within sight had any inkling of. Matty was rather clever in her way, which was as much different from Colin's as light from darkness. No man of a mental calibre like hers could have found him out; but she had a little insight, as a woman, which enabled her to perceive the greater height when she came within sight of it. And then poor Colin, all unconsciously, had given her such an advantage over him. He had laid his boy's heart at her feet, and, half in love, half in imagination, had made her the goddess of his youth. If she had thought it likely to do him any serious damage, perhaps Matty, who was a good girl enough, and was of some use to the rector and very popular among the poor in her own parish, might have done her duty by Colin, and crushed this pleasant folly in the bud. But then it did not occur to her that a "friendship" of which it was so very evident nothing could ever come, could harm anybody. It did not occur to her that an ambitious Scotch boy, who knew no more of the world than a baby, and who had been fed upon all the tales of riches achieved and glories won which are the common fare of many a homely household, might possibly entertain a different opinion. So Matty asked all kinds of questions about him of Mrs. Jordan, and gave him now and then a little nod when she met his eye, and generally kept up a kind of special intercourse far more flattering to the youth than ordinary conversation. Poor Colin neither attempted nor wished to defend himself. He put his head under the yoke, and hugged his chains. He collected his verses, poor boy! when he went to his own room that night—verses which he knew very well were true to him, but in which it would be rather difficult to explain the fatal stroke—the grievous blow on which he had expatiated so vaguely that it might be taken to mean the death of his lady rather than the simple fact that she did not come to Kilchain Castle when he expected her. How to make her understand that this was the object of his lamentations puzzled him a little; for Colin knew enough of romance to be aware that the true lover does not venture to address the princess until he has so far conquered fortune as to make his suit with honour to her and fitness in the eyes of the world. The young tutor sat in his bare little room out of the way, and, with eyes that glowed over his midnight candle, looked into the future, and calculated visionary dates at which, if all went with him as he hoped, he might lay his trophies at his lady's feet. It is true that Matty herself fully intended by that time to have daughters ready to enter upon the round of conquest from which she should have retired into matron dignity; but no such profanity ever occurred to Colin. Thus the two thought of each other as they went to their rest—the one with all the delusions of heroic youthful love, the other with no delusions at all, but a half gratitude, half affection—a woman's compassionate fondness for the man who had touched her heart a little by giving her his, but whom it was out of the question ever to think of loving. And so the coils of Fate began to throw themselves around the free-born feet of young Colin of Ramore.

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Hallamshire was a woman very accessible to a little judicious flattery, and very sensible of good living. She liked Mr. Jordan's liberal house, and she liked the court that was paid to her; and was not averse to lengthening out her visit, and converting three days into a fortnight, especially as her ladyship's youngest son, Horace Fitz-Gibbon, who was a lieutenant in the navy, was expected daily in the Clyde—at least his ship was, which comes to the same thing. Horace was a dashing young fellow enough, with nothing but his handsome face, (he had his mother's nose, as everybody acknowledged, and, although now a dowager, she had been a great beauty in her day), and the honourable prefix to his name to help him on in the world. Lady Hallamshire had heard of an heiress or two about, and her maternal ambition was stimulated; and, at the same time, the grouse were bewitching, and the cooking most creditable. The only thing she was sorry for was Matty Frankland, her ladyship said, who never could stay more than a week anywhere, unless she was flirting with somebody, without being bored. Perhaps the necessary conditions had been obtained even at Ardmartin, for Matty bore up very well on the whole. She fulfilled the threat of making use of the tutor to the fullest extent; and Colin gave himself up to the enjoyment of his fool's paradise without a thought of flying from the dangerous felicity. They climbed the hills together, keeping far in advance of the companions, who overtook them only to find the mood change, and to leave behind in the descent the pair of loiterers, whose pace no calls nor advices, nor even the frequent shower, could quicken; and they rowed together over the lovely loch, about which, Matty having much fluency of language, and the adroitness of a little woman of the world in appropriating other people's sentiments, showed even more enthusiasm than Colin. Perhaps she too enjoyed this wonderful holiday in the life which already she knew by heart, and found no novelty in. To be adored, to be invested with all the celestial attributes, to feel herself the one grand object in somebody's world, is pleasant to a woman. Matty almost felt as if she was in love, without the responsibility of the thing, or any need for troubling herself about what it was going to come to. It could come to nothing—except an expression of gratitude and kindness to the young man who had saved her cousin's life. When everything was so perfectly safe, there could be no harm in the enjoyment; and the conclusion Matty came to, as an experimental philosopher, was, that to fall in love really, excepting the responsibilities, would be an exciting but highly troublesome amusement. She could not help thinking to herself how anxious she should be about Colin if such a thing were possible. How those mistakes which he could not help making, and which at present did not disturb her in the least, would make her glow and burn with shame, if he were really anything to her. And yet he was a great deal to her. She was as good as if she had been really possessed by that love on which she speculated, and almost as happy; and Colin was in her mind most of the hours of the day when she was awake, and a few of those in which she slept. The difference was, that Matty contemplated quite calmly the inevitable fact of leaving Ardmartin on Monday, and did not think it in the least likely that she would break her heart over the parting; and that, even in imagination, she never for a moment connected her fate with that of her young adorer. As for the poor youth himself, he went deeper and deeper into the enchanted land. He went without any resistance, giving himself up to the sweet fate. She had read the poems of course, and had inquired eagerly into that calamity which occupied so great a part in them, and had found out what it was, and had blushed (as Colin thought), but was not angry. What could a shy young lover, whose lips were sealed by honour, but who knew his eyes, his

actions, his productions to be alike eloquent, desire more? Sometimes Lady Hallamshire consented to weigh down the boat, which dipped hugely at the stern under her, and made Colin's task a hard one. Sometimes the tutor, who counted for nobody, was allowed to conduct a cluster of girls, of whom he saw but one, over the peaceful water. Lessons did not count for much in those paradisaical days. Miss Frankland begged holidays for the boys; begged that they might go excursions with her, and make pic-nics on the hillside, and accompany her to all sorts of places, till Mrs. Jordan was entirely captivated with Matty. She never saw a young lady so taken up with children, the excellent woman said; and prophesied that Miss Matty would make a wonderful mother of a family when her time came. As for the tutor, Mrs. Jordan too took him for a cipher, and explained to him how improving it was for the boys to be in good society, by way of apologizing to Colin. At length there occurred one blessed day in which Colin and his boys embarked with Miss Frankland alone, to row across to Ramore. "My uncle has so high an opinion of Mr. Campbell," Matty said, very demurely; "I know he would never forgive me if I did not go to see him." As for Colin, his blessedness was tempered on that particular occasion by a less worthy feeling. He felt, if not ashamed of Ramore, at least apologetic of it and its accessories, which apology took, as was natural to a Scotch lad of his years, an argumentative and defiant tone.

"It is a poor house enough," said Colin, as he pointed it out, gleaming white, upon the hillside, to Miss Matty, who pretended to remember it perfectly, but who after all had not the least idea which was Ramore—"but I would not change with anybody I know. We are better off in the cottages than you in the parlours. Comfort is a poor sort of heathen deity to be worshipped as you worship him in England. As for us, we have a higher standard," said the lad, half in sport and more than half in earnest. The two young Jordans, after a little gaping at the talk which went over their heads (for Miss Matty was wonderfully taken up with the children only when their mother was present), had betaken themselves to the occupation of sailing a little yacht from the bows of their boat, and were very well-behaved and disturbed nobody.

"Yes," said Matty, in an absent tone. "By the way, I wish very much you would tell me why you rejected my uncle's proposal about going to Oxford. I suppose you *have* a higher standard; but then they say you don't have such good scholars in Scotland. I am sure I beg your pardon if I am wrong."

"But I did not say you were wrong," said Colin, who, however, grew fiery red and burned to prove his scholarship equal to that of any Eton lad or Christchurch man. "They say, on the other side, that a man may get through without disgrace, in Oxford or Cambridge, who doesn't know how to spell English," said the youth, with natural exasperation, and took a few long strokes which sent the boat flying across the summer ripples, and consumed his angry energy. He was quite ready to sneer at Scotch scholarship in his own person, when he and his fellows were together, and even to sigh on the completer order and profounder studies of the great Universities of England; but to acknowledge the inferiority of his country in any particular to the lady of his wishes, was beyond the virtue of a Scotchman and a lover.

"I did not speak of stupid people," said Miss Matty; "and I am sure I did not mean to vex you. Of course I know you are so very clever in Scotland; everybody allows *that*. I love Scotland so much," said the politic little woman; "but then every country has its weak points and its strong points; and you have not told me yet why you rejected my uncle's proposal. He wished you very much to accept it; and so did I," said the siren, after a little pause, lifting upon Colin the half-subdued light of her blue eyes.

"Why did you wish it?" the lad asked, as was to be expected, bending

forward to hear the answer to his question.

"Oh, look there! little Ben will be overboard in another minute," said Matty, and then she continued lower, "I can't tell you, I am sure; because I thought you were going to turn out a great genius, I suppose."

"But you don't believe *that?*" said Colin; "you say so only to make the Holy Loch a little more like Paradise; and that is unnecessary to-day," the lad went on, glancing round him with eyes full of the light that never was on sea or land. Though he was not a poet, he had what was almost better, a poetic soul. The great world moved for him always amid everlasting melodies, the morning and the evening stars singing together even through the common day. Just now his cup was about running over. What if, to crown all, God, not content with giving him life and love, had indeed visibly to the sight of others, if not to his own, bestowed genius also, the other gift most prized of youth. Somehow, he could not contradict that divine peradventure. "If it were so," he said under his breath, "if it were so!" and the other little soul opposite, who had lost sight of Colin at that moment, and did not know through what bright mists he was wandering, strained her limited vision after him, and wondered and asked what he meant.

"If it were so," said Matty, "what then?" Most likely she expected a compliment—and Colin's compliments being made only by inference, and with a shyness and an emotion unknown to habitual manufacturers of such articles, were far from being unpleasant offerings to Miss Matty, who was slightly *blasé* of the common coin.

But Colin only shook his head, and bent his strong young frame to the oars, and shook back the clouds of brown hair from his half-visible forehead. The boat flew like a swallow along the crisp bosom of the loch. Miss Matty did not quite know what to make of the silence, not being in love. She took off her glove and held her pretty hand in the water over the side of the boat, but the loch was cold, and she withdrew it presently. What was he thinking of, she wondered? Having lost sight of him thus, she was reluctant to begin the conversation anew, lest she might perhaps say something which would betray her non-comprehension, and bring her down from that pedestal which, after all, it was pleasant to occupy. Feminine instinct at last suggested to Matty what was the very best thing to do in the circumstances. She had a pretty voice, and perfect ease in the use of it, and knew exactly what she could do, as people of limited powers generally can. So she began to sing, murmuring to herself at first as she stooped over the water, and then rising into full voice. As for Colin, that last touch was almost too much for him; he had never heard her sing before, and he could not help marvelling as he looked at her why Providence should have lavished such endowments upon one, and left so many others unprovided—and fell to rowing softly, dropping his oars into the sunshine with as little sound as possible, to do full justice to the song. When Matty had come to the end she turned on him quite abruptly, and, almost before the last note had died from her lips, repeated her question. "Now tell me why did you refuse to go to Oxford?" said the little siren, looking full into Colin's face.

"Because I can't be dependent upon any man, and because I had done nothing to entitle me to such a recompense," said Colin, who was taken by surprise; "you make a mistake about that business," he said, with a slight sudden flush of colour, and immediately fell to his oars again with all his might.

"It is very odd," said Miss Matilda. "Why don't you like Harry? He is nothing particular, but he is a very good sort of boy, and it is so strange that you should have such a hatred to each other—I mean to say, he is not at all fond of you," she continued, with a laugh. "I believe he is jealous because we all talk of you so much, and it must

be rather hard upon a boy after all to have his life *saved,* and to be expected to be grateful; for I don't believe a word you say," said Miss Matty. "I know the rights of it better than you do—you *did* save his life."

"I hope you will quite release him from the duty of being grateful," said Colin; "I don't suppose there is either love or hatred between us. We don't know each other to speak of, and I don't see any reason why we should be fond of each other;" and again Colin sent the boat forward with long, rapid strokes, getting rid of the superfluous energy which was roused within him by hearing Frankland's name.

"It is very odd," said Matty again. "I wonder if you are fated to be rivals, and come in each other's way. If I knew any girl that Harry was in love with, I should not like to introduce you to her," said Miss Matilda, and she stopped and laughed a little, evidently at something in her own mind. "How odd it would be if you were to be rivals through life," she continued; "I am sure I can't tell which I should most wish to win—my cousin, who is a very good boy in his way, or you, who puzzle me so often," said the little witch, looking suddenly up into Colin's eyes.

"How is it possible I can puzzle you?" he said; but the innocent youth was flattered by the sense of superiority involved. "There can be very little rivalry between an English baronet and a Scotch minister," continued Colin. "We shall never come in each other's way."

"And *must* you be a Scotch minister?" said Miss Matty, softly. There was a regretful tone in her voice, and she gave an appealing glance at him, as if she were remonstrating against that ministry. Perhaps it was well for Colin that they were so near the shore, and that he had to give all his attention to the boat, to secure the best landing for those delicate little feet. As he leaped ashore himself, ankle-deep into the bright but cold water, Colin could not but remember his boyish scorn of Henry Frankland, and that dislike of wet feet which was so amusing and wonderful to the country boy. Matters were wonderfully changed now-a-days for Colin; but still he plunged into the water with a certain relish, and pulled the boat ashore with a sense of his strength and delight in it which at such a moment it was sweet to experience. As for Miss Matty, she found the hill very steep, and accepted the assistance of Colin's arm to get over the sharp pebbles of the beach. "One ought to wear strong boots," she said, holding out the prettiest little foot, which indeed had been perfectly revealed before by the festooned dress, which Miss Matty found so convenient on the hills. When Colin's mother saw from her window this pair approaching alone (for the Jordan boys were ever so far behind, still coquetting with their toy yacht,) it was not wonderful if her heart beat more quickly than usual. She jumped, with her womanish imagination, at all kinds of incredible results, and saw her Colin happy and great, by some wonderful conjunction of his own genius and the favour of others, which it would have been hopeless to attempt any comprehension of. The mistress altogether puzzled and overwhelmed Miss Matty by the greeting she gave her. The little woman of the world looked in utter amazement at the poor farmer's wife, whom she meant to be very kind and amiable to, but who to her consternation, took the superior part by right of nature; for Mrs. Campbell, having formed her own idea, was altogether obtuse to her visitor's condescensions. The parlour at Ramore looked dingy certainly after the drawing-rooms of Ardmartin, and all the business of the farm was manifestly going on as usual; but even Colin, sensitive as he had become to all the differences of circumstances, was puzzled, like Matty, and felt his mother to have suddenly developed into a kind of primitive princess. Perhaps the poor boy guessed why, and felt that his love was elevating not only himself but everybody who belonged to him; but Miss Matty, who did not understand how profound emotion could affect anybody's manners,

nor how her young admirer's mother could be influenced by his sentiments, was entirely in the dark, and could not help being immensely impressed by the bearing and demeanour of the mistress of Ramore.

"I'm glad its such a bonny day," said Colin's mother; "it looks natural and seemly to see you here on a day like this. As for Colin, he aye brings the light with him, but no often such sunshine as you. I canna lay any great feast before you," said the farmer's wife with a smile, "but young things like you are aye near enough heaven to be pleased with the common mercies. After a', if I was a queen I couldna offer you anything better than the wheat-bread and the fresh milk," said the mistress; and she set down on the table, with her own tender hands, the scones for which Ramore was famous, and the abundant overrunning jug of milk, which was not to be surpassed anywhere, as she said. Matty sat down with an odd involuntary conviction that Mr. Jordan's magnificent table on the other side of the loch offered but a poor hospitality in comparison. Though she laughed at herself, we know, after, it was quite impossible at that moment to feel otherwise than respectful. "I never saw anybody with such beautiful manners," she said to Colin as they went back to the boat. She did not take his arm this time, but walked very demurely after him down the narrow path, feeling upon her the eyes of the mistress, who was standing at her door as usual to see her son go away. Matty could not help a little natural awe of the woman, whose fierce eyes were watching her. She could manage her aunt perfectly, and did not care in the least for Lady Hallamshire, who was the most accommodating of chaperones, but Mrs. Campbell's sweet looks, and generous reception of her son's enslaver somehow overwhelmed Matty. The mistress looked at the girl as if she considered her capable of all the grand and simple emotions, and Matty was half-ashamed and half-frightened, and did not feel able at the moment to pursue her usual amusement. The row back, to which Colin had been looking with a thrill of expectation, was silent and grave, in comparison with all their former expeditions, notwithstanding that this was the last time they were likely to see each other alone. Poor Colin thought of Lauderdale and his philosophy, for the first time for many days, when he had to stop behind to place the boat in safety on the beach, even Matty, who generally waited for him, skipping up the avenue as fast as she could go, with the little Jordans beside her. Never yet was reality which came truly up to the expectation. Here was an end of his fool's paradise; he vexed himself by going over and over all that had passed, wondering if anything had offended her, and then thought of Ramore with a pang at his heart; a pang of something nobler than the mere bitterness of contrast, which sometimes makes a poor man over-ashamed of his home. But all this time the true reason for this new-born reserve —which Miss Matty kept up victoriously until about the close of the evening, when, being utterly bored, she forgot her good resolution and called him to her side again—was quite unsuspected by Colin. He could not divine how susceptible to the opinion of women was the woman's heart, even when it retained but little of its first freshness. Matty was not startled by Colin's love, but she was by his mother's belief in it and herself; it stopped her short in her careless career, and suggested endings that were not pleasant to think of. If she had been left in amazement for a day or two after, it might have been well for Colin, but being bored she returned to her natural amusement, and this interruption did him no good in the end.

CHAPTER XII.

The parting of the two who had been thrown so much together, who had thought so much of each other, and who had, notwithstanding, so few things in common, was as near an absolute parting as is practicable in this world of constant commotion, where everybody meets every-

body else in the most unlikely regions. Colin dared not propose to write to her; dared not, indeed—being withheld by the highest impulses of honour—venture to say to her what was in his heart; and Miss Matty herself was a little silent—perhaps a little moved—and could not utter any commonplaces about meeting again, as she had intended to do. So they said good-bye to each other in a kind of absolute way, as if it might be for ever and ever. As for Matty, who was not in love, but whose heart was touched, and who had a vague, instinctive sense that she might never more meet anybody in her life like this country lad—perhaps she had enough generosity left in her to feel that it would be best they should not meet again. But Colin had no such thoughts. He knew in his heart that one time—how or when he knew not—he should yet go to her feet and offer what he had to offer: everything else in the world except that one thing was doubtful to Colin, but concerning that he was confident, and entertained no fear. And so they parted; she, perhaps, for half an hour or so, the most deeply moved of the two. Miss Matty, however, was just as captivating as usual in the next house they went to, where there were one or two people worth looking at, and the company in general was more interesting than at Ardmartin; but Colin, for his part, spent most of the evening on the hill-side, revolving in the silence a hundred tumultuous thoughts. It was the end of September, and the nights were cold on the Holy Loch. There was not even a moon to enliven the landscape, and all that could be seen was the cold, blue glimmer of the water, upon which Colin looked down with a kind of desolate sense of elevation—elevation of the mind and of the heart, which made the grief of parting look like a grand moral agent, quickening all his powers, and concentrating his strength. Henceforward the strongest of personal motives was to inspire him in all his conflicts. He was going into the battle of life with his lady's colours on his helmet, like a knight of romance, and failure was not to be thought of as a possibility. As he set his face to the wind going back to Ardmartin, the pale sky lightened over the other side of the loch, and underneath the breaking clouds, which lay so black on the hills, Colin saw the distant glimmer of a light, which looked like the light in the parlour window at Ramore. Just then a sudden gust swept across the hill-side, throwing over him a shower of falling leaves, and big rain-drops from the last shower which had been hanging on the branches. There was not a soul on the road but Colin himself, nor anything to be seen far or near, except the dark tree-tops in the Lady's Glen, which were sighing in the night wind, and the dark side of Ardmartin, where all the shutters were closed, and one soft star hanging among the clouds just over the spot where that little friendly light in the farmhouse of Ramore held up its glimmer of human consolation into the darkness. It was not Hero's torch to light his love—was it, perhaps, a sober gleam of truth and wisdom to call the young Leander back from those bitter waters in which he could but perish? All kinds of fancies were in Colin's mind as he went back, facing the wind, to the dull, closed up house, from which the enchantment had departed; but among them there occurred no thought of discouragement from this pursuit upon which now his heart was set. He would have drowned himself could he have imagined it possible that he could cease to love—and so long as he loved how was it possible to fail?

"And *must* you be a Scotch minister?" When Colin went home a fortnight later to make his preparations for returning to the University, he was occupied, to the exclusion of almost all other questions, by revolving this. It is true that at his age, and with his inexperience, it was possible to imagine that even a Scotch minister, totally unfavoured by fortune, might, by mere dint of genius, raise himself to heights of fame sufficient to bring Sir Thomas Franklin's niece within his reach—but the thing was unlikely, even to the lively imagination of twenty.

And it was the fact that Colin had no special "vocation" towards the profession for which he was being trained. He had been educated and destined for it all his life, and his thoughts had a natural balance that way. But otherwise there was no personal impulse in his mind towards what Mrs. Jordan called "the work of the ministry." Hitherto his personal impulses had been neither for nor against. Luckily for Colin, and many of his contemporaries, there were so many things to object to in the Church of Scotland, so many defects of order and external matters which required reformation, that they were less strongly tempted to become sceptical in matters of faith than their fellows elsewhere. As for Colin himself, he had fallen off no doubt from the certainty of his boyhood upon many important matters; but the lad, though he was a Scotsman, was happily illogical, and suffered very little by his doubts. Nothing could have made him sceptical, in any real sense of the word, and accordingly there was no repulsion in Colin's mind against his future profession. But now! He turned it over in his mind night and day in the interval between Matty's departure and his own return to Ramore. What if, instead of a Scotch minister, incapable of promotion, and to whom ambition itself was unlawful, he were to address himself to the Bar, where there were at least chances and possibilities of fame? He was occupied with this question, to the exclusion of any other, as he crossed the loch in the little stream, and landed on the pier near Ramore, where his young brothers met him, eager to carry his travelling-bag, and convey him home in triumph. Colin was aware that such a proposal on his part would occasion grievous disappointment at home, and he did not know how to introduce the subject, or disclose his wavering wishes. It was a wonderful relief, as well as confusion to him, when he entered the Ramore parlour, to find Lauderdale in possession of the second arm-chair, opposite the mistress's, which was sacred to visitors. He had arrived only the evening before, having left Glasgow "for a holiday, like anybody else, in the saut-water season," said the gentle giant, "the first I ever mind of having in my life. But I'm very well off in my present situation," he said, breaking off suddenly, with a twinkle of mirth in his eye, as was usual when he referred to his occupation, the nature of which was unknown even to his dearest friends.

"It's ower cauld to have much good of the water," said the mistress; "the boat's no laid up yet, waiting for Colin, but the weather's awfu' winterly—no to say soft," she added, with a little sigh, "for its aye soft weather among the lochs, though we've had less rain than common this year."

And as the mistress spoke, the familiar, well-known rain came sweeping down over the hills. It had the usual effect upon the mind of the sensitive woman. "We maun take a' the good we can of you, laddie," she said, laying her kind hand on her boy's shoulder, "it's only a sight we get now in passing. He's owre much thought of, and made of, to spend his time at hame," said the mistress, turning, with a half-reproachful pride to Lauderdale; "I'll be awfu' sorry if the rain lasts, on your account. But, for myself, I could put up with a little soft weather, to see mair of Colin; no that I want him to stay at hame when he might be enjoying himself," the mother added, with a compunction. Soft weather on the Holy Loch signified rain and mist, and everything that was most discouraging to Mrs. Campbell's soul, but she was ready to undergo anything the skies could inflict upon her, if fortified by the society of her son.

It was the second night after this before Colin could make up his mind to introduce the subject of which his thoughts were full. Tea was over by that time, and all the household assembled in the parlour. The farmer himself had just laid down his newspaper, from which he had been reading to them scraps of country gossip, somewhat to the indignation of the mistress, who, for her part, liked to hear what was

going on in the world, and took a great interest in Parliament and the foreign intelligence. "I canna say that I'm heeding about the muckle apple that's been grown in Clydesdale, nor the new bailies in Greenock," said the farmer's wife. "If you would read us something wiselike about the poor oppressed Italians, or what Louis Napoleon is thinking about —I canna excuse him for what they ca' the *coo-deta*," said Mrs. Campbell; "but for a' that, I take a great interest in him;" and with this the mistress took up her knitting with a pleasant anticipation of more important news to come.

"There's naething in the *Herald* about Louis Napoleon," said the farmer, "nor the Italians neither—no that I put much faith in those Italians; they'll quarrel amang themselves when there's naebody else to quarrel wi'—though I'm no saying onything against Cavour and Garibaldi. The paper's filled full o' something mair immediately interesting—at least, it ought to have mair interest to you wi' a son that's to be a minister. Here's three columns mair about that Dreepdaily case. It may be a grand thing for popular rights, but it's an awfu' ordeal for a man to gang through," said big Colin, looking ruefully at his son.

"I was looking at that," said Lauderdale. "It's his prayers the folk seem to object to most—and no wonder. I've heard the man mysel', and his sermon was not bad reasoning, if anybody wanted reasoning; but it's aye a wonderful thing to me the way that new preachers take upon them to explain matters to the Almighty," said Colin's friend reflectively. "So far as I can see, we've little to ask in our worship; but we have an awfu' quantity of things to explain."

"It is an ordeal I could never submit to," said Colin, with perhaps a little more heat than was necessary. "I'd rather starve than be set up as a target for a parish. It is quite enough to make a cultivated clergy impossible for Scotland. Who would submit to expose one's life, all one's antecedents, all one's qualities of mind and individualities of language to the stupid criticism of a set of boors? It is a thing I never would submit to," said the lad, meaning to introduce his doubts upon the general subject by this means.

"I dinna approve of such large talking," said the farmer, laying down his newspaper. "It's a great protection to popular rights. I would sooner run the risk of disgusting a fastidious laird now and then, than put in a minister that gives nae satisfaction; and if you canna submit to it, Colin, you'll never get a kirk, which would be worse than criticism," said his father, looking full into his face. The look brought a conscious colour to Colin's cheeks.

"Well," said the young man, feeling himself driven into a corner, and taking what courage he could from the emergency, "one might choose another profession;" and then there was a pause, and everybody in the room looked with alarm and amazement on the bold speaker. "After all, the Church is not the only thing in Scotland," said Colin, feeling the greatness of his temerity. "Nobody ventures to say it is in a satisfactory state. How often do I hear you criticising the sermon and finding fault with the prayers? and, as for Lauderdale, he finds fault with everything. Then, look how much a man has to bear before he gets a church as you say. As soon as he has his presentation the Presbytery comes together and asks if there are any objections; and then the parish sits upon the unhappy man; and, when everybody has had their turn, and all his peculiarities and personal defects and family history have been discussed before the Presbytery, and put in the newspapers, if they happen to be amusing, then the poor wretch has to sign a confession which nobody—"

"Stop you there, Colin, my man," said the farmer, "that's enough at one time. I wouldna say that you were a'thegither wrong as touching the sermon and the prayers. Its awfu' to go in from the like of this hillside and weary the very heart out of you in a close kirk, listening to a man preaching

that has nothing in this world to say. I am whiles inclined to think," said big Colin, thoughtfully—"laddies, you may as well go to your beds. You'll see Colin the morn, and ye canna understand what we're talking about. I am whiles disposed to think," he continued after a pause, during which the younger members of the family had left the room, after a little gentle persuasion on the part of the mistress, "when I go into the kirk on a bonnie day, such as we have by times on the loch baith in summer and winter, that its an awfu' waste of time. You lose a' the bonnie prospect and you get naething but weariness for your pains. I've aye been awfu' against set prayers read out of a book; but I canna but allow the English chapel has an advantage there, for nae fool can spoil your devotion as I've heard it done many and many's the time. I ken our minister's prayers very near as well as if they were written down," said the farmer of Ramore, "and the maist part of them is quite nonsense. Ony little scraps o' real supplication there may be in them, you could get through in five minutes; the rest is a' remarks, that I never can discriminate if they're meant for me or for the Almighty; but my next neibor would think me an awfu' heathen if he heard what I'm saying," he continued, with a smile; "and I'm far from sure that I would get a mair merciful judgment from the wife herself."

The mistress had been very busy with her knitting while her husband was speaking; but, notwithstanding her devotion to her work, she was uneasy and could not help showing it. "If we had been our lane it would have been naething," she said to Colin, privately; "but afore yon man that's a stranger and doesna ken!" With which sentiment she sat listening, much disturbed in her mind. "It's no a thing to say before the bairns," she said, when she was thus appealed to, "nor before folk that dinna ken you. A stranger might think you were a careless man to hear you speak," said Mrs. Campbell, turning to Lauderdale with a bitter vexation, "for a' that you hanna missed the kirk half a dozen times a' the years I have kent you, and that's a long time," said the mother, lifting her soft eyes to her boy. When she looked at him she remembered that he too had been rash in his talk. "You're turning awfu' like your father, Colin," said the mistress, taking up the same thoughtless way of talking. "But I think different for a' you say. Our ain kirk is aye our ain kirk to you as well as to me, in spite o' your speaking. I'm well accustomed to their ways," she said, with a smile, to Lauderdale, who, so far from being the dangerous observer she thought him, had gone off at a tangent into his own thoughts.

"The Confession of Faith is a real respectable historical document," said Lauderdale. "I might not like to commit myself to a' it says, if you were to ask me; but then I'm not the kind o' man that has a heart to commit myself to anything in the way of intellectual truth. I wouldna bind myself to say that I would stand by any document a year after it was put forth, far less a hundred years. There's things in it naebody believes—for example, about the earth being made in six days; but I would not advise a man to quarrel with his kirk and his profession for the like of that. I put no dependence on geology for my part, nor any of the sciences. How can I tell but somebody might make a discovery the morn that would upset all their fine stories? But, on the whole, I've very little to say against the Confession. It's far more guarded about predestination and so forth than might have been expected. Every man that has a head on his shoulders believes in predestination; though I would not be the man to commit myself to any statement on the subject. The like of me is good for little," said Colin's friend, stretching his long limbs towards the fire, "but I've great ambition for that callant. He's not a common callant, though I'm speaking before his face," said Lauderdale; "it would be terrible mortifying to me to see him put himself in a corner and refuse the yoke."

"If I cannot bear the yoke conscien-

tiously, I cannot bear it all," said Colin, with a little heat. "If you can't put your name to what you don't believe, why should I?—and as for ambition," said the lad, "ambition! what does it mean?—a country church, and two or three hundred ploughmen to criticise me, and the old wives to keep in good humour, and the young ones to drink tea with—is that work for a man?" cried the youth, whose mind was agitated, and who naturally had said a good deal more than he intended to say. He looked round in a little alarm after this rash utterance, not knowing whether he had been right or wrong in such a disclosure of his sentiments. The father and mother looked at each other, and then turned their eyes simultaneously upon their son. Perhaps the mistress had a glimmering of the correct meaning which Colin would not have betrayed wittingly had it cost him his life.

"Eh, Colin, sometime ye'll think better," she cried under her breath—"after a' our pride in you and our hopes!" The tears came into her eyes as she looked at him. "It's mair honour to serve God than to get on in the world," said the mistress. The disappointment went to her heart, as Colin could see; she put her hands hastily to her eyes to clear away the moisture which dimmed them. "It's may-be naething but a passing fancy—but it's no what I expected to hear from any bairn of mine," she said with momentary bitterness. As for the farmer, he looked on with a surprised and inquiring countenance.

"There has some change come over you, Colin—what has happened?" said his father. "I'm no a man that despises money, nor thinks it a sin to get on in the world, but it's only fools that quarrel wi' what's within their reach for envy of what they can never win to. If ye had displayed a strong bent any other way I wouldna have minded," said big Colin—"but it's aye appeared to me that to write in a kind of general way on whatever subject might chance to turn up was mair the turn of your mind than ony other line, which is a sure sign you were born to be a minister. It's the new-fangled dishes at Ardmartin that have spoiled the callant's digestion," said the farmer with a twinkle of humour in his eye—"they tell me that discontent and meesery of a' kinds proceeds no from the mind but from the mucous membrane. He'll come back to his natural inclination when he's been at home for a day or two. I would na' say but Gregory's mixture was a great moral agent according to the new philosophy," said big Colin, laying his large hand on his son's shoulder with a pressure which meant more than his words; but the youth was vexed, and impatient, and imagined himself laughed at, which is the most dreadful of insults at Colin's age, and in his circumstances. He paid no attention to his father's looks, but plunged straightway into vehement declaration of his sentiments, to which the elder people around him listened with many complications of feeling unknown to Colin. The lad thought, as was natural at his years, that nobody had ever felt before him the bondage of circumstance, and that it was a new revelation he was making to his little audience. If he could have imagined that both the men were looking at him with the half sympathy, half pity, half envy of their maturer years, remembering as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday similar outbreaks of impatience and ambition and natural resistance to all the obstacles of life, Colin would have felt deeply humiliated in his youthful fervour; or, if he could but have penetrated the film of softening dew in his mother's eyes, and beheld there the woman's perennial spectatorship of that conflict which goes on for ever. Instead of that, he thought he was making a new revelation to his hearers; he thought he was cruel to them, tearing asunder their pleasant mists of illusion, and disenchanting their eyes; he had not an idea that they knew all about it better than he did, and were watching him along the familiar path which they all had trod in different ways, and of which they knew the inevitable ending. Colin, in the heat and im-

patience of his youth, took full advantage of his moment of utterance. He poured forth in his turn that flood of immeasurable discontent with all conditions and restrictions, which is the privilege of his years. To be sure, the restrictions and conditions surrounding himself were, so far as he knew, the sole objects of that indignation and scorn and defiance which came to his lips by force of nature. The mistress listened, for her part, with that mortification which is always the woman's share. She understood him, sympathised with him, and yet did not understand nor could tolerate his dissent from all that in her better judgment she had decided upon on his behalf. She was far more tender, but she was less tolerant than the other spectators of Colin's outburst; and mingled with all her personal feeling was a sense of wounded pride and mortification, that her boy had thus betrayed himself "before a stranger." "If we had been our lane, it would have been less matter," she said to herself, as she wiped the furtive tears hurriedly from the corners of her eyes.

When Colin had come to an end there was a pause. The boy himself thought it was a pause of horror and consternation, and perhaps was rather pleased to produce an effect in some degree corresponding to his own excitement. After that moment of silence, however, the farmer got up from his chair. "Its very near time we were a' gaun to our beds," said big Colin. "I'll take a look round to see that the beasts are comfortable, and then we'll have in the hot water. You and me can have a talk the morn," said the farmer to his son. That was all the reply which the youth received from the parental authorities. When the master went out to look after the beasts, Lauderdale followed to the door, where Colin in another moment strayed after him, considerably mortified, to tell the truth; for even his mother addressed herself to the question of "hot water," which implied various other accessories of the homely supper-table; and the young man, in his excitement and elevation of feeling, felt as if he had suddenly tumbled down out of the stormy but lofty firmament, into which he was soaring—down, with a shock, into the embraces of the homely tenacious earth. He went after his friend, and stood by Lauderdale's side, looking out into a darkness so profound that it made his eyes ache and confused his very mind. The only gleam of light visible in earth or heaven was big Colin's lantern, which showed a tiny gleam from the door of the byre where the farmer was standing. All the lovely landscape round the loch and the hills, the sky and the clouds, lay unseen—hidden in the night. "Which is an awfu' grand moral lesson, if we had true sense to discern it," said the voice of Lauderdale ascending half way up to the clouds; "for the loch has na' vanished, as might be supposed, but only the light. As for you, callant," said the philosopher, "you hae neither the light nor the darkness as yet, but are aye seeing miraculous effects like yon man Turner's pictures, Northern Streamers, or Aurora Borealis, or whatever ye may call it. And it's but just you should have your day;" with which words Lauderdale heaved a great sigh, which moved the clouds of hair upon Colin's forehead, and even seemed to disturb for a moment, the profound gloom of the night.

"What do you mean by having my day?" said Colin, who was affronted by the suggestion. "You know I have said nothing that is not true. Can I help it if I see the difficulties of my own position more clearly than you do, who are not in my circumstances?" cried the lad with a little indignation. Lauderdale, who was watching the lantern gliding out and in through the darkness, was some time before he made any reply.

"I'm no surprised at yon callant Leander, when one comes to think of it," he said in his reflective way; "it's a fine symbol, that Hero in her tower. May be she took the lamp from the altar and left the household god in

darkness," said the calm philosopher; "but that makes no difference to the story. I would na' say but I would swim the Hellespont myself for such an inducement—or the Holy Loch—its little matter which—but whiles she lets fall the torch before you get to the end—"

"What on earth do you mean? or what has Hero to do with me?" cried Colin, with a secret flush of shame and rage, which the darkness concealed but which he could scarcely restrain.

"I was not speaking of you—and after all, it's but a fable," said Lauderdale; "most history is fable, you know; it's no actual events, (which I never believe in, for my part,) but the instincts o' the human mind that make history, and that's how the Heros and Leanders are aye to be accounted for. He was drowned in the end like most people," said Lauderdale, turning back to the parlour where the mistress was seated, pondering with a troubled countenance upon this new aspect of her boy's life. Amid the darkness of the world outside this tender woman sat in the sober radiance of her domestic hearth, surrounded and enshrined by light; but she was not, like Hero, on the tower. Colin, too, came back, following his friend with a flush of excitement upon his youthful countenance. After all, the idea was not displeasing to the young man. The Hellespont, or the Holy Loch, was nothing to the bitter waters which he was prepared to breast for the sake of the imaginary torch held up in the hand of that imaginary woman who was beckoning Colin, as he thought, into the unknown world. Life was beginning anew in his person, and all the fables had to be enacted over again; and what did it matter to the boy's heroic fancy, if he too should go to swell the records of the noble martyrs, and be drowned, as Lauderdale said, like most people in the end.

There was no more conversation upon that important subject until next morning, when the household of Ramore got up early, and sat down to breakfast before it was perfect daylight; but Colin's heart jumped to his mouth, and a visible thrill went through the whole family, when the farmer came in from his early inspection of all the byres and stables, with another letter from Sir Thomas Frankland conspicuous in his hand.

To be continued.

THE SLEEPERS.

Lo! night upon the mighty city, night
Has spread its robe of misty, drizzling air,
Broke only by the dull lamp's yellow light,
And by the drunkard's streaming temple-glare.
Night! and the faintly murmur'd sounds of prayer
Can scarcely struggle upwards through the din,
Drowned by the ceaseless sighs of weary care,
And reckless shouts of revelry and sin.

Yet nothing but a long-drawn sob of pain
Breaketh the sleep of these two children there,
Stretch'd, clasp'd so close, each other's heat to gain,
Upon that ancient church's cold stone stair.
The younger's head is on his brother's breast,
The elder has his arms around him thrown—
A clasp of love which makes their slumber blest,
And softens through the night their couch of stone.

Ay! when so many children sunk to sleep
Lull'd by a tender mother's love-tun'd song,
These homeless wand'rers turn'd themselves to weep
Within each other's bosoms, while along,
Through many a crowded street, their mother-city
Pour'd on their ears her voices all unblest;
Lest they should die, she gave, in bitter pity,
Her stony bosom as a place of rest.

Strange are the shapes the mystery of life
Must take before them; strange their glances cast
On man and this fair earth. Want, pain, and strife
Have been the coloured windows of their past.
Some children know each spot by joyance o'er:
"Here," these may say, "our bleeding feet once stain'd
The pavement; there our limbs could move no more;
Here we sat shiv'ring while it blew and rain'd."

Yet we should know that through the vault of heaven
The broken sobs of children sound more loud
Than all the thunder from our cannon driven,
Than all the laughs of fashion's thoughtless crowd,
Than all the noisy din of busy labour,
Than all stupidity's self-commendation,
Than every sounding brass and hollow tabor
Which waft our prayers and hymns of self-laudation.

Would that some thunder-voice, our dull sleep breaking,
Might cry through burgher streets, and lordly towers,
That social wheels are all of our own making,
And every victim ground to dust is ours.
Vainly our altars raise their smoke to heaven,
When brother's blood is steaming on the sod;
Vainly our light prayers beat the gates of heaven
When groans of children pierce the ear of God.

Sleep, hapless ones! rocked on life's moaning wave.
Your mother, Earth, will yet give dreamless sleep.
Ye will not clasp each other in the grave;
Ye will not turn yourselves to moan and weep.
Still through this cloudy depth of sin and woe
May your love's light before your footsteps glide,
Till, in the mantle of the winter snow,
Death wraps you sleeping calmly side by side.

A. Wilson.

LOOKING OUT FOR SQUALLS.

Few who are at all acquainted with the coast of Sussex but know that low gravelly point of land running far out into the sea, called "Selsey Bill." Tradition saith that Selsey was formerly an island formed by the meeting of the back waters of Chichester and Pagham harbours, and that its original name was Seal Sea Island, from the fact that seals were occasionally found upon its shores

Something better than tradition also declares that it was the seat of the first Bishop of Chichester, who, many hundred years ago, made it his episcopal capital.

Standing, at this day, upon that shingly beach, and looking round upon the dreary flat, with only a small straggling village, and a few scattered farm-houses, and an unpretending little church far away among the trees, one can scarcely believe that it ever could have been the paradise of holy men who had the credit of always selecting the snuggest nooks in England as their abiding-places ; but the fact is, that we cannot now form any opinion as to the eligibility of the actual site, because that has long since disappeared. The sea has encroached so much upon that shore, that the cathedral or monastery (or whatever it was) has been long since entirely submerged, and small vessels now find an anchorage, with three fathoms water, in what is still known as "the Park," doubtless from having been at some remote period, before the sea swept over it, part of the episcopal domain. Perhaps, where the little coaster now casts her anchor, a few hundred yards from the beach, once roamed the deer, under the shadow of the trees, or even the cathedral or palace-wall itself. The remains of ancient buildings, nigh buried in the sand, are, it is said, to be still seen at low water.

But to-day we have cause more to rejoice over the present, than to mourn the past. This Selsey Bill, with its belongings, is a most dangerous locality for the unwary shipman. Look out seaward, and you will descry — scarcely, however, without the help of a glass— a light-ship pitching in the troubled waters. She seems hull-down, she is so far from shore—some seven miles away. That is called the Owers' Light, off Selsey Bill. She is moored on the very elbow of a shoal, and between her and the shore on which we are standing it is scarcely safe for vessels to pass. There are intricate channels known to the skilful pilot, but the good old Bishop's domain is yet too near the surface of the water to make it anything but very hazardous for a stranger to get inshore of the Owers' Light. Indeed, even now at half ebb, the breakers are very plainly seen, while, at low water, much of the rocks is dry. Now the shoals and reefs, extending so far out to sea (in fact nearly seven miles from the shore), are, consequently, very treacherous. Lying as they do in the direct course of vessels coming through Spithead and bound to the Thames, or even in the way of vessels coming up channel round the back of the Wight, and *vice versâ*, they have been the destruction of many a brave ship. From the stout man-of-war, running for Portsmouth to the collier-brig standing northward, many a sad tale is told of their perishing. Caught in a south-west or south-easterly gale, and too near in shore, the wind and current carried them hopelessly in on the Owers (now one sheet of foam, because of the furious surf that breaks there), and they soon went to pieces.

It is because of this very going to pieces, and the hapless case of many a gallant heart, that we are down at Selsey Bill to-day. Look at that large, new-looking building, much resembling a comfortable, good-sized carriage-house. It stands facing the sea, at about 150 yards from high watermark, and, with its flagstaff and ensign, is conspicuously seen. Around its open doors are grouped a number of boatmen, and preventive men from the neighbouring station, and the excitement amongst them evidently betokens something unusual. And so there is. A glance within those open doors explains it all. It is the life-boat-house of the Royal National Institution, and there, high upon her launching-carriage, rests the life-boat. We walk round her. Beautifully built, and as strong, and as complete as she can be put together, she looks fit for any weather. And then the name emblazoned on her bows, "Friend" (in commemoration of a handsome donation given to the Institution by members of the Society of Friends), seems so appropriate. But this is the occasion of her

quarterly exercise, and we shall see her better presently. She has everything on board—oars, masts, sails, rudder shipped and all, and is ready to run down to the water's edge at a moment's notice. And they do not wait long for that. Watch in hand, to note the time so occupied, the gallant chairman of the local committee gives the word to run her out, and launch her. In an instant, twice a score of stalwart arms are hauling at the ropes with a will. The boat and carriage together weigh some five tons; but this is nothing in such hands, and with a cheer she runs out upon the turf, and is soon ploughing through the deep shingle-bank beyond. One has now only to imagine a stranded vessel out there upon the reef, with the distress-signal in her rigging, and the great breakers beating so furiously over her that she cannot hold together perhaps an hour longer. One has only to imagine the sheets of spray so blinding the whole horizon, that we can scarcely make her out, and the gale blowing so madly that not another sound can be heard; and, if then we add to this the utter uselessness of any ordinary boat attempting to put out to rescue, and the sad looks of the fishermen, as they stand helpless on the beach, unable to render the slightest aid to their fellows perishing out there among the breakers—one, I say, has only to picture this, and then his heart will go with the life-boat, hurrying to the water's edge. And she is soon there. Those strong and willing arms force her through the heavy shingle, until they reach the declivity of the beach. Then she runs down by her own weight; her crew leap in and take the oars; the carriage runs partly into the sea, and, at a word, the pin is withdrawn, the carriage tilts up, and the boat glides off swiftly into the water. The men give way at the oars, and she is off. Only seven minutes have elapsed from the time she quitted the boat-house until she is afloat.

But the skies are clear and bright, and the sea is smooth to-day, and so she will only pull a little and cruise a little, and then come back to watch for a real need. And she presents a pretty sight. Every one of her crew (and she pulls twelve oars[1]) has his life-belt on; and somehow this, taken in connexion with the unusually buoyant appearance of the boat herself, as she goes bounding along, occasions a wonderful confidence in her. Besides, she looks strong for the very wildest sea. Everything about her is the best that can be used, put together with the knowledge that precious lives depended on the work.

But now she is making sail. Her build is not perhaps favourable for sailing to windward, but yet she really makes her way upon a wind surprisingly. Her coxswain understands her capabilities, and knows just what she *can* do.

Ashore they are preparing for her return. A capstan is rigged out on the higher part of the beach; a line of portable skids is laid down, and, as soon as the boat touches the shingle, a purchase-tackle is hooked on, the capstan manned, and the boat will be gradually drawn up until it reaches the carriage—which is presently done. After an hour's cruise she steers homeward. A little trouble to place her stem on the skid, and the windlass does the rest. The carriage tilts up the reverse way now, and becomes an inclined plane up which the life-boat is drawn; the forewheels are connected, and she travels to her house again, ready for the next summons.

We return home, thankful that such a good work is going on: for the humanity that prompted it—for the generosity that carries it out. The lives of those poor fellows to whom we owe so many of our luxuries are surely worth our caring for; and England, we feel sure, will never refuse to hold out a hand to succour them in an hour of peril.

[1] With a coxswain and a bowman.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OLD MARISCHAL COLLEGE—DR. WILLIAM KNIGHT—LOCAL MISCELLANEA —WILLIAM THOM OF INVERURY.

"By St. Andrew," says Dugald Dalgetty in the "Legend of Montrose," when the seeming serving-man of Lord Menteith declines to help him to unbuckle the armour which he is feeling somewhat tight around his portly person after the feast in the Highland castle, "here's a common fellow, a stipendiary "with four pounds a year and a livery-"cloak, thinks himself too good to serve "Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drum-"thwacket, who has studied humanity "at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, "and served half the princes of Europe." And all through the story the valiant Ritt-master keeps reminding those about him of this fact of his having studied at Marischal College as one of his chief distinctions. Even in that tremendous moment when, in the dungeon at Inverary, he astutely recognises the spy who has secretly entered to talk with him as being no other than the great Argyle himself, and, springing on his wily lordship, brings him to the ground, and, pinning him there by main strength, throttles him into capitulation—even in that tremendous moment the thought of the dear Alma Mater in the north country flashes through his stalwart mind, and it is with a quotation of Marischal College Latin that he negotiates with the prostrate Marquis. Blessings on thy memory, if only for Alma Mater's sake, thou shrewd and doughty Sir Dugald; and may thy last days have been peaceful, with the widow Strachan for thy spouse, in thy regained paternal estate of Drumthwacket! Great as is my veneration, on historical grounds, for the Presbyterian Marquis, whom men called Gillespie Grumach on account of the cast in his eye, I confess I can never read how thou didst pin him in his own dungeon without forgetting altogether that it was the cause of Presbyterianism that was imperilled, and feeling my heart leap with glee that my fellow-collegian was uppermost.

As Marischal College was founded in 1593, and as Dalgetty left it at the age of eighteen, to carry the learning whilk he had acquired there, and his gentle bluid and designation, together with his pair of stalwart arms, and legs conform, into the German wars, it is a matter of easy calculation that this most celebrated of all the sons of Marischal College must have left its cloisters about 1620, and must have belonged to the latter end of its first generation of students. It is not creditable to the academic antiquarianism of the place that there has never been a search in the college-books for his matriculation-entry. But I would fain here rouse the academic antiquarianism of the place to a larger labour than this. Why have we not a history of Marischal College and University, or, at least, an *Athenæ et Fasti* of that venerable institution? Though the Ritt-master Dalgetty may be her most celebrated alumnus, and though she may have been chiefly heard of over the world at large in association with his name, yet, even before Sir Dugald sat at her bursars' table and there learnt that art of rapid mastication which he found so useful to him in after life, she had sent forth one or two sons of some note; and, if to these were added the much longer list of her eminent alumni from Sir Dugald's days down to the present time—ending, let us say, with that Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India, whom Sir Dugald himself would

have respected, albeit Outram's soldiership was of a more dashing and irregular type than that which Sir Dugald favoured, and his famous refusal of Indian prize-money would have seemed to Sir Dugald a piece of needless punctiliousness—then the roll of the notabilities of Marischal College might seem not an insignificant one. At all events, it is the bounden duty of any Anthony Wood that may be living now in Aberdeen to do his best to draw it up, imbedding it in such a text of the general history of the College as he can prepare. Or, if there is no one Anthony Wood to do the work, then let some local antiquarian society put their heads together, and at least give us a volume of Marischal College dates, documents, and lists of names, such as the King's College people have already executed for *their* institution. For, alas! the history may now be rounded off and complete. Marischal College and University exists no longer in its separate identity. It was fused, a year or two ago, along with King's College, into the single University of Aberdeen. There is still a fine granite building called Marischal College, in which a portion of the work of the united University is carried on; but the real antique establishment—Dugald Dalgetty's Marischal College and mine—is no longer *in rerum naturâ*. All is apt, therefore, for the writing of its history.

Ah! the massive old pile in the great space of ground entered by the old gateway from the Broadgate, how well I can see it yet! Not the fine modern building which visitors to Aberdeen now look at, and which was finished about 1842, at a cost of some £21,000; but its predecessor on the same site—a great, square, hulking, yet lofty, ancient lump of a building, impressive by its amorphous gray massiveness even in the daylight, but in winter-nights quite weirdly to look at in the dark space that enshrined it, with the few lights twinkling in some of its small windows, and the stars seeming to roll, soliciting astrological watch, over the battlements of its high observatory! There it had stood, the main part of it, the same through all the years since Dugald Dalgetty had seen it; and, mayhap, on the battlements of its left tower, astrologers, in the shape of mantled old professors, *had* watched, and, groping up the turret-stairs in the dark, one might encounter their professorial ghosts. And then the class-rooms as we sat in them by day—all old and quaint, though some older and quainter than others—and the great common hall, stretching the whole width of the main building in the first storey, with its old chimney-piece in the middle, on which were carved the arms of the Earls Marischal, with their noble motto of scorn for public opinion ("*Aiunt: Quid aiunt? Aiant;*" or, in English, "They say: What say they? Let them say"), and its wainscoted walls hung with many old portraits of historical interest by George Jamesone and others. Among these was a portrait of Descartes, which I could never cease gazing at—it was such a queer, puckered old face. The hair came down over the forehead, and the eyebrows were arched up to meet the hair, so that, between the two, the forehead, which was broad enough, had not an inch of visible height. But he looked a terribly determined intellectual little devil for all that; and, though I knew little about him, and rather wondered at first how any mortal, wherever he was born, could have had a name that seemed so like the plural of a wheeled vehicle, he and I took a fancy for each other. There were other portraits, some of them of old Aberdonians, or other Scotchmen, that interested me; but none, as far as I recollect, so much as this. And so, for four years, often in this public hall, but oftener still in the class-rooms where we were taught all that Marischal College had to teach, we wore the red gowns and the red velvet collars which were the compulsory costume of the Students of Arts, till one early spring-day we were ranged ceremoniously in the public hall, some eighteen or twenty of us who had completed the curriculum out of a class

originally seventy strong, and there, clad all uncouthly in black silk gowns, which the college-beadles had begged, borrowed, or stolen from the city-clergy for the occasion, were made to repeat the words of a Latin oath, and, having been dabbed on the head individually by the Principal with a sacred bit of black velvet, were created and admitted Masters of Arts. When I think what *Magister Artium* implies according to the English standard, and then recollect what a flock of fledglings we were (the youngest of us exactly sixteen years and four months old) that flew off into the world from that northern nursery of learning, feathered legally with the fine designation, the thing does seem rather absurd. Matters, however, have been considerably mended of late in the Scottish system in this respect; and it is right to say that, even in those days, in some of the Scottish universities—at all events, in that of Edinburgh—the degree of A.M. was a much rarer honour, won only by a very few every year after a very special examination.

The regular college-session was in winter only, or from the beginning of November to the end of March. It was during these five winter months that the red gowns of the "Colliginers," as they were called by the town's-people, made the streets of Aberdeen picturesque. The bright new gowns of the freshmen, or first year's students, marked them out for persecution by their seniors; and it was considered desirable to get the velvet collars ink-stained and the sleeves and body toned down in colour as soon as possible. The fourth year's students, or "Magistrands," were easily recognised by the superior tatteredness and discoloration of their scarlet garb. It was only the Arts' students, who may have numbered about 250 in all, that wore this flaring costume; the less numerous students of the other three faculties—to wit, Law, Medicine, and Theology—wore no peculiar dress. In general the four faculties had little interconnexion—the students of each attending their own set of professors in their own part of the college; but there was always one period of the college-session when all were brought together pell-mell. This was the period at which the students of all the faculties exercised in common the grand privilege, which belonged to them by charter, of electing their Lord Rector for the year. Sometimes English readers may note a paragraph in the London newspapers stating that Lord So-and-so, or the Earl of So-and-so, or the Duke of So-and-so, or at least some Baronet or Right Honourable—almost invariably one of the most conspicuous statesmen of the kingdom—has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, or has lost the election in competition with some other public man, equally well known. But if only the English reader of such a casual paragraph could have got inside the vast local uproar and excitement of which the paragraph was the condensed result! Talk of the Saturnalia of a contested election! The humours of the wildest and noisiest election of a member of Parliament for an English borough could not be richer than those which I recollect as attending our annual election of a Lord Rector for old Marischal College. It was an affair of some three weeks. First there were the meetings of the separate classes, in which all sorts of persons, likely and unlikely, were proposed; then there were the aggregate meetings, in which the three or four candidates that had by this time been pitched upon by general agreement, were upheld and discussed; and, lastly, there was the grand meeting in the hall on election-day, most of the professors being present, when the two or perhaps the three candidates that it had been resolved finally to pit against each other, were formally nominated and seconded amid cheers and yellings from the multitude—after which the whole body of the electors retired to vote individually in the four "nations" into which they were distributed. Each "nation" included all who were natives of a particular region of Scotland traditionally marked out—one of the

"nations," however, including all stray comers from non-Scottish parts of the earth; and it was ultimately decided, not by the absolute majority of individual votes, but by the majority of the collective votes of the "nations," who was the successful candidate. When the votes of the "nations" stood as 2 to 2, so as to require a casting-vote from the out-going Rector (which might easily happen), or when the candidate elected by the majority of the "nations" had not the majority of the individual votes (which might also happen) there would be a perfect phrenzy of mutual protests and upbraidings, and the very professors, if they interfered, would be bearded and defied. And O the oratory, the oratory, at those meetings! The speakers at the aggregate meetings were, as a matter of course, the older students—generally students of divinity—we the red-gowned youngsters contenting ourselves with our humbler duty of roaring and counter-roaring, hissing and counter-hissing, and laughing till our sides ached. We were a remorseless audience, and we knew good speeches from bad. Some really good speeches were made, and we were always fair enough to give *them* a hearing on whatever side they chanced to be; but no mercy was shown to any poor wretch that gave us a chance, by any oddity of manner or physiognomy, or any blunder of utterance, of shrieking him down. "I care not for the hiss of the serpent, nor for the sardonic laugh of the hyena," said one speaker, when our demonstrations were going against him —a poor timid creature, as we all knew, whom a moderately fierce duck would, at any other time, have driven to flight —and there and then the serpents and the hyenas extinguished *him*. "Is Dr. Abercromby going to make a *moniply* of it?" asked one Highland orator, on an occasion when it was proposed that the existing Lord Rector, Dr. Abercromby, the distinguished physician of Edinburgh, should be re-elected; and, when, irritated by the burst of laughter which followed his mispronunciation of the word "monopoly," he told us farther, in his Highland accents, that we "might as well attempt to stem the Atlantic with a straa" as to put *him* down, you should have seen how the straw did stem the Atlantic. "This proposition has been nipped in the bud —I may say, strangled in the womb," said a dapper medical Irishman, who had somehow impressed his party as a master of rhetoric, fit to be put forward as their spokesman on the great election-day; and I never saw anything neater than the way in which the exact kind of strangulation specified was performed, that same instant, on *his* speech. All in all, I would not for the world that these occasions of rollick, and of college-liberty broken loose, should be done away with. Except that there was far more of the nonsense of Whig-and-Tory antagonism in the Rectorial contests than befitted their nature, the elections, I fancy, were honest and judicious enough. Besides, it is well that among the customs of university life there should be some that, if they have no other purpose, shall at least be the means of accumulating, in extra abundance at particular points, reminiscences of fun for future years.

The Arts' curriculum of four years was so arranged that in each year there was one principal or dominant class, called the Regent's class, and other secondary or attached classes. The attendance on the Regent's class was for three hours daily, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which were half-holidays; and for each of the other classes there was generally a distinct daily hour. The following, with the omission of an incidental item or two of weekly general lecture in Divinity or in the Evidences of Christianity, is a scheme of the complete curriculum:—

First Year: Regent's Class, *Greek;* Additional Class, *Latin* or *Humanity.*

Second Year: Regent's Class, *Natural and Civil History* (a most extraordinary conjunction of subjects according to our modern ideas, though theoretically more justifiable than may at first appear, and once perhaps practically valid and convenient); Additional Classes, *Greek, Latin, Mathematics,* and (optionally) *Chemistry.*

THIRD YEAR: Regent's Class, *Natural Philosophy;* Additional Classes, *Mathematics, Extra Greek*, and (optionally) *Chemistry*.
FOURTH YEAR: Regent's Class, *Moral Philosophy and Logic*; Additional Classes, *Extra Mathematics*, and *Double Extra Greek;* both optional.

It has been my experience that in every educational institution a certain proportion of the teachers, varying from one-fourth to one-third of the whole number, are always, either by natural incapacity or by debilitation from old age (but chiefly, I think, from the first cause), very unfit for their work. Resuming my recollections now of dear old Marischal College, I cannot, in conscience, declare that it was an exception to this rule. Let me not mince matters. We had among our professors two old men, who ought either never to have been there, or to have been superannuated long before I and my coevals became acquainted with them. Strike out the Civil History from the business of the Regent's class of the second year, so as to leave only the Natural History; and, seeing that we met compulsorily in the class three hours a day for five months, there was certainly a possibility that we should then and there have been put in possession of such a general smattering of Mineralogy, Hydrology, Geology, Meteorology, Botany, and Zoology as would have been useful to all of us in our subsequent lives, and as might have determined beneficially the whole future direction of the lives and studies of some. That is the use of compulsory attendance on a course of professorial lectures. It is physical detention at an impressible period of life in a room where certain orders of ideas are kept sounding and circulating in the air; a certain tincture of them must perforce be imbibed by all, and in some the effect may be that passionate intellectual tastes are awakened, and deep latent capabilities reached. Alas! the Natural History that *we* got was such a five months' drivel about miscellaneous matters uninteresting to the soul of man or horse, that how we listened to it at all is a marvel only explained by the submissiveness of those who feel themselves liable to pains and penalties. Mineralogy, Botany, or Zoology we had none; and, as for the rest, the sole bit of the course over which, in my memory, there rests yet a gleam of light was a long account, introduced somewhere, of the draining of Blair Drummond Moss. When I think of the course now, I see a great bog, in which some men are digging ditches, and others carting away the wet peat; I know that this bog was somewhere in the middle of the course, but all round it I recall nothing but mist. Poor old gentleman! let me not be too hard upon him! He had been a favourite pupil of the great Black, so that there must have been every reason to think, at the time of his appointment, that he would do well; and to the last, I am told, he used to amuse himself very expertly with geometrical problems. But by the time he descended to us, bringing the Blair Drummond Moss with him, he was old and feeble, and incapable of doing justice even to that fascinating feat of drainage. We used him very ill. I have seen his tall and thin body rolling in the snow in the college-yard by the accident of a slip when he turned to arrest some rascal that had thrown a snow-ball at him; and, though we did pick him up with reverence and pity then, we showed him little mercy in the class-room. While he was lecturing, snatches of song would sometimes rise from an inscrutable part of the room, captivating additional voices, till the whole class was in chorus. Or, more ingeniously, we would extract amusement from him by gravely putting to him the most absurd questions. "Is it true, Doctor," one student is reported to have asked, mimicking his mode of pronunciation to his face, "that the moon is made of green cheese?" "O, no," was the reply, "it is a vulgar fallacy." Think of that, and conceive our Professor of Natural History. His companion in senility was the Professor of Moral Philosophy—a man who had been of some power in his earlier days, and who retained a kind of sternness of look which helped to keep order in his class, but whose

diluted dictations from Reid and Beattie were poor nutriment for our young powers of speculation. Although he could frown from his desk, it was from habit and from a general notion that something wrong must be going on, and not from any knowledge where or what the wrong was. The chief form of wrong, so far as I recollect, was that four or five of the students, who had constituted themselves into what they called a *Pro Bono Publico* Club, used frequently to disappear during the lecture into the dark hollow space underneath the rising tiers of benches, and there hold their secret club-meetings with bottled porter and mutton pies, bobbing up now and then to see that all was right and the Moral Philosophy going on. One incident in the class I shall never forget. The aged man was lecturing, and he had come to the phrase in his manuscript "Study sedulously" without any change in his usual manner. "Study sed—" he uttered in his usual hard voice, but he got no farther than the last syllable. "Sed—sed—sed—r-r—" he repeated or gurgled once or twice, and then, articulating no more, looked vacantly round. For the time all his powers of articulation and memory were utterly gone, and it was as if a black curtain had fallen between his consciousness and the outer world. He was carried home, and was able to return and resume duty the next day; but we were always in expectation of a recurrence of the ghastly incident, and occasionally it did recur.

There is real pain in setting down such things as these, but I hold it to be a duty. When I think what youth is—how eager, how docile by right matter and by right measures—when I remember that splendid distinction of the young which the poet has celebrated when he says—

> "Still are they fit alike for weeping and for laughter;
> The flight they still admire, the flash with pleasure see;
> Who finished is, is scarce worth looking after;
> The growing one will always thankful be."—

then, just because youth itself is so little critical and so easily pleased, it seems to me that society is bound to be doubly critical and exacting in its behalf. That, by the great age or the incapacity of the holder of an academic post, a generation of young men, in any particular neighbourhood, should go forth into the world deprived of all that they might have learnt, and would gladly have learnt, had the reality corresponded with the appearance, is a very serious matter. I suppose the most practical form of remedy, next to increased care and conscientiousness in election to posts, is in that plan of superannuation with regulated retiring-allowances, which I believe is part of the new Scottish University system.

But I have put the worst first. Among our professors were some admirable and most efficient men, in thinking of whom, and of the style in which they did their work, I can now see that old Marischal College, at the time under notice, was unusually fortunate in its staff. It was not flashy work, perhaps; but it was real sound teaching, in conformity with the needs and habits of that granite region. I could name three men yet alive who, in the honourable retirement into which they have withdrawn since the union of King's and Marischal Colleges, and the consequent superannuation of some of the professors, can look back on lives of duty well done, and can never be mentioned by me, or by hundreds of others, without affection and respect. But it is chiefly of the dead that I have purposed to speak in these papers; and of these dead there are also some associated gratefully in my memory with old Marischal College. One was that noble Melvin, of whom I have already given some account, and who, in my days, still held, along with the Rectorship of the Grammar School, the Marischal College Lectureship in Humanity. Passing him, I will say a few words about one of the professors, dead some years before Melvin, who was also excellent in his way, and the fashion of whose influence on the young *gens togata* that passed through his hands was somewhat subtle and singular.

DR. WILLIAM KNIGHT.

It was in the third year that we came into the charge of Dr. Knight, who was our Professor of Natural Philosophy. Within the first day or two, I remember well, we felt ourselves in a new kind of professorial presence. The class was an unusually full one, as it was always attended by some "private students," of riper years, from the town, in addition to the regular red-gowned students who had to go through the college-classes in a certain fixed order. Lecturing to this class—either from his desk, where he would read continuously from the manuscript through a gold-mounted double eye-glass, held lightly between his forefinger and thumb, and often removed so that he could survey the class freely, and yet not lose the thread of his reading; or else from the floor, to which he would frequently descend so as to be near the apparatus-table, and where he would generally speak extempore, without book or eye-glass—lecturing to us thus, we saw a man in the prime of mature life, of middle height, of fairish or pale complexion, with a fringe of scant, fair hair about the temples and round by the ears, but bald a-top, so that his head looked of the laterally compressed type, long from back to front, rather than round, broad, or high. On the whole it was a handsome enough face, but with a curious air of lurking irony about the corners of the mouth. But his greatest personal peculiarity—a peculiarity known to us before from his appearances in the public hall, but now noted more particularly—was his voice. Though, as we came to know afterwards, he was an unusually muscular man—so that, in an experiment testing the degree of force necessary to pull asunder two metal hemispheres, he could easily, planting firmly his somewhat out-bowed legs, pull towards him or across the room, with his left hand only, the strongest student selected to pull against him—his voice was remarkably feeble and of high pitch. One of his favourite phrases was "so to speak"; it occurred in every second or third sentence when he talked extempore; and the students, in allusion to his vocal peculiarity, used to translate it into "so to squeak." But this was doing him injustice; for his voice, though feeble, had a quiet determination in it, and was audible through the class by another quality than shrillness. It was such a voice as I believe Charlemagne had—if the reader is ingenious enough to infer anything about my Natural Philosophy professor from that magnificent analogy. He was a Charlemagne among *us*, I can tell you, and, for all his feeble voice, governed us tightly, and now and then tongued us with a sarcastic scurrility which no other professor ventured on, and which was far from pleasant.

The matter of his lectures was good, and, for students at our stage, rich in a new sort of interest. They had been very carefully prepared, and were written out in a neat small hand in octavo notebooks, made of the fine thick old Whatman paper which we never see now-a-days—blank spaces being left for additions as they might be suggested. First of all we had an introductory set of lectures, extending over about a fortnight, on the partitions of human knowledge, on the scope of Natural Philosophy, on the prominent facts in its history, on the phases of philosophical method, and, above all, on Bacon and his inductive system. A kind of abstract was given of parts of Bacon's *De Augmentis* and his *Novum Organum*; and I got an inkling of what my queer-visaged friend, Descartes, had been driving at, though I was told to consider it a very hopeless kind of anti-Aristotelian whirl, or rotation after one's own tail, as compared with that splendid shifting of the wheels of the human mind into the eternally right road which Bacon had effected. Altogether, I suppose I should now find the matter of these lectures to have been rather popular, and of a kind that would now be superseded; but the presentation of it was singularly lucid, and it was all then very stimulating and new. We had glimpses of new wonders of knowledge,

and of a kind of activity of mind different from that exhibited either in classical erudition, or in mathematical problems, and dealing with Nature herself on a large scale. We first came to have a notion what *thinking* or *speculating* might be. And then, when passing from such preliminary matter, Knight led us, in a leisurely and orderly manner, through these seven successive divisions of his course—(1) Somatology, (2) Dynamics, (3) Mechanics, (4) Hydrodynamics (subdivided into Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Aerostatics, and Pneumatics), (5) Electricity, including Magnetism, (6) Optics, and (7) Astronomy—although we frequently lost sight of the thinking faculty in its philosophical mode, yet every now and then we saw it spurt up again, and we had the results of its supposed circuitous action in the masses of scientific information, under each division, that were spread out before us. Knight's deficiency, according to the Cambridge standard of a Natural Philosophy professor, was in the shallowness of his mathematics. His course was one rather of rich and miscellaneous descriptive information, than of mathematical investigation and demonstration. He introduced formulæ and calculations now and then; but his lectures were rather like an exceedingly interesting and well-arranged scientific encyclopædia for moderately mathematical readers. As he was, however, a neat experimenter, and had at his command an excellent collection of apparatus, models, &c., he taught us a great deal more than it would have been easy to acquire by any possible course of private reading, while, for those who chose to avail themselves of it, there was a special library of standard books in Natural Philosophy, attached to the class. And, what was best of all, he made us give him in every week a written essay on some subject recently discussed in the class, compelling us to punctuality by a fine in case of default. The essays were all returned to us at the end of the session—whether read by him or not (for there were some fifty or sixty every week) may be left to conjecture. He had read samples of them, at least; for he had a pretty shrewd idea who could write best.

Apart from that benefit from Knight's Natural Philosophy course which consisted in the superficial fertilizing of our minds by a large quantity of useful and well-administered information, and in the occasional stimulus of an example of beautiful generalization taken from the history of science, there was a certain pungent and insinuating influence, of the nature of which we were too little aware to be able to give a name to it, though the effects, I now can see, were wholesome. I have mentioned the expression of constant irony that lurked about the corners of Knight's mouth, interfering with the otherwise placid expression of his face, and that sometimes flashed over the whole face, till there came a look of dangerous malice in the eye, and the feeble voice would vituperate stingingly, if need were, in a select kind of Billingsgate. In truth, I believe that Knight lived and walked in Aberdeen in a perpetual relation of secret irony to everything around him, and especially to popular and clerical opinion. It was whispered among us, as a matter of tradition, that Knight was a sceptic, and that he had written books the copies of which he had carefully bought up so as to suppress them. One of his books, I believe, was entitled, "A Theory of the Earth; but I do not think it was this book which he had bought up. What was its nature I do not know, never having seen it; but I fancy there must have been queer matter in it, for Dr. Chalmers, who seemed to know it, and to have formed his idea of the author from it, revealed that idea to me once with an expressive smile when I mentioned Knight's name to him. But the book which Knight certainly tried to suppress, and of which, nevertheless, I did once contrive to see a stray copy, was a small volume, bearing the quaint title of "The First Day in Heaven." Unless my memory fails me after so many years, the opening sentence of this curious production was as follows:—"Emaciated, pale, and cadaverous, at

"the age of twenty-one, I lay upon my "bed, awaiting the approach of the "Angel of Death." The Angel ot Death does come to the bedside of the emaciated youth; the youth dies; and the volume goes on to narrate, by some means, the first experiences of the youth in the new world into which he has been ushered. In the act of death, he feels himself borne, in a kind of blissful swoon, through a violet atmosphere, on the dissolution of which from around him he opens his eyes in the realm of Heaven, and sees—I forget what all; but I remember distinctly that a considerable portion of the happiness of Heaven was made to consist in the rapid or intuitive acquisition of a kind of knowledge that did not seem very unlike a sublimation of Knight's own lectures on Natural Philosophy. I cannot recall any particular scepticism in the book, beyond what might be implied in its singular title, and in this substitution of Natural Philosophy, to so large an extent, for the more orthodox pleasures of the future state. But, in those days and in that latitude, the merest colourable suspicion of heterodoxy went a great way in the popular gossip about a man; and the notion *had* come down among us young fellows, that Knight had queer opinions, and that, as he walked in the streets, he laughed in his sleeve at a good deal of the pomposity around him. Most of us liked him the better, I believe, on this account. He had, indeed, now learnt to keep very much to himself any speculations he may have formerly entertained of a kind directly discordant with the Aberdonian medium in which he moved; and, in his intercourse with us, there were cases in which, so far from encouraging any juvenile affectation of eagerness after the forbidden fruit of which he was supposed to have eaten so largely himself, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in snubbing it. Once, when he was acting as the college-librarian, and a very young student asked for Hume's Essays,—"Haven't got it, master," said Knight coolly, with the faintest twitch of sarcasm on one side of his mouth; "we don't keep such books in this college, my lad"—the book, as no one knew better, being at that moment within a few feet of him. Then, in all matters of public politics or college-procedure, Knight was a stickler for authority and existing regulation. A Tory by profession, he had more than the usual Tory amount of the *odi profanum vulgus* feeling—of contempt for democracy and mob-opinion. And yet, with all this secretiveness of manner and conservatism of method, the lurking Mephistopheles in Knight would break out. It would break out in his class-room, not only in the very free rhetoric of vituperation which he permitted himself when the behaviour of some student did not please him—"There are blackguards in every class, my lad, and you're one of the blackguards in this"—but also in the satirical tone of his references in his lectures to some popular living celebrities. But perhaps it was out of his class-room, in meeting two or three of his students at supper, or in encountering one of them by himself in a suburb of the town—and on such an occasion he would walk half a mile or so with the student, and chat away more familiarly than most of the other professors were known to do—it was then that these little Mephistophelic felicities of Knight, which we remembered and quoted to one another, were most apt to occur. An Aberdonian by birth, he had been in the same class with Lord Byron at the Aberdeen Grammar School, so that he had a very vivid recollection of the boyhood of the future poet; and this is how he once brought it in, when Byron was mentioned: "He had a most damnable disposition, Byron—a most damnable disposition. I remember his cutting the buttons off my coat as he sat beside me in the Grammar School; and I gave him a good hiding for it. He had a most damnable disposition. He said he hated a dumpy woman. He needn't have said that. His own mother was the dumpiest woman I ever saw in my life." On another occasion, walking up Marischal Street with a student, in a terribly disagreeable day of wind

and rain, which dashed direct against their faces in that street, he replied thus to some highly-intellectual remark of his companion about the fifteenth century: "I don't know about the fifteenth century; all I know is, that this is a d—d bad day, whatever century it be in." Another time, walking and chatting with a student in a pleasant outskirt of the town—it being the week of the half-yearly meeting of the Provincial Synod of the Clergy in Aberdeen, when there was always a good deal of ecclesiastical bustle for the townspeople to go and partake in—"Have you been at the Synod to-day, master, to hear the clergy debating?" asked Knight; and, on the reply being in the negative, "You should go," added he, "you should go *once.* See everything once, master; see everything once, while you're young; when you're older, you won't care so much about it." A good many more *memorabilia* of Knight might be collected, all consisting of such little satirical outbreaks tending to the disintegration of one's juvenile reverence for conventional beliefs and customs. Altogether, I can look back upon him now as a man of far more than average ability, who performed the duties of his post with beautiful regularity and efficiency, gave us much delightful matter that we were likely to get from no one else, and did us good even by those seemingly-malicious twitchings to the surface of some fund of unexpressed thought which circumstances compelled him to carry placidly to his grave. I have since noticed, that that feeble and high quality of voice which was Knight's greatest personal peculiarity is an almost constant sign of a fanatical or sceptical mind.

* * * *

Here, throwing off the red gown, and leaving old Marischal College to the ruthless masons whom I have watched for a year or two pulling down parts of it, and raising in its stead bits of that new granite building to which, in its completed state, *my* memory owes no allegiance, let me stroll through the town on the chance of a recollection or two of a less academic nature. I shall not attend to dates, but will take things as they come.

A memorable incident was "The Burning of the Burking House." The story might be worth telling at length, were this the place for it. Suffice it to say that "The Burking House," as it was popularly named, was an anatomical school or dissecting-room, which, with a culpable carelessness of public prejudice —especially at a time when the recollection of the Burke-and-Hare murders was rife, and it was believed by the poor and ignorant in Scottish towns that secret burking to procure subjects for dissection was a regular practice in the medical profession—had been erected in an open part of the town, near the Infirmary, and in the midst of common dwelling-houses, inhabited by artisans and their families. For some time the house had been a horror in the neighbourhood. Children or servant-girls, if they had to pass that way in the dark, would keep on the other side of the street, and, when they came opposite the awful tenement, within which they fancied skeletons hung up and the sheeted dead lying on tables, would run as hard as they could in more than mortal fear. At last things became worse. It was rumoured that dogs had been seen coming out of the backyard of the premises with bones—and what bones?—in their mouths. Some such rumour, running through the households and workshops of that quarter of the town, stirred up elements in human nature deeper than obedience to law, and banded together a number of determined spirits among the younger workmen for an act of popular wrath. Not a whisper of what was intended had got about, when, one afternoon, in broad daylight, the building being then full of medical students and others attending the regular lecture, it was besieged by a body of men who had met on purpose, and who, first driving or pulling out all who were within it, then deliberately set it on fire. The Dr. Knight of whom I have just spoken chanced to be among those present in the building, and was one of the few who showed fight to the rioters;

and the story of his personal prowess on this occasion, and how in particular he had grappled with two of the biggest rioters at the doorway, and hurled them back into the street, was among our college-legends of his strength. But this was several years before I knew him; and all I recollect of the incidents of the riot is a muffled rumour, "The Burking House is on fire," that reached the Grammar School during lesson-hours, and our pelting down Blackfriars Street, after we were dismissed, to the scene of the uproar, where by that time the police were in force. Strangely enough, I forget what became of those who were arrested, or whether the real ringleaders were among them; but I believe there was a disposition not to press matters too hard in a case where public sympathy with the motives of the rioters was so general; and I have since had reason to suspect that among the ringleaders were some young mechanics of superior character and intelligence, afterwards well known.

Clergymen figure rather numerously among my Aberdonian reminiscences. Some of them were not members of the Established Scottish Church, but of one or other of those dissenting bodies which (the Free Church not then existing) formed a respectable minority of the Scottish people. Among these was Henry Angus, a man of stately presence and of a noble cast of head and countenance, who was minister of a small congregation that were much attached to him, but the really high character of whose powers was, I think, a discovery of a few students who, having chanced to hear him once or twice, and caring little for ecclesiastical denominations and distinctions, provided they could obtain what they called "ideas," went to his chapel again and again. Perhaps because he had become aware of this fact, and it roused the indolence of a naturally powerful mind that had been thrown too much into a quiet corner for its full development, they did get "ideas" for their pains, and were delighted now and then by flashes of imagination and expression beyond the usual popular range. Almost at the other pole among the preachers of the town, and differing from Angus as rich farce differs from severe tragedy, was Patrick Robertson, usually styled "of Craigdam," after the country place where he had been minister before settling in Aberdeen. His congregation in Aberdeen was a chance gathering of the poorest of the poor, but was overflowing on Sunday evenings. He was a gray-haired veteran, whose natural genius, I should say, was mainly that of a humourist, and who carried something of the comic with him into the pulpit, where he spoke a dialect not far removed from vernacular Scotch, but where he was very shrewd, very fervid, and very evangelical. Passionate searchers after "ideas" as some of us were, we were willing to try what even Patrick Robertson could do for us in that commodity, and occasionally dropped in upon his Sunday-evening lecture. It was really racy matter. Not only did he give us what we were willing to call "ideas," but I once heard from him what I can only call an idea respecting "ideas." It came in this wise:—"And now, my friends," he said, beginning a new section of his discourse, and speaking in his habitual semi-Scotch, which spelling will hardly indicate—"and now, my friends, I am goin' to give you an idea (pronounced *eedaia*). This idea that I am goin' to give you is not of so much use in itself as it will be of use in makin' way in your minds for anither idea, that I mean to give you afterwards, but which you wouldna be sae likely to understand if I didna give you this idea first. There are lots of pairs of ideas, my brethren, that are connectit in this way: you may ca' them needle-and-thread ideas." What the two ideas were, and which was the needle and which the thread on the occasion, I have quite forgotten; but, though I have read Whately, and other books of Rhetoric, I do not know that any phrase in them has stuck to me as better worth remembering than Patrick Robertson's "needle-and-thread ideas," with the maxim which it involves, that one ought to take care always, in discoursing, to put the needle first.

Patrick Robertson had some enthusiastic admirers. Among these was a sturdy little old man named George Legg, whose occupation in life was that of going about with a wheelbarrow, a broom and a shovel, and (not to put too fine a point upon it) scavengering in the streets. But the Muses had visited George among his shovels. He printed a small collection of his poems, of which I could repeat scraps yet. One was an ode to his favourite preacher, beginning thus:—

"Mr. Patrick Robertson,
Who long did serve the Lamb,
In that department of his Church
In Tarves at Craigdam."

Another poem was autobiographic, and contained this touching stanza:—

"I once was young, and now am old,
Just in my seventieth year;
Yet ne'er a woman I beguiled,
As I can safely swear."

Why, after George Legg, I should think of Peter Kerr, I hardly know; for Peter was a man of conspicuous civic standing, well-to-do, and of rather impressive appearance. He was the sexton, or head grave-digger of St. Nicholas' Churchyard—called the Town's Churchyard, as being the chief burying-ground of the city. But Peter also had his characteristic notions, one of which I once heard him thus expound:—"The ministers speak a great deal about the resurrection of the body. Now that is a subject about which I may naturally be allowed to ken something; and I have an argument of my own about it that nane o' them kens o'. In the course of years, after bodies are buried, the bones become lichter and lichter; but that is not always the case. After a time, I have noticed that some very auld bones begin to grow heavier. It's very curious; is it not?" Evidently, Peter's notion was that he had detected some in his domain beginning to come round again. At last Peter himself died.

"Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed him in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd him intill the land,
As if he had never been such."

Ah! Death, Death, we may grin at thee, we may grin at thee; but thou wilt have thy revenge in full of our utmost mockery. Thy universality we have learnt to submit to; but cruellest of all, most inscrutable of all, seems the caprice of thy selections. That the old should go—those who, walking feebly over the earth, and, knocking on it early and late with the staves by which they support themselves, seem to say, as Chaucer has it, "Dear mother, let me in"—this, though sad, is not unnatural. That those should go who, even if not aged, have done their work, or have done some work in the world, can cause our reflections but a moderate perplexity. But why the young, the strong, the fair, the hopeful should be called — those who, hardly having tasted life, have only accumulated, as it were, in riper and more beautiful promise than others, the faculty of expected living—this is the problem on which, in every fresh instance of such bereavement, the reason of the surviving will return in vain. It seems so hard, so purposeless, such a violation of every principle of continuity or economy. To make the fairest commencement and then to cancel; to create a power and to destroy it ere it can work; to tend, with the utmost solicitude, some rare plant to the moment of its rosy budding, and then to dabble it down in the black earth; to mould some Greek vase of exquisite form and colour, and then to break it ere it has well been seen! Age, the hoary head, the tottering frame, activity fulfilled—these, O Death, we yield thee lingeringly as thy due; what we recollect most bitterly to the last against thee are those instances, of which each of us can reckon up so many, in which thou didst deal thy stroke, unlooked-for, on the young, the dauntless, the brilliant, the peerless ones of the stag eyes and the golden locks.

Several such premature deaths, that seemed so cruel and unaccountable, recur to me yet as I think of my once most familiar companions in this the first stage of my life's recollections. Why should *they* have been taken

and we others, the less worthy, left? Ah! on any of those poor principles which we persist in transferring from ourselves to Nature, it is the same baffling mystery for ever. But, leaving that little group of youthful and unnamed graves which only *my* fancy can see, let me call up a reminiscence or two of a man of whom the world does know something—an Aberdonian of whom, though he was then twice the age of those buried youths when they and I walked together, none of us had then so much as heard, but of whom, when he afterwards flashed out into a brief British celebrity, I had, with others, a few casual glimpses.

WILLIAM THOM OF INVERURY.

I was away from Aberdeen, in lodgings in another city, when, one night in January, 1841, I was reading an Aberdeen newspaper that had been sent me. After looking at the local paragraphs with the kind of interest one has in the doings of a place well-known to one, I turned to the Poet's Corner and read as follows :—

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

["The following beautiful Stanzas are by a correspondent, who subscribes himself '*A Serf*,' and declares that he has to *weave fourteen hours out of the four-and-twenty.* We trust his daily toil will soon be abridged, that he may have more leisure to devote to an art in which he shows so much natural genius and cultivated taste."]

"I'll tell some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north countrie."
Legend.

"Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kentna whaur to stay.
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string,—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He fought his lonely way.

"Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an' kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O fie!
I'll swithe me o'er the sea."

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he daured to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rosebud;
Syne slighted Love awa' did scud
Down Ury's waefu' stream.

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by;
Till, lull'd wi' the sough o' mony a sang,
He sleepit fu' soun' as he sailed alang
'Neath Heaven's gowden sky!

'Twas whaur the creeping Ury greets
Its mountain cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weelfaur'd dame,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played with a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time
The jessamine bark drew nigh;
The lassie espied the wee rosebud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

"O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower
That floats on the Ury sae fair!"
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little wist she o' the pawkie thief
That was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Love glower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,
An' swore by Heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen, nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,
Sae lovely a dwallin' place!

Syne, first of a', in her blythesome breast
He built a bower, I ween;
An' what did the waefu' devilick neist,
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east
That sparkled frae baith her een?

An' then beneath ilk high e'e-bree
He placed a quiver there.
His bow? What but her shinin' brow?
An' O sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

God be our guard! sic deeds were done
Roun' a' our countrie then;
An' mony a hangin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men!"

These verses struck me more then than, I suppose, they would do now, though I do not suppose that even now I could meet with such a graceful and fantastic lilt, prefaced with such a note respecting the author, without being interested. Who could he be? I fancied some very young, pale-faced, and eager-eyed weaver, not without a passion for books even in his serfdom—for I could not explain the niceness of the expression, not to speak of the reference to the "Paphian lea," without supposing some culture. What if he were one who might, *longo intervallo*, come after Burns

—one who, belonging to another part of Scotland than Burns's, and writing in a slightly different dialect, *might* one day be the supplementary Scottish poet of his peculiar district, and tell "how they love and laugh in the north countrie"? Not from any morsel of power to be of use, but out of mere curiosity, I wrote to a friend in Aberdeen making inquiries. But many more were already on the alert; many of the Scottish newspapers quoted the verses; and, within a week or two, a certain Mr. Gordon of Knockespock in Aberdeenshire, possessing property also in England, stepped out from the crowd of empty-handed admirers, and forwarded to the author, through a secure channel, a present of five pounds. A certain "George Galloway," of Inverness, I find from an incidental subsequent statement of Thom's own, had previously sent him half a sovereign. And so gradually the unknown was found. Alas! it was not the very young pale-faced weaver of my imagination, who might one day be a supplement to Burns, but a man already five years older than Burns was when they buried him. We began to hear of him as William Thom, a hand-loom weaver, then living in the country-town of Inverury, some fifteen miles from Aberdeen — a small, fair-haired man, with one of his feet slightly clubbed, forty-two years of age, and with three surviving children left him by his wife, then recently dead.

Thom's life up to this point of his sudden flashing into notoriety is best told in the little Autobiography which he wrote to be prefixed to an edition of his Poems, and which, though much is doubtless omitted in it and much slurred over, is, I venture to say, as pathetic a bit of prose literature as there is in the language, and written with a more intense and exquisite power than most of his poems. Should it be reprinted, all that would be necessary to make it perfect, even in point of literary correctness, would be that the printer's reader should amend the punctuation somewhat, and correct a slip of syntax here and there. The weaver that, at forty-two, could write such a bit of prose narrative, must have had latent in him, all through his life at the loom, the express genius, perfect save in a tittle or two, of a born man of letters. The marvel is that the loom detained him so long—that he had not, in youth, when the tittle or two that were wanting might have been easily acquired, burst away from the weaving-trade, and wriggled himself somehow or other into a place in the composite craft of authorship. In this respect Thom's case is exceptional. In most cases the honest advice of a critic would be that a young man, brought up to the loom or to any other handicraft, should abide by it rather than follow a miserable delusion and addict himself either to poetry or to prose; but, in Thom's case, the clear decision must be that literature ought to have had possession of him as early as possible, and that it must have been owing to some singular weakness and lack of effort on his own part that he had not done what far inferior men had done, and sung himself or written himself before he was thirty into something higher than hand-loom weaving. When the possibility of a release from the loom did come, it was too late for new habits by at least a dozen years.

What a life Thom's had been! If we take only his own account, and do not seek to fill in from other information which might make the representation worse, nothing ever conceived or heard of could well be more abject. The early life of Burns was that of a gentleman compared with it. The Ayrshire ploughman, at least, trod the healthy earth and walked erect in the fresh air of heaven, and he had in his father's house, poor though it was, a training and example in all that was manly. Poor Thom's life had been more like the lives of some of those among whom Burns afterwards moved as their superior, using them as subjects for his satires, and making poetry of their humours—those far-famed weavers of Kilmarnock; or rather (for the weavers of those days were a well-paid class), those wretched tinkers and gan-

grel-bodies of "The Jolly Beggars," whose originals he saw at Poosie Nancy's. When, in 1809, Thom, a little lint-haired boy of ten, who had been lamed on one foot by an accident from a carriage-wheel in his infancy, was sent by his poor widowed mother to an Aberdeen factory, it was as if he had been flung out into the streets. After four years of apprenticeship, the result was that he found himself, at the age of fourteen, in another factory, of between three and four hundred hands, male and female, in the character of a journeyman-weaver, earning never more, even when in full work, than from five to nine shillings a week. His descriptions of the moral horrors of factory-life at that time, and of that Aberdeen factory in Belmont Street in particular, are terribly real. And yet here he remained seventeen years, or from his fifteenth year to his thirty-second, partaking of the miseries, and, as he hints, of the dissipations of the place, and only, like the rest, snatching such notions of a higher existence as, through song and sociability, the buoyant temperament of man can reach from almost any set of conditions. "I would I were a wea-"ver," says Falstaff; "I could sing "psalms or anything"; and, though Falstaff had never seen a factory-weaver, something of that glorious faculty of making everything relevant, that necessity of some song, but no matter what, to accompany the movement of the feet and the shuttle, which Falstaff had detected as the characteristic of the weaver of his days, had come down to the weaver of Thom's. There was jest and hilarity, "psalms or anything," within the Aberdeen factory; and, out of it, there were the Waverley Novels and Byron's poetry to be read by such as could get hold of them, and Scotch songs in abundance, and lax love-making, and ruinously cheap conviviality. Besides occasional reading, Thom had a special source of enjoyment in his delight in song and music. "I play "the German flute tolerably in general "subjects," he afterwards wrote; "but, "in my native melodies, lively or pa-"thetic, to few will I lay it down. "have every Scotch song that is worth "singing; and, though my vocal capa-"bility is somewhat limited, I can con-"vey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch "song ought to be." He was, indeed, a beautiful flute-player—the finest known, it was thought, in strathspeys; and, within a limited compass, he sang very expressively in a mournful voice of very low pitch. And these accomplishments he must have had in his factory-days. Indeed, he had then written a Scotch song or two himself to airs that he could sing, and had not only sung them and heard them sung in the factory, but had even seen one of them in print. Still, such attempts seem to have been singularly few, and hardly to have been thought of by himself as capable of leading to anything. Till 1831 he remained in the Aberdeen factory; and, when in that year weaving in Aberdeen had become, as he says, "an evendown "waste of life, a mere permission to "breathe," still the only change resolved on was a migration southwards to the neighbourhood of Dundee to try the chances of weaving there. For some years, in this new neighbourhood, there seems to have been a slight comparative prosperity; and it was during this time, we are given to understand, that Thom married his Jean, and became the father of three children. But in 1837 there comes a commercial crash, silencing in one week six thousand looms in Dundee and its dependencies, and spreading dismay through the county of Forfar. Thom clings to his weaving till it can be clung to no more; and then, through sinking gradations of raggedness, the pawning of rags themselves for bread, starvation and despair, we follow him and his family to the lowest life of all —that of tramps or beggars, strolling through the country by day, and sleeping at night in outhouses, or under hedges, or in haunts like Poosie Nancy's. All this he tells himself; and let the strongest man try to read the story aloud, and I hardly think he will get through it without a choking of the voice. He tried itinerant flute-playing

and made something by it, but does not seem to have continued even that. One child died and was left buried in a churchyard which the trampers chanced to pass on their weary way. And so Thom came back once more to Aberdeen, bringing his little colony of strangers with him. Thence, after a while, to Inverury, as a convenient place for employment in "customary" or household weaving, which was better paid than factory work. Here his Jean dies in child-birth, adding a third to the two surviving children. In the winter of 1840-41 customary work fails; and, not knowing what else to do, he writes the poem we have quoted above, and sends it to the *Aberdeen Herald*. It appears there, and that is something; it is copied into other papers, and that is something more; but how are he and his children to live? They are on the move from Inverury to the Aberdeen House of Refuge when Knockespock's five pounds arrive.

Knockespock's kindness to Thom did not stop at the five pounds. After various inquiries by letter, with a view to ascertain more exactly what manner of person Thom was, and, in particular, whether there was any fitness in him for being turned into a schoolmaster, the worthy laird concluded that it might at least be a good thing to give Thom the treat of a visit to London. Accordingly, he had him up to town, with one of his children; drove him about in his carriage; let him see the sights; and introduced him to some of the celebrities. After four months so spent—during which, as I guess, his patron had come naturally to the opinion that there might be inconveniences in having such a shrimp of genius permanently attached to him—Thom returned to Inverury and to his loom, in much better circumstances than before, not only through the continued assistance of Knockespock, but also in consequence of the interest with which he was now regarded by people round about him. For nearly four years, or from the spring of 1841 to the end of 1844, he continued to make Inverury his head-quarters—paying frequent visits, however, to Aberdeen, where he had now a new class of friends and acquaintances. This was, I should think, the most comfortable period of his life. It was certainly the most productive. He had already followed up the lyric which had brought him so suddenly into notice with one or two more, of less merit, under the same title of "The Blind Boy's Pranks"; and now from time to time he sent a Scotch song or other trifle to one or other of the Aberdeen newspapers. These, together with a scrap or two of older composition which he had by him, were published collectively, in a thin volume, together with some portion of the autobiographic prose sketch of which I have already spoken; and the volume reached a second edition, in which additional pieces were inserted. Of the poetical pieces in the volume (surprisingly few in number, but forming all, or nearly all, as it happened, that the world was ever to have from Thom), most were disappointing—with a something uncommon or weirdly in the conception, perhaps, that one could recognise as Thom's, but slovenly in execution, and not readable twice. About half-a-dozen, however, were excellent—either little tissues of a graceful narrative fancy, or snatches of mournful melody ranging back from simple heart-touching pathos to the borders of a haggard woe. Such are "Autumn Winds," "One of the Heart's Struggles," "Ye Dinna Ken Yon Bower," the Address to his Son Willie on the death of his mother, "Dreamings of the Bereaved," "The Mitherless Bairn," and the following mysterious little ditty, entitled "Did They Meet Again?"—

"Awa', ye weary licht!
Nae moon nor starnie bricht!
Oh! for thy midwatch, Nicht,
And rayless hour;
When I may gang alane,
Unmarked by mortal een,
And meet my bosom's queen
In her murky bower.

"I ken she's waitin' there:
She's faithfu' as she's fair:
I'll twine her raven hair
Round her snawy brow,

And vow, by earth and sea,
How dear she's been to me;
And thou, lone Benachie,
Maun hear that vow.

"We loved—alas! sae leal;
But this sad nicht maun seal
The lang, the last fareweel
'Tween her and me.
Whaure'er my fate may guide,
Or weel or woe betide,
I'll mind wha dwalls beside
Dark Benachie."

It was during these three or four years of Thom's residence at Inverury, as a recently discovered local celebrity, that, having meanwhile returned to Aberdeen, I had my few glimpses of him. The first occasion of my seeing him was a kind of public dinner or supper (I forget which) given in his honour in the Royal Hotel by a number of the most respectable townsmen. He was neatly dressed, in a peculiarly cut blue coat with bright buttons, and home-made check waistcoat, as a weaver of the old times of good weaving might have been attired on a holiday. As he moved about on his first coming in, a tight, small figure, with short light hair, one noted the slight lameness of his gait, but most of all his face—which was creased and wrinkled all over wherever a wrinkle could be, and had an expression at once shrewd, humorous, insinuating, and woe-begone. Nothing could be easier or in more perfect tact than his manner: and in the little speeches he made from his place at table we had a specimen of a power which some who knew him best afterwards have told me he possessed consciously in a wonderful degree, especially with women — that of fluent, happy, and most persuasive talk. "What a tongue the creature had!" is the phrase in which one who knew him very intimately has conveyed to me his impression of this power of Thom's; "if he had your ear for five minutes, he charmed you." He certainly, on this occasion, even before a considerable audience, spoke admirably and readily. Telling, I remember, of his first venture on song-writing in his juvenile weaving-days, and how, having, with fear and trembling, dropped his song into the letter-box of the *Aberdeen Journal*, he went, with another boy, on the next Wednesday morning, on the chance of getting an early sight of the newly-published paper, in which he hardly dared hope his song might be—telling this in a very interesting manner, he was interrupted by some one who, in a strange fit of oblivion as to the publishing-day from time immemorial of the oldest Aberdeen newspaper, called out "*Thursday* morning, Mr. Thom; *Thursday* morning"—by way of correcting him. "Wednesday, since ever I mind," said Thom, instantly, "was the day that God ordeened the *Aberdeen Journal* to come out upon." Then, finishing his story, he told us how at the door of the newspaper office the early purchasers of the paper all declined the request of the two ragged boys for a sight of it, till, at last, an errand-boy of their own size coming out with a paper, they overmastered him, and, whipping the paper all wet from his hands, Thom, turning to the Poet's Corner, saw—O! ecstasy!—his own song. "It was the proudest day of my life, gentlemen," wound up the dexterous little rhetorician, "except (here a pause)—except *this*." Altogether, Thom's appearance on the occasion was such as to give one an interest in him as a man from whom there might be far more to come, on due stimulus, than had yet been heard of. Afterwards I saw him more quietly—both in his little weaving-place at Inverury for a few minutes, where there was a tall, dark, sensible-looking man acting as his assistant at the loom, and evidently exercising a tender and admiring care over him; and also in Aberdeen, on his occasional visits. In these visits, I fancy, he avoided general society and had his particular haunts among a few choice spirits that suited him best in every way, and among whom he was always welcome. There was a considerable element then in certain quarters of Aberdeen of that kind of tavern-conviviality, streaked with uncultivated literary enthusiasm and imitative ambition, which the *Noctes*

Ambrosianæ of Wilson had generated. Though he found this element most to his taste, and had a place of power, if not the presidency, accorded to him in the midst of it, my notion is that Thom cared supremely little about the expressly literary topics of its colloquies—what a man Christopher North was, or what any other big-wig in the world of letters was doing or not doing. A strathspey on his flute, a Scotch song sung or listened to, and the unsought humours and suggestions for talk and banter, on the spot, were his sufficient enjoyment. Nor do I think that, beyond a kind of Chartism by mere position, he cared an atom about politics.

Into the sad remainder of poor Thom's life I can follow him only through report. An article in the *Westminster Review*, a paragraph in *Punch*, and other notices, had spread his fame far and wide; Scotchmen in India and elsewhere had begun subscriptions for him; the loom at Inverury did not pay; and, in the end of 1844, he was moved to come to London. Ostensibly his plan was to see whether he could not make a tolerable livelihood in London by a trade in home-made Scotch stuffs, such as he had been accustomed to weave and could still obtain on order or commission — table-cloths, napkins, and the like; but there mingled with this some vague ideas of opportunities of a literary kind. For a time all was glory and prosperity with the weaver-poet in the great Babylon. Pressure round him of the Scotchmen in London with kindness and applause; invitations to the houses of English patrons and patronesses of literature of all ranks, including Lady Blessington, the Howitts, Douglas Jerrold, and others as well known; a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, February 26, 1845, at which Mr. W. J. Fox presided; another dinner in his honour by the working-classes, at which Dr. Bowring presided; comparisons in speeches and in print with Burns, and a universal desire to make up, by exuberance of recognition in the case of the small fair-haired Inverury poet, for all the supposed neglect, by a former hard-hearted generation, of the swarthy and massive bard of Ayrshire; nay, (what was most substantial of all) a sum of 500*l*., coming in all at once by way of testimonial-subscriptions from India and the colonies—could there possibly be a more encouraging enlargement? Alas! it was but for a season. A London edition of his "Rhymes and Recollections," which had been in preparation at the time of his first welcome among the Londoners, but had been delayed, in order that it might receive antiquarian and philological notes by Knockespock, was not published till 1847; and by that time the tide had turned, and the demand for the book was small. With a portion of the 500*l*. something had been done for the three children, and especially for the elder boy Willie. But there was now a second Jean, and more children. And so from around Thom—living somewhere near King's Cross, and finding his speculation of a trade in Scotch stuffs a visionary affair, if indeed it had ever been assiduously tried—the means of living, the recognition of the great, the relations even of ordinary acquaintance with the faces of his fellow-creatures, began to ebb and recede. Some I know and could name who were kind to him to the last; but even their kindness passed into the phase of pity, not unmingled with impatience and blame. The real genius of the strange little soul would flash out, I am told, even in those days of his desertion by almost all in the vast London world; and, limping along the New Road, at night, with some faithful friend who still adhered to him and would take a walk with him that way, he would go up to any little mob gathered in dispute and mutual chaff round a cabman, and, listening for a moment on its skirts with his shrewd wrinkled face upturned in the gaslight, would catch the keynote of the disturbance, strike in with voluble mock-sympathy, and amaze the audience and make it roar with a wit they could enjoy, though the mode of it was beyond their calculus. But he wrote nothing, or

nothing that was printed—his care for producing lyrics, never very diligent, seeming utterly gone. Matters soon reached the worst, and he would cry as a heart-broken man, and talk miserably of the prospects of his children. London at last had nothing in it to detain him, and he disappeared back into the Scottish weaving-world, and was heard of no more. Yes, it *was* known that he had gone to Dundee; and, some time in 1850, a notice ran through the newspapers that Thom, the Inverury Poet, had died and was buried in that town. The moral of his fate seems to be—But why attempt a moral, if the narrative does not convey it?

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By this time my readers, I doubt not, are wishing to bid farewell to Aberdeen. It is exceedingly ungracious of them; but I will do violence to my own feelings, and comply. And so, like that "uncouth swain," of whom my readers may have heard, who had also "warbled his Doric lay" for a good while,

> "At last I rise, and twitch my mantle blue:
> To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

A FRENCH ETON.

PART II.

February is beginning; in a day or two Parliament will assemble; the report of the Public School Commissioners will, it is said, be presented almost immediately; and then all the world will have before them Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and the rest of the dissected nine. The probable results of that autopsy I am not going to discuss here. I am sure the exhibition will be very interesting; I hope it will prove very useful. But, for the champions of the true cause of secondary instruction, for those interested in the thorough improvement of this most important concern, the centre of interest is, I repeat it, not there. At this last hour, before the English mind, always prone to throw itself upon details, has completely thrown itself upon what, after all, in this great concern of secondary instruction, is only a detail, I return to the subject, in order to show, with all the clearness and insistance I can, where the centre of interest really lies.

Let me take for granted that the reader has still in his mind the account which I gave of the Toulouse Lyceum and of the Sorèze College; or that, if he has not, he will do me the honour to cast his eye over it. Then I say, for the serious thinker, for the real student of the question of secondary instruction, the knot of that question is here:—Why cannot we have throughout England, as the French have throughout France, as the Germans have throughout Germany, as the Swiss have throughout Switzerland, as the Dutch have throughout Holland, schools where the children of our middle and professional classes may obtain, at the rate of from 20*l.* to 50*l.* a year, if they are boarders, at the rate of from 5*l.* to 15*l.* a year, if they are day-scholars, an education of as good quality, with as good guarantees, social character, and advantages for a future career in the world, as the education which French children of the corresponding class can obtain from institutions like that of Toulouse or Sorèze?

There is the really important question. It is vain to meet it by propositions which may, very likely, be true, but which are quite irrelevant. "Your French Etons," I am told, "are no Etons at all; there is nothing like an Eton in France." I know that. Very likely France is to be pitied for having no Etons, but I want to call attention to the substitute, to the compensation. The English public school produces the finest boys in the world; the Toulouse Lyceum boy, the Sorèze College boy, is

not to be compared with them. Well, let me grant all that too. But then there are only some five or six schools in England to produce this specimen-boy; and they cannot produce him cheap. Rugby and Winchester produce him at about 120*l.* a year; Eton and Harrow (and the Eton school-boy is perhaps justly taken as the most perfect type of this highly-extolled class) cannot produce him for much less than 200*l.* a year. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*—such a business is it to produce an article so superior. But for the common wear and tear of middling life, and at rates tolerable for middling people, what do we produce? What do we produce at 30*l.* a year? What is the character of the schools which undertake for us this humbler, but far more widely-interesting production? Are they as good as the Toulouse Lyceum and the Sorèze College? That is the question.

Suppose that the recommendations of the Public School Commissioners bring about in the great public schools all the reforms which a judicious reformer could desire;—suppose that they produce the best possible application of endowments, the best possible mode of election to masterships; that they lead to a wise revision of the books and subjects of study, to a reinforcing of the mathematics and of the modern languages, where these are found weak; to a perfecting, finally, of all boarding arrangements and discipline;—nothing will yet have been done towards providing for the great want—the want of a secondary instruction at once reasonably cheap and reasonably good. Suppose that the recommendations of the Commissioners accomplish something even in this direction—suppose that the cost of educating a boy at Rugby is reduced to about 100*l.* a year, and the cost of educating a boy at Eton to about 150*l.* a year—no one acquainted with the subject will think it practicable, or even, under present circumstances, desirable, to effect in the cost of education in these two schools a greater reduction than this. And what will this reduction amount to? A boon—in some cases a very considerable boon—to those who now frequent these schools. But what will it do for the great class now in want of proper secondary instruction? Nothing: for in the first place these schools are but two, and are full, or, at least, sufficiently full, already; in the second place, if they were able to hold all the boys in England, the class I speak of would still be excluded from them—excluded by a cost of 100*l.* or 150*l.*, just as much as by a cost of 120*l.* or 200*l.* A certain number of the professional class, with incomes quite inadequate to such a charge, will, for the sake of the future establishment of their children, make a brave effort, and send them to Eton or Rugby at a cost of 150*l.* or 100*l.* a year. But they send them there already, even at the existing higher rate. The great mass of middling people, with middling incomes, not having for their children's future establishment in life plans which make a public school training indispensable, will not make this effort, will not pay for their children's schooling a price quite disproportionate to their means. They demand a lower school-charge—a school-charge like that of Toulouse or Sorèze.

And they find it. They have only to open the *Times.* There they read advertisement upon advertisement, offering them, "conscientiously offering" them, in almost any part of England which suits their convenience, "Education, 20*l.* per annum, no extras. Diet "unlimited, and of the best description. "The education comprises Greek, Latin, "and German, French by a resident "native, mathematics, algebra, mapping, "globes, and all the essentials of a first-"rate commercial education." Physical, moral, mental, and spiritual, all the wants of their children will be sedulously cared for. They are invited to an "Educational Home," where "discipline is based upon moral influence and "emulation, and every effort is made to "combine home-comforts with school-"training. Terms inclusive and moderate." If they have a child with an awkward temper, and needing special

management, even for this particular child the wonderful operation of the laws of supply and demand, in this great commercial country, will be found to have made perfect provision. "Un-"manageable boys or youths (up to "twenty years) are made perfectly "tractable and gentlemanly in one year "by a clergyman near town, whose "peculiarly persuasive high moral and "religious training at once elevates," &c. And all this, as I have said, is provided by the simple, natural operation of the laws of supply and demand, without, as the *Times* beautifully says, "the fetters of endowment and the interference of the executive." Happy country! happy middle classes! Well may the *Times* congratulate them with such fervency; well may it produce dithyrambs, while the newspapers of less-favoured countries produce only leading articles; well may it declare that the fabled life of the Happy Islands is already beginning amongst us.

But I have no heart for satire, though the occasion invites it. No one, who knows anything of the subject, will venture to affirm that these "educational homes" give, or can give, that which they "conscientiously offer." No one, who knows anything of the subject, will seriously affirm that they give, or can give, an education comparable to that given by the Toulouse and Sorèze schools. And why? Because they want the securities which, to make them produce even half of what they offer, are indispensable—the securities of supervision and publicity. By this time we know pretty well that to trust to the principle of supply and demand to do for us all that we want in providing education, is to lean upon a broken reed. We trusted to it to give us fit elementary schools till its impotence became conspicuous; we have thrown it aside, and called upon State-aid, with the securities accompanying this, to give us elementary schools more like what they should be; we have thus founded in elementary education a system still, indeed, far from perfect, but and living fruitful—a system which will probably survive the most strenuous efforts for its destruction. In secondary education the impotence of this principle of supply and demand is as signal as in elementary education. The mass of mankind know good butter from bad, and tainted meat from fresh, and the principle of supply and demand may, perhaps, be relied on to give us sound meat and butter. But the mass of mankind do not so well know what distinguishes good teaching and training from bad; they do not here know what they ought to demand, and, therefore, the demand cannot be relied on to give us the right supply. Even if they knew what they ought to demand, they have no sufficient means of testing whether or no this is really supplied to them. Securities, therefore, are needed. The great public schools of England offer securities by their very publicity; by their wealth, importance, and connexions, which attract general attention to them; by their old reputation, which they cannot forfeit without disgrace and danger. The existence of the Royal Commission now sitting is a proof, that to these moral securities for the efficiency of the great public schools may be added the material security of occasional competent supervision. I will grant that the great schools of the Continent do not offer the same moral securities to the public as Eton or Harrow. They offer them in a certain measure, but certainly not in so large measure: they have not by any means so much importance, by any means so much reputation. Therefore they offer, in far larger measure, the other security—the security of competent supervision. With them this supervision is not occasional and extraordinary, but periodic and regular; it is not explorative only; it is also, to a considerable extent, authoritative.

It will be said that between the "educational home" and Eton there is a long series of schools, with many gradations; and that in this series are to be found schools far less expensive than Eton, yet offering moral securities as Eton offers them, and as the "educa-

tional home" does not. Cheltenham, Bradfield, Marlborough, are instances which will occur to every one. It is true that these schools offer securities; it is true that the mere presence, at the head of a school, of a distinguished master like Mr. Bradley, is, perhaps, the best moral security which can be offered. But, in the first place, these schools are thinly scattered over the country; we have no provision for planting such schools where they are most wanted, or for insuring a due supply of them. Cheltenham, Bradfield, and Marlborough are no more a due provision for the Northumberland boy than the Bordeaux Lyceum is a due provision for the little Alsatian. In the second place, Are these schools cheap? Even if they were cheap once, does not their very excellence, in a country where schools at once good and cheap are rare, tend to deprive them of their cheapness? Marlborough was, I believe—perhaps it still is—the cheapest of them; Marlborough is probably just now the best-taught school in England; and Marlborough, therefore, has raised its school-charge. Marlborough was quite right in so doing, for Marlborough is an individual institution, bound to guard its own interests and to profit by its own successes, and not bound to provide for the general educational wants of the country. But what makes the school-charge of the Toulouse Lyceum remain moderate, however eminent may be the merits of the Toulouse masters, or the successes of the Toulouse pupils? It is that the Toulouse Lyceum is a public institution, administered in view of the general educational wants of France, and not of its own individual preponderance. And what makes (or made, alas!) the school-charge of the Sorèze College remain moderate, even with a most distinguished and attractive director, like Lacordaire, at its head? It was the organization of a complete system of secondary schools throughout France, the abundant supply of institutions with at once respectable guarantees and reasonable charges, fixing a general mean of school-cost which even the most successful private school cannot venture much to exceed.

After all, it is the "educational home," and not Bradfield or Marlborough, which supplies us with the nearest approach to that rate of charges which secondary instruction, if it is ever to be organized on a great scale, and to reach those who are in need of it, must inevitably adopt. People talk of the greater cheapness of foreign countries, and of the dearness of this; everything costs more here, they say, than it does abroad; good education like everything else. I do not wish to dispute, I am willing to make some allowance for this plea; one must be careful not to make too much, however, or we shall find ourselves to the end of the chapter with a secondary instruction failing just where our present secondary instruction fails—a secondary instruction which, out of the multitude needing it, a few, and only a few, make sacrifices to get; the many, who do not like sacrifices, go without it. If we fix a school-charge varying from 25*l.* to 50*l.* a year, I am sure we have fixed the outside rate which the great body of those needing secondary instruction will ever pay. Sir John Coleridge analyses this body into "the clergy of moderate or "contracted incomes" (and that means the immense majority of the clergy), "officers of the army and navy, medical "men, solicitors, and gentry of large "families and small means." Many more elements might be enumerated. Why are the manufacturers left out? The very rich, among these, are to be counted by ones, the middling sort by hundreds. And when Sir John Coleridge separates "tenant-farmers, small landholders, and "retail tradesmen," into a class by themselves, and proposes to appropriate a separate class of schools for them, he carries the process of distinction and demarcation further than I can think quite desirable. But taking the constituent parts of the class requiring a liberal education as he assigns them, it seems to me certain that a sum ranging from 25*l.* to 50*l.* a year, is as much as those whom he enumerates can in general be expected to pay for a son's

education, and as much as they need be called upon to pay for a sound and valuable education, if secondary instruction were organized as it might be. It must be remembered, however, that a reduced rate of charge for boarders, at a good boarding-school, is not by any means the only benefit to the class of parents in question—perhaps not even the principal benefit—which the organization of secondary instruction brings with it. It brings with it also, by establishing its schools in proper numbers, and all over the country, facilities for bringing up many boys as day-scholars who are now brought up as boarders. At present many people send their sons to a boarding-school when they would much rather keep them at home, because they have no suitable school within reach. Opinions differ as to whether it is best for a boy to live at home or to go away to school, but there can be no doubt which of the two modes of bringing him up is the cheapest for his parents; and those (and they are many) who think that the continuation of home-life along with his schooling is far best for the boy himself, would enjoy a double benefit in having suitable schools made accessible to them.

But I must not forget that an institution, or rather a group of institutions, exists, offering to the middle classes, at a charge scarcely higher than that of the 20*l.* "educational home," an education affording considerable guarantees for its sound character. I mean the College of St. Nicholas, Lancing, and its affiliated schools. This institution certainly demands a word of notice here, and no word of mine, regarding Mr. Woodard and his labours, shall be wanting in unfeigned interest and respect for them. Still, I must confess that, as I read Mr. Woodard's programme, as I listened to an excellent sermon from the Dean of Chichester in recommendation of it, that programme and that sermon seemed to me irresistibly to lead to conclusions which they did not reach, and that the conclusions which they did reach were far from satisfying. Mr. Woodard says with great truth: "It "may be asked, Why cannot the shop-"keeper-class educate their own chil-"dren without charity? It may be "answered, Scarcely any class in the "country does educate its own children "without some aid. Witness the enor-"mous endowments of our Universities "and public schools, where the sons of "our well-to-do people resort. Witness "our national schools supported by State "grants, and by parochial and national "subscriptions. On the other hand, the "lower middle class" (Mr. Woodard might quite properly have said the middle class in general), "politically a "very important one, is dependent to a "great extent for its education on pri-"vate desultory enterprise. This class, "in this land of education, gets *nothing* "out of the millions given annually for "this purpose to every class except "themselves." In his sermon Dr. Hook spoke, in his cordial, manly way, much to the same effect.

This was the grievance; what was the remedy? That this great class should be rescued from the tender mercies of private desultory enterprise? That, in this land of education, it should henceforth get something out of the millions given annually for this purpose to every class except itself? That in an age when "enormous endowments,"—the form which public aid took in earlier ages, and taking which form public aid founded in those ages the Universities and the public schools for the benefit, along with the upper class, of this very middle class which is now, by the irresistible course of events, in great measure excluded from them—that in an age, I say, when these great endowments, this mediæval form of public aid, have ceased, public aid should be brought to these classes in that simpler and more manageable form which in modern societies it assumes—the form of public grants, with the guarantees of supervision and responsibility? The Universities receive public grants; for—not to speak of the payment of certain professors[1] by

[1] These professors are now nominally paid by the University; but the University pays

the State—that the State regards the endowments of the Universities as in reality public grants, it proves by assuming to itself the right of interfering in the disposal of them; the elementary schools receive public grants. Why, then, should not our secondary schools receive public grants? But this question Mr. Woodard (I do not blame him for it, he had a special function to perform) never touches. He falls back on an Englishman's favourite panacea—a subscription. He has built a school at Lancing and a school at Shoreham, and he proposes to build a bigger school than either at Balcombe. He asks for a certain number of subscribers to give him contributions for a certain number of years, at certain rates, which he has calculated. I cannot see how, in this way, he will be delivering English secondary instruction from the hands of "private desultory enterprise." What English secondary instruction wants is these two things: sufficiency of provision of sound schools; sufficiency of securities for their fitness. Mr. Woodard proposes to establish one great school in Sussex, where he has got two already. What sort of a provision is this for that need which is, on his own showing, so urgent? He hopes, indeed, that "if "the public will assist in raising this "one school, it will lead to a general "extension of middle class education "all over England." But in what number of years? How long are we to wait first? And then we have to consider the second great point—that of *securities.* Suppose Mr. Woodard's hopes to be fulfilled—suppose the establishment of the Balcombe school to have led to the establishment of like schools all over England—what securities shall we have for the fitness of these schools? Sussex is not a very large and populous county, but, even if we limit ourselves to the ratio adopted for Sussex, of three of these schools to a county, that gives us 120 of them for England proper only, without taking in Wales. I have said that the eminence of the master may be in itself a sound security for the worth of a school; but, when I look at the number of these schools wanted, when I look at the probable position and emoluments of their teachers, I cannot think it reasonable to expect that all of them, or anything like all, will be provided with masters of an eminence to make all further guarantees unnecessary. But, perhaps, they will all be affiliated to the present institution at Lancing, and, in some degree, under its supervision? Well, then, that gives us, as the main regulative power of English secondary instruction, as our principal security for it, the Provost and Fellows of St. Nicholas College, Lancing. I have the greatest, the most sincere respect for Mr. Woodard and his coadjutors—I should be quite ready to accept Mr. Woodard's name as sufficient security for any school which he himself conducts — but I should hesitate, I confess, before accepting Mr. Woodard and his colleagues, or any similar body of private persons, as my final security for the right management of a great national concern, as the last court of appeal to which the interests of English secondary instruction were to be carried. Their constitution is too close, their composition too little national. Even if this or that individual were content to take them as my security, the bulk of the public would not. We saw this the other day, when imputations were thrown out against Lancing, and our proposed security had to find security for itself. It had no difficulty in so doing; Mr. Woodard has, it cannot be repeated too often, governed Lancing admirably; all I mean is—and Mr. Woodard himself would probably be the first to agree with me—that, to command public confidence for a great national system of schools, one needs a security larger, ampler, more national, than any which, by the very nature of things, Mr. Woodard and his friends can quite supply.

But another and a very plausible security has been provided for secondary

them in consideration of the remission to her, by the State, of certain duties of greater amount than the salaries which the State used to pay to these professors. They are still, therefore, in fact, paid by the State.

instruction by the zeal and energy of Mr. Acland and Dr. Temple; I mean, the Oxford and Cambridge middle class examinations. The good intentions and the activity of the promoters of these examinations cannot be acknowledged too gratefully; good has certainly been accomplished by them: yet it is undeniable that this security also is, in its present condition, quite insufficient. I write not for the professed and practised educationist, but for the general reader; above all, for the reader of that class which is most concerned in the question which I am raising, and which I am most solicitous to carry with me—the middle class. Therefore, I shall use the plainest and most unprofessional language I can, in attempting to show what the promoters of these University examinations try to do, what they have accomplished, wherein they have failed. They try to make *security* do for us all that we want in the improvement of our secondary education. They accept the "educational homes" at present scattered all over the country; they do not aim at replacing them by other and better institutions; they do not visit or criticise them; but they invite them to send select pupils to certain local centres, and when the pupils are there, they examine them, class them, and give prizes to the best of them. Undoubtedly this action of the Universities has given a certain amount of stimulus to these schools, and has done them a certain amount of good. But any one can see how far this action falls, and must fall, short of what is required. Any one can see that the examination of a few select scholars from a school, not at the school itself, not preceded or followed by an inspection of the school itself, affords no solid security for the good condition of their school. Any one can see that it is for the interest of an unscrupulous master to give all his care to his few cleverest pupils, who will serve him as an advertisement, while he neglects the common bulk of his pupils, whose backwardness there will be nobody to expose. I will not, however, insist too strongly on this last mischief, because I really believe that, serious as is its danger, it has not so much prevailed as to counterbalance the benefit which the mere stimulus of these examinations has given. All I say is, that this stimulus is an insufficient security. Plans are now broached for reinforcing University examination by University inspection. There we get a far more solid security: And I agree with Sir John Coleridge, that a body fitter than the Universities to exercise this inspection could not be found. It is indispensable that it should be exercised in the name, and on the responsibility, of a great public body; therefore the Society of Arts, which deserves thanks for its readiness to help in improving secondary instruction, is hardly, perhaps, from its want of weight, authority, and importance, qualified to exercise it: but whether it is exercised by the State, or by great and august corporations like Oxford and Cambridge, the value of the security is equally good; and learned corporations, like the Universities, have a certain natural fitness for discharging what is, in many respects, a learned function. It is only as to the power of the Universities to organize, equip, and keep working an efficient system of inspection for secondary schools, that I am in doubt; organization and regularity are as indispensable to this guarantee as weight and authority. Can the Universities organize and pay a body of inspectors to travel all over England, to visit, at least once in every year, the four or five hundred endowed schools of this country, and its unnumbered "educational homes;" can they supply a machinery for regulating the action of these gentlemen, giving effect to the information received from them, printing their reports, circulating them through the country? The French University could; but the French University was a department of State. If the English Universities cannot, the security of their inspection will be precarious; if they can, there can be no better.

No better *security*. But English secondary instruction wants, I said, two things: sufficient provision of good schools, sufficient security for these

schools continuing good. Granting that the Universities may give us the second, I do not see how they are to give us the first. It is not enough merely to provide a staff of inspectors and examiners, and still to leave the children of our middle class scattered about through the numberless obscure endowed schools and "educational homes" of this country, some of them good, many of them middling, most of them bad; but none of them great institutions, none of them invested with much consideration or dignity. What is wanted for the English middle class is *respected* schools, as well as *inspected* ones. I will explain what I mean.

The education of each class in society has, or ought to have, its ideal, determined by the wants of that class, and by its destination. Society may be imagined so uniform that one education shall be suitable for all it members; we have not a society of that kind, nor has any European country. We have to regard the condition of classes, in dealing with education; but it is right to take into account not their immediate condition only, but their wants, their destination—above all, their evident pressing wants, their evident proximate destination. Looking at English society at this moment, one may say that the ideal for the education of each of its classes to follow, the aim which the education of each should particularly endeavour to reach, is different. Mr. Hawtrey, whose admirable and fruitful labours at St. Mark's School entitle him to be heard with great respect, lays it down as an absolute proposition that the *family is the type of the school.* I do not think that is true for the schools of all classes alike. I feel sure my father, whose authority Mr. Hawtrey claims for this maxim, would not have laid it down in this absolute way. For the wants of the highest class—of the class which frequents Eton, for instance—not *school a family*, but rather *school a little world*, is the right ideal. I cannot concede to Mr. Hawtrey that, for the young gentlemen who go to Eton, our grand aim and aspiration should be, in his own words, "to make their boyhood a joyous "one, by gentle usage and friendly con-"fidence on the part of the master." Let him believe me, the great want for the children of luxury is not this sedulous tenderness, this smoothing of the rose-leaf for them; I am sure that, in fact, it is not by the predominance of the family and parental relation in its school-life that Eton is strongest: and it is well that this is so. It seems to me that, for the class frequenting Eton, the grand aim of education should be to give them those good things which their birth and rearing are least likely to give them; to give them (besides mere book-learning) the notion of a sort of republican fellowship, the practice of a plain life in common, the habit of self-help. To the middle class, the grand aim of education should be to give largeness of soul and personal dignity; to the lower class, feeling, gentleness, humanity. Here, at last, Mr. Hawtrey's ideal of the *family*, as the type for the school, comes in its due place; for the children of poverty it is right, it is needful to set oneself first to "make their boyhood a joyous one, by "gentle usage and friendly confidence on "the part of the master;" for them the great danger is not insolence from over-cherishing, but insensibility from over-neglect. Mr. Hawtrey's labours at St. Mark's have been excellent and fruitful, just because he has here applied his maxim where it was the right maxim to apply. Yet even in this sphere Mr. Hawtrey's maxim must not be used too absolutely or too long. Human dignity needs almost as much care as human sensibility. First, undoubtedly; you must make men feeling; but the moment you have done that, lose no time in making them magnanimous. Mr. Hawtrey will forgive me for saying that perhaps his danger lies in pressing the spring of gentleness, of confidence, of child-like docility, of "kindly feeling of "the dependent towards the parent who "is furthering his well-being" a little too far. The energy and manliness, which he values as much as any one, run perhaps some little risk of etiolating. At least, I think I can see some indications

of this danger in the reports—pleasing, as, in most respects, they are—of his boys' career in the world after they have left school. He does so much for them at St. Mark's, that he brings them to the point at which the ideal of education changes, and the prime want for their culture becomes identical with the prime want for the culture of the middle classes. Their fibre has been suppled long enough; now it wants fortifying.

To do Eton justice, she does not follow Mr. Hawtrey's ideal; she does not supple the fibre of her pupils too much; and, to do the parents of these pupils justice, they have in general a wholesome sense of what their sons do really most want, and are not by any means anxious that school should over-foster them. But I am afraid our middle classes have not quite to the same degree this just perception of the true wants of their offspring. They wish them to be comfortable at school, to be sufficiently instructed there, and not to cost much. Hence the eager promise of "home comforts" with school teaching, all on "terms inclusive and moderate," from the conscientious proprietor of the educational home. To be sure, they do not get what they wish. So long as human nature remains what it is, they never will get it, until they take some better security for it than a prospectus. But suppose they get the security of inspection exercised by the Universities, or by any other trustworthy authority. Some good such an inspection would undoubtedly accomplish; certain glaring specimens of charlatanism it might probably expose, certain gross cases of mishandling and neglect it might put a stop to. It might do a good deal for the school teaching, and something for the home comforts. It can never make these last what the prospectuses promise, what the parents who believe the prospectuses hope for, what they might even really have for their money; for only secondary instruction organized on a great and regular scale can give this at such cheap cost, and so to organize secondary instruction the inspection we are supposing has no power. But even if it had the power, if secondary instruction were organized on a great and regular scale, if it were a national concern, it would not be by insuring to the offspring of the middle classes a more solid teaching at school, and a larger share of home-comforts than they at present enjoy there (though certainly it would do this), that such a secondary instruction would confer upon them the greatest boon. Its greatest boon to the offspring of these classes would be its giving them great, honourable, public institutions for their nurture—institutions conveying to the spirit, at the time of life when the spirit is most penetrable, the salutary influences of greatness, honour, and nationality—influences which expand the soul, liberalise the mind, dignify the character.

Such institutions are the great public schools of England and the great Universities; with these influences, and some others to which I just now pointed, they have formed the upper class of this country—a class with many faults, with many shortcomings, but imbued on the whole, and mainly through these influences, with a high, magnanimous, governing spirit, which has long enabled them to rule, not ignobly, this great country, and which will still enable them to rule it until they are equalled or surpassed. These institutions had their origin in endowments; and the age of endowments is gone. Beautiful and venerable as are many of the aspects under which it presents itself, this form of public establishment, with its limitations, its preferences, its ecclesiastical character, its inflexibility, its inevitable want of foresight, proved, as time rolled on, to be subject to many inconveniences, to many abuses. On the Continent of Europe a clean sweep has in general been made of this old form of establishment, and new institutions have arisen upon its ruins. In England we have kept our great school and College foundations, introducing into their system what correctives and palliatives were absolutely necessary. Long may we so keep them; but no such palliatives or correctives will ever

make the public establishment of education which sufficed for earlier ages suffice for this, nor persuade the stream of endowment, long since failing and scanty, to flow again for our present needs as it flowed in the middle ages. For public establishments modern societies have to betake themselves to the State; that is, to *themselves in their collective and corporate character.* On the Continent, society has thus betaken itself to the State for the establishment of education. The result has been the formation of institutions like the Lyceum of Toulouse—institutions capable of great improvement, by no means to be extolled absolutely, by no means to be imitated just as they are; but institutions formed by modern society, with modern modes of operation, to meet modern wants; and in some important respects, at any rate, meeting those wants. These institutions give to a whole new class—to the middle class taken at its very widest—not merely an education for whose teaching and boarding there is valid security, but something—not so much I admit, but something—of the same enlarging, liberalising sense, the sense of belonging to a great and honourable public institution, which Eton and our three or four great public schools give to our upper class only, and to a small fragment broken off from the top of our middle class. That is where England is weak, and France, Holland, and Germany are strong. Education is and must be a matter of public establishment. Other countries have replaced the defective public establishment made by the middle ages for their education with a new one, which provides for the actual condition of things. We in England keep our old public establishment for education. That is very well; but then we must not forget to supplement it where it falls short. We must not neglect to provide for the actual condition of things.

I have no pet scheme to press, no crotchet to gratify, no fanatical zeal for giving this or that particular shape to the public establishment of our secondary instruction. All I say is, that it is most urgent to give to the establishment of it a wider, a truly public character, and that only the State can give this. If the matter is but once fairly taken in hand, and by competent agency, I am satisfied. In this country, we do not move fast; we do not organize great wholes all in a a day. But if the State only granted for secondary instruction the sum which it originally granted for primary —20,000*l.* a year—and employed this sum in founding scholarships for secondary schools, with the stipulation that all the schools which sent pupils to compete for these scholarships should admit inspection, a beginning would have been made; a beginning which I truly believe would, at the end of ten years' time, be found to have raised the character of secondary instruction all through England. If more than this can be attempted at first, Sir John Coleridge, in his two excellent letters on this subject to the *Guardian*, perfectly indicates the right course to take: indeed, one could wish nothing better than to commit the settlement of this matter to men of such prudence, moderation, intelligence, and public character as Sir John Coleridge. The four or five hundred endowed schools, whose collective operations now give so little result, should be turned to better account; amalgamation should be used, the most useful of these institutions strengthened, the most useless suppressed, the whole body of them be treated as one whole, destined harmoniously to co-operate towards one end. What should be had in view is to constitute in every county at least one great centre of secondary instruction, with low charges, with the security of inspection, and with a public character. These institutions should bear some such title as that of *Royal Schools*, and should derive their support, mainly, of course, from school-fees, but partly, also, from endowments—their own, or those appropriated to them—and partly from scholarships supplied by public grants. Wherever it is possible, wherever, that is, their scale of charges is not too high,

or their situation not too unsuitable, existing schools of good repute should be adopted as the *Royal Schools.* Schools such as Mr. Woodard's, such as King Edward's School at Birmingham, such as the Collegiate School at Liverpool, at once occur to one as suitable for this adoption; it would confer upon them, besides its other advantages, a public character which they are now without. Probably the very best medicine which could be devised for the defects of Eton, Harrow, and the other schools which the Royal Commissioners have been scrutinizing, would be the juxtaposition, and, to a certain extent, the competition, of establishments of this kind. No wise man will desire to see root-and-branch work made with schools like Eton or Harrow, or to see them diverted from the function which they at present discharge, and, on the whole, usefully. Great subversive changes would here be out of place; it is an addition of new that our secondary instruction wants, not a demolition of old, or, at least, not of this old. But to this old I cannot doubt that the apparition and operation of this desirable new would give a very fruitful stimulus; as this new, on its part, would certainly be very much influenced and benefited by the old.

The repartition of the charge of this new secondary instruction, the mode of its assessment, the constitution of the bodies for regulating the new system, the proportion and character of functions to be assigned to local and to central authority respectively, these are matters of detail and arrangement which it is foreign to my business here to discuss, and, I hope, quite foreign to my disposition to haggle and wrangle about. They are to be settled upon a due consideration of circumstances, after an attentive scrutiny of our existing means of operation, and a discriminating review of the practice of other countries. In general, if it is agreed to give a public and coherent organization to secondary instruction, few will dispute that its particular direction, in different localities, is best committed to local bodies, properly constituted, with a power of supervision by an impartial central authority, and of resort to this authority in the last instance. Of local bodies, bad or good, administering education, we have already plenty of specimens in this country; it would be difficult for the wit of man to devise a better governing body for its purpose than the trustees of Rugby School, or a worse governing body than the trustees of Bedford School. To reject the bad in the examples offering themselves, to use the good, and to use it with just regard to the present purpose, is the thing needful. Undoubtedly these are important matters, but undoubtedly, also, it is not difficult to settle them properly; not difficult, I mean, for ordinary good sense and ordinary good temper. The intelligence, fairness, and moderation which, in practical matters, our countrymen know so well how to exercise, make one feel quite easy in leaving these common-sense arrangements to them.

I am more anxious about the danger of having the whole question misconceived, of having false issues raised about it. One of these false issues I have already noticed. People say, After all your Toulouse Lyceum is not so good as Eton. But the Toulouse Lyceum is for the middle class, Eton for the upper class. I will allow that the upper class, amongst us, is very well taken care of, in the way of schools, already. But is the middle class? The Lyceum loses, perhaps, if compared with Eton; but does it not gain if compared with the "Classical and Commercial Academy?" And it is with this that the comparison is to be instituted. Again, the French Lyceum is reproached with its barrack life, its want of country air and exercise, its dismalness, its rigidity, its excessive supervision. But these defects do not come to secondary instruction from its connexion with the State; they are not necessary results of that connexion; they come to French secondary instruction from the common French and continental habitudes in the training of children and school-boys; habitudes that do not enough regard physical well-being and play. They may be re-

medied in France, and men's attention is now strongly drawn to them there; there has even been a talk of moving the Lyceums into the country, though this would have its inconveniences. But, at any rate, these defects need not attend the public establishment of secondary instruction in England, and assuredly, with our notions of training, they would not attend them. Again, it is said that France is a despotically governed country, and that its Lyceums are a part of its despotism. But Switzerland is not a despotically governed country, and it has its Lyceums just as much as France. Again it is said that in France the Lyceums are the only schools allowed to exist, that this is monopoly and tyranny, and that the Lyceums themselves suffer by the want of competition. There is some exaggeration in this complaint, as the existence of Sorèze, and other places like Sorèze, testifies; still the restraints put upon private enterprise in founding schools in France, are, no doubt, mischievously strict; the refusal of the requisite authorization for opening a private school is often vexatious; the Lyceums would really be benefited by the proximity of other, and sometimes rival schools. But who supposes that any check would ever be put, in England, upon private enterprise in founding schools? who supposes that the authorization demanded in France for opening a private school would ever be demanded in England, that it would ever be possible to demand it, that it would ever be desirable? Who supposes that all the benefits of a public establishment of instruction are not to be obtained without it. It is for what it does itself that this establishment is so desirable, not for what it prevents others from doing. Its letting others alone does not prevent it from itself having a most useful work to do, and a work which can be done by no one else. The most zealous friends of free instruction upon the Continent feel this. One of the ablest of them, M. Dollfus, lately published in the *Revue Germanique* some most interesting remarks on the defects of the French school system, as at present regulated. He demands freedom for private persons to open schools without any authorization at all. But does he contest the right of the State to have its own schools, to make a public establishment of instruction? So far from it, he treats this as a right beyond all contestation, as a clear duty. He treats as certain, too, the right of the State to inspect all private schools once opened, though he denies the right, and the good policy, of its putting the present obstacles in the way of opening them.

But there is a catchword which, I know, will be used against me. England is the country of cries and catchwords; a country, where public life is so much carried on by means of parties, must be. That English public life should be carried on as it is I believe to be an excellent thing; but it is certain that all modes of life have their special inconveniences, and every sensible man, however much he may hold a particular way of life to be the best, and may be bent on adhering to it, will yet always be sedulous to guard himself against its inconveniences. One of these is, certainly, in English public life, the prevalence of cries and catchwords, which are very apt to receive an application, or to be used with an absoluteness, which do not belong to them; and then they tend to narrow our spirit and to hurt our practice. It is good to make a catchword of this sort come down from its stronghold of commonplace, to force it to move about before us in the open country, and to show us its real strength. Such a catchword is this: *The State had better leave things alone.* One constantly hears that as an absolute maxim; now, as an absolute maxim, it has really no force at all. The absolute maxims are those which carry to man's spirit their own demonstration with them; such propositions as, *Duty is the law of human life, Man is morally free,* and so on. The proposition, *The State had better leave things alone,* carries no such demonstration with it; it has, therefore, no absolute force; it merely conveys a notion which certain people have generalized from certain facts which have

come under their observation, and which, by a natural vice of the human mind, they are then prone to apply absolutely. Some things the State had better leave alone, others it had better not. Is this particular thing one of these, or one of those?—that, as to any particular thing, is the right question. Now, I say, that education is one of those things which the State ought not to leave alone, which it ought to establish. It is said that in education given, wholly or in part, by the State, there is something eleemosynary, pauperising, degrading; that the self-respect and manly energy of those receiving it are likely to become impaired, as I have said that the manly energy of those who are too much made to feel their dependence upon a parental benefactor, is apt to become impaired. Well, now, is this so? Is a citizen's relation to the State that of a dependent to a parental benefactor? By no means; it is that of the member in a partnership to the whole firm. The citizens of a State, the members of a society, are really a partnership; "a partnership," as Burke nobly says, "in all science, in all art, in every virtue, in all perfection." Towards this great final design of their connexion, they apply the aids which co-operative association can give them. This applied to education will, undoubtedly, give the middling person a better schooling than his own individual unaided resources could give him; but he is not thereby humiliated, he is not degraded; he is wisely and usefully turning his associated condition to the best account. Considering his end and destination, he is bound so to turn it; certainly he has the right so to turn it. Certainly he has a right—to quote Burke again—"to a fair "portion of all which society, *with all* "*its combinations of skill and force*, can "do in his favour." Men in civil society have the right—to quote Burke yet once more (one cannot quote him too often), as "to the acquisitions of "their parents and to the fruits of their "own industry," so also "*to the im*-"*provement of their offspring, to in*-"*struction in life*, and to consolation in "death."

How vain, then, and how meaningless, to tell a man who, for the instruction of his offspring, receives aid from the State, that he is humiliated. Humiliated by receiving help for himself as an individual from himself in his corporate and associated capacity! help to which his own money, as a tax-payer, contributes, and for which, as a result of the joint energy and intelligence of the whole community in employing its powers, he himself deserves some of the praise! He is no more humiliated than one is humiliated by being on the foundation of the Charterhouse, or at Winchester, or by holding a scholarship or fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge. Nay (if there be any humiliation here), not so much. For the amount of benefacion, the amount of obligation, the amount therefore, I suppose, of humiliation, diminishes as the public character of the aid becomes more undeniable. He is no more humiliated than when he crosses London Bridge, or walks down the King's Road, or visits the British Museum. But it is one of the extraordinary inconsistencies of some English people in this matter, that they keep all their cry of humiliation and degradation for help which the State offers. A man is not pauperized, is not degraded, is not oppressively obliged, by taking aid for his son's schooling from Mr. Woodard's subscribers, or from the next squire, or from the next rector, or from the next ironmonger, or from the next druggist; he is only pauperized when he takes it from the State, when he helps to give it himself!

This matter of State-intervention in the establishment of public instruction is so beset with misrepresentation and misconception, that I must return to it again. I want the middle classes (it is for them, above all, I write), the middle classes so deeply concerned in this matter, so numerous, so right-intentioned, so powerful, to look at the thing with impartial regard to its simple reason and to its present policy.

Matthew Arnold.

THACKERAY.

"COME CHILDREN, LET US SHUT UP THE BOX AND THE PUPPETS, FOR OUR PLAY IS PLAYED OUT."

DOES any one remember the words which form the title to this article? They are the concluding words of "Vanity Fair." Beneath them is a vignette as suggestive and as pathetic as the best of Bewick's. A boy and a girl are looking into a box of puppets, which one knows are the puppets which formed the characters of "Vanity Fair." Dobbin and Amelia are standing up wishing us "Good-bye;" Lord Steyne has tumbled out on the floor; and the boy has his hand on the lid, on which is inscribed "Finis," ready to shut it down. Now it is shut down for ever: And, alas! the master is shut in with his puppets.

How was it that we first came to know him? In recalling a lost friend to our memory, what is the first thing we think of? Almost always we try to bring back our first interview with him. How naturally it comes to our tongue to say, "Well, I remember the day I first saw him." Let us try to do this with the great one who is gone.

Does any one remember the time when one began to hear such sentences as these flying from mouth to mouth—"It is wonderfully clever." "It is so very strange." "One don't know whether to laugh or cry at it." "Is his name really Titmarsh?" "No, his real name is Thackeray, and he wrote 'Cornhill to Grand Cairo!' Not a very young man either, you say; how strange it is his bursting on us with such stuff as this. He *frightens* one at times."

And so on. If you find in some long neglected Barathrum of waste paper a yellow-coloured pamphlet, on the tattered covers of which is printed "Vanity Fair; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society," you may remember that these were the sort of remarks which went about among non-literary men when the educated world was taken by storm with the most remarkable novel in the English language; coming from the pen of a man, known certainly to some extent, but who was thought to have had sufficient trial, and to have found his *métier* as a clever magazine writer.

Some knew better, but the general world did not. "Vanity Fair" took the world by surprise. Its appearance was a kind of era in the lives of men whose ages were at that time within four or five years of twenty; and, for aught we know, in the lives of men older and wiser.

One's most intimate and dearest friends before this era were probably Hamlet, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, My Uncle Toby, or, probably, for tastes vary, Mr. Tom Jones, or Mr. Peregrine Pickle. Latterly, also, we had got to love Mr. Pickwick, the Brothers Cheeryble, and dear old Tom Pinch; and were conceiving an affectionate admiration of Eddard Cuttle, mariner; but when these wonderful yellow numbers were handed eagerly from hand to hand, to be borrowed, read, re-read, and discussed, it became evident that the circle of our acquaintances had been suddenly and singularly enlarged; that we were becoming acquainted with people—strange people, indeed!—who forced themselves on our notice, and engaged our attention, to a degree which none of our former acquaintances had ever succeeded in doing.

These wonderful new people, too, were so amazingly common-place. They were like ourselves in detail. There was nothing whatever about them except that we could not get them out of our heads; that we discussed their proceedings as we would those of the real people our neighbours; that we were amused with their foolishness, and intensely angry at some of their proceedings. Any fool

could have written about such people as these: there was nothing worthy of notice in the book at all, except that it had taken entire possession of us, and of the world. Through the exquisite perfection of the art, the art itself was not only ignored, but indignantly denied.

How melancholy it is to look back at the long line of our sweethearts, loved so dearly for a time, then neglected, then cast off, and only remembered by their names, and by a dull regretful wonder at *that* having been so dear to us at any time. Were we ever so silly as to have wept over the death of Virginia, our first lady-love, when she was shipwrecked in the Mauritius? and how soon after were we furiously indignant at the treatment of Rosamund by her papa about the purple jar and the new shoes? Then it was that impertinent *espiègle* little thing, Julia Mannering; then Flora M'Ivor, and, then by a natural reaction from such overstrained sentimentalism, Evelina Burney. And so we went on from one imaginary young lady to another, until we became so *blasé*, so used to the storms of the great passion, that we could love no more, at least, not in the old degree. We understood women. We had been through too much: when at last that queer old-fashioned, dear little body, Jane Eyre, married Fairfax Rochester, we merely said that the girl was a fool, and lit our cigar. We could love no more.

Fools that we were! we were just on the eve of a crisis in our lives, of the greatest passion of all (for an unworthy object certainly)—a passion different from, and more profound than, all which had gone before. At the time that these yellow numbers began to appear, we made acquaintance with one, Miss Rebecca Sharp, and from the moment she threw her "dixonary" out of the window, we loved as we had never loved before. We were fully alive to that young lady's faults; indeed she did not take any vast trouble to conceal them; but in spite of this she simply gave a whisk of her yellow hair, and an ogle with her green eyes, took us by the nose, and led us whithersoever she would.

And did ever woman lead man such a dance as she led us? Never, since Petronius wrote the first novel eighteen hundred years ago. There was one Ulysses, and there is one Becky Sharp, the woman of many experiences and many counsels, the most of them far from satisfactory. There is no killing or shelving her; she always rises to the occasion, save once, and that one time is the only time on which she was really guilty. Then she is prostrated for a period, and shows you accidentally what you were hardly inclined to believe, that she had some sort of a heart.

Is there anything like the rise, the fall, and the rise of this woman, in literature? It is hard to say where. Many other characters in prose fiction, and often, though far less often, in poetry, grow and develop; but we know of none which enlarges and decreases again, like that of Becky Sharp—which alters in quantity and degree, but never in quality, by the breadth of a hair. False, clever, shifty, and passionately fond of admiration in her father's studio, she carries those qualities and no others with her, using them in greater or less degree, according to her opportunities, through her life. One finds her sipping gin and water in her father's studio, and imitating Miss Pinkerton; one finds her entertaining a select audience of Lord Steyne and Lord Southdown, with a wonderful imitation of the Dowager Lady Southdown; and one finds her at last with the plate of sausages and the brandy bottle, entertaining two German students with an imitation of Jos. Sedley, in the later and not so prosperous times when she lived at Numero Kattervang doose. But it is Becky Sharp still. Her mind, her tact, her power, enlarge according to her circumstances, but her character never develops; the pupils of her green cat's-eyes may expand and contract according to the light, but they are cat's-eyes still. Becky Sharp was crystallized and made perfect by her drunken disreputable father and mother in early years; and whether you find her among drunken art-students, talking *their* slang, or among the

dwellers in the gardens of the west, where the golden apples grow, talking *their* slang—whether she does battle with a footman or a marquis—she is still the same dexterous, unprincipled, brilliant, and thoroughly worthless Becky Sharp of old. Any apprentice can make a more or less successful attempt to *develop* a character by circumstances; to make it "grow under his hand," as the slang goes. It required the hand of an almost perfect master to draw a character which politely declined to develop on any terms whatever. A sort of Lot's wife of a character, who, though changed into a pillar of salt, persisted in looking back to Sodom, and, what is more, succeeded in the end in getting back there—if not to the old place itself, at least to the most fashionable quarter of Zoar.

Yes, Rebecca Sharp, although she pitched one overboard for the next man she came across, although she debauched one's moral sense, and played the deuce with one's property, still holds the first place among one's ideal lady-loves. Competing even with the last and noblest of them all, with Maggie Tulliver: the girl who wore dark night on her head for a diadem.

And while one made acquaintance with this woman, one began to make acquaintance with other people quite as remarkable as she; with people of whom one had never seen the like exactly, and yet people who were evidently real, and yet could not be sketched from life—with Lord Steyne, for instance.

Some said that Lord Steyne was a sketch from life of Lord A, others of Lord B; the character suited neither. Lord A was accused of being the wicked nobleman, because his house was in a certain square, and Lord B, goodness only knows why. The fact was that Lord Steyne was a result of English History. He may have been as infinitely better than Lord A, as he was infinitely worse than Lord B. But he was the result of ever increasing wealth which passed without disturbance from generation to generation; of five or six centuries of family tradition—tradition which said that the human race was divided into men, women, and the British Peerage. It is perfectly impossible that Lord Steyne could ever have existed; absolutely perfect characters do not exist. Mr. Pitt must have had his failings (one says nothing of the port wine and water; that was a necessity), but they have not come down to us. Marat must have had his virtues, though we have not heard of them. There are no perfect characters in the world. Lord Steyne is a masterly creation, but he is too perfect a character ever to have existed; he is so perfect, that we have to argue ourselves out of the belief that he is drawn from life. The details are too probable—the bow legs, the red hair, the buck teeth; all telling of latent scrofula; his snarling godless scorn, telling of his familiarity with the delightfully choice spirits of the aristocratic revolutionary party of France—of the men who encouraged the revolution, *pour s'amuser*, and perished in it, with a smile of cynical good humour on their faces, as if their own ruin was the best joke of all; his intense admiration for Becky's lying, even when it was directed against himself. All these things, and many others, mark Lord Steyne as the imaginary representative of all the vices which proceed from irresponsible wealth, without one of the virtues which come from the desire to keep a great name spotless; able, sensual, witty, and heartless, without God in this world, not even dreading the Devil in the next. People have tried to represent the wicked nobleman often enough. Let them try the more. Lord Steyne is in the field.

If Rebecca Sharp is a perfectly original character, and if Lord Steyne has been often tried, but only now accomplished, we wish to ask you whether there is not another character in the book as wonderful in its way as either of the two others. We allude to the Dowager Lady Southdown.

There never was anything like this old lady. Every one appreciated her; to those who were indignant that such

people as our dear Becky Sharp, and Lord Steyne, should ever be mentioned, Lady Southdown appeared respectable, inimitably ridiculous, and, on the whole, good: those enjoyed the fun of Lady Southdown who had never spoken to a Countess in their lives. Some might fancy that one-half of the amusement one gets out of her proceeds from her pompous "façons de parler;" but it is not so. People recognised Lady Southdown, who couldn't in the least appreciate such sentences as "Jane, I forbid you to put pen to paper;" "I will have my horses to-morrow morning;" they delighted in Lady Southdown on her own merits entirely. Other men might have known the habits of the British aristocracy as well as Thackeray, who was brought up among them, but it is Thackeray only who has taken one of the most peculiarly aristocratic of them—one of them whose every word and every thought was exclusive—and made her a character to be understood by every class and for all time.

And, besides the originality of these three great characters, any one of which would form the nucleus of a successful novel, there was another fact about this most wonderful story, which no man of humour can ever forget—we mean the names which the author gives his characters. There was an infinite field of fun and suggestive humour opened to us by those wonderful names. Each name in Vanity Fair suggests a history.

Marquis of Steyne, for instance. Not Earl of Steyne—that would be too Saxon; not Duke—that would be too personal, for, although there are more Dukes than Marquises, yet they are better known. Marquis, a title like Viscount, with a slight French smack about it, corresponding to his amateur rose-water whiggery; and then Steyne, a name which rings on the ear as true as Buckingham or Bedford, and yet one which instantly suggests to one Brighton, the Pavilion, George the Fourth and all his set. Then Lord Southdown, gentlest of beings, brought into the world to be shorn; second title Lord Wolsey; family name Sheepshanks; seats, Southdown, and Trottermore. Again, that gaunt and dreadful person, Lady Grizzle Macbeth, daughter of Lord Grey of Glowry; and the wonderful German dancer whom Becky dances off his legs, the Count Springbok von Hauhen-laufen. If one began to point out the fun of the names in "Vanity Fair," one could write a book as big as "Vanity Fair" itself. Take the names of the exceedingly doubtful ladies, with whom Becky has to make it up in her fall, after having cut them in her prosperity, when she was attempting the to her impossible task of being good without three thousand a year. Here they are—the Marquise de la Cruche-cassée, Lady Crackenbury, and Mrs. Washington White. Were there ever three such names for slightly unfortunate ladies?

To follow him through the wild jungle of fun into which he gets when he takes us to the German Court of Pumpernickel, with all the infinitely suggestive absurdity of the names which it pleases him to use, would be impossible. The crowning point of this unequalled nonsensical wisdom, is the triumph of British diplomacy, in arranging the marriage between the Prince of Pumpernickel with the Princess Amelia von Humburg Schlippen-Schloppen — the French candidate Princess Potztausend Donnerwetter having been pitched triumphantly overboard, to the confusion of M. de Macabau the French minister. Schlippen-Schloppen must have been sister, one would think, to our own poor dirty, down-at-heels, Queen Caroline; and Princess Potztausend Donnerwetter (Deviltakeyou Thunder-and-lightning, it might be very loosely rendered), what sort of a lady was she?

Another point about this wonderful book—a point which we cannot pass over—is the way in which the author has illustrated it. For the first time we found a novelist illustrating his own books well. At times, nay very often, we could see that the great brain which guided the hand, in its eagerness to fix the images on the paper, made that hand unsteady; that, in seeking after the end also, there had been some impa-

tient neglect of the means: in other words, that Thackeray sometimes drew correctly, but more often did not. But, notwithstanding this, there are very few of the vignettes in "Vanity Fair," which, when once seen, can be forgotten.

One begins to wonder, on looking once more on these vignettes, whether Thackeray knew Bewick, the inventor of these tale-telling wood blocks. Bewick writes you the natural history of the cock-robin, and either the master himself, or Luke Clennel, the great pupil, at the end puts you in, *apropos des bottes*, a little, exquisitely finished, inch-and-a half vignette of a man who has hanged himself, in the month of June, on an oak bough, stretching over a shallow trout stream, which runs through carboniferous limestone. You can see, by the appearance of the hanging corpse, that everything has gone wrong with him. The very body has a dissipated and hopeless look; he has laid his hat and stick at the foot of the tree, and his dog is whining to get at him. We cannot help wondering whether Thackeray took his idea of introducing suggestive vignettes into "Vanity Fair" from having studied Bewick, and noticed the effects these "tail pieces" in Bewick had upon those who took up a book upon snipes and cock robins, and found themselves face to face with a small school of great humourists; with the men who show us more of the domestic agricultural life at the end of the last century than any others. He most probably saw this—he most probably got from Bewick the idea of small pictures, which, from the very absence of any title, force one to think of them, and puzzle them out. If he got the idea from them, he used it in a way different from their's. He used these wonderful woodcuts, as most novelists use the titles to their chapters, as a key to the text—as a means of forcing home his moral, not only on the ear but on the eye.

There is one of them lying before us now, and, as an illustration of what we mean, we will make, if the reader will allow us, a quotation—the only one we will trouble him with.

The great Lord Steyne, the short, bow-legged man of fierce animal passions, the man with the bald head, the red hair, and the prominent scrofulous buck teeth, had, as Dr. Elliotson or Dr. Bucknill would have told you, the instant they looked at him, a tendency to hereditary madness. He knew it, and it was a spectre to him: he carried his remedy about with him, and defied death. The destroying angel had, for some inscrutable reason, passed over his head without striking, leaving him responsible for his own wickedness; but had striken down Lord George Gaunt, his innocent son, who went to a madhouse. Lord George Gaunt had children, on whom, in all probability, the curse would fall. Now read what follows, and say where you will find such stuff elsewhere.

"Twice or thrice in a week, in the earliest morning, the poor mother went for her sins and saw the poor invalid. Sometimes he laughed at her (and his laugh was more pitiable than to hear him cry); sometimes she found the brilliant dandy diplomatist of the Congress of Vienna dragging about a child's toy, or nursing the keeper's baby's doll. Sometimes he knew her, and father Mole, her director and companion; oftener he forgot her, as he had done wife, children, love, ambition, vanity. But he remembered his dinner-hour, and used to cry if his wine-and-water was not strong enough.

* * * *

"The absent Lord's children meanwhile prattled and grew on, quite unconscious that the doom was over them too. First they talked of their father, and devised plans against his return. Then the name of the living dead man was less frequently in their mouths—then not mentioned at all. But the stricken old grandmother trembled to think that these too were the inheritors of their father's shame, as well as of his honours; and watched sickening for the day, when the awful ancestral curse should come down on them."

This is terrible enough, but it does

not satisfy Thackeray; he must use both pen and pencil to drive his moral home. He must draw us a picture in illustration of his awful words; here it is:—

Lord George Gaunt's children, a pretty, highbred-looking pair, are crouched with their happy heads together, on the floor against the old oak wainscot, in a long-drawn corridor, talking merrily over a great picture-book, which they hold together on their knees. They have taken their place by some accident, under an old trophy of armour, under a cuirass and four straight cavalry swords, probably of Cavalier and Roundhead times. But the swords—the ancestral swords—the swords of Damocles, hang point downwards over the heads of the unconscious prattling innocents below.

What wonder is it that we, trying in our poor way, to lay our wreath on the grave of the great man just dead, should begin our work by trying to bring before you some points of excellence in his first great work. After all, "Vanity Fair" is the book by which he introduced himself to us—the book which first made us love him. We remember, in a later book, "The Newcome's," meeting dear old Dobbin at a party at Colonel Newcome's, with young Rawdon Crawley; it was like meeting a dear and honoured old friend.

Our task is well-nigh done. It remains for others to write his biography; we only wish to speak of him as we knew him. We knew him first through his greatest work; and so we have affectionately recalled it. Of his later works we have nothing to say. No man could possibly be expected to write two "Vanity Fairs;" and yet "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" are not much inferior. The highest compliment to his beautiful, singular style, lies in the fact that it became a necessity to the public. They demanded of him that he should write them something—anything, only they *must* have *him*. He complied with their demands. He latterly wrote the "Roundabout Papers;" sat down and wrote the first thing that came into his head, apparently. Many of them are about nothing, or next to nothing—for instance the first; but they are exceedingly charming; every word of them is read and admired by his thorough-going admirers; and certainly the worst of them is a pleasanter stop-gap for an idle quarter of an hour than one can easily find elsewhere.

The great accusation against him has been cynicism and hardness. In that charge most of us from time to time have joined. But, going into the more solemn and careful account which we must make with the dead, we think that charge should be withdrawn. The charge has been made and sustained, because in his fierce campaign against falsehood, meanness, and vulgarity, he did his work only too thoroughly, and hunted those vices high and low, into every hole and corner where they had taken refuge. If he found a mere soupçon of one of them in his own favourite characters; if, following out inexorably his own line of thought, he discovered in one of his own creations, one of his own pet children, what should not be there, he dragged it to the light; and then the world, or part of it, said, "The man cannot understand a perfect character." It was because he understood what a perfect character should be so well that the charge was made against him.

The charge cannot be sustained. To repeat it would be to say that the large majority of common-place people are without faults; or else to say that the pointing out of minor vices, the detection of a snake in the verandah, or a scorpion in the wood-basket, is the sign of a cynical and bitter mind. His private life is public enough just now; in that is the answer. His having fought bravely against poverty, after having been brought up in luxury, is no secret, for the *Times* has alluded to it. Other afflictions which he might have had are not the property of the public; but those who accuse him of cynicism and bitterness little think that they are accusing a man whose life was one long, splendid effort of unselfish devotion. He seems never to have lost a friend, and not to have left one single enemy.

How we devoured with amazed admiration this new view of life, "Vanity Fair." How we wondered what kind of man it was who had written these wonderful words—who had poured out a flood of such strange experiences? To a raw boy of eighteen, we can remember that William Makepeace Thackeray was an awful and mysterious personage—a man whose very clothes would have been interesting, even if he himself had not been inside them.

We remember a raw lad of this sort being asked to dine and meet the great man, by one who is gone also—the good and kind John Parker; and even now that lad remembers the day he was asked to meet him as a red-letter day. There was Goethe Robespierre; there was the Waterloo Chaplain; there was the Sanitary King; and there was somebody else entitled to great veneration; and, last of all, there was Thackeray. But this lad had no eyes for the great men named first, though any one of them would have been a wonder to him at another time. There, before him, was the great man himself, at last; there was the head of hair so familiar afterwards, though not so grey sixteen years ago; there were the spectacles, and the wonderful up-looking face. There was an equal of the great man's at table, but this lad engaged himself entirely in watching Thackeray, and, as he did so, he came to this conclusion—that the man who had written the most remarkable tale he had ever read had the most remarkable face he had ever seen.

And we shall never look on that kind good face again! Just now, while we were writing this poor tribute to him, we were turning over the leaves of "Vanity Fair," and, coming across the wonderful vignette of Lady Southdown bringing in the black dose to Becky Sharp, we burst into a roar of laughter; but it was checked in an instant, for we remembered that the hand which had drawn it was cold and still for ever, and the noble head which had designed it was bowed down to rise no more.

Yes, William Thackeray is dead. He was, as it were yesterday, in the prime of life, full of new projects, surrounded by friends, quite unexpectant of any change. But in the dull winter's night, while he was alone in his chamber, the Messenger came for him, and he arose and followed it. He has passed quietly from among us, without a word of farewell, and the riddle of this painful earth is redd to him at last.

And those who loved him are left lamenting because he is gone, and because they missed the few last priceless words which he might have spoken. We honour their grief, but let them remember that it is shared by others—that William Makepeace Thackeray has seventy millions of mourners.

Just now the mails are going out. A hundred splendid steamships are speeding swiftly over every sea, east, west, and north, from the omphalos called London, to carry the fortnight's instalment of British history and British thought into every land where the English language is spoken. But the saddest news they carry—sadder news than they have carried for many a month—is the announcement of the death of William Thackeray.

It will come first to New York, where they loved him as we did. And the flaneurs of the Broadway, and even the busy men in Wall-street, will stay their politics, and remember him. They will say, "Poor Thackeray is dead." Though they may refuse to hear the truth—though they choose to insult us beyond endurance, at stated times—let us keep one thing in mind: the flags at New York were hung half-mast high when Havelock died. Let us remember that.

And so the news will travel southward. Some lean, lithe, deer-eyed, quadroon lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate war-wasted space, between the Federal lines and the smouldering watchfires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will come up to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederate officers (Oh! that such men should be wasted in such

a quarrel, for the sin was not theirs after all); and one of these men will run his eye over the telegrams, and will say to the others, "Poor Thackeray is dead." And the news will go from picket to picket, along the limestone ridges, which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south, until Jefferson Davis—the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe—the man of the penetrating eyes and of the thin close-set lips—the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders—will look up from his papers and say, with heartfelt sorrow, "The author of 'The Virginians' is dead."

High upon the hill-side at Simla, there will stand soon a group of English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen, looking over the great plain below, and remarking to one another how much the prospect had changed lately, and how the grey-brown jungle has been slowly supplanted by the brilliant emerald green of the cotton plant, and by a thousand threads of silver water from the irrigation trenches. They will be hoping that Lawrence will succeed poor Lord Elgin, and that he will not be sacrificed in that accursed Calcutta; they will be wondering how it fares with Crawley. Then a dawk will toil up the hill-side with the mail; and in a few minutes they will be saying, "Lawrence is appointed; Crawley is acquitted; but poor Thackeray is dead."

The pilot, when he comes out in his leaping whaleboat, and boards the mail steamer, as she lies-to off the heads which form the entrance gates to our new Southern Empire, will ask the news of the captain; and he will be told, "Lord Elgin and Mr. Thackeray are dead." That evening they will know it in Melbourne, and it will be announced at all the theatres; the people, dawdling in the hot streets half the night through, waiting for the breaking up of the weather, will tell it to one another, and talk of him. The sentence which we have repeated so often that it has half lost its meaning, will have meaning to them. "William Thackeray is dead!"

So the news will fly through the seventy million souls who speak the English language. And he will lie cold and deaf in his grave, unconscious, after all his work, of his greatest triumph; unconscious that the great, so-called, Anglo-Saxon race little knew how well they loved him till they lost him. Vanitas vanitatum! "Let us shut up the box and the puppets, for the play is played out."

H. K.

While thinking it most fit that the duty of paying some tribute to the memory of the noble Thackeray should be performed by a contributor, qualified for the duty no less by his practised perception in the subtleties of that species of literature in which Thackeray was a master than by his great reverence for the deceased, I cannot bring myself to part altogether with the right, which I may assume in these pages, of saying a word or two, in my own name, respecting a man whom it was my privilege to know personally of late years, whose writings had been familiar to me long before I saw his kingly form or shook his cordial hand, and the latest scraps from whose pen in the numbers of the *Cornhill* were read by me with something of that punctual avidity with which some scribbler in ancient Rome may be supposed to have bent over the inimitable Latin of each last-published copy of verses from Horace.

Thackeray's special place in British literature is that of a star of the first magnitude, but of a colour and mode of brilliancy peculiarly its own, in the composite cluster known as our Novelists, our Humourists, our Imaginative Prose-writers. As this is, however, a very numerous cluster, including writers of all degrees of importance, from the smallest up to some so great that we rank them among the chiefs of our total literature, and are not afraid to cite them as our British equivalents to such names of a larger world as Cervantes, Rabelais, and Jean Paul, so there are many ways in which, on our examining the cluster, it will resolve itself into groups. More especially, there is one way of looking at

this large order of writers, according to which they shall seem to part, not so much into groups as into two great divisions, each including names of all degrees of magnitude. Now, although, if we view the cluster entire, without seeking to resolve it at all, Thackeray will strike us simply by his superior magnitude, and although, on the other hand, however minutely we may analyse the cluster, we shall find none precisely like Thackeray, and he will continue to strike us still by his intense peculiarity of hue, yet, if we do persuade ourselves to attend to such a general subdivision of the cluster into two main classes as has been hinted at, Thackeray will then, on the whole, seem to range himself rather with one of the classes than with the other.

While all writers of fiction make it their business to invent stories, and by the presentation of imaginary scenes, imaginary actions, and imaginary characters, to impart to the minds of their fellows a more prompt, rousing, and impassioned kind of pleasure than attends the reading either of speculative disquisitions or of laborious reproductions of real history, and while most of them, in doing so, strew a thousand incidental opinions and fancies by the way, and deviate into delightful and humorous whimsies, a considerable number of such writers are found to differ from the rest in respect of the constant presence in their fictions of a certain heart of doctrine, the constant ruling of their imaginations by a personal philosophy or mode of thinking. It is not always in the fictions of those novelists respecting whom we may know independently that they were themselves men of substantial and distinct moral configuration, of decided ways of thinking and acting, that we find this characteristic. Scott is an instance. He was a man of very solid and distinct personality; and yet, at the outset of his fictions, we see him always, as it were, putting on a dreaming-cap, which transports him away into realms far removed from his own personal position and experience, and from the direct operation of his own moralities. And so with others. When they begin to invent, they put on the dreaming-cap; and many cases might be cited in which this extraordinary power of the dreaming-cap might appear to have been all that the writers possessed—in which, apart from it, they might seem to have had no substantial personality at all. Whether Shakespeare, the greatest genius of the dreaming-cap that ever lived, had any coequal personality himself, of the features of which a glimpse is now recoverable, is, as all know, one of the vexed questions of literary history. We have an opinion of our own on this matter. In every case, we hold, there is an unseverable relation between the personality and the poetic genius, between what a man is and what he can imagine. Dreams themselves are fantastic constructions out of the *débris* of all the sensations, thoughts, feelings, and experiences, remembered or not remembered, of the waking-life; all that any power of the dreaming-cap, however extraordinary, can do, is to remove one into remoter wastes of the great plain of forgetfulness whereon this *débris* lies shimmering, and to release one more and more from the rule of the waking will or the waking reason in the fantasies that rise from it, and flit and melt into each other. Yet, just as some dreams are closer in their resemblance to waking tissues of thought, and more regulated by the logic of waking reason, than others, so, though in all cases the imaginations of a writer, the creations of his literary genius, are related by absolute necessity to his personal individuality, there are many cases in which the relation is so much more subtle and occult than in others, that we find it convenient in these cases to suppose it non-existing, and to think of the imagination as a kind of special white-winged faculty that can float off at any moment from its poise on the personality, move to any distance whithersoever it listeth, and return again at its own sweet will. Hence, for example, among our writers of prose-fiction, we distinguish such a writer as Scott from such a writer as Swift. The connexion, in Swift's case, between his fictions and his personal philosophy and mode of thought is direct and obvious. In his inventions and fancies he does

not move away from himself; he remains where he is, in his fixed and awful habit of mind—expressing that habit or its successive moods in constructions fantastic in form, but of regulated and calculated meaning, and capable at once of exact interpretation. Even his Islands of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, his Laputa, and his country of the Houynhmns and Yahoos, are not so much visions into which he has been carried by any power of the dreaming-cap, as fell Swiftian allegories of the stationary intellect. And, though Swift is almost unique among British writers in respect of the degree to which he thus made imagination a kind of architect-contractor for fixed moods of the reason, he may yet stand as, in this respect, an exaggerated exemplar of a whole class of our writers of fiction. In other words, as has been already said, there is a class of our writers of prose-fiction, including writers of as great total power as are to be found in the class that arrive at their fancies by means of the dreaming-cap, but differing from that class by the presence in their fictions of a more constant element of doctrine, a more distinct vein of personal philosophy.

Thackeray was, on the whole, of the latter class. That he may be considered as belonging to it is one reason the more for maintaining its co-ordinate importance with the other class, and for not giving that other class, as has sometimes been proposed, a theoretical superiority as being more entitled, in virtue of their power with the dreaming-cap, to the high designation of creative or imaginative writers. One reason the more, we say—for might it not have been recollected that even Goethe, whose range of dream was as wide as that of most men, made his imagination but a kind of architect-contractor for his reason in his great prose-novel, and that, if we rank among our highest British artists a Sir Joshua Reynolds, we do not put our Hogarth beneath him? A creative writer! Who shall say that Thackeray did not give us creations? What reader of these pages, at all events, will say it, after his memory has been refreshed by our contributor with those recollections of a few of the wondrous creations that took flight from the single novel of "Vanity Fair" into that vast population of ideal beings of diverse characters and physiognomies with which the genius of imaginative writers has filled the ether of the real world? Nay, on the question whether Thackeray *should* be so decidedly attached to the class of writers of fiction with which at first sight we associate him, there may be some preliminary hesitation. In his smaller pieces, for example—some of his odd whims and absurdities in prose and verse—did he not break away into a riot of humour, a lawlessness of sheer zanyism, as exquisitely suggestive of genius making faces at its keeper as anything we have seen since Shakespeare's clowns walked the earth and sang those jumbled shreds of sense and nonsense which we love now as so keenly Shakespearian, and would not lose for the world? The dreaming-cap!—why, here we have the dreaming-cap, and bells attached to it. He moves to any distance out of sight, and still, by the tinkle, we can follow him and hear "the fool i' the forest." We are not sure but that in some of these small grotesques of Thackeray we have relics of a wilder variety of pure genius than in his more elaborate fictions. But, again, even in some of these larger and more continuous constructions of his genius in fiction, we have examples of a power which he possessed of going out of himself, and away from the habits and humours of his own time and circumstances, into tracts where the mere act of producing facsimiles or verisimilitudes of what he had directly seen and known was not sufficient, and he had to move with the stealthy step of a necromancer, recalling visions of a vanished life. When we think, for instance, of his "Esmond," and of passages in his other novels where he gives play to his imagination in the historic, and assumes so easily a certain quaintness of conception and of phraseology to correspond, we seem even to catch a glimpse of what that marvellous dreaming-power of the so-called creative writers may after all in part consist in—to wit, a

wide range of really historic interest in their own waking persons, and a habit of following out their trains of historic speculation and enthusiasm, rather than their passing observations and experiences, in their dreams. Thackeray, at all events, had a remarkable historic faculty within a certain range of time, which it was perhaps owing to the more paying nature of fiction than of history in these days tha he did not more expressly use and develop. The Life of Talleyrand, which he once had in contemplation, before the days of his universal celebrity as a novelist, would have been, if done as Thackeray could have done it, a masterpiece of peculiar eighteenth-nineteenth-century biography. Nor is the story, jocularly spread by himself some years ago, that he meant to continue Macaulay's unfinished History of England, taking it up at the reign of Queen Anne, without a certain significance. One of the many distinctions among men is as to the portion of the past by which their imaginations are most fondly fascinated and with which they feel themselves most competent to deal in recollection. Macaulay's real and native historic range began where he began his History—in the interval between the Civil Wars and the Revolution of 1688. Thackeray's began a little later—at the date of Queen Anne's accession, and the opening of the eighteenth century. And, as within this range he would have been a good and shrewd historian, so within this range his imagination moves easily and gracefully in fiction. A man of the era of the later Georges by his birth and youth, and wholly of the Victorian era by his maturity and literary activity, he can go as far back as to Queen Anne's reign by that kind of imaginative second-sight which depends on delight in transmitted reminiscence.

As a Victorian, however, taking for the matter of most of his fictions life as he saw it around him, or as he could recollect it during his own much-experienced and variously-travelled career from his childhood upwards, Thackeray *was* one of those novelists whose writings are distinguished by a constant heart of doctrine, a permanent vein of personal philosophy. Our long and now hackneyed talk about him as a Realist, and our habit of contrasting him perpetually with Dickens, as more a novelist of the Fantastic or Romantic School, are recognitions of this. It would ill become us here and now to resort again to the full pedantry of this contrast; but, in a certain sense, as none knew better than Thackeray himself, there *was* a kind of polar opposition between his method and Dickens's in their art as humourists and writers of fiction. With extraordinary keenness of perception, with the eye of a lynx for the facts, physiognomies, and humours of real life, and taking the suggestions of real life with marvellous aptness for his hints, Dickens does move away with these suggestions into a kind of vacant ground of pure fancy, where the relations and the mode of exhibition may be ideal, and there shapes such tales of wonder and drollery, and holds such masques and revels of imaginary beings, as (witness how we use them, and how our talk and our current literature are enriched by references to them) no genius but his has produced in our day. In him we do see, after a fashion entirely his own, that particular kind of power which we have called the power of the dreaming-cap, and which is oftenest named ideality. Thackeray, on the other hand, is sternly, ruthlessly real. Men and women as they are, and the relations of life as he has actually seen and known them, or in as near approach to facsimile of reality as the conditions of invention of stories for general reading will permit—these are what Thackeray insists on giving us. Fortunate age to have had two such representatives of styles of art the co-existence of which—let us not call it mutual opposition—is everlastingly possible and everlastingly desirable! Fortunate still in having the one master-artist left; unfortunate now, as we all feel—and that artist more than most of us—in having lost the other! For in Thackeray we have lost not only our great master of reality in the matter of prose-fiction, but also the spokesman of a strong personal philosophy, a bracing personal mode of thought, which pervaded

all he wrote. Thackeray, it has been well said, is best thought of, in some respects, as a sage, a man of experienced wisdom, and a conclusive grasp of the world and its worth, expressing himself, partly by accident, through the particular modes of story-writing and humorous extravaganza. And what was his philosophy? To tell that wholly, to throw into systematic phrase one tithe even of the characteristic and recurring trains of thought that passed through that grave brain, is what no man can hope to do. But the essential philosophy of any mind is often a thing of few and simple words, repeating a form of thought that it requires no elaborate array of propositions to express, and that may have been as familiar to an ancient Chaldæan making his camel's neck his pillow in the desert as it is to a sage in modern London. It is that elementary mode of thought which comes and goes oftenest, and into which one always sinks when one is meditative and alone. And so may we not recognise Thackeray's habitual philosophy in a peculiar variation of these words of the Laureate, which he makes to be spoken by the hero of his "Maud"?—

> "We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower:
> Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
> That pushes us off the board, and others ever succeed?
> Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;
> We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
> However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.
>
> A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth;
> For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,
> And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.
> As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
> So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:
> He now is the first, but is he the last? is he not too base?
>
> The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
> An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;
> The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice.
> I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;
> For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it were more
> Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice."

Such, in some form, though not, perhaps, precisely in this high-rolled and semi-geologic form, was Thackeray's philosophy, breathed through his writings. That we are a little breed—poets, philosophers, and all of us—this is what he told us. Nature's crowning race?—Oh no; too base for that! Many stages beyond the Eft, certainly; but far yet from even the ideal of our own talk and our pretensions to each other. And so he lashed us, and dissected us, and tore off our disguises. He did it in great matters and he did it in small matters; and, that he might draw a distinction between the great matters and the small matters, he generalised the smaller kinds of baseness and littleness of our time, against which he most persistently directed his satires, under the mock-heroic title of Snobbism. Anti-Snobbism was his doctrine as applied to many particulars of our own and of recent times—Victorian or Georgian. But he took a wider range than that, and laid bare the deeper blacknesses and hypocrisies of our fairly-seeming lives. And we called him a cynic in revenge. A cynic! No more will that word be heard about Thackeray. How, in these few weeks since he was laid in Kensal Green, have his secret deeds of goodness, the instances of his incessant benevolence and kindheartedness to all around him, leapt into regretful light. A cynic! We might have known, while we used it, that the word was false. Had he not an eye for the piety and the magnanimity of real human life, its actually attained and incalculable superiorities over the Eft; and did he not exult, to the verge of the sentimental, in reproductions of these in the midst of his descriptions of meannesses? And did he not always, at least, include himself

for better or for worse in that breed of men of which the judgment must be so mixed? Not to desire or admire, but to walk all day like a sultan in his garden, was a dignity of isolation to which he had never attained. He did not hold himself aloof. Ah! how he came among us here in London, simply, quietly, grandly, the large-framed, massive-headed, and grey-haired sage that he was—comporting himself as one of us, though he was weightier than all of us; listening to our many-voiced clamour, and dropping in his wise occasional word; nay, not forbidding, but rather joining with a smile, if, in hilarity, we raised his own song of evening festivity:—

Here let us sport,
Boys as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free:
Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Ah! the old tree remains, and the surviving company still sits round it, and they will raise the song in the coming evenings as in the evenings gone by. But the chair of the sage is vacant. It will be long before London, or the nation, or our literature, shall see a substitute for the noble Thackeray.

D. M.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

Sir,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of Dr. John Henry Newman, which I thought were justified by a Sermon of his entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," (Sermon 20 of "Sermons Bearing on Subjects of the Day"). Dr. Newman has by letter exprest, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Yours faithfully,
Charles Kingsley.

Eversley, *Jan.* 14, 1864.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1864.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAMUEL BURTON GOES INTO THE LICENSED VICCTUALLING LINE.

As Samuel Burton came, hat in hand, with bent and cringing body, into George Hillyar's office in the barracks at Palmerston, George Hillyar turned his chair round towards him; and when the door was shut behind him, and the trooper's footfall had died away, he still sat looking firmly at him, without speaking.

George could not *turn* pale, for he was always pale; he could not look anxious, for he had always a worn look about his eyes. He merely sat and stared steadily at the bowing convict, with a look of inquiry in his face. The convict spoke first:

"I have not seen your honour for many years."

"Not for many years," said George Hillyar.

"I have been in trouble since I had the pleasure of seeing your honour."

"So I understand, Samuel," said George.

"Thank you, Master George, for that kind expression. You have not forgot me. Thank you, sir."

"You and I are not likely to forget one another, are we?" said George Hillyar.

"I have noticed," said the convict, "in a somewhat chequered career, that the memories of gentlefolks were weak, and wanted jogging at times—"

"Look here," said George Hillyar, rising coolly, and walking towards the man. "Let me see you try to jog mine. Let me see you only once attempt it. Do you hear? Just try. Are you going to threaten, hey? D—n you; just try it, will you. Do you hear?"

He not only heard, but he minded. As George Hillyar advanced towards him, he retreated, until at last, being able to go no further, he stood upright against the weather-boards of the wall, and George stood before him, pointing at him with his finger.

"Bah!" said George Hillyar, after a few seconds, going back to his chair. "Why do you irritate me? You should know my temper by this time, Samuel. I don't want to quarrel with you."

"I am sure you don't, sir," said Burton.

"Why are you sure I don't?" snarled George, looking at him angrily. "Why, eh? Why are you sure that I don't want to quarrel with you, and be rid of you for ever? Hey?"

"Oh dear! I am sure I don't know, sir. I meant no offence. I am very humble and submissive. I do assure you, Mr. George, that I am very submissive. I didn't expect such a reception, sir. I had no reason to. I have been faithful and true to you, Mr. George, through everything. I am

a poor miserable used-up man, all alone in the world. Were I ever such a traitor, Mr. George, I am too old and broken by trouble, though not by years, to be dangerous."

The cat-like vitality which showed itself in every movement of his body told another story though. George Hillyar saw it, and he saw also, now that he had had an instant for reflection, that he had made a sad mistake in his way of receiving the man. The consciousness of his terrible blunder came upon him with a sudden jar. He had shown the man, in his sudden irritation, that he distrusted and hated him; and he had sense to see, that no cajolery or flattery would ever undo the mischief which he had made, by his loss of temper, and by a few wild words. He saw by the man's last speech, that the miserable convict had some sparks of love left for his old master, until he had wilfully trampled them out in his folly. He saw, now it was too late, that he might have negotiated successfully on the basis of their old association; and at the same time that he, by a few cruel words, had rendered it impossible. The poor wretch had come to him in humility, believing him to be the last person left in the world who cared for him. George had rudely broken his fancy by his causeless suspicion, and put the matter on a totally different footing.

He clumsily tried to patch the matter up. He said, "There, I beg your pardon; I was irritated and nervous. You must forget all I have said."

"And a good deal else with it, sir, I am afraid," said Burton. "Never mind, sir; I'll forget it all. I am worse than I was."

"Now don't *you* get irritated," said George, "because that would be very ridiculous, and do no good to any one. If you can't stand my temper after so many years, we shall never get on."

"I am not irritated, sir. I came to you to ask for your assistance, and you seem to have taken it into your head that I was going to threaten you with old matters. I had no intention of anything of the sort. I merely thought you might have a warm place left in your heart for one who served you so well, for evil or for good. I am very humble, sir. If I were ungrateful enough to do so, I should never dare to try a game of bowls with an inspector of police, in this country, sir. I only humbly ask for your assistance."

"Samuel," said George Hillyar, "we have been mistaking one another."

"I think we have, sir," said Burton.

And, although George looked up quickly enough, the sly scornful expression was smoothed out of Burton's face, and he saw nothing of it.

"I am sure we have," continued George. "Just be reasonable. Suppose I *did* think at first, that you were going to try to extort money from me: why, then, it all comes to this, that I was mistaken. Surely that is enough of an apology."

"I need no apologies, Mr. George. As I told you before, I am only submissive. I am your servant still, sir. Only your servant."

"What am I to do for you, Samuel? Anything?"

"I came here to-day, sir, to ask a favour. The fact is, sir, I came to ask for some money. After what has passed, I suppose, I may go away again. Nevertheless, sir, you needn't be afraid of refusing. I haven't—haven't—Well, never mind; all these years to turn Turk at last, with such odds against me, too."

"How much do you want, Samuel?" said George Hillyar.

"I'll tell you, sir, all about it. A man who owes me money, an old mate of mine, is doing well in a public-house at Perth, in West Australia. He has written to me to say that, if I will come, I shall go into partnership for the debt. It is a great opening for me; I shall never have to trouble you again. Thirty pounds would make a gentleman of me just now. I say nothing of your getting rid of me for good—"

"You need say nothing more, Samuel," said George. "I will give you the money. What ship shall you go by?"

"The *Windsor* sails next week, sir, and calls at King George's Sound. That would do for me."

"Very well, then," said George; "here is the money; go by her. It is better that we separate. You see that these confidences, these long *tête-à-têtes*, between us are not reputable. I mean no unkindness; you must see it."

"You are right, sir. It shall not happen again. I humbly thank you, sir. And I bid you good day."

He was moving towards the door, when George Hillyar turned his chair away from him, as though he was going to look out of window into the paddock, and said, "Stop a moment, Samuel."

The convict faced round at once. He could see nothing but the back of George's head, and George seemed to be sitting in profound repose, staring at the green trees, and the parrots which were whistling and chattering among the boughs. Burton's snake-like eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"You watched me to-day in the Post-office," said George.

"Yes, sir; but I did not think you saw me."

"No more I did. I felt you," answered George. "By the bye, you got fourteen years for the Stanlake business, did you not?"

"Yes, sir; fourteen weary years," said Burton, looking inquiringly at the back of George's head, and madly wishing that he could see his face.

"Only just out now, is it?" said George.

"I was free in eight, sir. Then I got two. I should have got life over this last bank robbery, but that I turned Queen's evidence."

"I hope you will mend your ways," said George, repeating, unconsciously, Mr. Oxton's words to the same man on a former occasion. "By George, Samuel, why don't you?"

"I am going to, sir," replied Burton, hurriedly; and still he stood, without moving a muscle, staring at the back of George Hillyar's head so eagerly that he never drew his breath, and his red-brown face lost its redness in his anxiety.

At last George spoke, and he smiled as though he knew what was coming.

"Samuel," he said, "I believe your wife died; did she not?"

"Yes, sir, she died."

"How did she die?"

"Cold. Caught in Court."

"I don't mean that. I mean, what was her frame of mind—there, go away, for God's sake; there will be some infernal scandal or another if we stay much longer. Here! Guard! See this man out. I tell you I won't act on such information. Go along with you. Unless you can put your information together better than that, you may tell your story to the marines on board the *Pelorus*. Go away."

Samuel Burton put on the expression of a man who was humbly assured that his conclusions were right, and only required time to prove it. It was an easy matter for those facile, practised features to twist themselves into any expression in one instant. There is no actor like an old convict. He sneaked across the yard with this expression on his face, until he came to the gate, at which stood five troopers, watching him as he passed.

He couldn't stand it. The devil was too strong in him. Here were five of these accursed bloodhounds, all in blue and silver lace, standing looking at him contemptuously, and twisting their moustaches: five policemen—men who had never had the pluck to do a dishonest action in their lives—standing and sneering at *him*, who knew the whole great art and business of crime at his fingers' ends. It was intolerable. He drew himself up, and began on them. It was as if a little Yankee *Monitor*, steaming past our fleet of great iron-clad frigates, should suddenly, spitefully, and hopelessly open fire on it.

I can see the group now. The five big, burly, honest, young men, standing silently and contemptuously looking at Samuel, in the bright sunlight; and the convict sidling past them, rubbing his hands, with a look of burlesqued politeness in his face.

"And *good* day, my noble captains,"

he began, with a sidelong bow, his head on one side like a cockatoo's, and his eye turned up looking nowhere. "*Good* day, my veterans, my champions. My bonny, pad-clinking,[1] out-after-eight-o'clock-parade, George Street bucks. *Good* day. Does any one of you know aught of one trooper Evans, lately quartered at Cape Wilberforce?"

"Ah!" said the youngest of the men, a mere lad; "why, he's my brother."

"No," said Samuel, who was perfectly aware of the fact. "Well, well! It seems as if I was always to be the bearer of bad news somehow."

"What d'ye mean, old man?" said the young fellow, turning pale. "There's nothing the matter with Bill, is there?"

Samuel merely shook his head slowly. His enjoyment of that look of concern, which he had brought upon the five honest faces, was more intense than anything *we* can understand.

"Come: cheer up, Tom," said the oldest of the troopers to the youngest. "Speak out, old man; don't you see our comrade's in distress?"

"I should like to have broke it to him by degrees," said Samuel; "but it must all come out. Bear up, I tell you. Take it like a man. Your brother's been took; and bail's refused."

"That's a lie," said Tom, who was no other than George Hillyar's orderly. "If you tell me that Bill has been up to anything, I tell you it's a lie."

"He was caught," said Samuel, steadily, "boning of his lieutenant's pomatum to ile his moustachers. Two Blacks and a Chinee seen him a-doing on it, and when he was took his 'ands was greasy. Bail was refused in consequence of a previous conviction again him, for robbing a blind widder woman of a Bible and a old possum rug while she was attending her husband's funeral. The clerk of the bench has got him a-digging in his potato-garden, now at this present moment, waiting for the sessions. Good-bye, my beauties. Keep out of the sun, and don't spile your complexions. Good-bye."

[1] Alluding to the clinking of their spurs.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: REUBEN ENTERTAINS MYSTERIOUS AND UNSATISFACTORY COMPANY.

I was doubtful, at this time, whether or no Sir George Hillyar knew or guessed that we were relations of Samuel Burton, the man who had robbed him. I think even now that he did not *know;* if he did, it was evident that he generously meant to ignore it. Mr. Compton, who had recommended Samuel, told us to say nothing about it; and we said nothing. Emma surprised Joe and me one night, when we were alone together, by firing up on the subject, and saying distinctly and decidedly that she thought we were all wrong in not telling him. I was rather inclined to agree with her; but what was to be done? It was not for us to decide.

The relations between the two families were becoming very intimate indeed. Sir George Hillyar had taken a most extraordinary fancy for Reuben, which he showed by bullying him in a petulant way the whole day long; and by continually giving him boots and clothes, as peace-offerings. Reuben would take everything said to him with the most unfailing good humour, and would stand quietly and patiently, hat in hand, before Sir George, and rub his cheek, or scratch his head, or chew a piece of stick, while the "jobation" was going on. He took to Sir George Hillyar amazingly. He would follow him about like a dog, and try to anticipate his wishes in every way. He did not seem to be in the least afraid of him, but would even grin in the middle of one of Sir George's most furious tirades. They were a strange couple; so utterly different in character; Sir George so ferociously obstinate, and Reuben so singularly weak and yielding; and yet they had a singular attraction for one another.

"Erne," Sir George would roar out of window, "where the devil is that tiresome monkey of a waterman?"

"I haven't seen him to-day," Erne

would reply. "He has been missing since last night. The servants think he has drowned himself, after the rowing you gave him last night. *I* think that he has merely run away. If you like, I will order the drags."

"Don't you be a jacknapes. Find him."

Reuben would be produced before the window.

"May I take the liberty of asking how you have been employing your time, sir? The boats are not cleaned."

"Cleaned 'em by nine this morning, sir."

"You have not fetched home that punt-pole, sir, as you were expressly ordered."

"Fetched it home last night, sir."

"And why was it not fetched home before, sir?"

"The old cove as had the mending on it," Reuben would answer, going off at score in his old way, "has fell out with his missis, and she hid his shoes in the timber-yard, and went off to Hampton fair in a van, along with Mrs. Scuttle, the master-sweep's lady; and he had to lie in bed till she come back, which wasn't soon, for she is fond of society and calculated to adorn it; and, when she come, she couldn't remember where the shoes was put to, and so—"

"What do you mean, sir?" Sir George would interrupt, "by raking up all this wretched blackguardism before my son Erne?"

Reuben would say, that he had been asked, and supposed that he did right in answering; and by degrees the storm would blow over, and Reuben would in some way find himself the better for it. When Erne told me that he had seen his father sit on a bench and watch Reuben at his work for an hour together: I began to think that Sir George had a shrewd guess as to who Reuben was; and also to have a fancy that there might be two sides to Samuel Burton's story; and that it was dimly possible that Sir George might wish to atone for some wrong which he had done to our cousin. But I said nothing to any one, and you will see whether or no I was right by-and-by.

However, Reuben's success with Sir George was quite notorious in our little circle. My mother said that it was as clear as mud that Sir George intended to underswear his personalities in Reuben's favour. I might have wondered what she meant, but I had given up wondering what my mother meant, years ago, as a bad job.

I saw Reuben very often during his stay at Stanlake, and he was always the very Reuben of old times—reckless, merry, saucy, and independent—ready to do the first thing proposed, without any question or hesitation. The dark cloud which had come over him the night I went up and slept with him in the ghost-room had apparently passed away. Twice I alluded to it, but was only answered by a mad string of Cockney balderdash, like his answers to Sir George Hillyar, one of which I have given above as a specimen. The third time I alluded to the subject, he was beginning to laugh again, but I stopped him.

"Rube," I said, looking into his face, "I don't want *you* to talk about that night. I want you to remember what I said that night. I said, Rube, that, come what would, I would stick by you. Remember that."

"I'll remember, old Jim," he said, trying to laugh it off. But I saw that I had brought the cloud into his face again, and I bided my time.

When the boating season was over, the Hillyars went back into the great house at Stanlake, and Reuben came home and took up his quarters once more in the ghost's-room, at the top of the house; and then I saw that the cloud was on his face again, and that it grew darker day by day.

I noticed the expression of poor Reuben's face, the more, perhaps, because there was something so *pitiable* in it—a look of abject, expectant terror. I felt humiliated whenever I looked at Reuben. I wondered to myself whether, under any circumstances, *my* face could assume that expression. I hoped

not. His weak, handsome face got an expression of eager, terrified listening, most painful to witness. Mr. Faulkner had lent Joe "Tom and Jerry," and among other pictures in it, was one of an effeminate, middle-aged forger, just preparing for the gallows, by George Cruikshank; and, when I saw that most terrible picture, I was obliged to confess that Reuben might have sat for it.

A very few nights after his return, just when I had satisfied myself of all the above-mentioned facts about Reuben, it so happened that Fred, being started for a run in his night-shirt, the last thing before going to bed, had incontinently run into the back kitchen, climbed on to the sink to see his brothers, Harry and Frank, pumping the kettle full for the next morning, slipped up on the soap, come down on one end, and wetted himself. My mother was in favour of airing a fresh night-gown, but Emma undertook to dry him in less time; so they all went to bed, leaving Fred standing patiently at Emma's knees, with his back towards the fire, in a cloud of ascending steam.

I had caught her eye for one instant, and I saw that it said "Stay with me." So I came and sat down beside her.

"Jim, dear," she said eagerly, "you have noticed Reuben: I have seen you watching him."

"What is it, sweetheart?" I answered. "Can you make anything of it?"

"Nothing, Jim," she said. "I am fairly puzzled. Has he confided to you?"

I told her faithfully what had passed between us the night I stayed in his room.

"He has done nothing wrong; that is evident," she said. "I am glad of that. I love Reuben, Jim. I wouldn't have any evil happen to Reuben for anything in the world. Let us watch him and save him, Jim; let us watch him and save him."

I promised that I would do so, and I did. I had not long to watch. In theer days from that conversation, the look of frightened expectation in Reuben's face was gone, and in its place there was one of surly defiance. I saw that what he had expected had come to pass. But what was *that?* I could not conceive. I could only remember my promise to him, to stick by him, and wait till he chose to tell me. For there was that in his eyes which told me that I *must* wait his time; that I must do anything but ask.

He left off coming in to see us of an evening, but would only look in to say "Good night," and then we would hear him toiling up the big stairs all alone. Two or three times Emma would waylay him and try to tempt him to talk, but he would turn away. Once she told me he laid his head down on the banisters and covered his face; she thought he was going to speak, but he raised it again almost directly, and went away hurriedly.

The house was very nearly empty just now. The lodgers, who had, so to speak, flocked to my father's standard at first, had found the house dull, and had one by one left us, to go back into the old houses, as buildings which were not so commodious, but not so intolerably melancholy. The house was not so bad in summer; but, when the November winds began to stalk about the empty rooms, like ghosts, and bang the shutters, in the dead of night—or when the house was filled from top to bottom with the November fog, so that, when you stood in the middle of the great room at night with a candle, the walls were invisible, and you found yourself, as it were, out of sight of land; then it became a severe trial to any one's nerves to live above stairs. They dropped off one by one; even the Agars and the Holmeses, our oldest friends. They plainly told us why; we could not blame them, and we told them so.

It used to appear to me so dreadfully desolate for Reuben, sleeping alone up there at the very top of the house, separated from everything human and lifelike by four melancholy storeys of empty ghost-haunted rooms. I thought of it in bed, and it prevented my sleeping. I knew that some trouble was hanging over his head, and I thought that there was something infinitely sad and

pathetic in the fact of that one weak, affectionate soul lying aloft there, so far away from all of us, brooding in solitude. Alone in the desolate darkness, with trouble—nay, perhaps with guilt.

One night I lay awake so long thinking of this, that I felt that my judgment was getting slightly unhinged—that, in short, I was wandering on the subject. I awoke Joe. He had never been taken into full confidence about Reuben and his troubles. Reuben was a little afraid of him, and had asked me not to speak to him on the subject, but I had long thought that we were foolish, in not having the advice of the soundest head in the house; so, finding my own judgment going, I awoke him and told him everything.

"I have been watching too," said Joe, "and I saw that he had asked you and Emma to say nothing to me. Mind you never let him know you have. I'll tell you what to do, old man. What time is it?"

It was half-past eleven, by my watch.

"Get up and put on some clothes; go up stairs and offer to sleep with him."

"So late," I said. "Won't he be angry?"

"Never mind that. He oughtn't to be left alone brooding there. He'll—he'll—take to drink or something. Go up now, old man, and see if he will let you sleep with him."

It was the cold that made my teeth chatter. I feel quite sure that it was not the terror of facing those endless broad stairs in the middle of a November night, but chatter they did. I had made my determination, however; I was determined that I would go up to poor Reuben, and so I partly dressed myself. Joe partly dressed himself too, saying that he would wait for me.

Oh, that horrible journey aloft, past the long corridors, and the miserable bare empty rooms, up the vast empty staircases, out of which things looked at me, and walked away again with audible footsteps! Bah! it makes me shudder to think of it now.

But, at last, after innumerable terrors, I reached Reuben's room-door, and knocked. He was snoring very loud indeed—a new trick of his. After I had knocked twice, he suddenly half-opened the door, and looked out before I had heard him approach it. It was dark, and we could not see one another. Reuben whispered, "Who's there?" and I answered,

"It's only me, Rube. I thought you were so lonely, and I came up to sleep with you."

He said, "That's like you. Don't come in, old fellow; the floor's damp: let me come down and sleep with you instead. Wait."

I waited while Reuben found his trousers, and all the while he kept snoring with a vigour and regularity highly creditable. At last, after a few moments indeed, I made the singularly shrewd guess that there was some one else sleeping in Reuben's room—some one who lay on his back, and the passages of whose nose were very much contracted.

Reuben came downstairs with me in the dark. He said it was so kind of me to think of him. He confided to me that he had a "cove" upstairs, a great pigeon-fancier, to whom he, Reuben, owed money; but which pigeon-fancier was in hiding, in consequence of a mistake about some turbits, into which it would be tedious to go. I *thought* it was something of that kind, and was delighted to find that I was right. I took occasion to give Rube about three-halfpennyworth of good advice about low company, but he cut it short; for he rolled sleepily into our room, where a light was burning, and tumbled into my bed with one of his old laughs, and seemed to go to sleep instantly.

I was glad of this, for I was in mortal fear lest he should notice one fact: Joe was not in the room, and Joe's bed was empty. Joe had been following me to see me through my adventure, as he always did; but, if Reuben had seen that Joe had been watching us, I know he would never have forgiven him, and so it was just as well as it was. I put the light out, and in a few minutes I

heard Joe come into the room and get into bed. Although I was very tired after a hard day's work, I determined to think out the problem of Reuben's visitor. I had scarcely made this determination, when it became clear to me that he was no other than Robinson Crusoe, who had come to insist that all Childs' and Chancellor's omnibus-horses were to be roughed in three minutes, in consequence of the frost. I then proceeded down the Thames in a barge, by the Croydon atmospheric railway; and then I gave it up as a bad job, and went on the excursion which we all, I hope, go at night. May yours be a pleasant one to-night, my dear reader—pleasanter than any which Reuben's friend, the pigeon-fancier, is at all likely to make.

CHAPTER XXI.

GERTY GOES ON THE WAR TRAIL.

BELOW the city of Palmerston, which was situated just at the head of the tideway, the river Sturt found its way to the sea in long reaches, which were walled in, to the very water's edge, by what is called in the colony teascrub—a shrub not very unlike the tamarisk, growing dense and thick, about fifteen feet high, on the muddy bank, eaten out by the wash of many steamboats. But, above the tideway, the river was very different. If you went up, you had scarcely passed the wharfs of the city before you found yourself in a piece of real primæval forest, of nearly two thousand acres, left by James Oxton from the very first; which comprised a public park, a botanic garden, and the paddock of the police-station. This domain sloped gently down to the river on either side, and the river was no sooner relieved from the flat tideway than it began to run in swift long shallows of crystal water, under hanging woodlands—in short, to become useless, romantic, and extremely beautiful.

Passing upward beyond the Government Reserve, as this beautiful tract was called, you came into the magnificent grounds of the Government House. The house itself, a long, white, castellated building, hung aloft on the side of a hill overhead, and was backed by vast sheets of dark green woodland. From the windows the lawn stooped suddenly down, a steep slope into the river, here running in a broad deep reach, hugging the rather lofty hills, on the lower range of which the house was situated.

Immediately beyond the Government House, and on the other side of the river, was a house of a very different character. The river, keeping, as I said, close to the hills, left on the other side a great level meadow, which, in consequence of the windings of the stream, was a mere low peninsula, some five hundred acres in extent, round which it swept in a great still, deep, circle. At the isthmus of the peninsula, on a rib of the higher land behind, a ridge of land ran down, and, forming the isthmus itself, was lost at once in the broad river-flat below: there stood the residence of our friend the Hon. James Oxton.

It was a typical house—the house of a wealthy man who had not always been wealthy, but who had never been vulgar and pretentious. It was a perfectly honest house; it *meant* something. It meant this: that James Oxton required a bigger house now that he was worth a quarter of a million than he did when he was merely the cadet of an English family, sent here to sink or swim with the only two thousand pounds he was ever likely to see without work. And yet that house showed you at a glance that the owner did not consider himself to have risen in the social world one single step. He had always been a gentleman, said the house, and he never can be more or less. Ironmongers from Bass Street might build magnificent Italian villas, as an outward and visible proof that they had made their fortunes, and had become gentlemen beyond denial or question. James Oxton still lived comfortably between weather-board, and under shingle, just as in the old times when ninety-nine hundredths of the colony was a howling wilderness; *he* could not rise or fall.

Yet his house, in its peculiar way, was

very fine one indeed. Strangers in ıe colony used to mistake it for a great arracks, or a great tan-yard, or someıing of that sort. Fifteen years before e had erected a simple wooden house f weather-board, with a high-pitched ıingle roof. As he had grown, so had is house grown. As he had more isitors, he required more bedrooms; as e kept more horses, he required more :ables, consequently more shingle and 'eather-boards: and so now his house onsisted of three large gravelled quadangles, surrounded by one-storied buildıgs, with high-pitched roofs and very eep verandahs. There was hardly a 'indow in the whole building; nothing ut glass doors opening to the ground, 'hich were open for five or six months n the year.

An English lady might have objected o this arrangement. She might have aid that it was not convenient to come n and find a tame kangaroo, as big as a mall donkey, lying on his side on the ıearthrug, pensively tickling his stomach vith his fore paws; or for six or eight logs, large and small, to come in from n expedition, and, finding the kangaroo n possession of the best place, dispose hemselves as comfortably as circumstances would allow on ottomans and ofas, until they rose up with one accord ınd burst furiously out, barking madly, n the most trivial alarm, or even on ıone at all. An English lady, I say, night have objected to this sort of hing, but Aggy Oxton never dreamt of t. Mrs. Quickly objected to it, both n the mother's account and on that of the blessed child, not to mention her own; but Mrs. Oxton never did. It was James's house, and they were James's dogs. It must be right.

I mentioned Mrs. Quickly just this moment. I was forced to do so. The fact of the matter is, that at this time—that is to say, on the very day on which George Hillyar had his interview with Samuel Burton in his office—the whole of these vast premises, with their inhabitants, were under her absolute dominion, with the exception of the dogs, who smelt her contemptuously, wondering what she wanted there; and the cockatoo, who had delivered himself over as a prey to seven screaming devils, and, having bit Mrs. Quickly, had been removed to the stables, rebellious and defiant.

For there was a baby now. James Oxton had an heir for his honours and his wealth. The shrewd Secretary, the hard-bitten man of the world, the man who rather prided himself at being thoroughly conversant with all the springs of men's actions, had had a new lesson these last few days. There was a sensation under his broad white waistcoat now, so very, very different from anything he had ever felt before, and so strangely pleasant. He tried to think what it was most like. It was nearest akin to anxiety, he thought. He told his wife that he felt it in the same place, but that it was very different. After all, he did not know, on second thoughts, that it *was* so very like anxiety. He thought, perhaps, that the yearning regret for some old friend, who had died in England without bidding him good-bye, was most like this wonderful new sensation of child-love.

But, whatever it was most like, there it was. All the interlacing circles of politics, ambition, business, and family anxiety had joined their lines into one; and here, the centre of it all, lay his boy, his first-born, heir to 150,000 acres, on his pale wife's knee.

He was an anxious man that day. The party which was afterwards to rise and sweep him away for a time, the party of the farmers and shopkeepers, recruited by a few radical merchants and some squatters, smarting under the provisions of James Oxton's Scab Act, and officered, as the ultra-party in a colony always is, by Irishmen—the party represented in the House by Mr. Phelim O'Ryan, and in the press by the Mohawk—had shown their strength for the first time that day; and, as a proof of their patriotism, had thrown out, on the third reading (not having been able to whip in before), the Government district - building - surveyor's - bill, the object of which was to provide that the town should be built with some

pretensions to regularity, and that every man should get his fair money's worth out of the bricklayer. It was thrown out, wholesome and honest as it was, as a first taste of the tender mercies and good sense of a party growing stronger day by day. James Oxton had cause to be anxious; he saw nothing before him but factious opposition. ever growing stronger to every measure he proposed; no business to be comfortably done until they, the Mohawks, were strong enough to take office, which would be a long while. And, when they were—Oh heavens! Phelim O'Ryan, Brian O'Donoghue! It wouldn't do to think of.

And George Hillyar? About this proposition of his going to England The Secretary was strongly of opinion that he ought to go, and to make it up with his father, and to set things right, and to give Gerty her proper position in the world; but George wouldn't go. He was obstinate about it. He said that his father hated him, and that it was no use. "He is a short-necked man," argued James Oxton to himself, "and is past sixty. He may go off any moment; and there is nothing to prevent his leaving three-quarters of his property to this cub Erne—the which thing I have a strong suspicion he has done already. In which case George and Gerty will be left out in the cold, as the Yankees say. Which will be the deuce and all: for George has strong capabilities of going to the bad left in him still. I wish George would take his pretty little wife over to England, and make his court with the old man while there is time. But he won't, confound him!"

The poor Secretary, you see, had cause enough for anxiety. And, when he was in one of what his wife chose to call his Sadducee humours, he would have told you that anxiety was merely a gnawing sensation behind the third button of your waistcoat, counting from the bottom. When, however, he came into the drawing-room, and saw his boy on his wife's lap, and Gerty kneeling before her, the sensation, though still behind the same button, was not that of anxiety, but the other something spoken of above.

The baby had being doing prodigies. He was informed of it in a burst of excited talk. It had wimmicked. Not once or twice, but three times had that child wimmicked at its aunt as she knelt there on that identical floor under your feet. Mrs. Oxton was confirmed in this statement by Gerty, and Gerty by Mrs. Quickly. There was no doubt about it. If the child went on at this pace, it would be taking notice in less than a month!

This was better than politics—far better. Confound O'Ryan and all the rest of them. He said, there and then, that he had a good mind to throw politics overboard and manage his property. "Will you have the goodness to tell me, Gerty," he said, "what prevents my doing so? Am I not poorer in office? Is it not unendurable that I, for merely patriotically giving up my time and talents to the colony, am to be abused by an Irish adventurer; have my name coupled with Lord Castlereagh's (the fool *meant* to be offensive, little dreaming that I admire Lord Castlereagh profoundly); and be unfavourably compared to Judas Iscariot? I'll pitch the whole thing overboard, take old George into partnership, and let them ruin the colony their own way. Why shouldn't I?"

Gerty didn't know. She never knew anything. She thought it would be rather nice. Mrs. Oxton remarked quietly, that three days before he had been furiously abusing the upper classes in America, as cowardly and unprincipled, for their desertion of politics, and their retirement into private life.

"There, *you* are at it now," said the Secretary. "How often I have told you not to *réchauffer* my opinions in that way, and bring them up unexpectedly. You are a disagreeable woman, and I am very sorry I ever married you."

"You should have married Lesbia Burke, my love," said Mrs. Oxton. "We always thought you would. Didn't we, Gerty?"

"No, dear, I think not," said simple Gerty; "I think you forget. Don't you remember that poor mamma always used to insist so positively that Mary was to marry Willy Morton; that you were to marry James; and that I was to marry either Dean Maberly, or Lord George Staunton, unless some one else turned up? I am sure I am right, because I remember how cross she was at your walking with Willy Morton at the Nicnicabarla picnic. She said, if you remember, that you were both wicked and foolish—wicked, to spoil your eldest sister's game, and more foolish than words could say if you attempted to play fast and loose with James. I remember how frightened I was at her. 'If you think James Oxton is to be played the fool with, you little stupid,' she said—"

"The girl is mad," said Mrs. Oxton, blushing and laughing at the same time. "She has gone out of her mind. Her memory is completely gone."

"Dear me!" said Gerty, looking foolishly round; "I suppose I oughtn't to have told all that before James. I am terribly silly sometimes. But, Lord bless you, it won't make any difference to him."

Not much, judging from the radiant smile on his face. He was intensely delighted. He snapped his fingers in his wife's face. "So Willy Morton was the other string to her bow, hey? Oh Lord!" he said, and then burst into a shout of merry laughter. Mrs. Oxton would not be put down. She said that it was every word of it true, and that, idiot as Willy Morton was, he would never have snapped his fingers in his wife's face. Gerty couldn't understand the fun. She thought they were in earnest, and that she was the cause of it all. Mrs. Oxton saw this, and pointed it out to the Secretary. He would have laughed at her anxiety, but he saw she was really distressed; so he told her in his kind, quiet way, that there was such love and confidence between him and her sister as even the last day of all, when the secrets of all hearts should be known, could not disturb for one instant.

She was, possibly, a little frightened by the solemnity with which he said this, for she stood a little without answering; and Mr. Oxton and his wife, comparing notes that evening, agreed that her beauty grew more wonderful day by day.

For a moment she stood, with every curve in her body seeming to droop the one below the other, and her face vacant and puzzled; but suddenly, with hardly any outward motion, the curves seemed to shift upwards, her figure grew slightly more rigid, her head was turned slightly aside, her lips parted, and her face flushed and became animated.

"I hear him," she said; "I hear his horse's feet brushing through the fern. He is coming, James and Aggy. I know what a pity it is I am so silly—"

"My darling—" broke out Mr. Oxton.

"I know what I mean, sister dear. He should have had a cleverer wife than me. Do you think I am so silly as not to see that? Here he is."

She ran out to meet him. "By George, Aggy," said the Secretary, kissing his wife, "if that fellow *does* turn Turk to her—"

He had no time to say more, for George and Gerty were in the room, and the Secretary saw that George's face was haggard and anxious, and began to grow anxious too.

"I am glad we are all here together alone," said George. "I want an important family talk. Mrs. Quickly, would you mind going?"

Mrs. Quickly had, unnoticed, heard all that had passed before, and seemed inclined to hear more. She minced, and ambled, and bridled, and said something about the blessed child, whereupon Mrs. Oxton, like a shrewd body, gave her the baby to take away with her, reflecting that if she tried to listen at the keyhole the baby would probably make them aware of the fact.

"I look pale and anxious, I know," said George. "I am going to tell you why. Has Gerty told you what she told me last week?"

Yes, she had.

"I have been thinking over the matter all day, all day," said George, wearily, "and I have come to the conclusion that that circumstance makes an immense difference. Don't you see how, Oxton ?"

"I think I do," said the Secretary.

George looked wearily and composedly at him, and said, "I mean this, my dear Oxton; I steadily refused to pay court to my father before, partly because I thought it useless, and partly because my pride forbade me. This news of Gerty's alters everything. For the sake of my child, I must eat my pride, and try to resume my place as the head of the house. Therefore, I think I will accede to your proposal, and go to England."

"My good George," said Mrs. Oxton, taking him by both hands, "my wise, kind George, we are so sure it will be for the best."

"My boy," said the Secretary, "you are right. I cannot tell you how delighted I am at your decision. I wish I was going. Oh heavens! if I could only go. And you will go, and actually see old Leecroft, and Gerty shall take a kiss to my mother. Hey, Gerty? She would know you if she met you in the street, from my description? Shall you be in time to get off by the *Windsor?*"

"Oh Lord, no," said George, speaking fast for an instant; "we couldn't possibly go by that ship. No; we could not be ready by then."

"I suppose you couldn't," said the Secretary. "I was thinking for a moment, George, that you were as impatient as I should be."

"Hardly that," said George. "My errand home is a different sort of one from yours."

So George got leave of absence, and went home; partly to see whether or no he could, now a family was in prospect, get on some better terms with his father, and partly because, since he had the interview with Samuel Burton, everything seemed to have grown duller and blanker to him. His first idea was to put sixteen thousand miles of salt water between him and this man, and his purpose grew stronger every time he remembered the disgraceful tie that bound them together.

So they went. As the ship began to move through the green water of the bay, Gerty stood weeping on the quarter-deck, clinging to George's arm. The shore began to fade rapidly; the happy, happy shore, on which she had spent her sunny, silly life. The last thing she saw through her tears was the Secretary, standing at the end of the pier, waving his hat, and Aggy beside him. When she looked up again, some time after, the old familiar shore was but a dim blue cloud, and, with a sudden chill of terror, she found herself separated from all who knew her and loved her, save one—alone, on the vast, heaving, pitiless ocean, with George Hillyar.

For one instant, she forgot herself. She clutched his arm and cried out, "George, George! let us go back. I am frightened, George. I want to go back to Aggy and James. Take me back to James! Oh, for God's sake, take me back!"

"It is too late now, Gerty," said George coldly. "You and I are launched in the world together alone, to sink or swim. The evening gets chill. Go to your cabin."

The Secretary stamped his foot on the pier, and said, "God deal with him as he deals with her!" But his wife caught his hands in hers, and said, "James, James! don't say that. Who are we that we should make imprecations? Say, God help them both, James."

CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: VERY LOW COMPANY.

Reuben's friend, the pigeon-fancier, never showed in public. I asked Rube, after a day or two, whether he was there still, and Rube answered that he was there still, off and on. I was very sorry to hear it, though I could hardly have told any one why.

Reuben never came in of a night now;

at least, never came to sit with us. Sometimes he would come in for a few minutes, with his pockets always full of bulls'-eyes and rock and such things, and would give them to the children, looking steadily at Emma all the while, and then go away again. He would not let me come up to his room. He seemed not at all anxious to conceal the fact, that there was some one who came there who was, to put it elegantly, an ineligible acquaintance. My father became acquainted with the fact, and was seriously angry about it. But Reuben had correctly calculated on my father's good nature and disinclination to act. Reuben knew that my father would only growl; he knew he would never turn him out.

Very early in my story I hinted that Alsatia was just round the corner from Brown's Row. Such was the fact. In Danvers Street and Lawrence Street, west and east of us, might be found some very queer people indeed; and, as I have an objection to give their names, I shall give them fictitious ones. I have nothing whatever to say against Mrs. Quickly, or of the reasons which led to her emigration. She hardly comes into question just now, for she emigrated to Cooksland not long after Fred was born. I repeat that I personally have nothing to say against Mrs. Quickly; she was always singularly civil to me. That she was a foolish and weak woman, I always thought, but I was surprised at the singular repugnance which Emma showed towards her. And Mrs. C——m again. What could have made *her* fly out at the poor woman in that way, and fairly hunt her out of Sydney? And will you tell me why, in the end, not only Emma and Mrs. C——m, but also my mother, had far more tenderness and compassion for that terrible unsexed termagant Mrs. Bardolph (*née* Tearsheet), than for the gentle, civil, soft-spoken Mrs. Quickly? I asked my wife why it was the other day, and she told me that nothing was more difficult to answer than a thoroughly stupid question.

At the time of which I am speaking *now*, Mrs. Quickly had gone to Australia, and the house she had kept in Lawrence Street was kept by Mrs. Bardolph and Miss Ophelia Flanagan. Miss Flanagan was a tall raw-boned Irish woman, married to a Mr. Malone. Mrs. Bardolph was a great red-faced coarse Kentish woman, with an upper lip longer than her nose, and a chin as big as both, as strong as a man, and as fierce as a tiger.

This winter she had returned from a short incarceration. There had been a fatal accident in her establishment. Nobody—neither the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, nor Nym, nor Bardolph, nor Pistol—had anything to do with it. The man had fallen downstairs and broken his neck accidentally, but neither the Middlesex Magistrates nor the Assistant-Judge could conceal from themselves the fact, that Mrs. Bardolph kept a disorderly house, and so she had to go to Holloway. She had now returned, louder, redder, and angrier than before.

Not many days after the night on which I had gone up into Reuben's room, I had some business in Cheyne Row, and when it was done I came whistling and sauntering homewards. As I came into Lawrence Street, I was thinking how pleasant and fresh the air came up from the river, when I was attracted by the sound of people talking loudly before me, and, looking up, I saw at the corner of the passage which leads by the Dissenting chapel into Church Street, this group—

Miss Flanagan and Mrs. Bardolph, leaning against the railings with their arms folded; Mr. Nym, Mr. Bardolph, and Mr. Pistol (I know who I mean well enough); a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, Bill Sykes, Mrs. Gamp, Moll Flanders, and my cousin Reuben. There was a man also, who leant against a post with his back towards me, whose face I could not see.

As I came near them, they stopped talking, every one of them, and looked at me. To any lad of nearly eighteen, not born in London, or one of the chief towns in Australia, this would have been confusing; to *me* it was a matter of pro-

found indifference. I was passing them with a calm stare, by no means expressive of curiosity, when Mrs. Bardolph spoke:

"Hallo, young Bellus-and-tongs! What's up?"

I replied to her, not in many words. There was a roar of laughter from the whole gang; she looked a little angry for a moment, but laughed good-naturedly directly afterwards. Then I was sorry for what I had said. But you had to keep your tongue handy in those times, I assure you.

"Never you mind the stirabout, you monkey," she said; "my constitution wanted reducing; I was making a deal too much flesh. Take your cousin home and mind him, you cheeky gonoff; don't you see that the devil has come for him?"

There was another laugh at this, and I turned and looked at the gentleman who was leaning against the corner-post, and who was laughing as loud as any one. I was not impressed in this gentleman's favour; but I was strongly impressed with the idea that this was the gentleman who had snored so loud one night he had slept in Reuben's room. But I only laughed too. I said to Mrs. Bardolph, that Rube knew his home and his friends a good deal better than she could tell him, and so I went on my way, and, as I went, heard Miss Flanagan remark that I was a tonguey young divvle, but had something the look of my sisther about the eyee.

I was glad that Erne came to see me that night, for I was terribly vexed and ill at ease at finding Reuben in such company—in company so utterly depraved that I have chosen, as you see, to designate them by Shakespearian names. It was not because I wished to confide in him that I was glad to see him. I had no intention of doing that. If I had, in the first place I should have been betraying Reuben; in the second, I should have been ashamed; and in the third, I should have been telling the difficulty to a person as little likely to understand it and assist one out of it as any one I know. Erne's childish simplicity in all worldly matters was a strange thing to see.

No. It was for this reason I was glad to see Erne. I was vexed, and the fact of his sitting beside me soothed me and made me forget my vexation. Why? you ask. Well, that I cannot tell you. I have not the very least idea in the world why. I only know that when Erne was sitting with me I had a feeling of contentment which I never had at other times. We never spoke much to one another; hardly ever, unless we were alone, and then only a few words; nothing in themselves, but showing that we understood one another thoroughly. Erne's powers of conversation were entirely reserved for Emma and Joe. But they told me that if I was out when he came, he was quite distraught and absent; that he would never talk his best unless I was present—though he would, perhaps, only notice my coming by taking my hand and saying, "How do, old fellow?" A curious fact these boy-friendships! A wise schoolmaster told me the other day that he should not know what to do without them, and that he had to utilise them. They are, I think, all very well until Ferdinand meets Miranda. After that, they must take their chance. At this time, it was only child Erne who was in love with child Emma. As yet, I was the centre round which Erne's world revolved. I had not gone to the wall as yet.

"Hallo!" said Erne, when he burst in. "I say, is Jim here? I say, old fellow, I want to talk to you most particularly. Where's Emma, old fellow? Fetch Emma for me; I want to have a talk about something very particular indeed. A regular council of war, Joe. You Hammersmith, you needn't say anything; you listen, and reserve your opinion. Do you hear?"

I remember that he shook hands with me, and I remember smiling to see his white delicate fingers clasped in my own black hand. Then Emma came sweeping in, and her broad noble face shaped itself into one great smile to welcome

him; and he asked her to give him a kiss, and she gave him one, and you must make the best of it you can, or the worst that you dare. And then she passed on to her place by the fire with Frank and Harry, and Fred hanging to her skirts, and sat down to listen.

The court was opened by Erne. He said, "My elder brother is come home." There were expressions of surprise from Joe and Emma.

"Yes," said Erne. "He is come home. Emma, I want to ask you this: If you had a brother you had never seen, do you think you could love him?"

Emma said, "Yes. That she should certainly love him, merely from being her brother."

"But suppose," said Erne, "that you had never heard anything but evil about him. Should you love him then?"

"Yes," said Emma; "I wouldn't believe the evil. And so I should be able to love him."

"But," said Erne, "that is silly nonsense. Suppose that you were *forced* to believe every thing bad against him?"

"I wouldn't without proof," said resolute Emma.

"But suppose you *had* proof, you very obstinate and wrong-headed girl. Supposing the proofs of his ill behaviour were perfectly conclusive. Suppose that."

"Supposing that," said the undaunted Emma, "is supposing a good deal. Suppose that I was to suppose, that you had taken the whole character of your brother from second-hand, and had never taken the trouble or had the opportunity to find out the truth. Suppose that."

"Well," said Erne, after a pause, "that *is* the case, after all. But you needn't be so aggravating and determined; I only asked your opinion. I wanted you to—"

"To hound you on till you formed the faction against your brother, eh?" said Emma. "Now, you may be offended or not; you may get up and leave this room to-night; but you shall hear the truth. Joe and I have talked over this ever since you told us that your brother was expected a fortnight ago, and I am expressing Joe's opinion and my own. Every prejudice you take towards that man lowers you in the estimation of those who love you best. You sit there, I see, like a true gentleman, without anger; you encourage me to go on to the end and risk the loss of your acquaintance by doing so (it is Joe who is speaking, not I); but I tell you boldly, that your duty, as a gentleman, is to labour night and day to bring your brother once more into your father's favour. It will ruin you, in a pecuniary point of view, to do so; but, if you wish to be a man of honour and a gentleman, if you wish to be with us all the same Erne Hillyar that we have learnt to love so dearly, you must do so."

"I have two things more to say," continued Emma, whose colour, heightened during her speech, was now fading again. "Jim, your dear Hammersmith knew nothing whatever of this speech I have made you. It was composed by Joe, and I agree with every word, every letter of it; and that is all I have to say, Erne Hillyar."

To be continued.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS FOR BOYS: THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

"At what age ought a boy to go to school?" This question can no more be answered definitely than "At what age ought he to leave it?" Circumstances of many kinds will direct both, and determine both; but we will view as the time for the private school, with a free and indefinite margin on either side, the five years lying between the ages of nine and fourteen.

The close superintendence which a master is able to extend to a limited number of pupils embraces all the advantages of home-teaching, and avoids some of its disadvantages; it secures the good government without granting the undue indulgence. It is proverbial that the health of a boy is better at school than at home: and I have known many a pale and weakly child, whom his mother sent forth in fear and trembling, return in six months a ruddy and healthy boy. This may doubtless be attributed in a great measure to the regularity of school life —regularity in hours of study, recreation, meals, rising and going to bed—and also to the increased mental activity which he experiences in his enlarged sphere of life, in the number of his companions, in the novelty and variety of his occupations, and the earnestness and energy with which he engages in them.

If the nursery training has been good, the boy will enter upon school-life with a fair prospect of a free and unbroken advance. There is no portion of life's race so dangerous as that which he has just cleared, and none more safe than that on which he is just entering: with judicious management he may so husband his strength as to come in fit for the next portion—again a trying one. The irritability of the nervous system accompanying early childhood is in a great measure past; several, if not all, of the ailments incidental to that period of life have been encountered and overcome; the dangers arising from the abuse of some of the agents of growth are greatly lessened, and opportunities for a freer use of others presented.

Almost without exception, indeed, are the agents of growth and development more fully and sensibly administered at school than at home. This is, perhaps, especially the case with that of diet. It is remarkable how soon the pampered appetite of a petted child becomes adapted to the plainer, but more wholesome, fare of school. Let the schoolboy's diet be sufficiently varied and abundant, and the hours between the meals not too far apart, and he will not quarrel with the cooking; for the extreme activity of every organ during his waking hours necessitates a large and regular supply of nutriment. Observe the quantity of food he consumes, and it will be found sufficient for a full-grown labouring man; and rightly so, for there is no labourer in England, in field or at forge, in smithy or at loom, who will undergo so much exertion, in the form of voluntary muscular movement, as a healthy schoolboy.

And yet there is need of supervision on the other side. At school, where the wholesome, well-prepared food is unaccompanied by any artificial provocatives in the shape of sauces or seasonings, or similar inducements to eat after the appetite is satisfied, there is little risk of eating too much; but, where the drink provided is beer, many boys drink much more than is needed, to the acquirement of a taste that will inevitably "grow by what it feeds on." Another pernicious practice, which might advantageously be restricted, is, the wasteful weekly, if not daily, expenditure of pocket-money and allowances upon the trash and abominations vended by confectioners. Many a respectable family in England subsists

upon a smaller income than is spent in this manner by self-indulgent schoolboys; and its injurious effect upon the health is far greater than is generally imagined.

Fully appreciating the importance of this agent, schoolmasters have given to it a share of attention greater than to any other affecting the material comfort of their pupils. While I have never observed any neglect or abuse of this one to warrant serious remark, on the other hand I have frequently, on entering a school dormitory, been painfully impressed with the defective arrangements for ventilation. That which is to be secured by a liberal expenditure of the hard-earned fees is liberally supplied; but that which is equally important to the health of the pupils—Air—is doled out to them in the most meagre allotments. That which encompasses the whole earth in one vast ocean, of a depth greater than ever plummet sounded—that which we rightly call the freest of all free things—is forbidden entrance to the place where our children spend their days and their nights: that which a merciful Creator has so constituted that it will rush with horse-power into every square foot of space from which it has been excluded, if we will grant it but entrance—so constituted that, when unfit for our use, it will rise above our heads, if we will only build our dwellings lofty enough to give it space, and rush up our chimneys and out of our windows, if we will only leave them open for its passage—is "cabined, cribbed, confined," until its very nature is changed.

But, independently of the admission of air, the detail of ventilating the dormitory is not sufficiently understood or practised. It is not enough that its every door and window should be opened when it is vacated by its inmates. They might remain so all day, and still the air in, under and around the bed, be impure—charged with the expired and excreted particles of the sleeper, exhaled from lungs and skin—lurking in the folds of the bed "furniture," and lingering between blanket, and mattress, and pillow. The only real and effective mode of bedroom ventilation is to expose each article of bed gear, as soon as the bed is empty, to the action and influence of the atmosphere, admitted through the channels just named; and this should be done regularly, daily, in summer and winter.

The same necessity for complete ventilation exists in the schoolroom, if possible, even more urgently; for pure air is also a valuable stimulus to mental activity—not the stimulus to undue exertion, but the agent chiefly conducive to the natural condition of perfect cerebral activity, which foul air deadens and retards. And yet, how often do we see master and pupil bending over their desks with flushed temples and aching brows, with dizziness in the brain and nausea in the stomach, irritation in the nerves and fever in the blood—all arising simply from the fact that, from carelessness or custom, they are content to breathe an impure instead of a pure atmosphere. The foul air is pressing up against the ceiling to get out; the pure air is rushing round the building, trying to get in; but the exit of the one, and the entrance of the other, are prevented by the closing of every known aperture. Strictly speaking, every schoolroom should be built specially for the purpose, with a well-defined and carefully-arranged system of warming, lighting, and ventilating (for the larger proportion of inmates to the space calls for a much larger provision in these respects than any ordinary dwelling-room): and the time is not far distant when parents will be unwilling to trust their children to any other. But much of the existing evil arising from defective ventilation may be obviated by profiting, to the fullest extent, by the ordinary channels of doors and windows and flues, in the manner I have already recommended when speaking of the nursery;[1] and, where the pupils are numerous, and the schoolroom large, by having ordinary ventilating windows opened in places where they would act most effectively.

[1] Article "Management of the Nursery," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 30.

In England, water is almost as plentiful and as easily obtained for all sanitary purposes as air, but it must be confessed, is almost as much neglected as an agent of health. How seldom do we find a school with proper provision for bathing. From the beginning of the half-year to the end of it—too often from one year's end to another—does the schoolboy dress himself, day after day, without any attempt to cleanse his skin from the impurities which are hourly accumulating upon it. In some schools the younger boys are washed in warm water once a week, while the elder are left to their own inclinations; and, provided their hands and faces are clean, nothing more is expected, nothing more is desired, and for nothing more has provision been made. Is it not possible to have a lavatory attached to every school, to which the boys could go straight from their dormitories, returning thence after their rapid and brief immersion? The time would be altogether inconsiderable; a few minutes would suffice for the entire operation. The trouble would be equally so; for the single attendant, to see that the established rules and regulations for its government were duly observed, might be one of the ordinary domestics of the establishment; and the expense would almost be limited to the original expense of the bath.

Where a river or inland stream is situated at a convenient distance from the school, open-air bathing may be carried on in the summer months with great advantage. The freshness of the water, the pleasantness of its temperature, and the freedom of motion both in the stream and on its banks, are all advantages over the house-bath. With young boys, however, the bulk of water, the difficulty of maintaining a footing, and the natural fear of drowning, are all apt to be difficulties at first, and will sometimes call for much care and patience. In taking a boy to the river the first object should be to give him confidence; let him be sure that no tricks will be played him; and, where several boys are bathing together, this will require watchfulness. With these precautions, a boy may be taken to the river at a very early age, and may learn to swim not very long after he has learned to walk. This is a great gain in other points of view than the sanitary one; for swimming is an art, a difficult art—an art requiring much time, and much practice, and much attention—and, unless learned in boyhood, is seldom or never well learned; and, besides the safety and comfort which the power of swimming with ease bestows, it is one of those exercises which cultivate courage and self-confidence in a high degree. I have myself succeeded in teaching boys to swim, and swim well, as early as the sixth or seventh year.

Speaking in general terms, there is no fault to be found with the dress of the schoolboy; it gives sufficient warmth, and admits of complete freedom of movement. Indeed, it is only in the nursery that much evil from improper clothing is incurred. Get the child out of the nursery, get him away from mamma, and he is safe. Whence the danger? It arises from the most amiable of qualities—the love and pride of the parent in and for her darling; the ever-living solicitude for the comfort and beauty of the child, without perceiving in this respect what constitutes either the one or the other; the unsubduable desire to dress it, decorate it, beautify it, up to and beyond the received standard of fashion, that it may outshine and eclipse all other children, and become the observed of all child-observers—although such fashion be the unmeaning device of some ignorant tailor or milliner. But the schoolboy is emancipated from this slavery; the tailor has no powers in the playground. No man-milliner holds jurisdiction in nook or corner of that little healthy republic. Let him make the essay, let him hang on any boy's back a coat, in shape, colour, or material, chosen for ornament and not for use, and it will soon be laid where Raleigh's was—in the mud.

The allotment of the hours of study is, in general, well-chosen, well-distributed, and not exceeding the capacity of a healthy boy. In summer an hour's

study before breakfast may be safely undertaken, but in winter it should not be attempted. Let the body be invigorated by the morning meal, and warmed by a favourite game before the brain-work begins. For this is to be the effort of the day: two or three consecutive hours are to be given to mental toil, unbroken, uninterrupted, save by such break and interruption as may be obtained in passing from one kind of lesson to another, and in alternating the difficult and irksome with the easy and pleasant—an important point which should never be lost sight of. Some time should be given to recreation before dinner, and a clear hour, at the least, should invariably be allowed to elapse after dinner before the lessons are resumed. The drowsiness so often felt during the afternoon lessons arises entirely from the fact that digestion is still being actively carried on. The master must use the large discretionary power reposed in him for directing the evening's occupations. Five or six hours of mental task-work is as much as any young brain can with advantage undergo; but—inasmuch as mere idleness is as fatiguing and as injurious as labour—when the work of the day is considered ended with the afternoon lessons, pursuits may be devised and encouraged which will give occupation to the mental faculties without straining them; care being taken when they are followed by artificial light, that it is abundant and well-placed. Nothing is so destructive to young eyes as feeble, uncertain, or badly-distributed light.

In an excellent school, with which I am acquainted, the work begins, summer and winter, at eight o'clock, and is carried on till one, an interval of an hour being given from ten till eleven. A single hour is given to study in the afternoon, and an hour and a half in the evening completes the day's work. The younger boys are forbidden access to the schoolroom except during the school-hours—an arrangement which goes far to ensure the proper employment of the play-time, and, as there is plenty of competition going on, very much increases the attention and energy which the little fellows bestow upon their work at the appointed hours. The half-holidays, with both seniors and juniors, are devoted entirely to recreative exercises.

We sometimes find a master permitting, and parents encouraging, a child to devote himself entirely to his studies, and stimulating him by every means in their power to do so, even during the hours set apart for relaxation and exercise. The folly of this is so blind, the sin of it so great, that I would say it ought to be viewed as a delinquency punishable by law, did it not so surely bring of itself a punishment upon all concerned, more severe than any judicial court would, for pity, inflict. The discomfiture of the master's expectations, the annihilation of the parents' hopes, and the utter helplessness and hopelessness of the poor boy's break-down—for break down he must and will, and, once down, be ever after liable to a like fall, however firmly he may seem to have regained his feet—are most pitiable. Not unfrequently the coming disaster is perceived before it reaches actual catastrophe, and then parents, in consternation, are very apt to fly to the opposite extreme. The boy is hurriedly taken from school, all books are removed, all study is forbidden; from that which was his sole occupation he is entirely debarred. What is he to do? Lounge about, listless, purposeless, regretful, a weariness and trouble to himself and to every one about him. This error is scarcely less than the first. If we have gone astray we must retrace our steps footmark by footmark, and they will bring us again to the right track. If on the first indication of the boy's health giving way he had been gently, but firmly, led to apply the hours set apart for recreation and exercise; and, had these, as they became palatable, been augmented, the lost balance might have been restored. Parents are necessarily most anxious for their children's education; a boy's future career, his whole course of life, probably depends upon it, but this is not the way to secure it. Bend the bow till the string

touch the ear, but when the arrow is sped let the bow be unstrung, or the flight of the next arrow will be feeble, and the next more feeble still, for the elasticity and spring of the bow itself has been impaired by your neglect; neither let us forget that it was fashioned from a green and but a sapling yew.

Let it not be from this inferred that I would undervalue the purely mental work of schools, nor let it be for a moment imagined that I would advocate a less active, a less earnest, pursuit of it. On the contrary, it is because I value it at its highest price, and because I would sustain in their most ardent efforts its youthful votaries, and enable them in the aftertime to reap to the full the fruit of their labours, that I plead for a more discriminating indulgence in occupations purely mental and sedentary at this period of life. For there is no error more profound, or productive of more evil, than that which views the bodily and mental powers as antithetical and opposed, and which imagines that the culture of the one must be made at the expense of the other. The truth is precisely the reverse of this. In the acquirement of bodily health, mental occupation is a helpful, indeed a necessary, agent. And so impressively has this been proved to me that, in cases where the acquisition of bodily health and strength was the all in all desired by the parent, and the one thing longed for by the child (and in some cases almost despaired of by myself), I have been careful to allot and mark out a proportion of mental with bodily occupation. For what task, what toil, is so dreary as play, play, and only play, to an intelligent child? What boy can, so to speak, amuse himself for ever? Nothing is more true than the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," unless it be its own counterpart, that "All play and no work makes him duller still."

The little colourless bookworm stands high in a leading form—a form seldom reached by a well-grown healthy lad of his years—and master and usher unite in holding him up as an example to the school, and point him out with pride to every visitor. But every sensible man feels for him but commiseration, and views him but as a warning; for he looks from the boy to the man, and from the schoolroom to the outer world, with its rude encounter and its stern prolonged struggle, and he sees how unfit are such a form and such habits for the task. A warning, too, which urges less considerate minds to an opposite extreme! "My boy shall cultivate his *body*," says an astonished but not admiring Paterfamilias; and the resolve is a wise one, for well worth cultivating are the varied powers of the human body; and beautiful it is, and wonderful as beautiful, to watch the fair and free development of the frame of a shapely child; but the emphasis on the terminating word was meant to indicate that an exclusive culture should be given to the body, and that its twin-sister, its co-ordinate companion, the mind, would be left to shift for herself—disowned, excluded from her rightful share in the educational inheritance.

Now this must be all error—error arising from ignorance of our very selves. Mind and body should be viewed as the two well-fitting halves of a perfect whole, designed in true accord mutually to sustain and support each other, and each worthy of our unwearied care and unstinted attention; to be given with a fuller faith and more reverent trust than those which would argue that He who united in us our twofold nature made them incompatible, inharmonious, opposed. No, no; even blind and blundering man does not yoke two oxen together to pull *against* each other; mind and body can pull well together in the same team.

But it is not alone in this negative form, by exemption from extreme mental efforts, that the growth and development of the schoolboy is secured. Active bodily exercise at regular and frequent intervals must be obtained, and for this special provision must be made, with as serious a purpose as for any school duty. It must be at once admitted that the importance of exercise is, broadly

speaking, fully recognised by schoolmasters; and, if ample accommodation has not yet been provided for it, this is to be attributed rather to the as yet but partially comprehended nature of the requirement than to any lack of will to meet it. They know from the best of all sources, practical experience, that, unless boys have abundant play-time and play-space the tone and energy of mind and body sink, and the school-work suffers; and therefore an ample playground and a liberal allowance of play-hours are held as important as a commodious schoolhouse, a well-supplied table, or a good system of teaching.

The staple of the half-holiday school exercises are football and cricket, the one dividing the year with the other.

Football, for the healthy and strong, is an excellent exercise; but for the young or weak it is altogether unsuitable and dangerous—not only when they are mingled in the same game with the strong, but absolutely so when playing by themselves; for the exertion, the effort, the strain, is where they are least able at this age to sustain it—in the abdomen, groin and loins.[1] And where strong and weak, light and heavy, are mingled together, the evil is greatly increased; for if the player be but fairly endowed with what we all believe to be the birthright of our boys—pluck—the weakness of his muscles, the looseness of his joints, and the exposedness of his shin-bones, will never be taken into his reckoning when the ball is in view; indeed, his rashness will probably be in an inverse ratio to his strength, as his nervous excitability will be to his muscular development. This game, when played by young boys, should always be under the superintendence of a master or monitor, because of its comparatively inartistic and skilless character, causing it to depend mainly on the strength, weight, and daring of the player.

Cricket is an exercise of a very different character. Strength, daring, and weight, are not among its requisites; the strong and the weak may here safely enter the lists together; it is altogether a game of skill and dexterity—quick eye, ready hand, and fleet foot. It would be difficult to devise a game better fitted for half-holiday recreation; and, as I have had occasion before to remark, the man who invented cricket as surely deserves a statue to his memory as he who won Waterloo. For the grand old warrior, in the evening of his days, with a glistening eye and trembling lip, confessed, as he watched the Eton boys scoring their innings in *their* field—the field that led to his—"It was here that Waterloo was won."

It is delightful to see with what aptitude and love cricket has been adopted by our schools of all degrees, in town and country. It contains just that amount of exertion, diluted by that amount of rest, which it is desirable to give to boys in a sport extending over several hours, with just sufficient vagueness in its laws and regulations to free them from irksomeness in their observance, to give justification to their semi-fulfilment, and yet to have the law "o' our side;" with an ample margin for that necessary ingredient in all boys' pastimes—disputation. It is pleasant to see the real skill and undoubted dexterity with which the "big fellows" knock the balls about in a cricket-match; but I love still better to witness the early efforts of the little embryo cricketer—the exuberant display of unrequired resources—the prodigal expenditure of strength on acts rightly requiring the slightest effort—the uncheckable and unsubduable enthusiasm at the slenderest point gained—the redoubled resolution, heroic and defiant, to retrieve all

[1] Among the numerous cases of hernia which have come under my notice, caused by this game, I have traced the greatest number, not to over-exertion, or to any collision or bodily encounter with an antagonist, but to the circumstance of missing the ball, of hitting nothing, on a violently aimed kick; the strain on the lower region of the abdomen being, in such cases, very severe and closely localized, and altogether unexpected. The shock is analogous to that experienced in making a false step down a stair—with this difference, that in the latter instance it is a step made without effort, and in the former it is a blow made with the whole concentrated force of the body.

disasters and mishaps at the next innings. A man may get but little real exercise from cricket, but a boy *will* have exercise out of it in one form or another: he runs when, for all purposes of the game, he might be walking—jumps when he might be standing still—is practising leap-frog with the nearest fielder when he should be keeping a look-out for a catch. On the slightest occasion for approval, condemnation, or applause, his voice is ready. In bowling it is difficult to say what he aims at—the wicket or its keeper's legs, and as he enjoys the hitting of the one as much as the other, it would be uncharitable to suppose he has any partiality either way. In batting, if he does not swing himself off his legs, or throw away his bat in the uncontrolledness of his effort, he will get a good six runs for his blow. But fielding is his forte. What a slogan, what a war-dance, accompanies a catch! And the throw in—let his side be well content if the ball goes no farther beyond the wicket, than the distance from which he has thrown it; let them look sharp, too, about recovering it, for he issues his orders to that effect with the promptness and decision of a sea-captain in a gale of wind.

Hare and hounds, and paper-chases, are also excellent recreative half-holiday pastimes; but in these it is well for the master to form one of the pack. He should approve, if not select the ground—should determine the length of the race, and the pace at which it is to be run—should be ready to check undue effort, to stimulate the lazy or careless, to sustain the interest and to give importance to the whole. That master knows but one phase of the character of his boys who only sees them in school; he does but one half of his duty who only directs their studies: he who would know his boys entirely must be with them in all their undertakings.

But even these, in a climate so variable as ours, form but an inadequate and precarious provision for wants so important, and of such regular and frequent occurrence. The seasons and states of weather which drive boys from their playground and deprive them of their exercise, are precisely those in which they need it most, *i.e.* in rainy or snowy weather, when the ground is wet and everything on which the hand can be laid is cold and repellent. The close relation which the human body bears to surrounding objects is at no time more clearly shown than now; for, while the cold surfaces with which it comes in contact check the pleasurable action of the nerves, and retard circulation, the dampness of the air alike impedes respiration by the lungs, and transpiration by the skin; all the organs supporting the vital powers labour under the same want for that which is necessary at all times, but urgently so amid vapour and damp — exercise. These, too, are the times when colds are caught—while the boys crowd together in the doorways and windows, unemployed, restless, irritated, missing the physical employment expected, rendering themselves unfit for the mental ones yet to be performed.

What is wanted for every school, in addition to its ordinary playground and field for summer half-holiday sports, is a covered-in playground proportionate in size to the extent of the school. Such a structure might be erected at a trifling expense, with an asphalte or gravel floor, wooden walls and felt roof, fit alike for the hot midday of summer, the dripping afternoon of autumn, and the long winter evening. Let no attempt be made to fit it up with any form of gymnastic apparatus; nothing can be put up in it which would be either useful or safe without an efficient master. I hope in a future paper to show how a properly organized system of bodily training may be safely introduced into every private school in the kingdom; but, in the meantime, I would caution every one against the promiscuous use of any form of fixed apparatus whatever. I do so with an earnestness which I could only feel, and with an emphasis which I could only use, where the good to be obtained was, at best, trifling and uncertain, and

the evil to be hazarded great and undoubted. For what but evil can accrue from the untaught, undirected efforts of a group of boys—strong and weak, indiscriminately mingled—gathered around the cluster of perilous machines sometimes erected in a playground, and styled a gymnasium; the strong improvising tricks which have nothing to recommend them but their danger, the weak emulating the strong. And the evil which is most to be dreaded, namely, STRAINS, is precisely the very evil that should not occur—the very evil which, with properly administered gymnastics, *could* not occur; which, in my entire experience, and with the thousands of young and old, weak and strong, who have passed through my hands, has never in the smallest degree occurred—the very evil, in fact, which should be prevented from occurring in other exercises by the resultant benefits of these; because by them the parts liable to injury would be strengthened, and an inherited liability removed. For the universal law regulating growth and development is paramount here—the natural and suitable exercise strengthens, the false or undue exertion weakens and injures. I repeat—falls and broken bones are not the evils to be dreaded from these hazardous exertions. Falls are seen, and broken bones are mended; the thing to be feared is the strain from sudden, unregulated, or over-stimulated effort, an evil which at the time of its actual occurrence may never be known, or, if known, concealed, for the young have a dread of such incapacitating injuries; but which, concealed or avowed, understood or misapprehended, felt late or soon, will surely appear—it may be to mar the hope, and the happiness, and the usefulness of all the life to come.

I am urged to speak thus strongly on this point, because scarcely a week—sometimes, indeed, for weeks together, scarcely a day passes—without bringing me letters seeking to be informed of the cost of such apparatus, and requesting information to guide a carpenter in their construction; but amongst all these letters there is scarcely one in ten which desires to be informed as to what exercises should be done upon them when erected, or how these should be administered. The plastic frames of growing boys must not be treated in this fashion; they are not things for amateurs to play with.

A very different view of the nature of such exercises was taken by the Military Authorities on adopting them into the army, where, it must be remembered, the learners are all full-grown, able-bodied men, who, after repeated medical inspection, have been reported free from flaw in constitution and physical organization. It is not on a few frail open-air erections that these men are receiving their physical education, but in schools constructed with the utmost care to embrace every sanitary advantage—dry, clean, warm, roomy, lofty, perfectly lighted, perfectly ventilated—with the soft prepared floor to receive them on every slip or mishap. For the construction of these buildings forms an integral part of the system, and has received from me, in all the minutiæ of their design, as much care, and has been carried out with as much method and solicitude, as I have given to the preparation of the exercises themselves, or of the code of regulations and directions for their instruction and practice. There, in these gymnasia, the learners, at stated hours on stated days, assemble, and divide into small squads or classes of about a dozen men each; and each class, led by its certified instructor or monitor, the whole under the direction of an officer-superintendent, is conducted through a lesson, which, while it may be varied daily, ranges within one of the graduated courses of exercises composing the system; in which the difficulty of execution steadily increases, and culminates in the last: thus yielding to every learner exercise suited to his powers—thus ensuring that, while the instructor adheres to his book of instructions, neither teacher nor learner can err.

For, if in our day gymnastics mean anything—that is, anything worth the

serious thought of parent, teacher or child—they mean a gradual, progressive system of physical exercises, so conceived, so arranged, and so administered, that it will naturally and uniformly call forth and cultivate the latent powers and capacities of the body, even as the mental faculties are developed and strengthened by mental exercises and occupations—such a system as is carried out at Radley and at Magdalen College School—in which the exercises in their different stages of difficulty can be rendered alike suitable to the weak and to the strong, to the delicate and to the hardy; which will provide varied and suitable employment for the whole body, and for the whole body equally. The mere enumeration of these qualities shows at the same time the good obtainable from such a system, and the uselessness of the pseudo-gymnastics of which I have been speaking, where neither system nor discipline, teaching nor learning, teacher nor learner, exists.

I say again, let every schoolmaster forbid all such erections on his premises. The least artistic, the least attractive, the least valued of our playground games, yields a greater and a more certain good; all the recreative exercises put together do not aggregate a tithe of its dangers. I know that boys laugh at the word danger; I have never been able to convince boys that there is danger in anything—and it is well for Old England that it is so; but it only increases the responsibility of those to whose charge they are committed—to whose keeping their future usefulness and happiness are entrusted.

Therefore, the covered playground which I have been speaking of is for a playground only, and is to be devoted to playground games alone. These have been invented by an intelligence as unerring as instinct, and are cultivated with a devotion which no other exercise can inspire, and with an energy which no other exercise will call forth, and which only boys of this age can exert or sustain. Who shall tell the time, or place, or origin of these games, which are never old, always attractive, always gratifying, practised through the years of schooltime, remembered from generation to generation; possessing little of art—little at any rate that a bystander would perceive or appreciate—yet defying science to produce or combine anything to supplant them or become substitutes for them. A woeful day for England would be that which saw their abandonment. The conflagration of her finest city, the wreck of her noblest fleet, the loss of her richest colony, would not tell so sadly on her destiny as the loss of her playground games.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER X.—THE "ANGLO-SAXON" PARTY IN INDIA.

May 24, 1863.

Dear Simkins,—You gentlemen of England who stay at home in ease and a temperature of 45°, how little do you appreciate the full weight of the words, "contract law." You may have heard some bilious old gentleman in the warm corner of a railway-carriage descanting on the increased necessity for a contract law in India, with a vehemence and acrimony which appeared to you excessive and uncalled for. Perhaps at the time you imagined that some personal motive induced him to advocate a more stringent act of breach of promise, in order to bind those young ladies who come out to Calcutta under the express understanding that they are to marry one man, but with the secret intention of marrying another. To us, however, who live and move in the valley of the shadow of the Development of the Resources of India, these baleful syllables have a far other significance. When

the passions of men are stirred and their interests at stake, they are seldom long about finding a subject on which to quarrel. The Anglo-Saxon party, who consider it essentially English to oppress the native, and the Anglo-Indian party, who consider it essentially English to protect him, have discovered a most convenient battle-ground in the question of a criminal contract law. The matter in dispute may be summed up in a few words. Among all nations, which enjoy the benefit of an enlightened and philosophical system of law, redress for the breach of a contract must, in the great majority of cases, be sought by means of a civil suit. The Anglo-Saxon party ardently desire an act which shall punish breach of contract as a crime, which shall deal with the defaulter as if he were a thief or a smuggler. Their opponents are of opinion that no reason exists for subverting the principles of jurisprudence which, in their eyes, hold good in India as in old times they held good in Athens, in Rome, in Byzantium; as they now hold good in Germany, in France, in England.

Now the clamour for a criminal contract law arose out of the Indigo disturbances, and the result of such a law would be to give the planter a hold upon the ryots which would in practice render them little better than his slaves. For, unfortunately, the Hindoo mind is not firm enough to resist the temptation of a few ready rupees; and the peasant proprietor, in consideration of a small advance in cash, will engage himself to supply indigo at a price which cannot adequately repay his labour and outlay. The poor wretch soon begins to be aware that he has made a most disadvantageous bargain; and, after a great deal of grumbling and hesitation, he sows his land with other crops, the produce of which will keep his family from starving. When the time comes for fulfilling his part of the contract he brings in no indigo at all, or less than the stipulated amount, trusting that the landlord will be deterred from seeking redress by the expense and annoyance of a civil suit. Hereupon the planter, naturally enough, considers himself a very ill-used man, abuses Sir Charles Wood, Sir John Peter Grant, and the majority of the supreme council, and declares that he and his class have been sacrificed to the laziness and cupidity of the nigger. It never occurs to him that the root of all the evil is his own eagerness to make money, which will not permit him to offer the ryot a fair price for his commodities. In the district of Shahabad, on a rough computation, there are not less than fifty thousand ryots who grow opium. The collector and magistrate of the district informed me that during his tenure of that office only one of these fifty thousand had been brought before him for having neglected to fulfil his contract, and that one was acquitted. Is it not as plain as a proposition of Euclid, and a great deal plainer than some, that the ryots who undertake to grow opium fulfil their engagements because the Government pays them a remunerative price for their opium; and that the ryots who undertake to grow indigo fail in their engagements because the planter pays them for their indigo a price which is not remunerative? Why do the peasants regard as a blessing the privilege of sowing opium, and the obligation to sow indigo as a curse? Because they cultivate the former crop to the profit both of themselves and the Government, and the latter to the profit of the planter and their own most certain loss.

An able writer, in the *Indian Empire*, makes the following very just remarks: "The ryot deals fairly with the European in everything but indigo. The planter has only to make indigo as profitable to the ryot as he has already made silk and sugar, and, if he then finds the ryot dishonest, if he then finds that the ryot takes advances only for the purpose of defrauding the planter, he may then, and not till then, fairly come to Government for protection, and ask for a contract law. We know well the planter's answer, for we have had it made to us more

"than once: 'It will not pay us to offer
"better terms for indigo.' In other
"words, indigo, to pay the planter,
"must be ruinous to the ryot. Indigo,
"to pay the planter, must be grown at
"the ryot's own proper risk, and sold to
"the planter at a price about three or
"four hundred per cent. below its mar-
"ketable value. Indigo, in short, to
"pay the planter, must yield a profit
"unknown to other speculations; whilst
"all that it yields to the ryot is ruin,
"oppression, and despair."

The ryot keeps faith towards the silk-planter and the sugar-planter, towards the opium-agent, towards the trader in jute and safflower. In the case of indigo, and of indigo alone, he is a dishonest, rascally, greedy nigger. If he does not deserve these epithets, it would surely be the height of cruelty to pass a law for the special purpose of oppressing and degrading him. If he is, indeed, such as the planters describe—if the peasant who grows indigo necessarily becomes a knave and a liar, then what can be more unjust and immoral than to put into the hands of the very men whose unscrupulous love of gain has made him what he is, a weapon by which they may visit on him those vices and shortcomings, for the existence of which they have only themselves to thank? A special act for the enforcement of indigo contracts, under the criminal law, would bear most severely on a class who are already sufficiently miserable from the consequences of their short-sighted folly, and from the hard dealing of men who are enabled by shrewdness, prudence, and the possession of a little capital to turn that folly to their own advantage.

The Anglo-Saxon party are perfectly aware that it would be vain to ask for a special law relating to indigo contracts. They know well that such a suggestion would not be entertained for a moment by a generation which has read Bentham and John Stuart Mill. They, therefore, take a wider ground. They demand a penal act which shall enforce the fulfilment of all contracts, of whatsoever nature, and they base that demand upon the low state of morality among the Hindoos, which, in commercial dealings, destroys all confidence between man and man. In fact, they advocate an enactment of which the preamble is to be a declaration, that honesty and self-respect are at such a discount in this country that the law must watch over the farmer and the artizan as at home it watches over the garotter and the skittle-sharper. More than one old fable tells how the gods loved to punish the presumption of mortals by granting their prayers to the letter. Let the Anglo-Saxon party have what they ask, and make the most of it. Give them their criminal contract law, and let them enjoy it to the full.

> "Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
> Dî faciles."

Some of the greatest houses in Calcutta would be the first to cry out against the iniquity of a statute which applied to commercial transactions of the nineteenth century a rude and barbarous system of restrictions and penalties.

For observe what the nature of such a statute must be. If one of the contracting parties has received a consideration and subsequently fails wilfully to perform his part of the contract, he is liable to be punished as a criminal. An ensign orders a suit of clothes. He obtains the goods, and in so doing receives a consideration. As time goes on the tailor duns him without success, and at length, in a moment of irritation, determines to have recourse to the strong arm of the law. He ascertains that the young spark has bought a racehorse or paid a debt of honour with the money which should have gone towards discharging his account. The wilful breach of contract is thus established to the satisfaction of the court, and the unfortunate officer has his hair cropped, and is put on a course of rice and hard labour. An insolvent debtor must have been cautious indeed if his creditor could not find means to convict him of wilful breach of contract. If such a law were to come into action, the community would be agitated by a series of petty acts of social tyranny. The prisons

would be gorged with clergymen and captains and esquires. Convicts, with the Victoria Cross on their breast, would be breaking stones along the Grand Dawk Roads; collectors and commissioners, during their visits to the district reformatories, would be pestered by their predecessors with complaints of the bad ventilation of the cells, and the stupidity and importunity of the chaplain; and jail inspectors would learn, by experience, whether the alimentary and fat-producing elements in grain are in the proportion of 15 or 14.37892872. Nor would this be all. Such a law would, in the hands of rival speculators and merchants, become a terrible engine of mutual annoyance and molestation. No one, who observes the bitter jealousies so frequent in the commercial world, can doubt that there are times when men would stick at nothing which could damage or ruin a trader or company of traders whose interests are directly opposed to their own. Calcutta has but lately been convulsed with the feuds and scandals which seem indigenous to all transactions in Turkey red yarn.

"Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

The Turkey red yarn establishments are at war, and the Anglo-Indians of Chowringhee are to suffer for it. Conceive such a trenchant sword as a criminal contract law in the grasp of the hostile Paladins of Dhurrumtollah and the Old Court House Road! Heaven preserve us from such a reign of commercial terror! Heaven preserve us from such a device for restoring confidence between man and man! Could the dispossessed ryot pray for a more complete and appropriate retribution than that the great Anglo-Saxon race should experience for some six months the blessings of a criminal contract law of their own devising?

Another very serious objection to the proposed act is the increased expense which would thereby be thrown upon the public resources. For, whereas the costs of a civil suit come from the pockets of the individual litigants, the costs of a criminal trial are defrayed by the State. Now the public money is well spent in repressing crimes of theft and violence; but it may be questioned whether it might not be put to a better use than that of frightening young civilians into paying for their buggies, and enabling Baboo Matterjee Bookerjee the money-lender to wreak his vengeance upon Baboo Kissory Mullick the horse-dealer, or upon Muggins and Box the tobacconists, appraisers, and general dealers in ironmongery and *bijouterie* on the north side of Tank Square. Above all, it is not well that the proceeds of the land-tax which has been paid by the sweat of the ryots of Bengal should be expended to assist their landlord and employer to fling them into gaol by whole villages at a time.

So blind is rapacity, so short-sighted is the hatred of class against class, that the men who most eagerly push forward the contract law do not perceive that such a law would entirely defeat the end which they have most at heart. Their aim and object is to procure indigo at an unnaturally low price, by forcing the ryots to fulfil a contract in which all the advantage is on one side. Those who best understand the native character, who have studied that character by other lights than those of covetousness and prejudice, are convinced that the effect of a criminal contract law must inevitably be that the peasants will refuse to make any engagement whatsoever. The Hindoo is constitutionally timid and suspicious, and has a most religious horror of any transaction which can bring him within the grasp of the Penal Code. However favourable the terms may be, he will steadily refuse to bind himself to any agreement the violation of which will entail instant and certain punishment. The planter will find to his cost that a contract partially fulfilled is better than no contract at all. The imperfect civilization of India, the poverty of the ryots, the want of a class of trustworthy, substantial middlemen, render indispensable the system of petty contracts and small advances in cash. The Government cannot get opium unless it advances a portion of

the price; and, until the condition of Bengal and Bahar is very different from what it is at present, the planter must go without his indigo, unless he can induce the peasant-proprietor to conclude an engagement to supply a certain quantity of the commodity in consideration of a few rupees paid down on the nail. Now upon an engagement of that nature no genuine Bengalee, in his wildest dreams, will dare to enter, if once a criminal contract act comes into effect. Should our rulers be cajoled or bullied into passing such an act, the indigo-planters themselves would be the first to suffer. But the evil would not stop with them. There would ensue a rapid and complete demoralisation of the whole community. Confidence and good faith would soon disappear under the influence of an untoward and inauspicious law which thought fit to ignore their existence; and, when confidence and good faith had been expelled the land, it would go hard indeed with the development of the resources of India.

The Anglo-Saxon party take good care to bring into prominent notice the fact that some ancient Acts of the nature of a criminal contract law are still in force in England. They lay most stress upon the statute which, under certain circumstances, gives a magistrate the right of sending to prison for a short period agricultural labourers who have broken an engagement with their employers. Now it is true enough that such a statute exists, but it is as obsolete as the statute which forbids Oxonians to wear any clothes but those of a subfusc hue. Some six or eight years ago two countrymen in the employment of a country parson (whose name may have been Trulliber, and may not), were tempted from their work by a review in a neighbouring town. The magistrates put the law in force against these unlucky clodhoppers, and were rewarded by being laughed at and abused in every newspaper, from the *Times* downwards. Public opinion expressed itself in such unmistakeable terms that, since that day, no justice has been found "Shallow" or bucolic enough to revive the odious enactment. Nevertheless, the vast and silent strength of the landed interest has hitherto succeeded in obtaining that the law shall not be expunged from the Statute-book. Because, however, a bad law in England, which has already been virtually abrogated by general consent, has not been annulled by Act of Parliament, is that any reason for enacting a still worse law in India? Because the Statute-book at home is not always as wise as the voice of the people, is that any reason for defacing the noble and philosophical Penal Code—the greatest and most undoubted benefit of all which we have conferred upon our Eastern possessions.

It must not be forgotten that, in those cases in which breach of contract is still visited as a crime by English law, the defaulters are supposed to have compromised the general weal. Thus sailors who desert from a merchant-vessel are liable to punishment, because the safety of the ship, the crew, and the cargo is endangered by their dereliction of duty. The law relating to agricultural labourers traces its origin to a time when the idea prevailed that the existence of the country depended on the supply of food; when it was supposed that a strike among her ploughmen and hedgers would be as fatal to England as a mutiny among her seamen to an East-Indiaman or a Greenland whaler. Now, could the editor of the *Hurkaru* himself lay his hand on his Anglo-Saxon heart, and declare that the well-being and security of our Eastern dominions are in peril because European landholders must go into open market for their indigo? Have we fought Plassey and Sobraon in vain, and in vain besieged Bhurtpore and Mooltan, as long as the planters of Jessore are forced to give the ryot an honest price for his crop? Let them imitate their brethren of Tirhoot, and deal justly and kindly by the native cultivators, instead of whining and blustering because the Government will not help them to buy indigo cheap and sell it at an extravagant profit.

The anti-native press is very fond of

insinuating that our countrymen at home are in full enjoyment of that criminal contract law which has been so heartlessly denied to oppressed and slighted India. They do not dare directly to affirm that this great boon has been granted to the British Isles, but their columns teem with statements which can only be explained on such a supposition. For instance :—

"Thomas Jones, builder, of Padding-"ton, must stand by his contract, or "the law of England will want to know "the reason why ; but Gopaul Goorkee-"wallah, of Burdwan, is of a different "order, and requires different treatment. "He has no intention of defrauding "anybody. He takes money in the "innocence of his heart for the express "purpose of performing certain work, "and then, in equal innocence, spends "it in other ways. But he means no "harm : it is all innocence, and any "interference with him would be ty-"ranny in the eyes of the Rev. Mr. "Blowhard Stiggins, who has just sued "the Congregational Synod for salary "agreed upon, but not paid."

Now if this precious extract means anything at all, it implies that the condition of a defaulting contractor in Paddington is different from that of a defaulting contractor in Burdwan. Unless the whole paragraph is utter nonsense, it signifies that Thomas Jones may be punished as a criminal for breaking his engagement, while Gopaul Goorkeewallah can only be touched by means of a civil suit. Either the writer must be strangely ignorant, or he must have a very low opinion of the good sense of his readers. Again, why drag in the private circumstances of Mr. Blowhard Stiggins? If the poor man has been hardly used by the Congregational Synod, he surely has a right to bring a civil action against that body, whatever his opinions may be concerning the advisability of punishing breach of contract by a criminal law. Happily the subscribers to the Calcutta journals are not quite such fools as the editors seem to imagine.

The supporters of the contract law are for ever harping on a string which is singularly rotten and unmelodious. They affirm that the predilection for the Hindoo population at home is supported by "the restless intrigues of a "few angry missionaries touting for the "signatures of benevolent noblemen and "gentlemen, and working Exeter-hall." They sang a triumphant "Te Diabolum" in anticipation of the misery which was about to be inflicted upon our Oriental fellow-subjects by a vote of the Imperial Parliament. Sir Charles Wood was to be bullied and snubbed as an example to all future Indian Ministers. "His "refusal of a law for the punishment "criminally of fraudulent breaches of "contract," was to be "combated in Par-"liament, after the Easter recess, by a "powerful opposition, supported by the "whole mercantile community" (including, of course, the Kinnairds and the Buxtons, and other great houses which have been so distinguished by their consistent hatred and contempt for everything with a black skin), "and by "every man who has any knowledge of "India and her true wants ;" that is to say, by Sir John Lawrence, Sir Edward Ryan, and John Macpherson Macleod. We all know what this came to. There is just as much likelihood that the Commons of England will stigmatize Sir Charles Wood for setting his veto on the Contract-law, as that they will censure Lord Hartington for neglecting to have every private in the British army flogged once a week. In spite of all the jokes about thin Houses, and counting out, and tedious, returned nabobs, the fact is that the people of England take a good working interest in Indian matters. But that interest in the mass of our countrymen is confined to two points. There exists a strong desire to witness the vast productive resources of the East developed to the highest possible point, and a fixed determination to do our duty by the children of the soil. And the latter sentiment is, in the long run, the mightier of the two. Englishmen would be very glad to see the quays of Liverpool heaped with bales of Bombay cotton, but they had far rather behold

the continent of India covered with a thriving, intelligent, free population, who owe to our just and enlightened sway the blessings of civilization, of education, of liberty. Those who need sympathy in their struggle against the rights of the Hindoo, must go elsewhere than to St. Stephen's or to the hustings. They should learn to apply at the right places; at the Vatican, for instance, or the palace at Potsdam, or the board at St. Petersburgh, which takes into consideration the affairs of Poland. There are plenty of people of their way of thinking, if they only knew where to look.

And herein Mr. Laing made a great mistake. He appears to have imagined that materials existed in England from which a party might be formed powerful enough to oppose with success the traditional policy of the Home Government—that policy of which protection to the native forms the leading principle. During his residence in Calcutta he had been accustomed to hear the Hindoo, and the friends of the Hindoo, spoken of with contempt and dislike by the press and amongst the non-official society. Whenever he opened a newspaper or dined with a merchant, he was told that the prosperity of India was incompatible with any great display of tenderness towards the population of India. And so he gradually came to be convinced that in England, as out here, the official men and the missionaries were loud and eager enough in the cause of philanthropy, but that the commercial world in general had pretty well made up its mind that the interests of the Hindoo were in direct opposition to the interests of trade and manufacture. At any rate, if he was not fully convinced of this, the planters and their friends were fully convinced of it for him. These gentlemen regarded Mr. Laing as their chosen warrior, sent home to do battle in the holiest and most profitable of causes. To read their effusions you would have supposed that all the capitalists of the Northern counties were ready and eager to place themselves at the disposal of Mr. Laing; that Lancashire had been yearning for the news of his arrival on British shores as the Sicilians yearned for the coming of Garibaldi in 1860. The moment he set foot in the House of Commons terror and dismay were to spread through the ranks of the philanthropists. Lord Stanley was to collapse at once; Mr. Baring was to shake in his official shoes; and Sir Charles Wood himself, that brazen colossus which has one foot in Westminster and another in Chowringhee, was to topple over at the first breath of the Anglo-Saxon champion, and crush, in its fall, the fond hopes of every damned nigger from the Dooab to the Sunderbunds.

Mr. Laing himself, who knew something more than did his ardent clients of the temper of the English people and the English senate, was well aware that there was something ludicrous in the notion of the planting interest, unsupported and alone, marching to attack Sir Charles Wood in his own stronghold. It would be idle to stand on the floor of the House, and bawl about the "English name" and the "Traditional Policy of the Civil Service." These arguments were all very well in Cossitollah, but there was grave reason to fear that men who listened twice a week to Gladstone might fail to perceive their force. Indigo, after all, was a weak card, and it became necessary to strengthen his hands unless he was willing to throw up the game at once. The public mind being at the time absorbed in the distress of the Lancashire operatives, and ready to adopt any suggestion for their relief, why not judiciously contrive to mix up the contract law with the cotton question? Why not point out to the sufferers that some part, at least, of their misery arose from the unpatriotic obstinacy of the Secretary of State for India, who refused to sanction an Act on which depended the supply of cotton from Bombay? Why not rouse against the friends of the favoured Hindoo the indignation of the friends of the starving Englishman? Why not enlist under the righteous blue banner of the planters all the best as well as all the worst

passions of the human heart? The idea, however little else it had to recommend it, was at least ingenious, and Mr. Laing at once proceeded to carry it into effect. If he could succeed in convincing the Manchester men that their dearest interests were wrapped up in the success of the Criminal Contract Law, he would at once obtain the hearty services of a most efficient and numerous body of allies. In his celebrated pamphlet, entitled "England's Mission in the East," he says, under the head of "Contract Law":—

"The question of Criminal Contract "Law was raised with little reference "to that of indigo—which, as I have "explained, had already passed into a "different phase, that of rent—but "much more with reference to the im"pending cotton crisis. It was felt that "the more direct contract of the Euro"pean buyer with the native dealer "was the one thing needful to accele"rate a large production of Indian "cotton, and that some effort should be "made by Government to remedy a "state of things which raised almost "insuperable obstacles to the introduc"tion of such a system."

Again:—

"As far as India is concerned, it is, "perhaps, of little importance, for it is "only a question of a few years, more or "less, and ready money will ultimately "make its way. But it cannot be denied "that Lancashire has suffered, for it is "clearly proved that the establishment "of European agencies in the interior, "some months ago, to make advances "for the cotton crop now growing, would "have been the only practical means "of greatly accelerating the period of "a large supply of Indian cotton; and "it is equally clear, after such a decla"ration as that of the Hon. Mr. Scott, "one of the first merchants in Bombay, "in the Legislative Council:—'That "his firm had tried the experiment for "eight years, and given it up after a "heavy loss, owing to the impossibility "of enforcing contracts;' that the "Liverpool and Manchester merchants "cannot justly be blamed for failing to "do what a better law of contracts "could alone have rendered possible."

Observe the peculiar nature of this reasoning: "As far as India is con"cerned,"—Mr. Laing admits that there exists no necessity for overthrowing the fundamental principles of jurisprudence "—it is only a question of a few years, "more or less, and ready-money will "ultimately make its way"—that is to say, in India, as everywhere else, men will get the commodities of the land if they choose to offer a just and fair price. "But it cannot be denied that Lancashire has suffered"—alas! indeed it cannot. But are we, on that account, to inflict upon the whole continent of India a coercive law which, three lines above, the most able supporter of that law has declared to be unnecessary? And an unnecessary coercive law is among the most fatal scourges under which a country can suffer. Mr. Laing recommends us, as a remedy for the temporary distress of Lancashire, to pass a measure which otherwise is not required, and which is inconsistent with true theories of government and commerce. Can Mr. Laing, on his faith as a political economist, as the countryman of Adam Smith and Macculloch, as the successor of Wilson, declare that he is of opinion that it is the duty of a ruler, in time of pressure, to have recourse to measures which are inconsistent with those theories? Is he, in the three capacities above mentioned, prepared to say that the Committee of Public Safety, in the agony of the French Revolution, were right when they named a minimum price for grain, and forced all farmers to empty their barns before a certain date? Is he, in those three capacities, prepared to say that the Plantagenets were right when, in order to encourage the declining home manufacture of cloth, they forbade, under terrible penalties, the exportation of English wool? Unless he will go as far as this, unless he is willing to swallow restrictive laws and fixed prices, and temporary measures by the bushel, I do not see how he is justified in advising us to palliate the present crisis by an enactment in itself

harsh, impolitic, and illogical—nay, to make the matter worse, to palliate a crisis in the affairs of Lancashire by an enactment, the melancholy consequences of which will fall entirely upon India. Does Mr. Laing imagine that the commerce and agriculture of the East are governed by other laws than the commerce and agriculture of European nations?—that the spirit of competition is dead beyond the Persian Gulf?—that high prices have no charms along the banks of the Jumna?—that, amidst the cotton plantations of Central India and the Vats of Bengal proper, the supply no longer tends to proportion itself to the effective demand with that creditable zeal which it displays in the coal districts of the Tyne and the factories of Blackburn?

However, it is not the case that "the "question of a contract law was raised "with little reference to that of indigo, "but much more with reference to the "impending cotton crisis." When there is an agitation in favour of a particular measure, how do we ascertain what is the class with reference to which the question of that measure was raised? Surely by observing to what order of men belong the majority of the eager supporters of the proposed law, and with reference to the interests of what order of men the advisability of that law is most frequently discussed. Now, nine out of ten of the most prominent advocates of a criminal contract law are indigo planters, or friends of indigo planters, or men personally concerned in the prosperity of indigo planters. They are all more or less blue, though the blueness of some may be of a faint and almost celestial tint. Again, in nine out of ten of the leading articles in which the question of a criminal contract law is debated, allusion is made almost exclusively to the effect of such a law upon the fortunes of indigo. Every man who, to use the favourite expression of the Anglo-Saxon party, "has any knowledge of India and her true wants," is perfectly aware that we might as well say that the question of protection had little reference to the farming interest as that the question of a contract law has little reference to the indigo interest. Does Mr. Laing himself believe that, if he succeeded in obtaining a criminal contract law in which a special exception was made in favour of the ryots engaged in the cultivation of indigo, he would meet with any overwhelming amount of gratitude from the non-official society of India? Would he not at once become the most deadly and treacherous of all the enemies of the English name? Would he not almost supplant Sir Charles Wood in his character of Philindus, and quite supplant him in his character of Miso-Britannicus?

It is necessary to accept Mr. Laing's authority on these matters with the most extreme circumspection. In this same pamphlet he commits an error so gross, so palpable, and fraught with such singular consequences, that it is impossible to receive, with confidence, such a statement as that which he has put forward concerning the connexion between the contract law and indigo. I quoted his remark that the indigo question "had already passed into a different phase, that of rent." He had explained this at length under the heading "Rent and Indigo Questions." His account is as follows:—The English planter had once been "carelesss about rents, and "let the ryot sit at the old and almost "nominal rates, on the condition that "hè should grow indigo at a certain "price." Then came the disturbances. The ryot proceeded to repudiate his contracts, and refused to grow indigo. Hereupon the affair "passed into a new "and more important phase, that of "rent. The planters generally gave "up their old contracts and advances "as lost, and sought to indemnify them-"selves by raising their rent. The "ryots, on the other hand, encouraged "by their victory in the case of the "indigo contracts, combined to resist "all increase of rent." "In this state "of things," he proceeds to say, "the "party in the Bengal Government, "favourable to the ryot, passed an act "known as Act X. of 1860, with a view

"to strengthen his position, defining "more exactly his proprietary title."

Was there ever a prettier story; one more neat and perfect in all its parts; one which it would be a greater pity to spoil by bringing to bear upon it the irresistible battery of fact? What should you say if I told you that this famous statute was not Act X. of 1860, but Act X. of 1859: that it became law, not "in this state of things, when "the indigo question had already passed "into a different phase, that of rent," but in the mid-heat and confusion of the indigo troubles? Yet so it is. This is no slip of the pen; no trifling confusion of dates. The whole gist of this important mass of statements depends on the substitution of '60 for '59. Is not such carelessness almost incredible? Here is a man who took a foremost part in the government of India during the years 1861 and 1862; not only a statesman and financier, but a lawyer of some note, who writes pages of weighty matter on the supposition that the most celebrated and momentous statute of 1859 was passed in 1860! And on such a hook as this he hangs a chain of reasoning with which he expects to refute the members of the Civil Service who know Act X. by heart with all its ins and outs, the causes which motived its introduction, and the consequences which it produced. More extraordinary still, the real Act X. of 1860 ought to have been as familiar to Mr. Laing as the 27th Article to the Bishop of Exeter; for that Act related to the Customs' duties upon various articles, and must have been frequently consulted by him as financial member of council when engaged in the composition of his budgets. A writer, who has been betrayed into so flagrant an inaccuracy, and who has grounded upon that inaccuracy the tenor of his remarks upon the rent question, must not be surprised if we hesitate to receive, as Gospel, his dictum concerning the contract law and the indigo question.

However much we may be disgusted and alienated by the unreasonable violence of the supporters of a contract law, we must not, however, forget that there is a grievance at the bottom of every wide-spread agitation. A large body of men never agree to fill the universe with their complaints unless they have some genuine wrong to complain of. If we look closely into the matter, we shall find that the planters are not without serious and undoubted ground for discontent. In a country where the poverty of the cultivators necessitates a system of petty advances, it is most essential that every facility should be afforded to those who are obliged to have recourse to a court of law in order to bring to account a lazy or fraudulent neighbour and dependent. An indigo-planter who has dealings with several hundred ryots, as a matter of course, is constantly hampered by the idleness and improvidence of some of their number, and the knavery of others. Is he to take every individual case before a tribunal sitting in a station from which he is divided by sixty or eighty miles of road, which was in decent order before the Central Government took it in hand? He can spare neither the time, nor the money, nor the temper. He prefers to submit to the loss, and to reimburse himself the next season by driving harder bargains than ever all round the list of his tenants. Such being the case, the English settlers are justified in thinking themselves hardly used. Unfortunately, as men are apt to do under the circumstances, instead of endeavouring to obtain a natural and legitimate redress, they claim to be allowed to right themselves by wronging others. The watchword of their party should be, "Cheap and Speedy Justice." It is "a Criminal Contract Law, and damn the niggers!" The state of things in the Mofussil is not unlike that which existed in England before the institution of county courts. Then the proceedings for the recovery of small debts were so tedious and expensive that tradesmen frequently preferred to lose their money, and compensate themselves by charging exorbitant prices. The solvent customers thus suffered for the shortcomings of the in-

solvent, just as an honest ryot gets a lower price for his indigo because his worthless neighbour broke faith with their common employer. If small-cause courts were scattered broadcast over Bengal and Bahar, the planters would find to their surprise, and perhaps a little to their disappointment, that the difficulties of their position had been obviated by a remedy very different from that panacea for which they had clamoured so long and so loudly: the sting would be taken out of the excitement for the contract law; men would at times forget that they were members of the Anglo-Saxon race; Sir John Peter Grant would become a shade less black, and Sir Mordaunt Wells a shade less blue.

With reference to this subject, "England's Mission in the East" contains the following passage:—"The more simple "and summary legislation can be made "in such matters, the better suited it "is for India. The people are naturally "litigious, and the introduction of the "intricacies of English law too often "tends to foster this spirit, and to raise "up a race of pettifogging village attor-"neys, who do infinite mischief. Per-"jury prevails to a frightful extent, and "the law is too often looked upon as an "instrument for enabling a man to resist "just claims by special pleading and "subornation of evidence. To meet "these evils, laws in Eastern countries "should be as far as possible simple "and direct, and, above all things, con-"sonant to the plain common sense and "moral feeling of the community. Dis-"honesty, when palpable, should be "punished criminally, and not left to "the chance of a tedious civil proce-"dure."

Nothing can be more just than these premises, and nothing more unsound than this conclusion. The people of India *are* naturally litigious. They *do* take most kindly to the dirty part of English law. Perjury *does* prevail to a frightful extent, and law *is* too often looked upon as an instrument whereby a man may resist just claims. Therefore legislation *should* be simple, summary, and consistent with the moral feeling of the community; and such the rulers of our Eastern dominions are doing their very best to make it. India is blessed with a criminal code, and codes of criminal and civil procedure, which make a plain Englishman's mouth water; and there is every prospect that before many years have elapsed she will possess a civil code, such as would satisfy even the author of "Orley Farm." But the remedy for a national tendency to litigation and perjury is not the criminal punishment of palpable dishonesty. A man who forswears himself in a civil suit will not speak the truth when he is placed at the bar as a criminal. Because Hindoo witnesses lie and shuffle, there is no reason that English legislators should neglect the principles of jurisprudence. "The intricacies of English law" may, perhaps, have raised up "a race of pettifogging village attorneys;" but a criminal contract law, introduced in defiance of the dictates of justice and good sense, would soon raise up a race of grinding village tyrants. Truly a noble and philosophical idea this of elevating the debased moral sense of a great people by means of an enactment which will degrade them below the level of the population of any civilized country, ancient or modern! Thank God, there are those who have formed quite another conception of England's Mission in the East! Thank God, there are those who have a higher opinion of our Indian fellow-subjects than to imagine that their commerce and agriculture must be regulated, not by the great principles of free competition and individual industry and self-respect, but by the hulks, the jail, and Dr. Mowatt's last revised system of prison diet!

By this time, my dear Simkins, you probably hate the name of "contract law" as much as the most constant reader of the *Bengal Hurkaru*. In order, however, that you may be enabled to appreciate to the full the feelings of that individual of awful experiences, you must be initiated in the mysteries of "waste lands." Know, then (and here again I take the liberty of quoting

Mr. Laing, the most clear and concise of pamphleteers), that, "taken roughly, "we may say that one-third of the area "of British India is waste land in the "fullest sense of the word, which has "never been colonized and occupied by "the Hindoo or any other civilized race. "This is the great area which is destined "to become one of our chief sources "of supply for tea, coffee, and other "valuable colonial produce, benefitting "vastly the native labourer as well as "the English capitalist, by the extension of trade and the employment "given at high wages."

By Lord Canning's resolution a certain price per acre was fixed for all waste land, whatever the quality. A capitalist who wished to buy any portion gave notice of his intention. The Government then announced that such and such lands were to be disposed of, and after the lapse of a month the purchaser paid his money, and took possession of the lot. Now the defects of this method of procedure are obvious. As all lands, bad and good, were sold at the same price, people bought up all the valuable soils at a price much below what they would have fetched in open market, and left the inferior lots on the hands of the state. Worse than this, a vast proportion of the best tracts were taken by land-jobbers, who afterwards disposed of them at their own price. Europeans, therefore, who were desirous of settling in India gained nothing but the very questionable advantage of paying to speculators the purchase-money, which ought to have gone into the pockets of the public. Again, the one month's notice was not long enough to satisfy the demands of equity. It often happened that persons who had an interest in lands advertised for sale were unable to put in their claim in time to prevent the alienation of their rights. A native proprietor who happened to be absent on business at Cocanda or Tanjore might receive the pleasing intelligence that a sharp broker from Calcutta or Delhi had applied six weeks previously for a couple of thousand acres on the frontiers of Oude, over which the cattle of his fathers had browsed for generations past; and he might solace himself during his return home with the anticipation of finding a stranger comfortably in possession, perhaps with Mr. Rudd himself as his bailiff and right-hand man.

Sir Charles Wood was deeply impressed with the evils which had resulted, and were likely to result, from so faulty a system. He accordingly modified the resolutions of Lord Canning in a manner which, to unprejudiced eyes, displayed equal regard to the interests of the Treasury, the native population, and the European settler. For the fixed price he substituted sale by auction in open market, and thereby gave the land-jobbers a slap in the face which they can neither forgive nor forget. He extended the period of the notice from one month to three, and in so doing opened an additional account of hatred with those who saw in his conduct only another proof of his partiality for the nigger. And, because he has obeyed the imperious demands of humanity and sound policy, because he has acted as every disinterested and judicious statesman must have acted in the same conjuncture, he is reviled by the Calcutta papers in terms which would be harsh and shocking if applied to such rulers as Sejanus and Strafford. The editors of those papers seem to consider his behaviour in this matter as too palpably iniquitous to need any demonstration. Any allusion to "waste lands" is the text, not for argument and illustration, but for vulgar abuse and contemptible slander.

Here, again, a grievance actually exists, which will doubtless be speedily removed, and which would have been removed long before this if the aggrieved parties had made their complaint in a rational and intelligible strain, instead of scolding like old women whenever the subject is mentioned. By the Modified Resolutions lands cannot be sold until they have been surveyed, and the Government survey proceeds so slowly that persons who desire to purchase certain lots get those lots surveyed at their own expense. It sometimes happens that at the auction another

capitalist outbids them, and the expense of the survey thus becomes a dead loss. This oversight on the part of the Government is, however, hardly grave enough to justify the non-official society in joining the crusade of the land-jobbers against the home authorities. When men are blinded by their passions it is marvellous how low they will stoop for allies.

And now you have both the heads of the indictment brought by the Anglo-Saxon party against Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India—that he has vetoed the contract law, and that he has modified Lord Canning's resolutions concerning the sale of waste lands. Now you have the substance of the preamble to that bill of attainder which, if we are to believe the Calcutta press, will one day be unanimously voted by the Commons House of Parliament. Now you know why Sir Charles Wood is the most tyrannical, the most treacherous, the most unpatriotic of all the great English statesmen who have had to do with India. And yet he is not alone in his shame. There are two rulers whom in their day the same men hated with the same hate, and reviled with the same unsparing ferocity. There are two names that share his infamy, and diminish the load of execration with which he is to be pursued through generations yet unborn, and those are the names of Lord Macaulay and Lord Canning. The first was guilty of the black and abominable design of raising the Hindoo to the rank of our fellow-citizen by equal laws equally administered. The second, traitor that he was, when the sword of vengeance was drawn and whetted, stepped forward to prevent the extermination of the accursed race. Sir Charles is a worthy member of such a triumvirate. He must console himself with the reflection that, as he partakes the aversion with which his two colleagues are still regarded by the Anglo-Saxon party, so he holds the same place as they in the hearts of the native population of India, in the good opinion of the misguided and ignorant people of England. But all honour to that discerning and enlightened faction which did not fail to unmask and hold up to eternal reprobation the true characters of Macaulay and Canning!

Each member of this trio is arraigned at the bar of public opinion on a separate indictment. Each is accused of a crime peculiarly his own. The special charge brought against Sir Charles Wood is, that he offers every impediment to the development of the resources of India. Now it so happens that of all Indian ministers Sir Charles Wood has applied himself most eagerly and most exclusively to the advancement of the material prosperity of the country entrusted to his charge. The sums now appropriated for the furtherance of the productive public works far exceed those expended by his predecessors. And yet his call is still for more. More roads, more canals, more tramways, more Sir Arthur Cottons. Open more rivers; connect more trunk-lines; detach more engineers to this undertaking, and lay out more lacs on that other. All the daughters of the horse-leech together do not cry "Give! give!" louder than Sir Charles when the question is one which concerns the productive powers of our Eastern dominions. And this is the statesman the principle of whose policy is hostility to the development of the resources of India. This is the ruler but for whose determined opposition Bombay would be a second Carolina and Bahar—a more productive Jamaica. Satire itself is, generally speaking, careful, in the portraits which it etches, to preserve some resemblance to the originals. Though often unjust, it seldom is ludicrously and monstrously absurd. If the marked feature in the character of Cleon had been modesty the "Knights" would have been hooted off the stage. If Shaftesbury had been a timid unenterprising politician, Dryden would hardly have ventured to call him

> "A daring pilot in extremity."

Punch does not give Louis Napoleon a snub nose, or adorn Victor Emmanuel

with the beak of an eagle. But the literary champions of the Anglo-Saxon party are not bound by the laws which regulate the ebullitions of satire, and even of burlesque. Their genius soars far above the realms of verisimilitude, and scorns the feeble bonds of probability.

Perhaps the strongest feeling in Macaulay's breast—so strong as almost to amount to a prejudice—was an intense love and admiration of his native land. He was pre-eminently an Englishman. In every page of his writings peeps out the proud consciousness that he was born and bred a Briton. Rapacity, cruelty, falsehood, he could forgive anything to a great Englishman who truly loved his country. His last and greatest work was a noble prose epic composed for the glorification of England. Nor was this mere idle talk. What he said of Lord Chatham was true of himself to the letter:—"He was in the strictest "sense a patriot. He loved England "as an Athenian loved the City of "the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved "the City of the Seven Hills." Those who hold Lord Macaulay in the lowest esteem as a statesman; those who were most irreconcileably opposed to him on all vital questions, readily admit that he never allowed place, pelf, or popularity to count in the balance against the duty which he owed to England. And what he showed himself in his public life, such he was at all times and on all occasions. He loved to dwell on every fresh symptom of the increasing wealth and power and fame of England. He hailed with delight every event which gave the lie to those croakers who maintain that she is already in the course of decay. When on foreign travel, he would descant on the pleasure which he felt in reflecting that he was the citizen of no mean city, but of a mighty nation which knew how to make her sons respected in every corner of the inhabited world. Such was Macaulay, and, being such, what was the high crime and misdemeanour charged against him by the Anglo-Saxon party of his day? What was his besetting sin in the judgment of the bitter foes of the native population of India? This—that he hated England with a deadly hatred; that his heart's desire and prayer was that it might be permitted to him in his generation to inflict some grievous blow, some indelible disgrace upon the English name. Sir Charles Wood may very well be content to be an enemy to the material prosperity of India in the same sense that Lord Macaulay was an enemy to the glory and well-being of England.

It appears, then, that Lord Macaulay and Sir Charles Wood will be acquitted by posterity of the indictments preferred against them. But it is far otherwise with Lord Canning. His crying sin is such as to admit of no defence. He was accused of mercy, of benevolence, of philanthropy; and his fondest admirers must allow that the accusation was well grounded. Time will only confirm the decision of the Calcutta press, which, after a fair hearing, convicted him of humanity and clemency, of having slaughtered with reluctance, and pardoned with pleasure. He may by this time have been found guilty of these crimes before quite another judgment seat.

Sir Charles Wood takes all that the *Hurkaru* gives him with great equanimity, and appears to imagine that the affection of the native population, the esteem of the civil servants of the Crown, and the approbation of public opinion at home compensate for the hostility of the Anglo-Saxon party. Extraordinary to relate, he believes it to be part of his duty to consult the interests of the hundred and eighty millions of our dark fellow subjects; and, more extraordinary still, he is desirous of winning their regard, and expresses great satisfaction at the consciousness that his services are appreciated by the most cultivated and the least damned among the niggers. He was especially gratified by the address which was lately presented to him by the British Indian Association. At a public meeting in Calcutta, thronged by all the most respectable and enlightened Bengalee gentlemen, this

address was carried unanimously, after a series of speeches, all of which acknowledged Sir Charles to be in the foremost rank of the benefactors of India. On this occasion Moulvee Abdool Luteef, a Mahommedan magistrate, said with perfect truth:

"It is doubtless a unique instance in "the history of popular assemblies, and, "particularly of popular assemblies in "India, that we are met not to com-"plain of grievances, or to murmur "forth wrongs sustained at the hands "of inconsiderate rulers. Our purpose "is one which must commend itself to "the favour of all rulers as tending to "promote good will and understanding "between governors and governed, and "should convince the people of England "that we are able to judge for our-"selves in matters affecting our material "interests.

"This purely voluntary manifestation "of native feeling should be in the "highest degree pleasing to every in-"genuous Englishman, and I have no "hesitation whatever in expressing my "conviction that it will meet with ready "appreciation in the most intelligent "circles in England.

"To Sir Charles Wood belongs the "peculiar credit, that under his guid-"ance a real and earnest endeavour has "sprung up on the part of our rulers to "render themselves as understood as "possible by us, a sincere desire that "we should have an insight into the "principles and mode of Government "set over us."

One paragraph of the address especially deserves to be quoted: "As an "illustration of the beneficial effect of "the controlling power in England over "Indian affairs, we need not but advert "to your now celebrated despatches to "his Excellency the Viceroy and Go-"vernor-General in Council regarding "the Breaches of Contract Bill, and the "sale of Waste Lands, and the exten-"sion of the Permanent Settlement. By "your emphatic expression of opinion "on the first-named subject, the people "of India have been freed from the "effects of a project of law, opposed to "the principles of civilized jurispru-"dence, exceptional in its aims and "character, and calculated to prove an "efficacious engine of injustice, hardship, "and oppression, under the peculiar ad-"ministrative machinery of India."

These expressions were echoed on the shores of England by the vast majority of those who view the present and future of India through another medium than the halo of selfish greed and party prejudice. Such men, at home and abroad, unite to regard the present Secretary of State as a ruler who thoroughly understands the true interests of our Eastern Dominions, and who faithfully, courageously, and laboriously strives to further those interests to the extent of the powers to him committed.

Yours sincerely,

H. Broughton.

OLD MASTER GRUNSEY AND GOODMAN DODD.

(*Stratford-on-Avon*, A.D. 1597.)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

G. God save you, Goodman Dodd!—a sight to see you!
D. Gramercy, Master Grunsey!—Sir, how be you?
G. Middlish, thank heav'n. Rare weather for the wheat.
D. Farms will be thirsty, after all this heat.

G. And so is we. Sit down on this here bench:
We'll drink a pot o' yale, mun. Hither, wench!
My service—ha! I'se well enough, i'fegs,
But for this plaguey rheum i' both my legs.
Whiles I can't hardly get about: O dear!

D. Thou see'st, we don't get younger every year.

G. Thou'rt a young fellow still. What, "nigh three-score,"—
I be thy elder fifteen year and more.
Hast any news?

D. Not much. New-Place be sold,
And Willy Shakespeare's bought it, so I'm told.

G. What, little Willy Shakespeare bought the Place!
Lord bless us, how young folk gets on apace!
Sir Hugh's great house beside the grammar-school!—
This Shakespeare's (take my word upon't) no fool.
I minds him sin' he were so high's my knee;
A stirrin' little mischief chap were he;
One day I cotch'd him peltin' o' my geese
Below the church: "you let 'en swim in peace,
"Young dog!" I says, "or I shall fling thee in."
Will was on t'other bank, and did but grin,
And call out, "Sir, you come across to here!"

D. I knows old John this five and thirty year.
In old times many a cup he made me drink;
But Willy weren't aborn'd then, I don't think,
Or might a' been a babe on's mother's arm,
When I should cart 'en fleeces from our farm.
I went a coortin' then, in Avon-Lane,
And, tho' bit further, I were always fain
To bring my cart thereby, upon a chance
To catch some foolish little nod or glance,
Or "meet me, Mary, won't 'ee? Charlcote way,
"Or down at Clopton Bridge, next holiday?"—
Health, Master Grunsey.

G. Thank'ee friend. 'Tis hot.
We might do warse than call another pot.
Good Mistress Nan! Will Shakespeare, troth, I knew;
A nimble curly-pate, and pretty too,
About the street; he grow'd an idle lad,
And like enough, 'twas thought, to turn out bad;
I don't just fairly know, but folk did say
He vex'd the Lucys, and so fleed away.

D. He's warth as much as Tanner Twigg to-day;
And all by plays in Lunnon.

G. Folk talks big:
Will Shakespeare warth as much as Tanner Twigg—
Tut tut! Be Will a player-man by trade?

D. O' course he be, o' course he be; and made
A woundy heap o' money too, and bought
A playhouse for himsen like, out and out;
And makes up plays, beside, for 'en to act;
Tho' I can't tell thee rightly, for a fact,
If out o' books or his own head it be:
We'se other work to think on, thee and me.
They say Will's doin' finely, howsomever.

G. Why, Dodd, the little chap were always clever.
I don't know nothing now o' such-like toys;
New fashions plenty, mun, sin' we were boys;
We used to ha' rare mummings, puppet-shows,
And Moralties,—they can't much better those;
The Death of Judas were a pretty thing,
"So-la! so-la!" the Divil used to sing;[1]
But time goes on, for sure, and fashion alters.
D. Up at the Crown, last night, says young Jack Walters,
"Willy's a great man now!"
G. A jolterhead
What do it count for, when all's done and said?
Ah! who'll obey, let Will say "Come" or "Go"?
Such-like as him don't reckon much, I trow!
Sir, they shall travel first, like thee and me,
See Lunnon, to find out what great men be,
Ha, neighbour Dodd?—Good Saints! to see the Court
Take water down to Greenwich; there's fine sport!
Her Highness in her frills and puffs and pearls,
Wi' dukes, and lords, and chamberlains, and earls,
So thick as midges round her,—look at such
An thou would'st talk of greatness! why, the touch
Be on their stewards and lackeys, Goodman Dodd,
Who'll hardly answer Shakespeare wi' a nod,
And let him come, doff'd cap and bended knee.
We knows a trifle, neighbour, thee and me.
D. We may, Sir, This be grand old Stratford brew;
No better yale in Lunnon, search it through.
New-Place ben't no such bargain, when all's done;
'Twas dear, I knows it.
G. Thou bought'st better, mun,
At Hoggin Fields: all ain't alike in skill.
D. Thanks to the Lord above! I've not done ill.
No more has thee, friend Grunsey, in thy trade.
G. So-so. But here's young Will wi' money made,
And money saved; whereon I sets him down,
Say else who likes, a credit to the town;
Tho' some do shake their heads at player-folk.
D. A civil man he be, to chat and joke;
I've ofttimes had a bit o' talk wi' Will.
G. How doth old Master Shakespeare?
D. Bravely still.
And so doth Madam too, the comely dame.
G. And Willy's wife—what used to be her name?
D. Why, Hathaway, fro' down by Shottery gate.
I don't think she's so much about o' late.
Their son, thou see'st, the only son they had,
Died last year, and she took on dreadful bad;
And so the fayther did awhile, I'm told.
This boy o' theirs were nine or ten year old.
—Willy himsen may bide here now, mayhap.
G. He always were a clever little chap.
I'm glad o's luck, an 'twere for old John's sake.
Your arm, sweet sir. Oh, how my legs do ache!

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The question is, will ye go or will ye stay?" said big Colin of Ramore; "but for this, you and me might have had a mair serious question to discuss. I see a providence in it for my part. You're but a callant; it will do you nae harm to wait; and you'll be in the way of seeing the world at—what do they call the place? If your mother has nae objections, and ye see your ain way to accepting, I'll be very well content. It's awfu' kind o' Sir Thomas after the way ye've rejected a' his advances—but, no doubt he's heard that you got on gey weel, on the whole, at your ain college," said the farmer, with a little complacency. They were sitting late over the breakfast table, the younger boys looking on, with eager eyes, wondering over Colin's wonderful chances, and feeling severely the contrast of their own lot, who had to take up the ready satchel and the "piece," which was to occupy their healthful appetites till the evening, and hurry off three miles down the loch to school. As for Archie, he had been long gone to his hard labour on the farm, and the mother and father and the visitor were now sitting—a little committee—upon Colin's prospects, which the lad himself contemplated with a mixture of delight and defiance wonderful to see.

"It's time for the school, bairns," said the farmer's wife; "be good laddies, and dinna linger on the road either coming or going. Ye'll get apples a-piece in the press. I couldna give ony advice, if you ask me," said the Mistress, looking at her son with her tender eyes: "Colin, my man, it's no for me nor your father either to say one thing or another—it's you that must decide—it's your ain well-being and comfort and happiness——." Here the Mistress stopped short with an emotion which nobody could explain; and at which even Colin, who had the only clue to it, looked up out of his own thoughts, with a momentary surprise.

"Hoot," said the farmer; "you're aye thinking of happiness, you women. I hope the laddie's happiness doesna lie in the power of a year's change one way or another. I canna see that it will do him any harm—especially after what he was saying last night—to pause awhile and take a little thought; and here's the best opportunity he could well have. But he doesna say anything himself—and if you're against it, Colin, speak out. It's your concern, most of all, as your mother says."

"The callant's in a terrible swither," said Lauderdale, with a smile, "he'll have it, and he'll no have it. For one thing, it's an awfu' disappointment to get your ain way just after you've made up your mind that you're an injured man; and he's but a callant after all, and kens no better. For my part," said the philosopher, "I'm no fond of changing when you've once laid your plans. No man can tell what terrible difference a turn in the path may lead to. It's aye best to go straight on. But there's aye exceptions," continued Lauderdale, laying his hand on Colin's shoulder. "So far as I can see, there's no reason in this world why the callant should not stand still a moment and taste the sweetness of his lot. He's come to man's estate, and the heavens have never gloomed on him yet. There's no evil in him, that I can see," said Colin's friend, with an unusual trembling in his voice; "but for human weakness, it might have been the lad Michael or Gabriel, out of heaven, that's been my companion these gladsome years. It may be but sweetness and blessing that's in store for him. I

know no reason why he shouldna pause while the sun's shining, and see God's meaning. It cannot be but good."

The lad's friend who understood him best stopped short, like his mother, with something in his throat that marred his utterance. Why was it? Colin looked up with the sunshine in his eyes, and laughed with a little annoyance, a little impatience. He was no more afraid of his lot, nor of what the next turn in the path would bring, than a child is who knows no evil. Life was not solemn, but glorious; a thing to be conquered and made beautiful, to his eyes. He did not understand what they meant by their faltering and their fears.

"I feel, on the whole, disposed to accept Sir Thomas's offer," said the young prince. "It is no favour, for I am quite able to be his boy's tutor, as he says; and I see nothing particularly serious in it either," the young man went on; "most Scotch students stop short sometime and have a spell of teaching. I have been tutor at Ardmartin; I don't mind being tutor at Wodensbourne. I would not be dependent on Sir Thomas Frankland or any man," said Colin; "but I am glad to labour for myself, and free you, father. I know you have been willing to keep me at college, but you have plenty to do for Archie and the rest; and now it is my turn; I may help myself and them too," cried the youth, glad to disguise in that view of the matter the thrill of delight at his new prospects, which came from a very different source. "It will give us a little time, as you say, to think it all over," he continued, after a momentary pause, and turned upon his mother with a smile. "Is there anything to look melancholy about?" said Colin, turning back from his forehead the clouds of his brown hair.

"Oh, no, no, God forbid!" said the Mistress, "nothing but hope and the blessing of God;" but she turned aside from the table, and began to put away some of the things by way of concealing the tears that welled up to her tender eyes, though neither she nor any one for her could have told why.

"Never mind your mother," said the farmer, "though it's out of the common to see a cloud on her face when there's no cloud to speak of on the sky. But women are aye having freits and fancies. I think it's the wisest thing ye can do to close with Sir Thomas's proposal, mysel'. I wouldna say but you'll see a good deal o' the world," said the farmer, shrewd but ignorant; "not that I'm so simple as to suppose that an English gentleman's country-seat will bring you to onything very extraordinary in the way of company; but still, that class of folk is wonderfully connected, and ye might see mair there in a season than you could here in a lifetime. It's time I were looking after Archie and the men," said big Colin; "it's no often I'm so late in the morning. I suppose you'll write to Sir Thomas yourself, and make a' the arrangements. Ye can say we're quite content, and pleased at his thoughtfulness. If that's no to your mind, Colin, I'm sorry for it; for a man should be aye man enough to give thanks when thanks are due." With this last admonition big Colin of Ramore took up his hat and went off to his fields. "I wish the callant didna keep a grudge," he said to himself, as he went upon his cheerful way. "If he were to set up in rivalry wi' young Frankland!" but with the thought a certain smile came upon the father's face. He too could not refrain from a certain contempt of the baronet's dainty son; and there was scarcely any limit to his pride and confidence in his boy.

The Mistress occupied herself in putting things to rights in the parlour long after her husband had gone to the fields. She thought Lauderdale too wanted to be alone with Colin; and, with natural jealousy, could not permit the first word of counsel to come from any lips but her own. The mistress had no baby to occupy her in these days; the little one whom she had on her bosom at the opening of this history, who bore her own name and her

own smile, and was the one maiden blossom of her life, had gone back to God who gave her; and, when her boys were at school, the gentle woman was alone. There was little doing in the dairy just then, and Mrs. Campbell had planned her occupations so as to have all the time that was possible to enjoy her son's society. So she had no special call upon her time this morning, and lingered over her little businesses, till Lauderdale, who would fain have said his say, strayed out in despair, finding no room for him. "When you've finished your letter, Colin, you'll find me on the hill," he said, as he went out; and could not refrain from a murmur in his own mind at the troublesome cares of "thae women." "They're sweet to see about a house, and the place is hame where they are," said the philosopher to himself with a sigh; "but oh, such fykes as they ware their hearts on!" The mistress's "fykes," however, were over when the stranger left the house. She came softly to Colin's table, where he was writing, and sat down beside him. As for Colin, he was so much absorbed in his letter that he did not observe his mother; and it was only when he lifted his head to consider a sentence, and found her before him, that he woke up, with a little start, out of that more agreeable occupation, and asked, "Do you want me?" with a look of annoyance which went to the mistress's heart.

"Yes, Colin, I want you just for a moment," said his mother. "I want to speak to you of this new change in your life. Your father thinks nothing but it's Sir Thomas Frankland you're going to, to be tutor to his boys; but, oh, Colin, I ken better! It's no the fine house and the new life that lights such light in my laddie's eye. Colin, listen to me. She's far above you in this world, though it's no to be looked for that I could think ony woman was above you; but she's a lady with mony wooers, and you're but a poor man's son. Oh, Colin, my man! dinna gang near that place, nor put yourself in the way of evil, if you havena some confidence either in her or yoursel'. Do you think you can see her day by day and no break your heart; or do you think she's worthy of a heart to be thrown away under her feet? Or, oh, my laddie! tell me this first of a'—do you think you could ask her, or she could consent, to lose fortune and grandeur for your sake? Colin, I'm no joking; it's awfu' earnest whatever you may think. Tell me if you've ony regard for your mother, or wish her ony kind of comfort the time you're away?"

This Mrs. Campbell said with tears shining in her eyes, and a look of entreaty in her face, which Colin had hard ado to meet. But the lad was full of his own thoughts, and impatient of the interruption which detained him.

"I wish I knew what you meant," he said pettishly. "I wish you would not talk of—people who have nothing to do with my poor little concerns. Surely, I may be suffered to engage in ordinary work like other people," said Colin. "As for the lady you speak—"

And here the youth paused, with a natural smile lurking at the corners of his lips—a smile of youthful confidence and self-gratulation. Not for a kingdom would the young hero have boasted of any look or word that had inspired him; but he would not deny himself the delicious consciousness that she must have had something to do with this proposal—that it must have been her suggestion, or at least supported, seconded by her. Only through her intimation could her uncle have known that he was tutor at Ardmartin, and the thought that it was she herself who was taking what maidenly means she could for their speedy reunion was too sweet to Colin's heart to be breathed in words, even if he could have done it without a betrayal of his hopes.

"Ay, Colin, the lady," said his mother; "you say no more in words, but your eye smiles and your mouth, and I see the flush on your cheek. She's bonnie and sweet and fair-spoken, and I canna think she means ony harm; but, oh, Colin, my man, mind what a difference in this world! You've nothing to offer

her like what she's been used to," said the innocent woman, "and if I was to see my son come back breaking his heart for ane that was above his reach, and that mightna be worthy!—" said the Mistress, with her eyes full of tears. She could not say any more, partly because she had exhausted herself, partly because Colin rose from the table with a flush of excitement, which made his mother tremble.

"Worthy of me!" said the young man, with a kind of groan, "worthy of me! Mother, I don't think you know what you are saying. I am going to Wodensbourne whatever happens. It may be for good or for evil; I can't tell; but I am going, and you must ask me no further questions—not on this point. I am to be tutor to Sir Thomas Frankland's boy," said Colin, coming back with the smile in his eyes. "Nothing more—and what could happen better to a poor Scotch student? He might have had a Cambridge man, and he chooses me. Let me finish my letter, mother, dear."

"He wouldna get many Cambridge men, or ony other men, like my boy," said the mother, half reassured; and she rearranged with her hands, that trembled a little, the writing-desk, which Colin's hasty movements had thrust out of the way.

"Ah, mother, but a Scotch University does not count for the same as an English one," said Colin, with a smile and a sigh; "it is not for my gifts Sir Thomas has chosen me," he added, a little impatiently taking up his pen again. What was it for? That old obligation of Harry Frankland's life saved, which Colin had always treated as a fiction? or the sweet influence of some one who knew that Colin loved her? Which was it? If the youth determined it should be the last, could anybody wonder? He bent his head again over his paper, and wrote, with his heart beating high, that acceptance which was to restore him to her society. As for the Mistress, she left her son, and went about her homely business, wiping some tears from her eyes. "I kenna what woman could close her heart," she said to herself, with a little sob, in her ignorance and innocence. "Oh, if she's only worthy!" but, for all that, the mother's heart was heavy within her, though she could not have told why.

The letter was finished and sealed up before Colin joined his friend on the hillside, where Lauderdale was straying about with his hands in his pockets, breathing long sighs into the fresh air, and unable to restrain, or account for, his own restlessness and uneasiness. One of those great dramas of sunshine and shadow, which were familiar to the Holy Loch, was going on just then among the hills, and the philosopher had made various attempts to interest himself in those wonderful alternations of gloom and light, but without avail. Nature, which is so full of interest when the heart is unoccupied, dwindles and grows pale in presence of the poorest human creature who throws a shadow into her sunshine. Not all those wonderful gleams of light—not all those clouds, driven wildly like so many gigantic phantoms into the solemn hollows, could touch the heart of the man who was trembling for his friend. Lauderdale roused himself up when Colin came to him, and met him cheerfully. "So you've written your letter?" he said, "and accepted the new turn in your fortune? I thought as much, by your eye."

"You did not need to consult my eye," said Colin, gaily. "I said as much. But I must walk down the loch a mile or two to meet the postman. Will you come? Let us take the good of the hills," said the youth, with his heart running over. "Who can tell when we may be here again together? I like this autumn weather, with its stormy colours; and I suppose now my fortune, as you call it, will lead me to a flat country—that is, for a year or two at least."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, with a kind of groan; "that is how the world appears at your years. Who can tell when we may be here again together? Who can tell, laddie, what thoughts may be

in our hearts when we *are* here again? I never have any security myself, when I leave a place, that I'll ever dare to come back," said the meditative man. "The innocent fields might have a cruel aspect, as if God had cursed them, and, for anything I know, I might hate the flowers that could bloom, and the sun that could shine, and had no heart for my trouble. No that you understand what I'm meaning, but that's the way it affects a man like me."

"What are you thinking of?" cried Colin, with a little dismay; "one would fancy you saw some terrible evil approaching. Of course the future is uncertain, but I am not particularly alarmed by anything that appears to me. What are you thinking of, Lauderdale? Your own career?"

"Oh, ay, just my ain career," said Lauderdale, with a smile; "such a career to make a work about! though I am just as content as most men. I mind when my ain spirit was whiles uplifted as yours is, laddie; it's *that* that makes a man think. It comes natural to the time of life, like the bright eye and the bloom on the cheek," said Colin's friend; "and there's no sentence of death in it either, if you come to that," he went on to himself after a pause. "Life holds on—it aye holds on—a hope mair or less makes little count. And without the agony and the struggle, never man that was worth calling man came to his full stature." All this Lauderdale kept saying to himself as he descended the hillside, leaping here and there over a half-concealed streamlet, and making his way through the withered ferns and the long tangled streamers of the bramble, which caught at him as he passed. He was not so skilful in overcoming these obstacles as Colin, who was to the manner born; and he got a little out of breath as he followed the lad, who, catching his monologue by intervals in the descent, looked at the melancholy philosopher with his young eyes, which laughed, and did not understand.

"I wonder what you are thinking of," said Colin. "Not of me, certainly; but I see you are afraid of something, as if I were going to encounter a great danger. Lauderdale," said the lad, stopping and laying his head on his friend's arm for one confidential moment, "whatever danger there is, I *have* encountered it. Don't be afraid for me."

"I was saying nothing about you, callant," said Lauderdale, pettishly. "Why should I aye be thinking of you? A man has more things to consider in this life than the vagaries of a slip of a laddie, that doesna see where he's bound for. I'm thinking of things far out of your way," said the philosopher; "of disappointments and heart-breaks, and a' the eclipses that are invisible to common e'en. I've seen many in my day. I've seen a trifling change that made no difference to the world quench a' the light and a' the comfort out of life. There's more things in heaven or earth than were ever dreamt of at your years. And whiles a man wonders how, for very pity, God can stay still in His heavens and look on—"

Colin could not say anything to the groan with which his friend broke off. He was troubled and puzzled, and could not make it out. They went on together along the white line of road, on which, far off in the distance, the youth already saw the postman whom he was hastening to meet; and, busy as he was with his own thoughts, Colin had already forgotten to inquire what his companion referred to, when his attention, which had wandered completely away from this perplexing tale, was suddenly recalled again by the voice at his side.

"I'm speaking like a man that cannot see the end," said Lauderdale, "which is clear to Him, if there's any meaning in life. You're for taking your chance and posting your letter, laddie? and you ken nothing about any nonsense that an old fool like me may be maundering? For one thing, there's aye plenty to divert the mind in this country," said the philosopher, with a sigh, and stood still at the foot of the long slope they had just descended, looking with a wistful abstract look upon the loch and the hills; at which change of mood

Colin could not restrain himself, but with ready boyish mirth laughed aloud.

"What has this country to do with it all? You are in a very queer mood to-day, Lauderdale—one moment as solemn and mysterious as if you knew of some great calamity, and the next talking of the country. What do you mean I wonder?" said the lad. His wonder was not very deep, but stirred lightly in the heart which was full of so many wishes and ambitions of its own. With that letter in his hand, and that new life before him, how could he help but look at the lonely man by his side with a half-divine compassion?—a man to whom life offered no prizes, and scarcely any hopes. He was aware in his heart that Lauderdale was anxious about himself, and the thought of that unnecessary solicitude moved Colin half to laughter. Poor Lauderdale—upon whom he looked down from the elevation of his young life with the tenderest pity! He smiled upon his friend in his exaltation and superiority. "You are more inexplicable than usual to-day. I wonder what you mean?" said Colin, with all the sunshine of youth and joy, defying evil forebodings in his eyes.

"It would take a wise man to tell," said Lauderdale; "I would not pretend, for my own part, to fathom what any fool might mean—much less what I mean myself, that have glimmerings of sense at times. Yon sunshine's awfu' prying about the hills. Light's aye inquisitive, and would fain be at the bottom of every mystery, which is, may-be, the reason," said the speculative observer, "why there's nae grandeur to speak of, nor meaning, according to mortal notions, without clouds and darkness. Yonder's your postman, callant Give him the letter and be done with it. I whiles find myself wondering how it is that we take so little thought to God's meanings—what ye might call His lighter meanings—His easy verses and such-like, that are thrown about the world, in the winds and the sky. To be sure, I ken just as well as you do that it's currents of air, and masses of vapour and electricity, and all the rest of it. It's awfu' easy learning the words, but will you tell me there's no meaning to a man's heart and soul in the like of that?" said Colin's companion stopping suddenly with a sigh of impatience and vexation, which had to do with something more vital than the clouds. Just then, nature truly seemed to have come to a pause, and to be standing still, like themselves, looking on. The sky that was so blue and broad a moment since had contracted to a black vault over the Holy Loch. Blackness that was positive and not a mere negative frowned out of all the half-disclosed mysterious hollows of the hills. The leaves that remained on the trees thrilled with a spasmodic shiver, and the little ripples came crowding up on the beach with a sighing suppressed moan of suspense and apprehension. So, at least, it seemed to one if not both of the spectators standing by.

"It means a thunderstorm, in the first place," said Colin; "look how it begins to come down in a torrent of gloom over Loch Goil. We have just time to get under shelter. It is very well for us we are so near Ramore."

"Ay—" said Lauderdale. He repeated the syllable over again and again as they hurried back. "But the time will come, when we'll no be near Ramore," he said to himself as the storm reached him and dashed in his face not twenty yards from the open door. Colin's laugh, as he reached with a bound the kindly portal, was all the answer which youth and hope gave to experience. The boy was not to be discouraged on that sweet threshold of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wodensbourne was as different from any house that Colin had ever seen before, as the low flat country, rich and damp and monotonous, was unlike the infinitely varied landscape to which his eye had been accustomed all his life. The florid upholstery of Ardmartin contrasted almost strangely with the sober magnificence of the old family-house in

which the Franklands had lived and died for generations, as did the simple little rooms to which Colin had been accustomed in his father's house. Perhaps, on the whole, Ramore, where everything was for use and nothing for show, was less unharmonious with all he saw about him than the equipments of the bran new castle, all built out of new money, and gilded and lackered to a climax of domestic finery. Colin's pupil was the invalid of the family; a boy of twelve, who could not go to Eton like his brothers, but whom the good-natured baronet thought, as was natural, the cleverest of his family.—"That's why I wanted you so much, Campbell," Sir Thomas said, by way of setting Colin at ease in his new occupation; "he's not a boy to be kept to classics isn't Charley—there's nothing that boy wouldn't master—and shut up, as he has to be, with his wretched health, he wants a little variety. I've always heard you took a wider range in Scotland; that's what I want for my boy." It was with this that the new tutor was introduced to his duties at Wodensbourne. But a terrible disappointment awaited the young man, a disappointment utterly unforeseen. There was nobody there but Sir Thomas himself, and Charley, and some little ones still in the nursery. "We're all by ourselves, but you won't mind," said the baronet, who seemed to think it all the better for Colin; "my lady and Miss Matty will be home before Christmas, and you can get yourself settled comfortably in the meantime. Lady Frankland is with her sister, who is in very bad health. I don't know what people mean by getting into bad health—women, too, that can't go in for free living and that sort of thing," said Sir Thomas. "The place looks dreary without the ladies, but they'll be back before Christmas," and he went to sleep after dinner as usual, and left the young tutor at the other side of the table sitting in a kind of stupified amazement and mortification in the silence, wondering what he came here for, and where his hopes and brilliant auguries had gone to. Perhaps Colin did not know what he himself meant when he accepted Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal. He thought he was coming to live in Matty's society, to be her companion, to walk with her and talk with her, as he had done at Ardmartin; but, when he arrived to find Wodensbourne deserted, with nothing to be seen but Sir Thomas and a nursery governess, who sometimes emerged with her little pupils from the unknown regions upstairs and was very civil to the new tutor, Colin's disappointment was overwhelming. He despised himself with a bitterness only to be equalled by the brilliancy of those vain expectations over which he laughed in youthful rage and scorn. It was not to be Matty's companion he had come; it was not to see, however far off, any portion of the great world which he could not help imagining sometimes must be visible from such an elevation. It was only to train Charley's precocious intellect, and amuse the baronet a little at dinner. After dinner Sir Thomas went to sleep, and even Charley was out of the way, and the short winter days closed down early over the great house, on the damp woods and silent park, which kept repeating themselves, day by day, upon Colin's wearied brain. There was not even an undulation within sight, nothing higher than the dull line of trees, which after a while it made him sick to look at. To be sure, the sunshine now and then caught upon the lofty lantern of Earie Cathedral, and by that means woke up a gleam of light on the flat country; but that, and the daily conflict with Charley's sharp invalid understanding, and the sight of Sir Thomas sleeping after dinner, conveyed no exhilaration to speak of to lighten the dismal revulsion of poor Colin's thoughts. His heart rose indignant sometimes; which did him more good. This was the gulf of dismay he tumbled into without defence or preparation after the burst of hope and foolish youthful delight with which he left Ramore.

As for the society at Wodensbourne, it was at the present moment of the most limited description. Colin, who was inexperienced, roused up out of his

dullness a little when he heard that two of the canons of Earie were coming to dinner one evening. The innocent Scotch lad woke himself up, with a little curiosity about the clerical dignitaries, of whom he knew nothing, and a good deal of anxiety to comport himself as became the representative of a Scotch University, about whom he did not doubt the visitors would be a little curious. It struck Colin with the oddest surprise and disappointment, to find that the canons of Earie were perfectly indifferent about the Scotch student. The curate of the parish, indeed, who was also dining at Wodensbourne that day, was wonderfully civil to the new tutor. He told him that he understood the Scotch mountains were very near as fine as Switzerland, and that he hoped to see them some day, though the curious prejudices about Sunday and the whisky-drinking must come very much in the way of closer intercourse; at which speech Colin's indignation and amusement would have been wonderful to see, had any one been there who cared to notice how the lad was looking. On the Sundays, Colin and his pupil went along the level ways to the quaint old mossy church, to which this same curate was devoting all his time and thoughts by way of restoration. The Scotch youth had never seen anything at once so homely and so noble as this little church in the fen-country. He thought it nothing less than a poem in stone, a pathetic old psalm of human life and death, uttering itself for ever and ever, in the tenderest, sad responses, to the worship of heaven. Never anywhere had he felt so clearly how the dead were waiting for the great Easter to come, nor seen Christianity standing so plainly between the two comings; but when Colin, with his Scotch ideas, heard the curious little sermons to which his curate gave utterance under that roof, all consecrated and holy with the sorrows and hopes of ages, it made the strangest anti-climax in the youth's thoughts. He laughed to himself when he came out, not because he was disposed to laughter, but because it was the only alternative he had; and Sir Thomas, who had a glimmering perception that this must be something new to his inexperienced guest, gave a doubtful sort of smile, not knowing how to take Colin's strange looks.

"You don't believe in saints' days, and such like, in Scotland?" said the perplexed baronet; "and of course the sermon does not count for so much with us."

"No," said Colin; and they did not enter further into the subject.

As for the young man himself, who had still upon his mind the feeling that he was to be a Scotch minister, the lesson was the strangest possible; for, being Scotch, he could not help listening to the sermon according to the usage of his nation. The curate, after he had said those passages which are all but divine in their comprehension of the wants of humanity, told his people how wonderfully their beloved Church had provided for all their wants; how sweet it was to recollect that this was the day which had been appointed the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and how it was their duty to meditate a fact so touching and so important. Colin thought of the Holy Loch, and the minister's critics there, and laughed to himself, perhaps a little bitterly. He felt as if he had given up his own career—the natural life to which he was born—and at this distance the usual enchantments of nature began to work, and in his heart he asked himself what he was to gain by transferring his heart and hopes to this wealthier country, where so many things were fairer, and after which he had been hankering so long. The curate's sermons struck him as a kind of comical climax to his disappointments—the curate who looked at himself much as he might have looked at a South-Sea Islander, and spoke of the Scotch whisky and Scotch Sabbaths. Poor curate! He knew a great deal more than Colin did about some things, and, if he did not understand how to preach, that was not the fault of his college; neither did they

convey much information at that seat of learning about the northern half of the British island—no more than they did at Glasgow about the curious specimen of humanity which is known as a curate on the brighter side of the Tweed.

All these things went through Colin's mind as he sat in the dining-room after dinner contemplating Sir Thomas's nap, which was not of itself an elevating spectacle. He thought to himself at that moment that he was but fulfilling the office of a drudge at Wodensbourne, which anybody could fill. It did not require those abilities which had won with acclamation the prize in the philosophy class to teach Charley Frankland the elements of science; and all the emulations and glories of his college career came back to Colin's mind. The little public of the University had begun to think of him—to predict what he would do, and anticipate his success at home; but here, who knew anything about him? All these thoughts came to rapid conclusions as the young man sat watching the fire gleam in the wainscot, and calculating the recurrence of that next great snore which would wake Sir Thomas, and make him sit up of a sudden and look fiercely at his companion before he murmured out a "Beg your pardon," and went to sleep again. Not an interesting prospect certainly. Should he go home? should he represent to the baronet, when he woke up for the night, that it had all been a mistake, and that his present office was perfectly unsuited to his ambition and his hopes? But then what could he say? for after all it was as Charley Frankland's tutor simply, and with his eyes open, that he came to Wodensbourne, and Sir Thomas had said nothing about the society of his niece, or any other society, to tempt him thither. Colin sat in a bitterness of discontent, which would have been incredible to him a few weeks before, pondering these questions. There was not a sound to be heard, but the dropping of the ashes on the hearth, and Sir Thomas's heavy breathing as he slept. Life went on velvet slippers in the great house from which Colin would gladly have escaped (he thought) to the poorest cottage on the Holy Loch. He could not help recalling his shabby little room in Glasgow, and Lauderdale's long comments upon life, and all the talk and the thoughts that made existence bright in that miserable little place, which Sir Thomas Frankland's grooms would not have condescended to live in, but which the unfortunate young tutor thought of with longing as he sat dreary in the great dining-room. What did it matter to him that the floor was soft with Turkey carpets, that the wine on the table was of the most renowned vintages, and that his slumbering companion in the great easy-chair was the head of one of the oldest commoner families in England—a baronet and a county member? Colin after all was only a son of the soil; he longed for his Glasgow attic, and his companions who spoke the dialect of that remarkable but unlovely city, and felt bitterly in his heart that he had been cheated. Yet it was hard to say to any one—hard even to put in words to himself—what the cheat was. It was a deception he had practised on himself, and in the bitterness of his disappointment the youth refused to say to himself that anybody's absence was the secret of his mortification. What was she to him?—a great lady as far out of his reach as the moon or the stars, and who no doubt had forgotten his very name.

These were not pleasant thoughts to season the solitude; and he sat hugging them for a great many evenings before Sir Thomas awoke, and addressed, as he generally did, a few good-humoured, stupid observations to the lad whom, to be sure, the baronet found a considerable bore, and did not know what to do with. Sir Thomas could not forget his obligations to the young man who saved Harry's life; and thus it was, from pure gratitude, that he made Colin miserable—though there was no gratitude at all, nor even much respect, in the summary judgment which the youth formed of

the heavy 'squire. This was how matters were going on when Wodensbourne and the world, and everything human, suddenly, all at once, sustained again a change to Colin. He had been thus, for six weary weeks—during which time he felt himself getting morose, ill-tempered, and miserable—writing sharp letters home, in which he would not confess to any special disappointment, but expressed himself in general terms of bitterness like a young misanthrope, and in every respect making himself, and those who cared for him, unhappy. Even the verses, which did very well to express the tender griefs of sentiment, had been thrown aside at this crisis; for there was nothing melodious in his feelings, and he could not say in sweet rhymes and musical cadences how angry and wretched he was. He was sitting so one dreary December evening when it was raining fast outside and everything was silent within—as was natural in a well-regulated household where the servants knew their duty, and the nursery was half a mile away through worlds of complicated passages. Sir Thomas was asleep as usual, and, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, the excellent baronet was not, as we have already said, an elevating spectacle; and, at the other end of the table, sat Colin, chafing out his young soul with such thoughts of what was not, but might have been, as youth does not know how to avoid. It was just then, when he was going over his long succession of miseries—and thinking of his natural career cut short for this dreary penance of which nothing could ever come—that Colin was startled by the sound of wheels coming up the wintry avenue. He could not venture to imagine to himself what it might be, though he listened as if for life and death, and heard the sounds of an arrival and the indistinct hum of voices which he could not distinguish, without feeling that he had any right to stir from the table to inquire what it meant; and there he sat accordingly, with his hair thrust back from his forehead and his great eyes gleaming out from the noiseless atmosphere, when the door opened and a pretty figure, all eager and glowing with life, looked into the room. Colin was too much absorbed, too anxious, and felt too deeply how much was involved for himself to be capable even of rising up to greet her as an indifferent man would have done. He sat and gazed at her as she darted in like a fairy creature, bringing every kind of radiance in her train. "Here they are, aunty!" cried Miss Matty; and she came in flying in her cloak, with the hood still over her head and great raindrops on it, which she had caught as she jumped out of the carriage. While Colin sat gazing at her, wondering if it was some deluding apparition, or, in reality, the new revelation of life and love that it seemed to be, Matty had thrown herself upon Sir Thomas and woke the worthy baronet by kissing him, which was a pretty sight to behold. "Here we are, uncle; wake up!" cried Matty; "my lady ran to the nursery first, but I came to you, as I always do." And the little witch looked up with a gleam at Colin, under which heaven and earth changed to the lad. He stumbled to his feet, while Sir Thomas rubbed his astonished eyes. What could Colin say? He stood waiting for a word, seeing the little figure in a halo of light and fanciful glory. "How do you do? I knew you were here," said Miss Matty, putting out two fingers to him while she still hung over her uncle. And presently Lady Frankland came in, and the room became full of pleasant din and commotion as was inevitable. When Colin made a move as if to leave them, fearful of being in the way, as the sensitive lad naturally was, Miss Matty called to him, "Oh, don't go, please; we are going to have tea, and my lady must be served without giving her any trouble, and I want you to help me," said Matty; and so the evening that had begun in gloom ended in a kind of subdued glory too sweet to be real. Lady Frankland sat talking to her husband of their reason for coming back so suddenly (which was sad enough, being an unexpected

death in the house: but that did not make much difference to the two women who were coming home); Matty kept coming and going between the tea-table and the fire, sending Colin on all sorts of errands, and making comments to him aside on what her aunt was saying. "Only fancy the long dreary drive we have had, and my uncle and Mr. Campbell making themselves so cozy," the little syren said, kneeling down before the fire with still one drop of rain sparkling on her bright locks. And the effect was such that Colin lost himself altogether, and could not have affirmed, had he been questioned on his oath, that he had not enjoyed himself greatly all the evening. He took Lady Frankland her tea, and listened to all the domestic chatter as if it had been the talk of angels; and was as pleased when the mistress of the house thanked him for his kindness to Charley, as if he had not thought Charley a wretched little nuisance a few hours ago. He did not in the least know who the people were about whom the two ladies kept up such an unceasing talk, and, perhaps, under other circumstances would have laughed at this sweet-coined gossip, with all its lively comments upon nothing and incessant personalities; but, at the present moment, Colin had said good-bye to reason, and could not anyhow defend himself against the sudden happiness which seized upon him without any notice. While Sir Thomas and his wife sat on either side of the great fire, and Matty kept darting in and out between them, Colin sat behind near the impromptu tea-table, and listened and felt that the world was changed. If he could have had time to think, he might have been ashamed of himself, but then he had no time to think, and in the meantime he was happy, a sensation not to be gainsaid or rejected; and so fled the few blessed hours of the first evening of Matty's return.

When he had gone up stairs, and had heard, at a distance, the sound of the last good-night, and was fairly shut up again in the silence of his own room, the youth, for the first time, began to realize what he was doing. He paused, with a little consternation, a little fright, to question himself. For the first time, he saw clearly, without any possibility of self-delusion, what it was which had brought him here, and which made all the difference to him between happiness and misery. It was hard to realize now the state of mind he had been in a few hours before; but he did it, by dint of a great exertion, and saw, with a distinctness which alarmed him, how it was that everything had altered in his eyes. It was Matty's presence that made all the difference between this subdued thrill of happiness and that blank of impatient and mortified misery. The young man tried to stand still and consider the reality of his position. He had stopped in his career, arrested himself in his life; entered upon a species of existence which he felt in his heart was not more, but less, noble (for him) than his previous course—and what was it for? All for the uncertain smile, for the society—which might fail him any time—of a woman so far out of his way, so utterly removed from his reach, as Matilda Frankland? For a moment, the youth was dismayed, and stopped short, Wisdom and Truth whispering in his ear. Love might be fair, but he knew enough to know that life must not be subservient to that witchery; and Colin's good angel spoke to him in the silence, and bade him flee. Better to go back, and at once, to the grey and sombre world, where all his duties awaited him, than to stay here in this fool's paradise. As he thought so he got up, and began to pace about his room, as though it had been a cage. Best to flee—it might hide all the light out of his life and break his heart, but what else had he to look for sooner or later? He sat up half the night, still pacing about his room, hesitating upon his fate, while the December storm raged outside. What was he to do? When he dropped to sleep at last, his heart betrayed him, and strayed away into celestial worlds of dreaming. He woke, still undecided, as he thought, to see the

earliest wintry gleam of sunshine stealing in through his shutters. What was he to do? But already the daylight made him feel his terrors as so many shadows. His heart was a traitor, and he was glad to find it so, and the moment of indecision settled more surely than ever the bondage in which he seemed to have entangled his life.

CHAPTER XV.

From that day life flew upon celestial wings for Charley Frankland's tutor. It was not that any love-making proved possible, or that existence at Wodensbourne became at all what it had been at Ardmartin. The difference was in the atmosphere, which was now bright with all kinds of gladsome charms, and pervaded by anticipations—a charm which, at Colin's age, was more than reality. He never knew what moment of delight might come to him any day—what words might be said, or smiles shed upon him. Such an enchantment could not, indeed, have lasted very long; but, in the meantime, was infinitely sweet, and made his life like a romance to the young man. There was nobody at Wodensbourne to occupy Miss Matty, or withdraw her attention from her young worshipper; and Colin, with his poetic temperament and his youthful genius, and all the simplicities and inexperience which rendered him so different from the other clever young men who had been seen or heard of in that region, was very delightful company, even when he was not engaged in any acts of worship. Lady Frankland herself acknowledged that Mr. Campbell was a great acquisition. "He is not the least like other people," said the lady of the house; "but you must take care not to let him fall in love with you, Matty;" and both the ladies laughed softly as they sat over their cup of tea. As for Matty, when she went to dress for dinner, after that admonition, she put on tartan ribbons over her white dress, partly, to be sure, because they were in the fashion; but chiefly to please Colin, who knew rather less about tartan than she did, and had not the remotest idea that the many-coloured sash had any reference to himself.

"I love Scotland," the little witch said to him, when he came into the drawing-room, to which he was now admitted during Sir Thomas's nap—and, to tell the truth, Lady Frankland herself had just closed her eyes in a gentle doze, in her easy chair—"but, though you are a Scotchman, you don't take the least notice of my ribbons; I am very fond of Scotland," said Matty;—"and the Scotch," the wicked little girl added, with a glance at him, which made Colin's heart leap in his deluded breast.

"Then I am very glad to be Scotch," said the youth, and stooped down over the end of the sash till Matty thought he meant to kiss it, which was a more decided act of homage than it would be expedient, under the circumstances, to permit.

"Don't talk like everybody else," said Miss Matty; "that does not make any difference—you were always glad to be Scotch. I know you all think you are so much better and cleverer than we are in England. But, tell me, do you still mean to be a Scotch minister? I wish you would not," said Matty, with a little pout. And then Colin laughed—half with pleasure at what he thought her interest in him, and half with a sense of the ludicrous which he could not restrain.

"I don't think I could preach about the twentieth Sunday after Trinity," he said with a smile; which was a speech Miss Matty did not understand.

"People here don't preach as you do in Scotland," said the English girl, with a little offence. "You are always preaching, and that is what renders it so dull. But what is the good of being a minister? There are plenty of dull people to be ministers—you are so clever—."

"Am I clever?" said Colin. "I am Charley's tutor—it does not require a great deal of genius—" but while he spoke, the eyes—which Matty did not comprehend, which always went leagues further than one could see—kindled up

a little. He looked a long way past her, and no doubt he saw something; but it piqued her a little not to be able to follow him, nor to search out what he meant.

"If you had done what I wished, and gone to Oxford, Campbell," said Sir Thomas, whose repose had been interrupted earlier than usual; "I can't say much about what I could have done myself, for I have heaps of boys of my own to provide for; but, if you're bent on going into the Church, something would certainly have turned up for you. I don't say there's much of a course in the Church for an ambitious young fellow, but still, if you do work well and have a few friends—. As for your Scotch Church, I don't know very much about it," said the baronet, candidly. "I never knew any one who did. What a bore it used to be a dozen years ago, when there was all that row; and now, I suppose, you're all at sixes and sevens, ain't you?" asked the ingenuous legislator. "I suppose whisky and controversy go together somehow." Sir Thomas got himself perched into the corner of a sofa very comfortably, as he spoke, and took no notice of the lightning in Colin's eyes.

"Oh, uncle! don't," said Miss Matty; "didn't you know that the Presbyterians are all going to give up and join the Church? and it's all to be the same both in England and Scotland? You need not laugh. I assure you I know quite well what I am saying," said the little beauty, with a look of dignity. "I have seen it in the papers—such funny papers!—with little paragraphs about accidents, and about people getting silver snuffboxes!—but all the same, they say what I tell you. There's to be no Presbyterians and no precentors, and none of their wicked ways, coming into church with their hats on, and staring all round instead of saying their prayers; and all the ministers are to be made into clergymen—priests and deacons, you know; and they are going to have bishops and proper service like other people. Mr. Campbell," said Matty, looking up at him with a little emphasis, to mark that, for once, she was calling him formally by his name—"knows it is quite true."

"Humph," said Sir Thomas. "I know better; I know how Campbell, there, looked the other day when he came out of church. I know the Scotch and their ways of thinking. Go and make the tea, and don't talk of what you don't understand. But, as for you, Campbell, if you have a mind for the University and to go in for the Church—"

But this was more than Colin, being twenty, and a Scotchman, could bear.

"I *am* going in for the Church," said the lad, doing all he could to keep down the excitement at which Sir Thomas would have laughed, "but it did not in the least touch my heart the other day to know that it was the twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Devotion is a great matter," said the young Scotchman. "I grant you have the advantage over us there, but it would not do in Scotland to preach about the Church's goodness, and what she had appointed for such or such a day. We preach very stupid sermons, I dare say; but at least we mean to teach somebody something—what God looks for at their hands, or what they may look for at His. It is more an occupation for a man," cried the young revolutionary, "than reading the sublimest of prayers. I am going in for the Church—but it is the Church of Scotland," said Colin. He drew himself up with a grand youthful dignity, which was much lost on Sir Thomas, who, for his part, looked at his new tutor with eyes of sober wonderment, and did not understand what this emotion meant.

"There is no occasion for excitement," said the baronet; "nobody now-a-days meddles with a man's convictions; indeed, Harry would say, it's a great thing to have any convictions. That is how the young men talk now-a-days," said Sir Thomas; and he moved off the sofa again, and yawned, though not uncivilly. As for Miss Matty, she came stealing up when she had made the tea, with her cup in her hand.

"So you do mean to be a minister?" she said, in a half whisper, with a deprecating look. Lady Frankland had roused up, like her husband, and the two were talking, and did not take any notice of Matty's proceedings with the harmless tutor. The young lady was quite free to play with her mouse a little, and entered upon the amusement with zest, as was natural. "You mean to shut yourself up in a square house, with five windows, like the poor gentleman who has such red hair, and never see anybody but the old women in the parish, and have your life made miserable every Sunday by that precentor."

"I hope I have a soul above precentors," said Colin, with a little laugh, which was unsteady still, however, with a little excitement; "and one might mend all that," he added a minute after, looking at her with a kind of wistful inquiry which he could not have put into words. What was it he meant to ask with his anxious eye? But he did not himself know.

"Oh yes," said Matty, "I know what you would do: you would marry somebody who was musical, and get a little organ and teach the people better; I know exactly what you would do," said the young lady with a piquant little touch of spite, and a look that startled Colin; and then she paused, and hung her head for a moment and blushed, or looked as if she blushed. "But you would not?" said Matty, softly, with a sidelong glance at her victim. "Don't marry anybody; no one is any good after that. I don't approve of marrying, for my part, especially for a priest. Priests should always be detached, you know, from the world."

"Why?" said Colin. He was quite content to go on talking on such a subject for any length of time. "As for marrying, it is only your rich squires and great people who can marry when they please; we who have to make our own way in the world—" said the young man, with a touch of grandeur, but was stopped by Miss Matty's sudden laughter.

"Oh, how simple you are! As if rich squires and great people, as you say, could marry when they pleased—as if any man could marry when he pleased!" cried Miss Matty, scornfully. "After all, we do count for something, we poor women; now and then, we can put even an eldest son out in his calculations. It is great fun too," said the young lady, and she laughed, and so did Colin, who could not help wondering what special case she might have in her eye, and listened with all the eagerness of a lover. "There is poor Harry—" said Miss Matty under her breath, and stopped short and laughed to herself and sipped her tea, while Colin lent an anxious ear. But nothing further followed that soft laughter. Colin sat on thorns, gazing at her with a world of questions in his face, but the siren looked at him no more. Poor Harry! Harry's natural rival was sensible of a thrill of jealous curiosity mingled with anxiety. What had she done to Harry?—this witch who had beguiled Colin—or was it, not she who had done anything to him, but some other as pretty and as mischievous? Colin had no clue to the puzzle, but it gave him a new access of half-conscious enmity to the heir of Wodensbourne.

After that talk there elapsed a few days during which Colin saw but little of Matty, who had visits to pay, and some solemn dinner-parties to attend in Lady Frankland's train. He had to spend the evenings by himself on these occasions after dining with Charley, who was not a very agreeable companion; and, when this invalid went to his room, as he did early, the young tutor found himself desolate enough in the great house, where no human bond existed between him and the little community within its walls. He was not in a state of mind to take kindly to abstract study at that moment of his existence, for Colin had passed out of that unconscious stage in which he had been at Ardmartin. Then, however much he had wished to be out of temptation, he could not help himself, which was a wonderful consolation; but now he had come wilfully and knowingly into the danger, and had become aware of the fact—and far more distinctly than ever

before—of the difference between himself and the object of his thoughts. Though he found it very possible at times to comfort himself with the thought that this was a very ordinary interruption of a Scotch student's work, and noways represented the Armida's garden in which the knight lost both his vocation and his life, there were other moments and moods which were less easily manageable; and, on the whole, he wanted the stimulus of perpetual excitement to keep him from feeling the false position he was in, and the expediency of continuing here. Though the feeling haunted him all day, at night, in the drawing-room—which was brightened and made sweet by the fair English matron who was kind to Colin, and the fairer maiden who was the centre of all his thoughts—it vanished like an evil spirit, and left him with a sense that nowhere in the world could he have been so well; but, when this mighty stimulus was withdrawn, the youth was left in a very woeful plight, conscious, to the bottom of his heart, that he ought to be elsewhere, and here was consuming his strength and life. He strayed out in the darkness of the December nights through the gloomy silent park into the little village with its feeble lights, where everybody and everything was unknown to him; and all the time his demon sat on his shoulders and asked what he did there. While he strayed through the broken, irregular village-street, to all appearance looking at the dim cottage-windows and listening to the rude songs from the little ale-house, the curate encountered the tutor. Most probably the young priest, who was not remarkable for wisdom, imagined the Scotch lad to be in some danger; for he laid a kindly hand upon his arm and turned him away from the vociferous little tavern, which was a vexation to the curate's soul. "I should like you to go up to the Parsonage with me, if you will only wait till I have seen this sick woman," said the curate; and Colin went in very willingly within the cottage porch to wait for his acquaintance, who had his prayer-book under his arm. The young Scotchman looked on with wondering eyes while the village priest knelt down by his parishioner's bedside and opened his book. Naturally there was a comparison always going on in Colin's mind. He was like a passive experimentalist, seeing all kinds of trials made before his eyes, and watching the result. "I wonder if they all think it is a spell," said Colin to himself; but he was rebuked and was silent when he heard the responses which the cottage folk made on their knees. When the curate had read his prayer he got up and said good-night, and went back to Colin; and this visitation of the sick was a very strange experience to the young Scotch observer, who stood revolving everything, with an eye to Scotland, at the cottage-door.

"You don't make use of our Common Prayer in Scotland?" said the curate; "pardon me for referring to it. One cannot help being sorry for people who shut themselves out from such an inestimable advantage. How did it come about?"

"I don't know," said Colin. "I suppose because Laud was a fool, and King Charles a ——"

"Hush, for goodness sake," said the curate with a shiver. "What do you mean? such language is painful to listen to. The saints and martyrs should be spoken of in a different tone. You think that was the reason? Oh, no; it was your horrible Calvinism, and John Knox, and the mad influences of that unfortunate Reformation which has done us all so much harm, though I suppose you think differently in Scotland," he said with a little sigh, steering his young companion, of whose morality he felt uncertain, past the alehouse door.

"Did you never hear of John Knox's liturgy?" said the indignant Colin; "the saddest, passionate service! You always had time to say your prayers in England, but we had to snatch them as we could. And your prayers would not do for us now," said the Scotch experimentalist; "I wish they could

but it would be impossible. A Scotch peasant would have thought *that* an incantation you were reading. When you go to see a sick man, shouldn't you like to say, God save him, God forgive him, straight out of your heart without a book?" said the eager lad; at which question the curate looked up with wonder in the young man's face.

"I hope I do say it out of my heart," said the English priest, and stopped short, with a gravity that had a great effect upon Colin;—"but in words more sound than any words of mine," the curate added a moment after, which dispersed the reverential impression from the Scotch mind of the eager boy.

"I can't see that," said Colin, quickly, "in the church for common prayer, yes; at a bedside in a cottage, no. At least, I mean that's how we feel in Scotland, though I suppose you don't care much for our opinion," he added with some heat, thinking he saw a smile on his companion's face.

"Oh, yes, certainly; I have always understood that there is a great deal of intelligence in Scotland," said the curate, courteous as to a South-Sea Islander. "But people who have never known this inestimable advantage? I believe preaching is considered the great thing in the North?" he said with a little curiosity. "I wish society were a little more impressed by it among ourselves; but mere *information* even about spiritual matters is of so much less importance! though that, I daresay, is another point on which we don't agree?" the curate continued, pleasantly. He was just opening the gate into his own garden, which was quite invisible in the darkness, but which enclosed and surrounded a homely house with some lights in the windows, which, it was a little comfort to Colin to perceive, was not much handsomer nor more imposing in appearance than the familiar manse on the borders of the Holy Loch.

"It depends on what you call spiritual matters," said the polemical youth. "I don't think a man can possibly get too much information about his relations with God, if only anybody could tell him anything; but certainly about ecclesiastical arrangements and the Christian year," said the irreverent young Scotchman, "a little might suffice;" and Colin spoke with the slightest inflection of contempt, always thinking of the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and scorning what he did not understand, as was natural to his years."

"Ah, you don't know what you are saying," said the devout curate. "After you have spent a Christian year, you will see what comfort and beauty there is in it. You say, 'if anybody could tell him anything.' I hope you have not got into a sceptical way of thinking. I should like very much to have a long talk with you," said the village priest, who was very good and very much in earnest, though the earnestness was after a pattern different from anything known to Colin; and, before the youth perceived what was going to happen, he found himself in the curate's study, placed on a kind of moral platform, as the emblem of Doubt and that pious unbelief which is the favourite of modern theology. Now, to tell the truth, Colin, though it may lower him in the opinion of many readers of his history, was not by nature given to doubting. He had, to be sure, followed the fashion of the time enough to be aware of a wonderful amount of unsettled questions, and questions which it did not appear possible ever to settle. But somehow these elements of scepticism did not give him much trouble. His heart was full of natural piety, and his instincts all fresh and strong as a child's. He could not help believing, any more than he could help breathing, his nature being such; and he was half-amused and half-irritated by the position in which he found himself, notwithstanding the curate's respect for the ideal sceptic, whom he had thus pounced upon. The commonplace character of Colin's mind was such, that he was very glad when his new friend relaxed into gossip, and asked him who was expected at the Hall for Christmas; to which the tutor answered by such names as he had heard in the ladies' talk, and remem-

bered with friendliness or with jealousy, according to the feeling with which Miss Matty pronounced them—which was Colin's only guide amid this crowd of the unknown.

"I wonder if it is to be a match," said the curate, who, recovering from his dread concerning the possible habits of his Scotch guest, had taken heart to share his scholarly potations of beer with his new friend. "It was said Lady Frankland did not like it, but I never believed that. After all it was such a natural arrangement. I wonder if it is to be a match?"

"Is what to be a match?" said Colin, who all at once felt his heart stand still and grow cold, though he sat by the cheerful fire which threw its light even into the dark garden outside. "I have heard nothing about any match," he added, with a little effort. It dawned upon him instantly what it must be, and his impulse was to rush out of the house or do anything rash and sudden that would prevent him from hearing it said in words.

"Between Henry Frankland and his cousin," said the calm curate; "they looked as if they were perfectly devoted to each other at one time. That has died off, for she is rather a flirt, I fear; but all the people hereabouts had made up their minds on the subject. It would be a very suitable match on the whole. But why do you get up? you are not going away?"

"Yes; I have something to do when I go home," said Colin, "something to prepare," which he said out of habit, thinking of his old work at home, without remembering what he was saying or whether it meant anything. The curate put down the poker which he had lifted to poke the fire, and looked at Colin with a touch of envy.

"Ah! something literary, I suppose?" said the young priest, and went with his new friend to the door, thinking how clever he was, and how lucky, at his age, to have a literary connexion; a thought very natural to a young priest in a country curacy with a very small endowment. The curate wrote verses, as Colin himself did, though on very different subjects, and took some of them out of his desk and looked at them, after he had shut the door, with affectionate eyes, and a half intention of asking the tutor what was the best way to get admission to the magazines, and on the whole he thought he liked what he had seen of the young Scotchman, though he was so ignorant of church matters; an opinion which Colin perfectly reciprocated, with a more distinct sentiment of compassion for the English curate, who knew about as much of Scotland as if it had lain in the South Seas.

Meanwhile Colin walked home to Wodensbourne with fire and passion in his heart. "It would be a very suitable match on the whole," he kept saying to himself, and then tried to take a little comfort from Matty's sweet laughter over "Poor Harry!" Poor Harry was rich, and fortunate, and independent, and Colin was only the tutor; were these two to meet this Christmas-time and contend over again on this new ground? He went along past the black trees as if he were walking for a wager; but, quick as he walked, a dogcart dashed past him with lighted lamp gleaming up the avenue. When he reached the Hall-door, one of the servants was disappearing up stairs with a portmanteau, and a heap of coats and wrappers lay in the hall.

"Mr. Harry just come, sir—a week sooner than was expected," said the butler, who was an old servant and shared in the joys of the family. Colin went to his room without a word; shut himself up there with feelings which he would not have explained to any one. He had not seen Harry Frankland since they were both boys; but he had never got over the youthful sense of rivalry and opposition which had sent him skimming over the waters of the Holy Loch to save the boy who was his born rival and antagonist. Was this the day of their encounter and conflict which had come at last?

To be continued.

CONCERNING THE ORGANIZATION OF LITERATURE.

The chronicles of the year 1863 record two incidents little noticed by the public or its instructors of the press, but which possess a certain importance, from their relation to what is called the Organization of Literature. In one of these incidents, the publication of the remodelled programme of the Guild of Literature and Art, lurks the admission of a failure, or at least of the inability of its promoters to perform the most important of the promises contained in their original plan. The other incident exhibits the germ of a new and fruitful project, which also aims at introducing an organic principle into the literary chaos. It is Lord Stanhope's speech at the dinner of the Literary Fund, when he deplored the present isolation of men of letters from each other, the absence among them of class-combination and concert, and when he indicated the desirability of organizing out of them an English body more or less resembling the French Academy.

The Guild of Literature and Art was founded in or about 1851, more than twelve years ago. Its founders were prominent authors and artists; Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was and is its President, with Mr. Charles Dickens for Vice-President. Its members were to consist of persons following Literature or the Fine Arts as a profession, and mere membership was to be easily attainable. When the needful funds had been raised, the Guild was to be organized in quasi-collegiate fashion. There was to be a Warden, with a house and a salary of 200*l.* a year, presiding over two classes of recipients of the bounty of the Guild. One class was to consist of "members for life," elected by the Council from the ordinary members; they were to be persons who had achieved some distinction in Literature or Art, and each was to receive an annuity of 200*l.* without a house, or of 170*l.* with it. The other class, also elected by the Council, was to consist of "Associates,"—men rather of literary or artistic promise than of distinction or note; each of these was to receive an annuity of 100*l.*, for life, or for a term of years, according to circumstances. As a condition attendant on the receipt of his annuity, each Life Member was to deliver annually three Lectures at Mechanics' Institutions in town and country; the Associates, again, were to employ a portion of their time "in gratuitous assistance to any "learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, &c., or, as "funds increase, and the utilities of the "Institution develop themselves, *in co-"operating towards works of national "interest and importance*, but on subjects "of a nature more popular, and at a "price more accessible, than those which "usually emanate from professed "Academies."[1] Such was the original scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art.

Now, let us suppose that the needful funds had been collected for carrying out, on a scale of tolerable magnitude, this well-meant project. What, in that case, would have been the new, important, fruitful, principle in the scheme, distinguishing it from all others in operation, and claiming for it the sympathy and support of the public? Certainly not that involved in the granting of annuities to authors and artists of some distinction; for, out of funds provided by Parliament, the State, through the Pension-fund, already grants such annuities to such persons. I am speaking of the principle merely, as one already recognised and acted on by the State. I do not mean to say that every author and artist of merit who both needs and deserves a pension, receives one; but simply, that in granting pensions, the Government does so befriend such per-

[1] Prospectus of the Guild of Literature and Art. 1851.

sons, and that there was, therefore, nothing novel in this part of the scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art, which simply proposed to do, with its own machinery and funds, what the State already attempted to do through the Government of the day, by the application of a parliamentary grant. The striking and original item in the project of the Guild of Literature and Art, was its proposal to pension the more promising of younger authors and artists, and to require from them in return, useful and honourable labour, with pen or pencil, on "works of national interest and importance." This, and this alone, removed the aid to be given by the Guild from the category to which belongs the eleemosynary bounty of the Pension Fund, and of the Royal Literary Fund. It thus became to them, in some measure, what a system of reproductive employment is to the operatives of the New Poor Law. In return for slender, but acceptable pecuniary assistance, the juniors of Literature and Art were to perform profitable and worthy tasks, prescribed to them by their more experienced seniors; and here, at last, it might be fondly hoped, was a kind of Organization of Literature.

Alas, it is precisely this and its kindred items which make no appearance in the remodelled programme of the Guild of Literature and Art! The Guild received its charter of incorporation in 1854; and after nine years of a delay, caused, it is said, by some legal difficulty or obstruction, its matured scheme of operations, to be executed at early convenience, was shaped and published a few months ago. The warden has disappeared, and with him the old classification of members and associates. We see and hear nothing now of lectures to be delivered at mechanics' institutions, nothing of "gratuitous aid to learned societies," nothing of "co-operation in the production of works of national interest or importance." In the remodelled programme, under the rubric of "Objects," there are two paragraphs which thus define the present aims of the Association:—"The Guild shall, in "the first instance, confine its operations "to the foundation and endowment of "an institution to be called the 'Guild "Institution.'" And then: — "The "Guild shall grant annuities, to which "professional members of either sex, "and the widows of professional members, shall be eligible. It will also "erect a limited number of free residences, on land to be presented for "this purpose by Sir Edward Bulwer-"Lytton, and which will be occupied "by members elected on this foundation. The several annuitants shall be "elected by the Council," &c. &c. This is all. The members of the Guild are now in number fifty. After twelve years or so its funds amount to £3,694, of which £3,334 were "received for "copyright and performance of Sir E. "Bulwer-Lytton's play of 'Not so Bad "as we Seem.'" When the free residences have been built, and a few slender annuities awarded, what is there to make the public or men of letters zealously promote the further working of the scheme? Duly recognising the disinterestedness and kindly motives of its founders, one may predict, with something very like certainty, that the world is not destined to hear much more of the Guild of Literature and Art.

I turn now to Lord Stanhope's proposal for the formation of an English Academy or Institute, somewhat resembling the famous *Académie Française.* Lord Stanhope is entitled to a hearing, were it only as a man of letters, who has done good service to his untitled order. Recently the parliamentary originator of the National Portrait Gallery, it was he who conducted, years ago, through the House of Commons the Literary Copyright Act, on which the relations between authors and publishers are still based. His career has been one of considerable official as well as of continuous literary labour. He is a man of business, and not merely a man of letters; no young enthusiast, but an experienced legislator, he is not likely to make a practical suggestion without having weighed all difficulties of execution and detail. There needs no demon-

stration of the truth of his assertion respecting the unorganized state of literature and its cultivators in England. The fact is patent to all the world. But what, it may be asked, could be gained by the foundation in England of an Academy, or Institute, resembling the *Académie Française?* It will be partly answering the question to give some account of the constitution and functions of the French Academy. First, however, a few words on the composition of the French Institute, of which the French Academy forms but a single section.

Five smaller bodies, with very different aims and occupations, make up the French Institute, to belong to which is considered a high honour by men of letters and science throughout Europe. These five bodies are (1) the *Académie Française,* (2) the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres,* (3) the *Académie des Sciences,* (4) the *Académie des Beaux Arts,* (5) the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.* The oldest of them, the *Académie Française,* was founded by the great Cardinal Richelieu, with the special function of watching over the condition of the French language, in consonance with which trust the well-known Dictionary of the Academy has been produced by it. The *Académie des Inscriptions* deals with archæology and philology. Students of Gibbon may remember how frequently its *Mémoires*—"Transactions," as we should say—are cited in the notes of the "Decline and Fall." The *Académie des Beaux Arts,* of course, devotes itself to the fine arts; the *Académie des Sciences* to the physical sciences; the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* to ethics, philosophy, and politics, but, above all, to that wide department of things which in this country we call Social Science. Each of these five bodies has a special organization of its own, governs itself, and is perfectly independent of its neighbours. Together, however, they compose the Institute, and a member of any one of them is a member of the Institute, which also in its collective capacity has a constitution and office-bearers. They have all of them analogues in England. If an attempt were made to realize what is understood to have been at one time a project of the late Prince Consort, namely to collect the accredited "Societies" of London under one roof, and, while leaving each its independence, to organize them into one body, for the purposes of general utility, the five bodies which compose the French Institute would thus find analogues in England:—The Royal Society would be the analogue of the *Académie des Sciences;* the Royal Academy, of the *Académie des Beaux Arts;* the Society of Antiquaries, of the *Académie des Inscriptions;* the modern Social Science Association, of the also modern *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques;* and, with a slight stretch of imagination, the Royal Society of Literature might pass for the analogue of the *Académie Française*—the French Academy itself.

Analogy, however, is one thing; identity, another. These five English Societies and those five French Academies may be analogous, but they lack anything like identity of constitution. The English Societies are composed of members paying subscriptions, and, virtually, not limited as to number. I suppose that any person of respectable position and attainments, with fair social connexions, may become a member of any of the learned societies of London, if he is prepared to pay the needful entrance fee and subscription. It is not so with the French Academies. The number of members in the case of each of them is strictly limited, and no new member is elected but to fill up a vacancy caused by death. The expenses of the French Academies are not defrayed by the subscriptions of the members, but by the State, which, while leaving them complete self-government, adopts them as National Institutions. Instead of making an annual payment, every member of the Institute receives an annual salary of 1,500 francs, which marks his connexion with the State, but is not large enough to make him feel himself dependent on its bounty.

Generally, I believe, the French budget contains an allocation of a sum of money to be devoted to medals and other prizes placed at the disposal of the Institute, or to defray the expenses of such of its members as are sent on scientific and literary missions by the Government. Possessing, from the incontestable eminence and high character of their members, the confidence of the nation, the Institute and the Academies which compose it have acquired large corporate funds, the result of the bequests and donations of private individuals, and applied to the specific purposes named by the testators and donors. Of these, more hereafter. Suffice it for the present to say that the funds thus acquired by the Academies which make up the Institute yielded in 1848 an annual revenue, now doubtless much increased, of upwards 130,000 francs, say 52,000*l.*[1] Even in England this would be no inconsiderable sum to be devoted yearly to prizes for literary merit and scientific achievement.

To indicate more clearly the difference between the London "Societies" and the French Academies of the Institute, let me compare the constitution and functions, the *status* and condition of the *Académie Française* with those of what I have called its English analogue, the Royal Society of Literature. This Society was founded, in the words of its own prospectus, "to promote literature in its most important branches, with a special attention to the improvement of the English language," and it was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1825. His Majesty George IV. gave it annually, out of his private purse, the sum of eleven hundred guineas. A thousand of these were to be divided among Associates "of approved learning;" the remaining hundred went to purchase two gold medals, presentable to the authors of new and distinguished works—Hallam and Washington Irving were, I think, the last, or about the last recipients of them. The Royal Society of Literature, says a sympathetic chronicler of its cause,[2] "has the merit of rescuing the last years of Coleridge's life from complete dependence on a friend, and of placing the learned Dr. Jamieson above the wants and necessities of a man fast sinking to the grave." But unfortunately the sympathetic chronicler is obliged to add:—"The annual grant of 1,100 guineas was discontinued by William IV., and the Society has since sunk into a Transaction Society, with a small but increasing library." Let *me* add, however, that even in its decadence, it contributed to a useful result. The liberality of some of its members enabled Mr. Thomas Wright to produce and to publish two volumes, comprehending the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods, of his learned and accurate *Biographia Britannica Literaria*. But that useful enterprise has gone no further. The Royal Society of Literature "has sunk into a Transaction Society." It publishes an occasional volume of Transactions, containing papers on all sorts of subjects, from Hellenic inscriptions to the breed of Merino sheep. That is all it does. The world knows little and hears nothing of it.

Contrast this state of things with that presented by the French Academy. It consists of forty members only. Any vacancy which death causes in its ranks is filled up by a careful vote of the survivors. The honour of belonging to it is coveted by the highest in the land —if report speak truly, by the present Emperor himself. It contains a small proportion of men of rank and dignified ecclesiastics—a Duke de Broglie, a Duke de Noailles, a Bishop of Orleans; but even members of those classes must have done something in authorship. The list of its forty members in 1862 contained the following twenty names:—Villemain, Barante, Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, Victor Hugo, Saint Marc Girardin, Sainte Beuve, Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, Charles de Remusat, Ampère, D. Nisard, Monta-

[1] *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France*, &c. 1846. (Published by authority.)

[2] Mr. Peter Cunningham, *Handbook of London* (1850). § Royal Society of Literature.

lembert, S. de Sacy, Legouvé, Ponsard, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau —the flower of French literature, historical, æsthetic, critical, journalistic. Men like these are entitled to sit in judgment on the literary performances of their juniors and contemporaries, to praise here, and to reward there. This is exactly what the French Academy does. The English public knows it chiefly as a body, admission into which is keenly sought and is accompanied by great glorification of the dead and of the living; each new member on taking his seat bestowing a formal eulogium on his predecessor, and receiving in return an elaborate address of congratulation and praise from some one of his new colleagues. There are, however, other and much more important functions than this discharged by the French Academy. I do not attach so much importance to the two prizes of 2,000 francs (or so) each, which, apparently from funds supplied by the State, are annually awarded by the Academy to the authors of two pieces of prose and verse on subjects named beforehand, the competition being open to all comers,—I attach more to the result of the Academy's vigilant inspection of the current literature of France, with the view of distinguishing those published works in which a high or pure ethical element is directly or indirectly prominent. Once a year, at the great annual meeting of the Academy in May, an elaborate report is read by its perpetual Secretary. This document contains, among other things, the names and characteristics of some of the works recently published most remarkable for their ethical tone or moral usefulness. Money-prizes or medals, varying in amount and value (generally from 2,000 to 3,000 francs each) are awarded to the authors, and their works are said to be "crowned" by the Academy—itself an honourable and welcome distinction in a country singularly jealous of social inequalities, but enthusiastically cognisant of the gradations of proved intellectual ability. The deficiencies, oversights, and caprices of newspaper and periodical criticism are to some extent compensated for and corrected by the elaborate examination to which the Academy subjects the literature of the day, and many a worthy book of an obscure and modest author has thus attention pointed to its merits. These prizes are defrayed out of the proceeds of a legacy left by the Baron de Monthyon to be devoted to rewarding the works of French authorship "most useful to morals;" and, in the survey made by the Academy before awarding them, it includes all departments of literature. The famous "prize of virtue" was also bequeathed by the Baron de Monthyon (1733—1820), a distinguished member of the *noblesse* of the gown in the pre-revolutionary period, and a munificent benefactor to more than one of the Academies which compose the Institute. The Monthyon prize of virtue, too, is awarded by the French Academy; but, as it is not connected with literature, it does not fall within the scope of my present article. Otherwise is it with the *prix* Gobert, which the Academy likewise awards. This was founded by Baron Gobert (1807—1833), and amounts annually to upwards of 11,000 francs, say 450*l.*; nine-tenths to be given to the author of the best, one-tenth to the author of the second best, work in French History, actually and recently published. In awarding this historical prize, the Academy exerts a certain discretion of its own, and prolongs the principal grant for a series of years to the author of one and the same work, if the non-appearance of any better or greater one seems to authorize such a continuance. It is evident of what assistance a grant like this may be to a historical writer, of limited means, during the composition of some long, elaborate work. The *prix* Gobert was held for many years by Augustine Thiery, one of the founders of the Modern French Historical school. After his death, it was awarded for two years to M. Poirson, the author of a well-known history of Henri Quatre. It has now been held for years, I believe, by Henri Martin, the author of the best

recent history of France—at least the best produced by any French writer not of the Institute, whose members voluntarily debar themselves from competing for such prizes. These, then, are some of its functions discharged by the French Academy, and I may add that no murmur of complaint, or whispered charge of partiality, is ever heard to throw a doubt on the sense or justice of its verdicts and awards.

Had the French Academy been founded in modern times, under a political system of even comparative freedom, in an age full of social problems calling for discussion and solution, very probably it would have been so constituted as to include what now forms a separate section of the Institute—the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.* This body, for the discussion of political and ethical questions, more especially those belonging to the large domain of Social Economy, was founded in the time of the First French Republic. It was suppressed by the first Napoleon, in his hatred of ideologists and of the public discussion of matters bearing on the action of the State. After the Revolution of 1830, it was resuscitated by Guizot, when Minister of Public Instruction, and it has since been one of the most quietly useful departments of the Institute. It consists of forty French members, and is divided into five sections. The section of *Philosophie* included in 1862 Cousin, Damiran, Barthelemy, St. Hilaire, and Charles de Remusat;—that of *Morale*, Villenné, Gustave de Beaumont, and Louis Reybaud;—that of *Economie, Politique et Statistique*, Charles Dupin, Passy, Duchâtel, Michel Chevalier, Wolowski, and Léonce de Lavergne;—that of *Histoire Générale et Philosophique*, Guizot, Mignet, Michelet, Thiers, and Amédée Thierry;—Schelling was, Lord Brougham and Leopold Ranke are, among its foreign members. It publishes copious Transactions; and, since its resuscitation, various of its members have been commissioned by itself and by successive governments to investigate, at home and abroad, the conditions of special sections of industrial populations. It was through this Academy that, in earlier years, Blanqui prosecuted his remarkable inquiries into the state of the manufacturing populations of the Continent, and that, in recent years, M. Louis Reybaud (known to English readers chiefly as the author of the amusing *Jerome Paturot*) was stimulated to produce his social monographs on the condition of the operatives employed in the silk and cotton manufactures of France. It is seemingly from the State chiefly that the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* derives the funds to provide for its rather numerous prizes. These are given not so much to the authors of works already published, as in the case of the *Académie Française*, but rather to the successful competitors in the composition of Essays on subjects proposed by the Academy. Dipping casually into the *Comptes Rendus* of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, I find that in one particular year the following were the subjects given out to the competing essayists:—in the section of "Philosophy," (1) a critical examination of the Scholastic Philosophy, (2) an investigation of the influence exercised on the morality of a nation by the progress and the love of material well-being; in the section of "Legislation, Public Law, and Jurisprudence," the Theory and Principles of Life Assurance, its History, and the useful applications of which it is susceptible; in the section of "Political Economy," the Laws that ought to regulate the proportionate relations of note-circulation to a metallic currency, so that the State may enjoy all the advantages of credit without suffering from its abuses; in the section of "General and Philosophical History," to show how the progress of Criminal Justice in the prosecution and punishment of offences against the person and property follow and mark the progress of civilization from the savage state to that of the best governed nations. These are all subjects more or less interesting and impor-

tant; and the elucidation of them is at least as profitable to society as the production of "sensation novels," so abundantly encouraged, without prizes, on both sides of the Channel. The money-value of the prizes awarded to the successful competitors averages 1,500 francs each. Small as is this amount, the adjudicating sections are very critical and not easily pleased. Sometimes, year after year, I observe, the same subject is declared still open to competition, the essays sent in having fallen short of the standard required by the adjudicators. This Academy publishes Transactions of considerable worth, consisting of disquisitions contributed by its eminent members. Its peculiar influence on the intellectual culture of France must be valuable. Should a British Academy ever be founded, certainly it would be well to combine in it the functions of both of these French Academies, the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.* In a practical country like ours, an Academy which included men of eminence in social, legislative, economical, and political science would have more weight and greater prospects of usefulness than one composed exclusively of poets, novelists, critics, and historians.

But do these French Academies, then, embody in their constitution and functions principles generally applicable, true and valuable in England as in France? Surely yes! There is the principle that in the world of intellect differences of capacity and power of labour exist, and that, when these are proved by their results, the upper and the under should be formally recognised and duly ranked. There is the principle that the young and aspiring deserve reward and encouragement when, through talent and toil, they have achieved success, and that none are so well fitted as the more wise and more experienced of their own order to reward and to encourage. The literary and socio-economical criticism of the periodical and newspaper press does much; but, from the very nature of the case, it must be hurried, or perfunctory, or limited. It would be something to have, in one Academy in England, as France has in these two Academies, the men of the highest proved and realized intellect collected, and formed into a conspicuous, honourable, and honoured body—after the heat of the battle and a victorious struggle, taking their seats in a House of Peers of their own. It would be something to have them, as in France, judging, rewarding, encouraging, guiding, their younger or less experienced brethren, when these did not disdain to be so subordinated. The proud and self-sufficing might hold aloof, while the modest, yet aspiring would profit alike by encouragement and by discouragement. If it were thought desirable to copy the prize-systems of France, the small funds needful would not long be wanting, were the body once extant to which they could be safely entrusted. The wealthiest and most generous of nations has not less than France its Monthyons and Goberts, but it has no Institute to receive, to accumulate, and to apply their thoughtful bounty. Once let there exist a British Institute, comprising the most eminent men, as do the two French Academies which have been sketched—and with a guarantee in its constitution that only the distinguished can succeed the distinguished—all the rest will follow. There are even important national objects which such an Institute might subserve and which would make a wise premier thankful for its existence and advice. It would be a body which he might consult in the disposal, for instance, of the Pension Fund; and its counsel would preserve him from becoming the official patron of a Poet Close. The time must arrive, too, when our purely party-antagonisms—now fast dying—will be dead, buried, and forgotten. Then governments will be able, as well as willing, to prosecute, with concentrated energy the work of internal reform—social, legal, educational. Then will be undertaken extensive inquiries into the state of our population at home

and throughout our vast empire, and into what can be learned from or suggested by foreign nations. For such a task, men of trained intelligence and the gift of clear and vivid expression will be needed; and it may be that to a National Institute an English government will turn to supply then, just as successive French governments have so applied to the French Institute, and more particularly to the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.* Even as it is, compare a report by Mr. Tremenhere—brief, lucid, suggestive, conclusive—on a mining district or a baking trade with an average blue-book—*rudis indigestaque moles*—entombing the thousands upon thousands of questions and answers produced by a select committee of the House of Commons and the cloud of witnesses which it examines—the useful and the useless jumbled together in inextricable confusion, and yielding frequently no result of any kind—for how often is the committee's report rendered colourless and neutral by the disagreement of its members? Tell me in what parliamentary or official document or statement—and there have been very many tons of them printed—the relations between Europeans and natives in our Indian empire have received as much light and been made as clearly and generally intelligible as in the few letters which Mr. Wingrove Cook despatched from Bengal when returning home from his newspaper-mission to China, or in the communications with which a "Competition Wallah" at once entertains and instructs the readers of *Macmillan's Magazine.*

Such possible results, however, of the existence of a National Institute, recognized and honoured by the State, perhaps belong to a rather distant future. Perhaps, too, even although the suggestion of it comes from Lord Stanhope, a British Institute will not be founded until after many years. Yet even now, and without the creation of any new body, the claims of eminent men of letters could be partly recognised by entrusting them with useful, honourable, and dignified functions, which might in time develop into a government and direction of their distinguished juniors. Some years ago an Edinburgh Reviewer, discussing the subject of an Order of Merit, for the reward and recognition of men eminent in literature and science, made the following remarks, which, from one point of view, have a certain truth and pertinence:—"An "order created solely," he said, "for "men of science and letters, as has been "more than once suggested, would "wholly fail in its object. There is no "reason why they should be separated "from others who deserve well of their "country. On the contrary, it is to "amalgamate them with their fellow-"citizens in honours as in labours that "we desire, and to suffer them to rank "(when their reputation so entitles "them) with whomsoever be the other "claimants to social consideration. "There is not a city knight who would "not jest at an order consisting only of "authors, to whose united rent-roll he "would prefer even half-a-dozen rail-"way debentures. If any practical "honours ever be accorded to authors, "philosophers, or artists, agreeably to "the usual principles of our aristocratic "monarchy, we fear, strange though it "may appear to say, that they must be "honours shared with dukes and earls, "ambassadors and generals." [1] Now, there is one body, fulfilling all the requirements of the Edinburgh Reviewer, and to which eminent men of letters have belonged, do belong, and are entitled to belong in much more considerable numbers than at present. I mean the Board of so-called Trustees which governs our great national institution, the British Museum.

The British Museum is supported wholly by the British nation, and the British Parliament possesses the right, rarely exercised hitherto, of supreme control over its affairs. The grant of money annually voted by Parliament for the support of the Museum, amounts to 100,000*l.*; 10,000*l.* seems to be the amount of the ordinary annual grant for

[1] *Edinburgh Review,* lviii. 220 (July, 1848 Art. Goldsmith).

the department of printed books alone. The Parliamentary grant and the whole affairs of the Museum are administered by the Board of Trustees, at present fifty in number, and in which there are four constituent elements. One section of them is hereditary, and consists of what are called "Family Trustees," representing the families of personages who have made magnificent bequests of collections of various kinds to the Museum. These are the Sloane, Cotton, Harley, Townley, Elgin, and Knight families. The Family Trustees are nine in number, and among them is the present Earl of Derby. One trustee, called the Royal Trustee, is appointed by the Sovereign, in recognition of George IV.'s gift of the Royal Library to the Museum and the nation. Then there are twenty-five Trustees who are members of the Board, *ex officio*. These, called Official Trustees, include the chief dignitaries of the State and Church, from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the First Lord of the Treasury to the Solicitor-General, while with them are associated the Presidents of the Royal Society, the College of Physicians, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Academy. We have now thirty-five out of the fifty Trustees. The remaining fifteen are called Elected Trustees, and are chosen by the thirty-five. The elected trustees are trustees for life, and, with one important exception, share all the rights and privileges of their colleagues. This important exception is that, when a vacancy occurs in their own number, they have no voice or vote in filling it up. The choice of a new elected Trustee is made by the thirty-five without the intervention of the Trustees already elected.

In the existence of a body of Elected Trustees, we seem to have a provision for the recognition of some of the claims of men eminent in literature, archæology, and science. The honour of a seat at the Board is one which they would share, as the Edinburgh Reviever expressed it, "with dukes and earls, ambassadors and generals." Eminent men of letters, moreover, are precisely the persons best fitted to superintend the management of a vast library of books and manuscripts, kept up and augmented chiefly for the sake of the very class to which they belong: as elected trustees they would be called on to perform, with advantage to the public, functions pleasant to themselves. Accordingly, the elective trusteeship of the British Museum has been termed "the Blue Riband of Literature," and as such it was bestowed on Hallam and on Macaulay. Let us note, however, the collective results of a system which throws the choice of the fifteen Elected Trustees exclusively into the hands of the nine Family Trustees, of the Royal Trustee, and of the thirty-five Official Trustees. You have seen that out of the forty members of the French Academy, in 1862, at least twenty—one-half of the whole—were among the most eminent men of letters in France. Here is the list of the Elected Trustees of the British Museum as it stood at the beginning of 1863:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir David Dundas, Sir Philip Egerton, the Duke of Somerset, *Sir Roderick Murchison*, *Dean Milman*, Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Sir G. C. Lewis, Mr. Walpole, Lord Eversley, *Mr. Grote*, Lord Taunton, the Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Thomas Phillips. In this list, the claims of literature and science are represented by one-fifth of the body—Sir Roderick Murchison, Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote. It may be said that Sir G. C. Lewis was an author, and that Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone are authors, of more or less note. But when it is observed that with them are associated, as Elected Trustees, officials and ex-officials—the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Taunton, Lord Eversley, Mr. Walpole—who have no such pretensions, one is led to surmise that they would have been elected Trustees had Mr. Gladstone never written on Homer, Earl Russell on the History of Europe in the eighteenth century, or the late Sir G. C. Lewis on the Credibility of Early Roman History. The hardship is that official personages like the Duke of Somerset, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, are at this moment trustees in virtue of their

respective offices, and that by sitting as Elected Trustees they simply displace men intellectually eminent, but without high political position. To such an extent has this accumulation of the same honours on the same head been carried, that from the evidence given before the Royal Commission, appointed in 1850 to inquire into the management of the Museum, the late Lord Aberdeen, it appears, was once a Trustee in a threefold capacity. He was a Trustee as Secretary of State, a Trustee as President of the Society of Antiquaries, and he was also an Elected Trustee! It is worth noting that Her Majesty has set the electing Trustees of the Museum an example which they might lay to heart. Until recently, the solitary Royal Trustee had always been one of the highest personages in the kingdom, generally a member of the Royal Family. The royal trusteeship was held by the late Duke of Cambridge at his death in 1850. Lately, however, it has been conferred by the Crown on Dr. Cureton, who is, at least, an eminent Syriac scholar, and who, having been formerly an officer of the Museum, has a practical acquaintance with the details of the establishment which he is called upon to co-operate in governing.

The Royal Commission of 1850 saw the injustice and the evils of the present system, and recommended a sweeping change in the government of the Museum. According to the scheme of the Commission, the government of the Museum was to be entrusted to an Executive Council, consisting of a chairman and six members. The Trustees were to elect from their own body four members of the Board of Government; the Crown was to appoint the chairman, with the two remaining members of the Board—one of them to be distinguished for his literary attainments, the other for his attainments in natural history. No action has been taken upon this Report, and the constitution and government of the Museum remain in 1863 much the same as they were in 1850. The leaders of the two great political parties in the State have been adroitly conciliated and gained over by being chosen Elected Trustees,[1] and no organic change will be proposed by them. It is to the House of Commons that we must look for a reform: and, strange to say, in the matter of the National Collections, literary, artistic, and scientific, the House of Commons has more than once of late years shown a singular independence, and refused to follow the advice of its accredited party-leaders. It has rejected by large majorities the proposal, supported by the leaders of parties on both sides of the House, to break up the Museum and scatter its collections. It remains for the House of Commons to make amends for the inertia displayed by successive Governments, whether Liberal or Conservative, in carrying into effect neither the spirit nor the letter of the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1850. The House of Commons could easily pass a resolution recommending that all vacancies among the Elected Trustees should be filled up from men eminent in literature, scholarship, archæology, and science, and that the Elected Trustees should themselves have a voice in the election of their colleagues. As the whole constitution of the Museum depends on the will of the House of Commons, which votes the funds for its support, such a resolution, though merely recommendatory, would, doubtless, have the force of a command. Parliamentary and public opinion steadily operating, we should in course of time have in the Elected Trustees of the British Museum a British Institute, comprehending the intellectual notabilities of the country, possessing the confidence of the nation, appealing successfully for funds to Parliaments and Governments, and worthy to be appointed the executors of the British Monthyons and Goberts. They would find the objects of the Institution which they governed capable of being expanded and varied. Presiding over the State Paper and the Record Offices, the Master of the Rolls has developed enterprises wider than the customary calen-

[1] Mr. Disraeli has been lately elected a trustee.

daring and cataloguing, useful and indispensable as they are. We owe to him, among other benefits conferred, the publication, at an expense insignificant to the country, of the series of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great "Britain and Ireland during the Middle "Ages"; important contributions, which could or would never have been made by private publishing enterprise, to the political, ecclesiastical, social—nay, to the intellectual and scientific history of mediæval England, for the series includes a careful edition of the works of Roger Bacon. Men of originality and intelligence, of experience and energy, placed at the head, or in the headship, of the Museum, with that vast library of books and manuscripts under their care, might soon find the example of the Master of the Rolls worthy of imitation, and Government as ready in their case as in his to give the needful preliminary aid. What "Materials for English History" of the post-mediæval ages lie buried in the manuscript masses of the Museum that might be made to yield new gold to skilful "prospecters" wisely directed and suitably equipped! As regards the reproduction of books, take but a single instance. If the student wishes to consult a collection of the memoirs, illustrating the history of the great civil war of the seventeenth century, and edited with even a glimmer of modern light, he must betake himself to the twenty-six volumes of the French translation of them, which Guizot published forty years ago! Such a collection, edited by competent Englishmen, would not only be a boon to the student, but would enrich the historic literature of the country, and claim the aid of a parliamentary grant surely not less strongly than the chronicles of mediæval England. Many are the enterprises of this kind, from which the ordinary publisher naturally holds aloof, that would reward the encouragement of the State, and, if well-managed—wisdom above directing intelligent industry below—would entail but slight, if any, pecuniary loss in the long run. Thus a reform in the government of the Museum might be the precursor of an important step towards the solution of the hard problem with which this article started—the organization of literature itself.

SIT DOWN IN THE LOWEST ROOM.

Like flowers sequestered from the sun
And wind of summer, day by day
I dwindled paler, whilst my hair
Showed the first tinge of grey.

"Oh what is life, that we should live?
Or what is death, that we must die?
A bursting bubble is our life:
I also, what am I?"

"What is your grief? now tell me, sweet,
That I may grieve," my sister said;
And stayed a white embroidering hand
And raised a golden head:

Her tresses showed a richer mass,
Her eyes looked softer than my own,
Her figure had a statelier height,
Her voice a tenderer tone.

"Some must be second and not first;
All cannot be the first of all:
Is not this, too, but vanity?
I stumble like to fall.

"So yesterday I read the acts
Of Hector and each clangorous king
With wrathful great Æacides:—
Old Homer leaves a sting."

The comely face looked up again,
The deft hand lingered on the thread:
"Sweet, tell me what is Homer's sting,
Old Homer's sting?" she said.

"He stirs my sluggish pulse like wine,
He melts me like the wind of spice,
Strong as strong Ajax' red right hand,
And grand like Juno's eyes.

"I cannot melt the sons of men,
I cannot fire and tempest-toss :—
Besides, those days were golden days,
Whilst these are days of dross."

She laughed a feminine low laugh,
Yet did not stay her dexterous hand:
"Now tell me of those days," she said,
"When time ran golden sand."

"Then men were men of might and right,
Sheer might, at least, and weighty swords;
Then men, in open blood and fire,
Bore witness to their words,

"Crest-rearing kings with whistling spears;
But if these shivered in the shock
They wrenched up hundred-rooted trees,
Or hurled the effacing rock.

"Then hand to hand, then foot to foot,
Stern to the death-grip grappling then,
Who ever thought of gunpowder
Amongst these men of men?

"They knew whose hand struck home the death,
They knew who broke but would not bend,
Could venerate an equal foe
And scorn a laggard friend.

"Calm in the utmost stress of doom,
Devout toward adverse powers above,
They hated with intenser hate
And loved with fuller love.

"Then heavenly beauty could allay
As heavenly beauty stirred the strife :
By them a slave was worshipped more
Than is by us a wife."

She laughed again, my sister laughed,
Made answer o'er the laboured cloth :
"I rather would be one of us
Than wife, or slave, or both."

"Oh better then be slave or wife
Than fritter now blank life away :
Then night had holiness of night,
And day was sacred day.

"The princess laboured at her loom,
Mistress and handmaiden alike ;
Beneath their needles grew the field
With warriors armed to strike ;

"Or, look again, dim Dian's face
Gleamed perfect through the attendant night ;
Were such not better than those holes
Amid that waste of white?

"A shame it is, our aimless life :
I rather from my heart would feed
From silver dish in gilded stall
With wheat and wine the steed—

"The faithful steed that bore my lord
In safety through the hostile land,
The faithful steed that arched his neck
To fondle with my hand."

Her needle erred ; a moment's pause,
A moment's patience, all was well.
Then she : "But just suppose the horse,
Suppose the rider fell?

"Then captive in an alien house,
Hungering on exile's bitter bread,—
They happy, they who won the lot
Of sacrifice," she said.

Speaking she faltered, while her look
Showed forth her passion like a glass :
With hand suspended, kindling eye,
Flushed cheek, how fair she was!

"Ah well, be those the days of dross ;
This, if you will, the age of gold :
Yet had those days a spark of warmth,
While these are somewhat cold—

"Are somewhat mean and cold and slow,
Are stunted from heroic growth :
We gain but little when we prove
The worthlessness of both."

"But life is in our hands," she said:
"In our own hands for gain or loss:
Shall not the Sevenfold Sacred Fire
Suffice to purge our dross?

"Too short a century of dreams,
One day of work sufficient length:
Why should not you, why should not I
Attain heroic strength?

"Our life is given us as a blank;
Ourselves must make it blest or curst:
Who dooms me I shall only be
The second, not the first?

"Learn from old Homer, if you will,
Such wisdom as his Books have said:
In one the acts of Ajax shine,
In one of Diomed.

"Honoured all heroes whose high deeds
Thro' life till death enlarge their span:
Only Achilles in his rage
And sloth is less than man."

"Achilles only less than man?
He less than man who, half a god,
Discomfited all Greece with rest,
Cowed Ilion with a nod?

"He offered vengeance, lifelong grief
To one dear ghost, uncounted price:
Beasts, Trojans, adverse gods, himself,
Heaped up the sacrifice.

"Self-immolated to his friend,
Shrined in world's wonder, Homer's page,
Is this the man, the less than men,
Of this degenerate age?"

"Gross from his acorns, tusky boar
Does memorable acts like his;
So for her snared offended young
Bleeds the swart lioness."

But here she paused; our eyes had met,
And I was whitening with the jeer;
She rose: "I went too far," she said;
Spoke low: "Forgive me, dear.

"To me our days seem pleasant days,
Our home a haven of pure content;
Forgive me if I said too much,
So much more than I meant.

"Homer, tho' greater than his gods,
With rough-hewn virtues was sufficed
And rough-hewn men: but what are such
To us who learn of Christ?"

The much-moved pathos of her voice,
Her almost tearful eyes, her cheek
Grown pale, confessed the strength of love
Which only made her speak:

For mild she was, of few soft words,
Most gentle, easy to be led,
Content to listen when I spoke
And reverence what I said;

I elder sister by six years;
Not half so glad, or wise, or good:
Her words rebuked my secret self
And shamed me where I stood.

She never guessed her words reproved
A silent envy nursed within,
A selfish, souring discontent
Pride-born, the devil's sin.

I smiled, half bitter, half in jest:
"The wisest man of all the wise
Left for his summary of life
'Vanity of vanities.'

"Beneath the sun there's nothing new:
Men flow, men ebb, mankind flows on:
If I am wearied of my life,
Why so was Solomon.

"Vanity of vanities he preached
Of all he found, of all he sought:
Vanity of vanities, the gist
Of all the words he taught.

"This in the wisdom of the world,
In Homer's page, in all, we find:
As the sea is not filled, so yearns
Man's universal mind.

"This Homer felt, who gave his men
With glory but a transient state:
His very Jove could not reverse
Irrevocable fate.

"Uncertain all their lot save this—
Who wins must lose, who lives must die:
All trodden out into the dark
Alike, all vanity."

She scarcely answered when I paused,
But rather to herself said: "One
Is here," low-voiced and loving, "Yea,
Greater than Solomon."

So both were silent, she and I:
She laid her work aside, and went
Into the garden-walks, like spring,
All gracious with content,

A little graver than her wont,
Because her words had fretted me;
Not warbling quite her merriest tune
Bird-like from tree to tree.

I chose a book to read and dream:
Yet all the while with furtive eyes
Marked how she made her choice of flowers
Intuitively wise,

And ranged them with instinctive taste
Which all my books had failed to teach;
Fresh rose herself, and daintier
Than blossom of the peach.

By birthright higher than myself,
Tho' nestling of the self-same nest:
No fault of hers, no fault of mine,
But stubborn to digest.

I watched her, till my book unmarked
Slid noiseless to the velvet floor;
Till all the opulent summer-world
Looked poorer than before.

Just then her busy fingers ceased,
Her fluttered colour went and came;
I knew whose step was on the walk,
Whose voice would name her name.

* * * *

Well, twenty years have passed since then:
My sister now, a stately wife
Still fair, looks back in peace and sees
The longer half of life—

The longer half of prosperous life,
With little grief, or fear, or fret:
She loved, and, loving long ago,
Is loved and loving yet.

A husband honourable, brave,
Is her main wealth in all the world:
And next to him one like herself,
One daughter golden-curled;

Fair image of her own fair youth,
As beautiful and as serene,
With almost such another love
As her own love has been.

Yet, tho' of world-wide charity,
And in her home most tender dove,
Her treasure and her heart are stored
In the home-land of love:

She thrives, God's blessed husbandry;
She like a vine is full of fruit;
Her passion-flower climbs up toward heaven
Tho' earth still binds its root.

I sit and watch my sister's face:
How little altered since the hours
When she, a kind, light-hearted girl,
Gathered her garden flowers;

Her song just mellowed by regret
For having teased me with her talk;
Then all-forgetful as she heard
One step upon the walk.

While I? I sat alone and watched
My lot in life, to live alone,
In mine own world of interests,
Much felt but little shown.

Not to be first: how hard to learn
That lifelong lesson of the past;
Line graven on line and stroke on stroke;
But, thank God, learned at last.

So now in patience I possess
My soul year after tedious year,
Content to take the lowest place,
The place assigned me here.

Yet sometimes, when I feel my strength
Most weak, and life most burdensome,
I lift mine eyes up to the hills
From whence my help shall come:

Yea, sometimes still I lift my heart
To the Archangelic trumpet-burst,
When all deep secrets shall be shown,
And many last be first.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE LAW AND THE CHURCH.

BY A LAY CHURCHMAN.

THE great case of the "Essays and Reviews" has at last reached its termination, and no matter of equal importance has been decided by an English court of justice for a great length of years. The charges against Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson were scotched before Dr. Lushington; they have been fairly killed by the Committee of Council, and, notwithstanding the tone taken by the greater part of the public press, the gravity of this step cannot be overrated.

The tone which it is fashionable to take upon the subject—the tone of the *Times*, which in this instance is oddly enough at one with the *Record* and the *Guardian*—is, that the defendants escaped "by the skin of their teeth,"—an expression, by the way, which is also to be found in the observations of that important organ, the *Morning Post*—that they have won a merely legal victory, that the significant abstinence of the Court from expressing any opinion on the merits of the "Essays and Reviews," and the dissent of the two Archbishops from the judgment on the subject of the Scriptures give the moral victory to the prosecutors; that, in short, a verdict of not proven has been returned, and that the defendants ought to make a good use of their escape by taking care not to repeat their offence. In short, the general tone of the press is, "Not guilty, but do it not again." The writer in the *Times*, indeed, goes a little further than this. He tells us that the fact remains that the defendants have established their right to criticise the Bible freely, but this is rather by the way. The prominent part of the article is the rebuke to the prisoners who have had such a fortunate escape, and the exhortation to them not to presume upon their good luck for the future. All this may be soothing and satisfactory to people who, above all things, hate to have cherished convictions disturbed, and who, whatever may be their own faith, have no belief at all that the great bulk of mankind will ever have their creed based on reasonable conviction. It is the natural language of those who are orthodox from idleness, or who affect orthodoxy because they are hopelessly sceptical.

To people who really believe that there is any truth in religion at all, and that that truth is to be discovered in the same way as truth on other subjects, namely, by free and patient inquiry, the judgments in question will bear altogether a different aspect. In the first place they will observe, that the tone of lecture and grave rebuke which is adopted towards the defendants is altogether out of place. If there had been any question of fact in the case, if the defendants had been acquitted because there was a difficulty in proving publication, or because there might be a doubt as to the precise meaning of their expressions (and this, no doubt, was the case as to one of the charges, and especially as to one of the defendants, Dr. Williams), there might have been some propriety in the language used, but with respect to the really important part of the charges it is simply childish to speak in this way. Mr. Wilson clearly dissented from the widely spread belief that every word in the Bible is true in fact and sound in morals. He spoke of "the dark crust of human error" which surrounded the "bright centre of spiritual truth." He also expressly denied his belief in the eternity of future punishments, in the common meaning of the word eternal. The question before the Court was whether or not this was legal—in both cases the Court held broadly that it was. The material part of the judgment is comprised in a very few lines, but they are lines which form the Magna Charta of honest inquiry in

the Church. "The question is, whether "in them" (*i. e.* the 6th and 20th of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Ordination Service, and the Nicene Creed) "the Church has affirmed that "every part "of every book of Scripture was written "under the inspiration of the Holy "Spirit and is the word of God?"

"Certainly this doctrine is not in-"volved in the statement of the 5th "Article, that Holy Scripture containeth "all things necessary to salvation. But "inasmuch as it doth so" (*i.e.* inasmuch as Holy Scripture does contain all things necessary to salvation) "from the revela-"tions of the Holy Spirit, the Bible "may well be denominated 'Holy,' and "said to be 'the Word of God,' 'God's "Word written,' or 'Holy Writ,' terms "which cannot be affirmed to be clearly "predicated of every statement and re-"presentation contained in every part "of the Old and New Testament.

"The framers of the Articles have not "used the word inspiration as applied "to the Holy Scriptures, nor have they "laid down anything as to the nature, "extent, or limits, of that operation of "the Holy Spirit."

This is the net result of the whole controversy relating to the Bible. It has established beyond the possibility of doubt that, as far as legal penalties go, the clergy are fully at liberty to criticise every part of the Bible, and to inquire into not merely the truth of, but the morality of any part which may to them appear doubtful. The legality of what have often been stigmatized as rationalistic views of the Bible is now legally established. The right of clergymen holding these views to a place in the Church of England stands on the same footing as the right of the opponents and maintainers of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The judgment on the "Essays and Reviews" completes the work which was begun by the judgment on Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter.

It is easy enough for the *Times* and other journals to depreciate the importance of such an event. Radically sceptical minds may feel a pleasure in asking whether anybody will care to follow out such speculations as those of the "Essays and Reviews," or of Dr. Colenso, after the excitement of doing an illegal act has been removed; but the cynical and *blasé* view of the matter is in reality absurdly shallow. It springs from ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the religious faculties form a part of human nature, and one of its most important and most deeply-seated parts; that these faculties never can, or will, or ought, to be satisfied until they have been brought into harmony with the other faculties, and especially with those of the intellect; and that this cannot be until it has been ascertained by the application of appropriate methods what is the truth respecting the object of these faculties, or what, if truth is not obtainable, is the most probable view. Depreciate the seven Essayists, still this fact remains, and will remain, that the bulk of the people of England have always been accustomed to believe that the Bible is all equally true; that these writers have attracted their attention to arguments of the most pointed kind, but not generally known to ordinary people till very lately, to prove that this is a vulgar error; that the public are anxious and uneasy on the subject, and are rapidly becoming more anxious and more uneasy, and that that anxiety and uneasiness will not and cannot and ought not to be set at rest until the whole truth is fairly stated, and the matter discussed to the very bottom.

To those who care to be honest and consistent in their own eyes; to those who have to educate children, and to take the responsibility of putting the Bible into their hands, with instructions as to its character; to those who feel that there is a vital connexion between morality and theology, and that a false theology cannot lead to a true morality; to those who attach deep importance to prayer, public and private, and cannot bear to go before their God with a lie in their mouths; to every one, in a word, to whom religion is a matter of solid and awful importance—and of such persons the great bulk of the

nation is composed—it is, and ought to be, an awful and even a horrible thing to love darkness rather than light, to turn away from truth because it disturbs cherished convictions, and to disown obligations to those who, in fact, have been their teachers, by the paltry assertion that all that was to be said on the subject was known to others long before, or by the false assertion that they knew it themselves. The bulk of the English nation will say to this contemptuous minority, "If you really knew all this, which we very much doubt, the more shame to you for never telling us. It is new to us, if it is old to you; and, however you may make light of the importance of truth, or of the possibility of attaining it, we feel that we must know how these matters stand, if our religion is to be of any practical use at all."

To persons of this mind the judgment of the Privy Council ought to be a great relief. The plain common sense of the matter, which has also been declared by the highest authority to be the law, is, that at the time when the Articles were settled these questions had not arisen, and were therefore not decided by those who framed the Articles. If they had framed an Article on the question *in their then state of knowledge*, no doubt they would have affirmed the truth of the whole Bible equally. Probably with our lights they would have done no such thing, at all events; most happily for every one who cares either for truth or for the maintenance of the Church of England, they did nothing of the kind. The legal effects of this are now decided, but the public at large will say with reason, We look more to the moral than to the legal aspect of the case; and is a clergyman morally justified in criticising, with this degree of freedom, what has hitherto been held to be beyond the reach of criticism, and what all the principal dignitaries of the Church still view in that light?

The answer is, that not only is he morally justified in doing so, but he is under the strongest moral obligation to do so, according to his lights and opportunities. No one who has anything like a competent acquaintance with the history and tenets of the Church of England can fail to know that great difference of opinion has been tolerated amongst the clergy ever since its first establishment. Lutherans and Calvinists; men who differed from Rome principally on points of Church government; men who differed from Socinians only by a line not very easily traceable; Hooker and Cartwright; Laud, Chillingworth, and Baxter; Beveridge and Tillotson; Samuel Clarke, Hoadly, Waterland, Middleton, and Warburton; Venn, Wesley, Herbert Marsh, and Horsley; Dr. Pusey, Dr. Stanley, and Dr. M'Neile, are, or have been, ministers of the Church of England. It is not unfrequently said that these and other eminent divines differed only on secondary points, and that in essentials they were agreed; but this is a complete delusion. They agreed in the practical inference that the form of worship in the Common Prayer-book was one which ought to be used, and each would probably have said in general terms that he believed in a certain set of doctrines; but, when they came to explain their views, and state more particularly the sense which they attached to the doctrines, it would be found that each man had an entirely different view of his own, and that the systems formed by putting together their different opinions differed in important particulars, and still more in the proportion between the parts and in the general effect and result of the whole.

Can any two systems relating to the same subject-matter differ more widely than the Calvinistic and semi-Romanist doctrines? They differ in their views of God, in their views of man, and in their views of the relation between God and man; and these three subjects make up collectively the whole of religion. So, too, the creed of such men as Bishop Tillotson, Warburton, and Paley (who differed widely amongst themselves), differs irreconcilably both from the High Church and the Low Church theology. In short, the phraseology and the doc-

trine of the Church of England—and the same might be said of the Church of Rome—is wide enough to cover fundamental differences. Human nature is too strong for dogmas. So long as there are many men, there will be many minds, in theology as well as in everything else. It is the great merit of the Church of England, that for a great length of time it has been in the habit of doing openly what all ecclesiastical bodies have been obliged to do, and what most of them have done secretly. It has avowedly allowed great differences of opinion amongst the clergy; but, if this is so, what conscientious obligation lies upon any clergyman to adopt the opinions of any other clergyman or set of clergymen? Would any one, a few years ago, have cared to know whether Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson agreed or differed with Dr. Longley and Dr. Thompson, and what difference is made in the intrinsic value of the men, by the fact that the Prime Minister appointed the two last-named doctors to be Archbishops of Canterbury and York? No one is specially troubled at the difference between the Archbishops and the Bishop of London, and it is highly probable, if that is a matter of any importance, that, if the Archbishops were separately cross-examined as to their own private opinions on the Bible, and as to their reasons for holding them, they would be found to differ widely from each other.

What, then, is the conscientious obligation of a clergyman who has no formularies to guide him, no general consent of eminent divines, and who is not in any way bound to respect or share in the opinions of any contemporary authority whatever? Any one who faces the question candidly will be obliged to own that it is absolutely impossible to discover any other test than that of legality. A clergyman no doubt is bound to teach the doctrines which he has promised to teach. At any rate he is bound not to contradict them; but what has he promised to teach or not to contradict? The Thirty-nine Articles. And who is to say what they mean? In the last resort the Queen in Council, for it must never be forgotten that the supremacy of the Crown in all causes, civil and ecclesiastical—that is, in the present case, the supremacy of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—is itself one of the Articles of the Church of England. It is in this sense perfectly true, as Mr. Wilson said—and the Bishop of St. David's has since said the same thing—that the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation. The phrase may sound harsh, and to inaccurate observers it no doubt has a harsh appearance. It sounds as if those who used it meant to say that they cared nothing for the moral character of their conduct, that they paid no attention to the degree in which they might deviate from the standard which they were bound in honour and conscience to maintain, that they feared nothing but legal punishment, and would submit to no compulsion less rough than that of an ecclesiastical court and the legal process at its disposal. In fact, the phrase in question seems by many persons to have been understood as if those who used it had said, "No doubt, in honour and conscience, I owe you *20l.*; but, as you have no memorandum in writing to satisfy the Statute of Frauds, I will not pay, and you cannot make me; 'the legal obligation is the measure of the moral one.'"

This is an entire misapprehension. The meaning of the phrase in question is, that it is impossible to specify any set of opinions which a clergyman is under any obligation whatever to hold, except those contained in the Thirty-nine Articles—a document which, as every one knows, is in many parts incomplete. To what, then, is he bound, as to the ambiguous and incomplete parts of this document? He is bound to that which the highest authority (declared by the document itself to be the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) shall decide to be the meaning. As to matters which the document so interpreted does not decide,

he is in the position of an independent inquirer into truth, and is under a moral obligation to discover and uphold it by every means in his power. It is in this sense that the legal measures the moral obligation. This often happens in private life, and in matters unconnected with theology. A family finds that a distant relation has left a large property amongst them by a will, of which the meaning is altogether obscure, and which was obviously made in ignorance or forgetfulness of the state of the family, and of the chronology of the births and deaths of its members. What would the most united and affectionate family do under the circumstances, if they wished to act with the most perfect regard to honour and morality? Would they not say, "No one of us has more claim to this property, apart from the will, than any other, and, honestly, we do not know what the will means. Let us take the opinion of eminent lawyers, or, if necessary, of the Court of Chancery, as to the legal effect of the will, and be bound by the result; 'the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation.'" The moral obligation imposed on a clergyman with respect to his belief arises from his subscription, from his individual promise, and the exact meaning of this can be decided only by a court of law.

If this view is the true one, it hardly admits of a doubt that the judgment is a great happiness for every honest member of the Church of England. Let any one consider for a moment what would have been the result of an opposite decision. Suppose it had been decided that the clergy were to be excluded from all *bonâ fide* criticism of the Bible; that they were not to be allowed to say this or that statement is not accurate; this or that book has usually been assigned to a wrong author, or to a different period from that at which in fact it was written. Such a decision, of course, would have been a great triumph for the stricter classes of the clergy. They would have been able to say, with perfect truth, to the liberal party in the Church, "You may be right, or you may be wrong, but honest professors of your real opinions you are not, and cannot be, so long as you retain your preferment." This most formidable of all weapons is now taken out of their hands, and, if the clergy are but true to themselves, they have the power of discussing, as it never has yet been discussed, at least in this country, with perfect freedom, and in the calmest and most deliberate way, one of the most interesting questions that ever engaged human attention—the question, namely, What is the Bible really? This, of course, will lead by degrees to a free and full re-examination of much of our existing theology, and, it may be hoped without any extreme rashness, to its settlement on a sound basis. That this will have to be done some time is as clear as the sun at noonday; that it had better be done by friendly hands in the Church than by rough and unfriendly critics outside of it, must be obvious to every one who can in the least degree appreciate the difference between reform and revolution.

The conduct of those who are most bitterly opposed to the recent decisions affords an instructive and conclusive proof of the fact, that they agree with the general principle that the question is, after all, a legal one; and that, like it or like it not, room cannot be denied to those who have now established their right to a standing-ground in the Church. If the archbishops who dissented from the judgment of the Privy Council, and the bishops who joined in condemning the "Essays and Reviews," had been able to go further, if they had firmly believed in any coherent system of their own, based on grounds which challenged inquiry and would command the assent of the reasonable and devout, their course would have been clear. They would have said, The law has decided against us. We bow to its decision, but we will use that freedom which is open to us as to all other English subjects. We will throw off from the Church that which makes it appear to sanction what we know, and can prove, to be damnable errors, destructive of the souls of those who

entertain them. We will lay down our mitres, we will resign our palaces, our incomes, and our seats in the House of Lords; we will set up the pure and true doctrine of the Church independently of all State trammels, and leave the Judicial Committee to rule over willing and degraded slaves. They do not say this, or anything like it. As yet we have heard nothing of secession, and why not?[1] Is it because of an ignoble preference of place, power, and money over truth and the Gospel? To answer yes would be, to the last degree, unjust and untrue. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the accomplished and pious men who hold the high offices of the Church are mercenary or incapable of making sacrifices in a good cause. They have, in a high degree, the honourable qualities of Christians and gentlemen. Many of them have given strong proofs of disinterested zeal in all good and charitable causes. The late Bishop of London gave away what might have constituted a princely fortune for his family. The late Bishop of Durham, who was attacked with the most vindictive acrimony for giving a living to his son-in-law, died poor. No man in his senses could charge the Bishop of Oxford with caring for money; nor has any one a right to suppose that the members of the Bench would shrink from any duty which conscience distinctly imposed upon them. What, then, does their acquiescence prove? It proves that they have no strong convictions on the points settled by the Privy Council, no clear, plain system of doctrine on which they can appeal to the country against the law as now established.

[1] See however a letter from Dr. Pusey to the Editor of the *Record* (Feb. 19, 1864), which looks in the direction indicated.

MEMORANDUM ON A "STORY OF THE GREAT MUTINY."[1]

COMMUNICATED BY MAJOR-GENERAL VINCENT EYRE, C.B.,
LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY (BENGAL).

It is to be regretted that the able and entertaining writer of the above "story" should not have been content to accept the plain, unvarnished tale of the "Relief of Arrah" as originally delivered in official despatches published at the time, and the truth of which has never been impugned, but has wandered into the uncertain regions of romance in quest of "telling incidents" wherewith to season a pleasant dish for the public palate, not, perhaps, duly considering the injurious tendency of these dangerous embellishments, as far as they are calculated to affect the soldierly reputations of the principal actors.

That he must be acquitted of any *malus animus* against anybody concerned is sufficiently evident from the pervading tone of the writer's graphic sketches of men and things in India generally, which betoken the generous, high-minded English gentleman, whose main object it is to inspire a kindly interest for the land of his adoption in the minds of his countrymen at home.

It is, therefore, in no unfriendly spirit that I feel myself imperatively called upon, at the earliest practicable moment after my return from India, to correct the statement made in the following extract, descriptive of the crisis of the struggle between Major Eyre's small band of British soldiers and the formidable host of mutineers and rebels who opposed their progress to the relief of Arrah, on the 2nd of August, 1857.

The "Competition Wallah" writes thus:—"Our troops began to be dis- "heartened, and to be painfully aware "of the overwhelming odds against "which they were contending. It was

[1] See *Macmillan's Magazine*, for September, pp. 351, 352.

"trying work receiving twenty bullets "for every one they fired. At such a "moment the man of sterling stuff feels "that things cannot go well unless he "personally exerts himself to the utmost. "It is this state of mind that wins foot-"ball matches, and boat-races, and battles. "A young officer, by name Hastings, "not relishing the idea of standing "still to be shot down, ran forward, "sword in hand, towards the point "where the enemy stood thickest, with "a dozen volunteers, and twice as many "soldiers at his heels. This appeared "to the sepoys a most unaccountable "proceeding, but they were ignorant of "the great military truth, that when two "hostile parties find themselves on the "same ground, one or the other must "leave it; and, as Hastings and his "companions kept coming nearer and "nearer, with the expression on their "faces which the Sahibs always wear "when they don't intend to turn back, "they had no choice but to run for it. "That charge saved Arrah. When "once the natives have given way it is "almost impossible to bring them again "to the scratch. Coer Sing retreated, "leaving on the ground six hundred of "his followers, most of whom had been "killed in the attack upon the battery, "and our poor little force, which he "had expected to devour, gathered "together the wounded, limbered up "the guns, and with lightened hearts "pressed forward on the mission of de-"liverance."

The reader of this story must naturally wonder what Captain L'Estrange and the other officers of the 5th Fusileers were about, when a young stranger thus assumed the command of their men and led them to the charge in this abrupt and disorderly manner, and why Major Eyre did not place *himself* at the head of the force at so critical a moment?

Now, it is curiously illustrative of the obstinate vitality of error, that Captain Hastings, the hero of the above pleasantly-told tale, and who was the officiating staff-officer of the Force, actually took the trouble to address a letter to one of the leading Calcutta papers, wherein he publicly and emphatically *denied* having acted, on the above occasion, otherwise than ***in strict obedience to the orders of his immediate superior***, viz. Major Eyre, whose personal presence, it must be remembered, was, at that critical moment, absolutely indispensable *with the guns*, there being no other artillery officer in the field. The great object of the enemy throughout the action had been to gain possession of these guns, and twice had the sepoys charged most desperately almost to their very muzzles, but had been driven back with great slaughter. Our ammunition was, however, falling alarmingly short, and it was necessary jealously to husband every round until the proper moment arrived for delivering fire with effect. In the excitement of action, nothing is more difficult than to restrain gunners from wasting their ammunition in mere random shots. Had these guns been taken, we were all doomed men, and all hope of relieving the Arrah garrison was for ever gone. Hence it was that Major Eyre, though commanding the whole party, felt that his own proper post was, just then, with his guns; feeling as he did every confidence in the ability of his second in command, Captain L'Estrange of the 5th Fusileers (than whom a braver or better officer never existed), to carry out his wishes with regard to the infantry portion of the force, consisting simply of 160 men (first-rate marksmen all) of his own admirable regiment, distributed in skirmishing order along a front of 300 yards.

Now, Captain L'Estrange's operations being partially concealed by trees and by the nature of the ground, Major Eyre was obliged to employ his staff-officer, Captain Hastings, who was well mounted, to maintain communication with the second in command during the action. At the critical period alluded to by a "Competition Wallah," Hastings had galloped across the field with a message from L'Estrange, to the effect that he feared his men could not much longer retain their present ground, and requesting fresh instructions how to

act in such case. Major Eyre's reply to this was an order to *collect his men forthwith in line, and charge the enemy,* while he himself would support the movement with a brisk cannonade. At this very moment the two guns on the left flank were themselves in imminent peril from a line of sharpshooters, who had gradually crept up under cover of the rough ground and thick bushes, and within a radius of eighty yards were deliberately aiming at the gunners, while a fresh column of sepoys stood ready to rush forward to another attack. Therefore not a moment was to be lost. What took place is *accurately* recorded in the despatch penned by Captain L'Estrange on the following morning. He writes:—

" Our line was then about 300 yards " in length, and the enemy came pour- " ing down on us in large numbers. At " this time we were in imminent danger, " when Major Eyre ordered us to charge " the enemy. The movement was per- " fectly successful, and, our line advanc- " ing at the charge, the mutineers fled " from the woods, from whence emerg- " ing, Major Eyre opened on them with " grape, and the enemy cleared off in all " directions."

Major Eyre's own account of the matter, as communicated to Government, ran as follows:—

" Finding at length that the enemy " grew emboldened by the superiority " of their numbers and the advantage " of their position, I determined on " trying the effect of a general charge " of infantry, and sent the Hon. E. P. " Hastings to Captain L'Estrange, with " orders to that effect. Promptly and " gallantly he obeyed the order," &c.

With regard to the personal bearing exhibited by Captain Hastings, in carrying out the orders he had received, it is unnecessary to add a word to the very cordial recognition of his bravery, already rendered by Major Eyre in his public despatch. But Hastings himself would have been the very last to sanction the version of the affair now given by the "Competition Wallah," after a lapse of six years, whereby an invidious attempt is made to exalt that officer's reputation at the expense of his responsible superiors. It may be safely asserted that Captains L'Estrange and Scott, of the 5th Fusileers, were quite capable of leading their own men at such a crisis; yet no mention is made of those officers in the "Story." Like most fictions, however, this one seems to have been founded on a basis of fact. Mixed up with our fortunes on this occasion were about a dozen British volunteers, chiefly railway officials and merchants, who had, from generous and patriotic motives, accompanied the force from Buxar, and who looked to Hastings (himself a volunteer from the same locality) as their natural chief. In galloping along the line to transmit the order to L'Estrange, it is undoubtedly true that Hastings waved his sword and shouted to the volunteers and skirmishers to prepare for a charge, and nothing could be more natural than that one of them, in writing to his friends in Calcutta, should make Hastings his prominent hero. But Hastings was far too thorough-bred a soldier and gentleman to accept the well-meant, though dubious compliment, and lost not a moment in stating the exact truth in the most public und unmistakable manner.

It would seem as though the "Competition Wallah" had, in the course of his travels, come across this old piece of gossip, which savoured too much of romance to be resisted. My sole object in noticing it thus seriously is to prevent what is, in reality, an incomplete and injurious statement from being accepted as reliable material for history. Happily, both Major Scott and Captain Oldfield, of the 5th Fusileers, still survive, and are now in England, to corroborate, if need be, the facts I have stated. They can also state whether, at the most critical period of the battle, their men were really like a flock of frightened sheep, without a leader of their own, as represented, or whether, on the contrary, the utmost order and calmness had not prevailed among all ranks from first to last of that trying day. Our struggle, be it remembered, had been carried on, at in-

tervals, from daybreak until nearly the dusk of evening, during which we had made good our advance towards Arrah several miles, in the face of all opposition. Our band consisted of 160 of H. M. 5th Fusileers, 13 volunteers, and 36 gunners with three field guns; while opposed to us were an armed multitude having three of the best fighting regiments in the native army for their nucleus. It was no easy matter to succeed in such an enterprise; yet more easy, perhaps, and certainly far more to a soldier's taste, than battling in the field of literature, as I am now doing, in defence of whatever reputation may have been (I hope not undeservedly) acquired by myself and coadjutors.

It happened, a few days after this battle, that the course of events took the same force, under the same leader, to encounter one of the most formidable chiefs of the mutiny, in his jungle stronghold at Jugdespore, and, in reporting the successful result of our operations, Captain L'Estrange expressed himself as follows:—"Under all the "circumstances, a feeling of doubt, if "not of apprehension, as to the success "of our expedition, might have pervaded "troops *less* confident than ours were "in the judgment, talent, and courage "of our leader."

Had the "Competition Wallah's" story been literally true, such a feeling of confidence as that here described could scarcely have existed.

Should these explanations be found inconveniently long, it may be urged in extenuation that, while it requires only a very few words to make an erroneous assertion, it can seldom be refuted effectually without entering into minute details. A soldier's best and often his only wealth is his reputation, which must be beyond suspicion. Probably few military men, with their correct ideas of discipline, will have been misled in this matter; and I hope that those of my friends who deemed some explanation desirable may now be satisfied, and that the general reader will not grudge the space occupied by so stale a topic.

V. E.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,
January 8th, 1864.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1864.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

My brother Joe had at one time made a distinct request to my father that he should learn the trade, in which he was backed up by my mother, for the rather inscrutable reason that any trade was better than coopering. It was a perfectly undeniable proposition, but was somewhat uncalled-for, because the question with Joe was not between smithwork and cooper-work, but between hand-work and head-work—whether he should become an artizan or a scholar.

It was that busybody Emma that persuaded him in the end, of course, by quietly depreciating me, and by flattering Joe's intellect. During the time that the matter was in debate, she assumed a pensive air, and used to heave little sighs when she looked at Joe, and was so misguided once as to dust a chair I had been sitting in. After this I was taken with a sudden affection for her, and, having made my face seven times dirtier than usual, had embraced her tenderly. I also put a cinder in her tea, which brought matters to a crisis, for we both burst out laughing; and I called her a stuck-up humbug, which thing she acknowledged with graceful humility, and before I had time to turn round had made me promise to add my persuasion to hers, and persuade Joe to become a scholar.

I did so, and turned the scale. Joe continued at school, first as pupil, and secondly as an underteacher, until he was sixteen, at which time it became apparent to Mr. Faulkner that Joe was giving promise of becoming a very first-rate man indeed.

He expressed this opinion to Mr. Compton, who called upon him one day for the purpose of asking him his opinion of Joe. A very few days after he came to my father, and said that Sir George Hillyar begged to take the liberty of advising that Mr. Joseph Burton should remain where he was a short time longer; after which Sir George "would have great pleasure in undertaking to provide employment for those extraordinary talents which he appeared to be developing."

"Well," said Joe, with a radiant face; "if this ain't—I mean is not—the most ex-tra-*awd*inary, I ever."

I said that I never didn't, neither.

My father whistled, and looked seriously and inquiringly at Mr. Compton.

"I don't know why," answered Mr. Compton, just as if my father had spoken. "Erne's ——, I mean," continued he, with a stammer, at which Miss Emma got as red as fire, "I mean Erne's friend's brother there, Reuben's cousin—Law bless you! fifty ways of accounting for it. But, as for knowing anything, I don't, and, what is more, old Morton the keeper don't know, and, when he don't know, why, you know, who is to?"

"Certainly, sir," said my father. "So

old Morton he don't know nothink, don't he? Well! Well!"

However, this was very good news indeed. We should have Joe with us for some time longer, and the expectation of the first loss to the family circle was lying somewhat heavy on our hearts. And then, when he did leave us, it would be with such splendid prospects. My mother said it would not in the least surprise her to see Joe in a draper's shop of his own—which idea was scornfully scouted by the rest of us, who had already made him prime minister. In the meantime I was very anxious to see Erne and thank him, and to know why Miss Emma should have blushed in that way.

Erne evidently wanted to see me for some purpose also, for he wrote to me to ask me to meet him at the old place the next Sunday afternoon.

The "old place" was a bench which stood in front of Sir Thomas More's monument, close to the altar rails of the old church. We promised that we would all come and meet him there.

It is so long ago since we began to go to the old church, on Sunday afternoon in winter, and in the evening in summer, that I cannot attempt to fix the date. It had grown to be a habit when I was very, very young, for I remember that church with me used at one time to mean the old church, and that I used to consider the attendance on the new St. Luke's, in Robert Street, more as a dissipation, than an act of devotion.

My mother tells me that she used first to take me there about so and so—meaning a period when I was only about fourteen months old. My mother is a little too particular in her dates, and her chronology is mainly based on a system of rapidly-recurring eras: a system which, I notice, is apt to spread confusion and dismay among the ladies of the highly-genteel rank to which we have elevated ourselves. However, to leave mere fractions of time, of no real importance, to take care of themselves, she must have taken me to the old church almost as soon as my retina began to carry images to my brain, for I can remember Lord and Lady Dacre, with their dogs at their feet, before I can remember being told by Mrs. Quickly, that the doctor had been for a walk round the parsley bed, and had brought me a little brother from among the gooseberry bushes: which was her metaphorical way of announcing the fact of my brother Joe's birth.

At first, I remember, I used to think that all the statues were of the nature of Guy Fawkes, and were set up there to atone for sins committed in the flesh. From this heretical and pagan frame of mind I was rescued by learning to read; and then I found that these images and monuments were not set up for warning, but for example. I began to discover that these people who had died, and had their monuments set up here, were, by very long odds, the best people who ever lived. I was, for a time, puzzled about those who had their epitaphs written in Latin, I confess. Starting on the basis, that every word in every epitaph was strictly true, I soon argued myself into the conclusion that the Latin epitaphs were written in that language for the sake of sparing the feelings of the survivors; and that they were the epitaphs of people about whom there was something queer, or, at all events, something better reserved for the decision of the scholastic few who understood Latin. At a very early age I became possessed with the idea that when Mrs. Quickly died it would become necessary, for the sake of public morality, to write her epitaph in Latin. I can't tell you how I came to think so. I never for a moment doubted that such an excellent and amiable woman would have a very large tomb erected to her by a grateful country; but I never for a moment doubted that it would become necessary to have a Latin inscription on it.

But conceive how I was astonished by finding, when I was a great fellow, that the Latin inscriptions were quite as complimentary as the English. Joe translated a lot of them for me. It was quite evident that such people as the Chelsea people never lived. So far from Latin being used with a view of hiding

any little *faux pas* of the eminent deceased from the knowledge of the ten-pound householders, it appeared that the older language had been used merely because the miserable bastard *patois*, which Sakespeare was forced to use, but which Johnson very properly rejected with decision, was utterly unfit to express the various virtues of these wonderful Chelsea people, of whom, with few exceptions, no one ever heard. It used to strike me, however, that, among the known or the unknown, Sir Thomas More was the most obstinately determined that posterity should hear his own account of himself.

My opinion always was, that the monuments which were in the best state were those of the Hillyars and of the Duchess of Northumberland. There are no inscriptions on these, with the exception of the family names. The members of the family are merely represented kneeling one behind the other with their names—in the one case above their heads, in the other, on a brass beneath. The Dacres, with their dogs at their feet, are grand; but, on the whole, give me the Hillyars, kneeling humbly, with nothing to say for themselves. Let the Dacres carry their pride and their dogs to the grave with them if they see fit; let them take their braches, and lie down to wait for judgment. Honest John Hillyar will have no dogs, having troubles enough beside. He and his family prefer to kneel, with folded hands, until the last trump sound from the East, or until Chelsea Church crumble into dust.

I always loved that monument better than any in Chelsea Old Church. 'Tis a good example of a mural monument of that time, they say, but they have never seen it on a wild autumn afternoon, when the sun streams in on it from the south-west, lights it up for an instant, and then sends one long ray quivering up the wall to the roof, and dies. What do they know about the monument at such a time as that? Still less do they know of the fancies that a shock-headed, stupid blacksmith's boy—two of whose brothers were poets, and whose rant he used to hear—used to build up in his dull brain about it, as he sat year after year before it, until the kneeling figures became friends to him.

For I made friends of them in a way. They were friends of another world. I found out enough to know that they were the images of a gentleman and his family who had lived in our big house in Church Street three hundred years ago; and, sitting by habit in the same place, Sunday after Sunday, they became to me real and actual persons, who were as familiar to me as our neighbours, and yet who were dead and gone to heaven or hell three hundred years before—people who had twenty years' experience of the next world to show, where I had one to show of this present life; people who had solved the great difficulty, and who could tell me all about it, if they would only turn their heads and speak. Yes, these Hillyars became real people to me, and I, in a sort of way, loved them.

I gave them names in my own head. I loved two of them. On the female side I loved the little wee child, for whom there was very small room, and who was crowded against the pillar, kneeling on the skirts of the last of her big sisters. And I loved the big lad who knelt directly behind his father, between the knight himself, and the two little brothers, dressed so very like blue-coat boys, such quaint little fellows as they were.

I do not think that either Joe or Emma ever cared much about this tomb or its effigies. Though we three sat there together so very often for several winters, I do not think it ever took their attention very much; and I, being a silent lad, never gave loose to my fancies about that family monument even to them. I used to find, in the burst of conversation which always follows the release of young folks from church, that we all three, like most young people, had not attended to the sermon at all; but that our idle fancies, on those wild winter afternoons,

had rambled away in strangely different directions. I always used to sit between the two others, upright, with my head nearly against the little shield which carries the date, "Anno, 1539." Soon after the sermon had begun I used to find that Joe's great head was heavy on one shoulder, while Emma had laid her cheek quietly against the other, and had stolen her hand into mine. And so we three would sit, in a pyramidal group, of which I was the centre, dreaming.

I used to find that Joe would be building fancies of the dead who lay around us, of what they had done, and of what they might have done, had God allowed them to foresee the consequences of their actions; but that Emma had been listening to the rush of the winter wind among the tombs outside, and the lapping of the winter tide upon the shore—thinking of those who were tossed far away upon stormy seas, only less pitiless than the iron coast on which they burst in their cruel fury.

I cannot tell how often, or how long, we three sat there. But I know that the monument had a new interest to me after I made Erne Hillyar's acquaintance, and began to realize that the kneeling figures there were his ancestors. I tried then to make Erne the living take his place, in my fancy, among the images of his dead forefathers and uncles; but it was a failure. He would not come in at all. So then I began trying to make out which of them he was most like; but he wasn't a bit like any one of them. They none of them would look round at you with their heads a little on one side, and their great blue-black eyes wide open, and their lips half-parted as though to wait for what you were going to say. These ancestors of his were but brass after all, and knelt one behind the other looking at the backs of one another's heads. Erne would not fit in among them by any means.

But one day, one autumn afternoon, as I sat with Emma on one side, and Joe on the other, with my back to Sir Thomas More's tomb and my face to Sir John Hillyar's, thinking of these things, I got a chance of comparing the living with the dead. For, when the sermon was half way through, I heard the little door, which opens straight from the windy wharf into the quiet chancel, opened stealthily; and, looking round, I saw that Erne had come in, and was sending those big eyes of his ranging all over the church to look for something which was close by all the time. I saw him stand close to me, for a minute, moving his noble head from side to side as he peered about him, like an emu who has wandered into a stockyard; but, as soon as he had swept the horizon, and had brought his eyes to range nearer home, he saw me. And then he smiled, and I knew that he had come to find us.

And after service we walked out together. And the sexton let us into that quiet piece of the churchyard which overlooks the river, and we stood there long into the twilight, talking together as we leant against the low wall. Erne stood upon the grave of the poor Hillyar girl who had died in our house, as his habit was, talking to me and looking at Emma. The time went so quick that it was dark before we got home; but we all discovered that it was a very capital way of having a talk together, and so, without any arrangement at all, we found ourselves there again very often. Once Emma and I went along with Frank; but Frank, having eaten a dinner for six, went to sleep, and not only went to sleep but had the nightmare, in a manner scandalously audible to the whole congregation, in the first lesson. Emma had to take him out, and, when I came out at the end of the service, I found that Erne and Emma were together by the river-wall, and no one else but Frank. He had seen her coming out, and had stayed with her for company. It was very kind of him, and I told him so. He called me an old fool.

The Sunday afternoon on which we were to meet Erne was a wild and gusty one, the wind sweeping drearily along the shore, and booming and rush-

ing among the railings around the tombs. My sister and I went alone, and sat on the old bench: but no Erne made his appearance, and soon I had ceased to think much of him.

For there came in and sat opposite to me—directly under the Hillyar monument—the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She was very young, with a wonderfully delicate complexion, and looked so very fragile, that I found myself wondering what she did abroad in such wild weather. She was dressed in light grey silk, which gave her a somewhat ghostly air; and she looked slightly worn and anxious, though not enough to interfere with her almost preternatural beauty. When I say that I had never seen such a beautiful woman as she was, I at once find that I can go farther, and say, that I have never since seen any one as beautiful as she by a long interval. My wife was singularly handsome at one time.[1] Mrs. Oxton, when I first saw her, was certainly beautiful. Lady Hainault, my namesake, as I reminded her once, was, and is, glorious; but they none of them could ever have compared, for an instant, with that young lady in grey silk, who came and sat on the bench, under the Hillyar monument, opposite my sister and me, on that wild autumn afternoon.

She came in by the little side door which opens from the chancel on to the river. She sat down on the bench opposite me, beside a poor cracked old semptress, whose devotions were disturbed every five minutes by her having to put down her prayer-book and hunt spiders, and old Smith the blind man, who used to say his responses in a surly, defiant tone of voice, as if every response was another item in a bill against heaven, which had already run too long, and ought to have been paid long ago.

But she sat down in this fantastic company, and seemed glad to rest. Mrs. Smith, the pew-opener, the blind man's wife, caught sight of a strange sail in the offing, bore down, and would have brought her into a pew. But the strange lady said that she was tired, and would sit where she was.

There was a gentleman with her, by-the-bye. A tall gentleman, very pale, rather anxious-looking, without any hair on his face. He asked her, wasn't she afraid of the draught? And she said, "No. Please, please dear, let me sit here. I want rest, dear. Do let me sit here." And when she said this two ideas came into my head. The first was that the beautiful lady was, for some reason, afraid of the pale, anxious gentleman; and the second was that they were Americans, because—although they both spoke perfectly-good English, yet they seemed to have no hesitation about speaking out loud in church; which they most decidedly did, and which, as I am informed now, the Americans, as a general rule, do not.

No Erne made his appearance. Emma and I sat on our accustomed bench, with the beautiful, weary lady opposite. The wind rattled at the old casements, and when the sermon began a storm of sleet came driving along from the westward, and made the atmosphere freezing cold. The strange beautiful lady seemed to cower under it, to draw herself together and to draw her shawl closer and closer around her, with a look almost of terror on her face. The poor lunatic woman, who sat beside her, put up her umbrella. The pew-opener saw her, and came up and fought her for it, with a view to making her put it down again. The cracked woman was very resolute, and Mrs. Smith was (as I think) unnecessarily violent, and between them they drove one of the points of the umbrella into Smith's eye; which, as Smith was blind already, didn't matter much, but which caused him a deal of pain, and ended in shovings and recriminations between Mrs. Smith and the cracked woman. And the beautiful lady, in the middle of it all, finding no rest anywhere, came across wearily and feebly and sat beside Emma. She did not faint or make any scene; but when I looked round soon after I saw her head on Emma's shoulder, and Emma's arm

[1] The Hon. Mrs. Burton presents her compliments to the Editor, and begs to inform him that this is the first she ever heard of it.

round her waist. She was very poorly, but the pale gentleman did not see it.

After service she took his arm, and while the people were crowding out of church I kept near them. I heard her say—

"I cannot stay to look at the monument to-day, dear; I am very tired."

"Well," said the gentleman, "the carriage won't be long. I told them to meet us here."

She stood actually cowering in the cold blast which swept off the river round the corner of the church. She crouched shuddering close to the pale man and said—

"What a dreadful country, love. Is it always like this in England? I shall die here I am afraid, and never see Aggy any more, and poor James will be so sorry. But I am quite brave and resolute, George. I would not change my lot with any woman," she continued rather more hastily; "only there is no sun here, and it is so very dark and ugly."

I was glad to hear him speak kindly to her and soothe her, for I could not help fancying that she would have been glad of a gentler companion. But I had little time to think of this, for Erne, coming quickly out the open gate of the churchyard, came up to them and said—

"Mr. George Hillyar?" I think.

George Hillyar bowed politely, and said, "Yes."

"We ought to know one another," said Erne, laughing; "in fact, I am your brother Erne."

I did not like the look of George Hillyar's face at all; he had an ugly scowl handy for any one who might require it, I could see. But Erne was attracted suddenly by his sister-in-law's beauty, and so he never saw it; by the time he looked into his brother's face again the scowl had passed away, and there was a look of pleased admiration instead. Poor Mrs. Hillyar seemed to brighten up at the sight of Erne. They stood talking together affectionately for a few minutes, and then the George Hillyars drove away, and left Erne and me standing together in the churchyard.

"What a handsome *distingué*-looking fellow," said Erne. "I know I shall like him."

I hoped their liking might be mutual, but had strong doubts on the point.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

SECRETARY OXTON was a wise and clever fellow, but he was liable to err, like the rest of us. Secretary Oxton was an affectionate, good-hearted, honourable man, a gentleman at all points, save one. He was clever and ambitious, and in the grand fight he had fought against the world, in the steady pluckily-fought battle, the object of which was to place him, a younger son, in a position equal to that of his elder brother, to found a new and wealthy branch of the Oxton family, he had contracted a certain fault, from which his elder brother, probably from the absence of temptation, was free.

He had seen that wealth was the key to the position. He had seen early in the struggle, that a fool with wealth was often of more influence than a wise man without it. And so he had won wealth as a means to the end of power. But the gold had left a little of its dross upon him, and now he was apt to overvalue it.

Acting on this error, he had put before him, as a great end, with regard to George and Gerty Hillyar, that George should go to England and win back his father's favour. His wife, good and clever as she was, was only, after all, a mirror to reflect her husband's stronger will; consequently there was no one to warn him of the folly he was committing, when he urged George so strongly to go to England—no one to tell him of the danger of allowing such a wild fierce hawk as George to get out of the range of his own influence; of the terrible peril he incurred on behalf of his beloved Gerty, by sending him far away from the gentle home atmosphere, which had begun to do its work upon him so very well, and throwing him headlong

among his old temptations, with no better guide than a silly little fairy of a wife.

He could not see all this in his blindness. He did not calculate on the amount of good which had been wrought in George's character by his wife's gentle influence and his own manly counsel. He was blinded by the money question. He did not see that it would be better for Gerty's sake, and for all their sakes, to keep Sir George Hillyar near him with two thousand a year, a busy, happy man, than to have him living in England without control, amongst all his old temptations. He could not bear the idea of that odd eight or nine thousand a year going out of the family. He had worked at money-getting so long that that consideration outweighed, nay, obscured every other.

And so he encouraged George to go to England. And, when the last grand forest cape was passed, and they were rushing on towards Cape Horn before the west wind, and the dear peaceful old land had died away on the horizon, and was as something which had never been; and when Gerty got penitent, and sea-sick, and tearful, and frightened, and yellow in the face, and everything but cross—then all the good influences of James and Agnes Oxton were needed, but were not at hand; and such mischief was done as would have made the Secretary curse his own folly if he could have seen it. And there was no one to stay the course of this mischief, but tearful silly sea-sick Gerty.

Poor little child of the sun! Poor little bush princess! brought up without a thought or a care on the warm hill-side at Neville's Gap, in the quiet house which stood half-way up the mountain, with a thousand feet of feathering woodland behind, and fifty miles of forest and plain before and below. Brought up in a quiet luxurious home, among birds and flowers and pet dogs; a poor little body, the cares in whose life were the arrivals of the pianoforte-tuner on his broken-kneed grey, supposed to be five hundred years old; who had never met with but two adventures in her life before marriage, the first of which she could barely remember, and the second when James and Aggy carried her off in a steamer to Sydney, and Aggy chaperoned her to the great ball at Government House, and she had wondered why the people stared at her so when she walked up the room following in Aggy's wake, as she sailed stately on before towards the presence, until she was told next morning that James had won 500*l.* on her beauty, for that Lady Gipps had pronounced her to be more beautiful than young Mrs. Buckley *née* Brentwood, of Garoopna, in Gippsland.

But here was a change. This low sweeping grey sky, and the wild heaving cold grey sea, and then the horrible cliffs of bitter floating ice, at whose base the hungry sea leaped and slid up, gnawing caverns and crannies, yet pitifully smoothing away, with their ceaseless wash, a glacis, to which the finger of no drowning man might hope to clutch that he might prolong his misery. The sun seemed gone for ever, and as they made each degree of southing, Gerty got more shivering and more tearful, and seemed to shrink more and more into her wrappers and cloaks.

But all this had a very different effect on Mrs. Nalder. On that magnificent American woman it had a bracing effect; it put new roses into her face, and made her stand firmer on her marine continuations—had I been speaking about an English duchess I should have said her sea legs. She wasn't sick, not she; but Nalder was, and so it fell to George's lot to squire Mrs. Nalder, an employment he found to be so charming that he devoted himself to it. Mrs. Nalder got very fond of George, and told her husband so; whereupon Mr. Nalder replied that he was uncommon glad she had found some one to gallivant her round, for that he was darned if he rose out of that under forty south. And, when forty south came, and Gerty made her appearance on deck with Mrs. Nalder, she found that dreadful Yankee woman calling George about here and there, as if he belonged to her. Gerty got instantly

jealous, although Mrs. Nalder was kind and gentle to her, and would have been a sister to her. Gerty repulsed her. Mrs. Nalder wondered why. The idea of anybody being sufficiently insane to be jealous of her never entered into her honest head. She asked her husband, who didn't know, but said that Ostrellyan gells were, as a jennle rule, whimsical young cusses.

No. Gerty would have nothing to do with the kind-hearted American woman, for she was bitterly jealous of her. And Mr. Nalder frightened her, that honest tradesman, with his way of prefacing half his remarks by saying "Je-hoshaphat," which frightened her out of her wits for what was coming. His way of thwacking down his right or left bower at eucre, his calling the trump card the deck-head, his way of eating with his knife, and his reckless noisy *bonhommie*, were all alike, I am sorry to say, disgusting to her; nothing he could do was right; and, after all, Nalder was a good fellow. George got angry with her about her treatment of these people, and scolded her; and he could not scold by halves; he terrified her so that he saw he must never do it again. He put a strong restraint on himself; to do the man justice, he did that; and was as tender and gentle with her as he could be for a time. But his features had been too much accustomed to reflect violent passion to make it possible for him to act his part at all times. Her dull fearful submission irritated him, and there came times when that irritation, unexpressed in words and actions, would show itself too faithfully in his face; and so that look of pitiable terror which had come into Gerty's great eyes the first time he had sworn at her, that restless shifting of the pupil from side to side, accompanied by a spasmodic quivering of the eyelids, never, never wholly passed away any more. "That he could have cursed her, that he could have snarled at her, and cursed her. It was too horrible. Could James have been right? And Neville's Gap so many thousand miles away, and getting further with every bound of the ship!"

George saw all this, and it made him mad. He found out now that he had got a great deal fonder of beautiful Mrs. Nalder than he had any right to be, and after a week's penitential attention to Gerty he went over to Mrs. Nalder, and begun the *petits soins* business with her once more. But, unluckily for him, Mrs. Nalder had found him out. George, poor fool, thought that the American woman's coolness towards him arose from jealousy at his having returned to his wife. He found his mistake. The brave Illinois woman met him with a storm of indignation, and rated him about his treatment of his wife. She had no tact, or she would not have done so, for she only made matters worse.

Of all the foolish things which James Oxton ever did, this was the worst: sending these two out of the range of his own and his wife's influence.

Gerty revived a little in the tropics. The sun warmed her into something like her old self. But all Mrs. Nalder's kindness failed to win her over. She suspected her and was jealous of her; and, besides, the great handsome woman of the Western prairies was offensive to the poor little robin of a creature. She *was* coarse and loud, and her hands were large, and she was so *strong*. She couldn't even make Gerty comfortable on a bench without hurting her. And, besides, Gerty could see through all this affected attention which she showed her. Gerty, like most silly women, thought herself vastly clever. Mrs. Nalder was a most artful and dangerous woman. All this assumed affection might blind her poor husband, but could never blind her.

But the good ship rolled and blundered on, until it grew to be forty north, instead of forty south, and the sunny belt was passed once more, and Gerty began to pine and droop again. George would land at Dover; and he landed in a steamer which came alongside. And the last of the old ship was this—that all the crew and the passengers stood round looking at her. And Mrs. Nalder came up and kissed her, and said, very quietly, "My dear, we may never

meet again, but, when we do, you will know me better than you do now." Then Gerty broke into tears, and asked Mrs. Nalder to forgive her, and Mrs. Nalder, that coarse and vulgar person, called her a darling little sunbeam, and wept too, after the Chicago style (and when they do things at Chicago, mind you, they do 'em with a will). Then Gerty was on the deck of the little steamer, and, while she was wondering through her tears why the sides of the ship looked so very high, there came from the deck a sound like a number of glass bells ringing together and ceasing at once; then the sound came again, louder and clearer; and as it came the third time, George raised her arm, and said—" Wave your handkerchief, Gerty; quick, don't you hear them cheering you?"

And, directly afterwards, they stood on the slippery, slimy boards of the pier at Dover, on the dull English winter day; and she looked round at the chalk cliffs, whose crests were shrouded in mist, and at the muddy street, and the dark coloured houses, and she said, "Oh, dear, dear me. Is this, this England, George? What a nasty, cold, ugly, dirty place it is."

CHAPTER XXV.

GERTY'S FIRST INNINGS.

A VERY few days before Sir George Hillyar received the note which told him of his son's arrival in England, he happened to be out shooting alone, and his keeper saw that he was very anxious and absent, and shot very badly indeed. He conceived that it was Sir George's anxiety about his son's arrival, and thought little about it; but, as the day went on, it became evident that Sir George wanted to broach some subject, and had a hesitation in doing so.

At last he said—"What state are the boats in, Morton?"

"They are in very good repair, Sir George."

"I think I shall have them painted."

"They were painted last week, Sir George."

"I shall get new oars for them, I fancy."

"The new oars, which you ordered while staying at Kew, came home last Thursday, Sir George."

"H'm. Hey. Then there is no work for a waterman about the lake, is there?"

"None whatever, Sir George."

"Morton, you are a fool. If I had not more tact than you I would hang myself before I went to bed."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Send for the young waterman that we had at Kew, and find him some work about the boats for a few days."

"Yes, Sir George."

"You know whom I mean?"

"No, Sir George."

"Then why the devil did you say you did?"

"I did not, Sir George."

"Then you contradict me?"

"I hope I know my place better, Sir George. But I never did say I knew who you mean, for I don't; in consequence I couldn't have said I did. Maark! caawk! Awd drat this jawing in cover, Sir George! Do hold your tongue till we're out on the heth agin. How often am I to tell you on it?"

So he did. At the next pause in the sport old Morton said, "Now, Sir George, what do you want done?"

"I want that young man, Reuben Burton, whom we had at Kew, fetched over. I want you to make an excuse for his coming to mend the boats. That's what I want."

"Then why couldn't you have said so at once?" said old Morton to his face.

"Because I didn't choose. If you get so impudent, Morton, I shall be seriously angry with you."

"Ah! I'll chance all that," said Morton to himself; "you're easy enough managed by those as knows you. I wonder why he has taken such a fancy to this young scamp. I wonder if he knows he is Sam Burton's son. I suspect he do."

But old Morton said nothing more, and Reuben was sent for to Stanlake.

Sir George was going out shooting again when Reuben came. The old butler told him that the young waterman was come, and Sir George told him that he must wait; but, when Sir George came out, he had got a smile on his face ready to meet the merry young rascal who had amused him so much.

"Hallo! you fellow," he began, laughing; but he stopped suddenly, for the moment he looked at Reuben Burton he saw that there was a great change in him. Reuben had lost all his old vivacity, and had a painfully worn, eager look on his face.

"Why, how the lad is changed!" said Sir George. "You have been falling in love, you young monkey. Go and see to those boats, and put them in order."

Reuben went wearily to work; there was really nothing to do. Sir George merely had him over to gratify a fancy for seeing him again. It may have been that he was disappointed in finding the merry slangy lad he had got to like looking so old and anxious, or it may have been that his nervous anxiety for the approaching interview with his son put Reuben out of his head; but, however it was, Sir George never went near Reuben after the first time he had looked at him, and had seen the change in him. No one will ever know now what was working in Sir George's heart towards Reuben Burton. The absence of all inquiries on his part as to who Reuben was decidedly favours James Burton the elder's notion, that Sir George guessed he was the son of Samuel Burton, and that he did not, having conceived a strange affection for the lad, wish to push his inquiries too far. It may have been this, or it may have been merely an old man's fancy; but even now, when he seemed to have passed the lad by himself, he made Erne go and see him every morning.

"Erne," he said, "that boy is in trouble. In secret trouble. Find his secret out, my child, and let us help him."

But kind and gentle Erne couldn't do that. Reuben went as far as telling him that he was in trouble; but also told him that he could say nothing more, for the sake of others.

"I say, old Rube," said Erne, as he sat lolling against the side of a boat which Reuben was mending, "I have found out the whole of the business from beginning to end."

"Have you, sir?" said Reuben, with a ghost of a smile. "I am glad of it."

"You have been getting into bad company," said Erne.

"Very bad," said Reuben.

"And you are innocent yourself?"

"Yes," said Reuben. "Come. I couldn't say as much to every one, Master Erne; but I know, when I say a thing to you, that it won't go any further. Therefore I confide this to your honour, for if you betray me I am lost. I *am* innocent."

Erne laughed. "That is something like your old familiar nonsense, Reuben. Tell me all about it."

"It would be awkward for you if I did, sir."

"Well! well!" said Erne. "I believe in *you*, anyway. I say, does Emma know about it?"

"God bless you, no," said Reuben. "Don't tell her nothing, for God's sake, Master Erne."

"You haven't told me anything, Reuben; so how could I tell her?"

"I mean, don't let her know that Sir George noticed how I was altered. I should like her to think the best of me to the last. If trouble comes, the bitterest part of it will be the being disgraced before her. Don't say anything to *her*."

"Why should I be likely to?" said Erne.

"Why," said Reuben, "I mean, when you and she was sitting together all alone, courting, that you might say this and that, and not put me in the best light. Lord love you, master, *I* know all about that courting business. When the arm is round the waist the tongue won't keep between the teeth."

"But I am not courting Emma," said Erne. "At least—

"At least or at most, master, you love the ground she walks on. Never mind what your opinion about your own state of mind is. Only be honourable to her. And, when the great smash comes, keep them in mind of me."

"Keep who in mind?" said Erne.

"Jim and Emma. Help 'em to remember me. I should be glad to think that you three thought of me while I was there."

"While you are where?" said Erne, in a very low voice.

"In Coldbath Fields, master," said Reuben. "Now YOU'VE got it."

One need not say that Erne was distressed by the way in which Reuben spoke of himself. He was very sorry for Reuben, and was prepared to die for him; but—

He was seventeen, and Reuben had accused him of his first love. Poor Reuben, by a few wild words, had let a flood of light in on to his boy's heart. Reuben was the first who had told him that he was in love. One has, in chemistry, seen a glass jar full of crystal clear liquid, clear as water, yet so saturated with some salt that the touch of any clumsy hand, will send the spiculæ quivering through it in every direction, and prove to the sense of sight that the salt, but half believed in before, is there in overpowering quantities. So Reuben's words crystallized Erne's love; and he denied it to himself no longer. And in this great gush of unutterable happiness poor Reuben's trouble and disgrace were only a mere incident—a tragical incident, which would be a new bond in their love.

So Erne, leaving poor Reuben tinkering at the boats, walked on air. He had determined, as he walked through the wood, that the first thing he would do would be to go off to Chelsea—to get Jim Burton, the blacksmith's eldest son (with whom you have already some acquaintance), and to tell him all about it; when, walking through the wood, he met his father.

"Have you been to see that young waterman, Erne?" said his father.

"I have," said Erne. "We ought to be kind to that fellow, dad. He is in trouble, and is innocent."

"I think he is," said Sir George. "I have a great fancy for that fellow. I know what is the matter with him."

"Do you?" said Erne. "I don't."

"Why, it's about this Eliza Burton," said Sir George, looking straight at him; "that's what is the matter."

"You don't happen to mean Emma Burton, do you?" said Erne.

"Emma or Eliza, or something of that sort," said Sir George. He is in love with her, and she is playing the fool with some one else."

"He is not in love with her, and she has been playing the fool with nobody," said Erne.

"So you think," said Sir George; "I, however, happen to know the world, and, from the familiarities which you have confessed to me, as passing between this girl and yourself, I am of a different opinion. I have allowed you to choose what company you wished for above a year; I have been rewarded by your full confidence, and, from what you told me about this girl, I believe her to be an artful and dangerous young minx."

"Don't talk in that light way about your future daughter-in-law; I am going to marry that girl. I am seventeen, and in three years I shall marry her."

"How dare you talk such nonsense? Suppose, sir, that I was to alter——I mean, to stop your allowance, sir, hey?"

"Then the most gentlemanly plan would be to give me notice. Her father will teach me his trade."

"You are impertinent, undutiful, and, what is worse, a fool——"

"And all that sort of thing," said Erne. "Having fired your broadside of five-and-forty sixty-eight pounders, perhaps you will let off your big swivel gun on deck. I tell you I am going to marry Emma Burton."

"You know, you undutiful and wicked boy, all the consequences of a *mésalliance*——"

"That's the big gun, hey?" said Erne. "Why, yes; your *mésalliance*

with my mother having been dinned into my ears ever since I was five, as the happiest match ever made, I *do* know; you have put your foot in it there. A blacksmith's daughter is as good as a gamekeeper's, any day."

"Her relations, sir! Her relations!"

"My Uncle Bob, sir! My Uncle Bob!"

Old Compton the lawyer had warned Erne, on one previous occasion, against what he called "hard hitting." But Erne, as Reuben would have said, could never keep his tongue between his teeth. His Uncle Bob was a very sore subject. His Uncle Bob had not borne the rise in circumstances consequent on his sister becoming Lady Hillyar with that equanimity which is the characteristic of great minds. The instant he heard of the honour in store for him, he got drunk, and had remained so, with slight lucid intervals ever since—a period of eighteen years. Having the constitution of a horse, and the temper of his sister, he had survived hitherto, and was quoted from one doctor to another as the most remarkable instance ever known of the habitual use of stimulants. They used to give clinical lectures on him, and at last made him uncommonly proud of his performances. Such, combined with a facility for incurring personal liabilities, which was by no means impaired by his intemperate habits, were some of the characteristics of Uncle Bob, now triumphantly thrown in Sir George's face by Erne.

He was very angry. He said that such an allusion as that, on Erne's part, revealed to him such an abyss of moral squalor beneath the surface as he was not prepared for in the case of one so young.

"Now, mark me, sir. Once for all. I do not oppose your fancy for this girl. I encourage it. You distinctly understand that once for all. Your brother dines here to-day."

"So I hear," said Erne, seeing it would not do to go on with any more nonsense.

"I hope sincerely that you and your brother will remain friends. I do not purpose your seeing much of him. His wife has, I hear, some claims to beauty."

"She is the sweetest little rosebud you ever saw in your life."

"Where have you seen her? I *know* you didn't go to seek them, because you promised me you would not."

"I did not, indeed. I guessed who they were from a few words they said in church, and, as I came out, I introduced myself."

"Where were you? At what church?"

"At the old church, Chelsea."

"What a singular thing. Is Compton come?"

It was with intense eagerness that Mr. Compton, knowing what he knew, watched the face of father and son, when they met after so many years estrangement. He knew perfectly how much, how very much, each of them had to forgive the other; and he knew, moreover, that neither of them had the least intention of forgiveness. He guessed that George had come over to try to win back his father's good graces with the assistance of his wife; but he knew far too much to hope much from her assistance. One thing he knew, which others only guessed, that Sir George Hillyar had made a will, leaving Erne eight thousand a year. This was the paper, which (if your memory will carry you back so many months) he had exhibited such an anxiety to take to his office, but which Sir George insisted on keeping in his old escritoire.

He was in the library, and Sir George was out when he heard them drive up. He knew that there was no one to receive them, and saw from that that their reception was to be formal. He did not hurry at his dressing, for he was in some small hopes that George and his wife might have a short time, were it only a minute, together alone with Sir George, and that either of them might show some gleam of affection towards the other, which might bring on a better state of things than the cold, cruel course of formality which Sir George had evidently planned.

"It will be a bad job for Erne, possibly," said the old man. "But my

young friend must take his chance. I won't stand between father and son, even for him."

When he came into the drawing-room he found Erne and his father dressed and waiting. They were standing together at the very end of the third drawing-room, before the fire, and Sir George was talking to Erne about one of the horses. When he joined them, a question was put to him on the subject; and they went on discussing it. There was not the smallest sign of anxiety or haste about Sir George's manner.

He had not been talking with Erne many minutes, when the door by which he had entered, which was at the very farthest end of the three rooms, was opened again; and Mr. and Mrs. George Hillyar came in, and began making their way through the vast archipelago of grand furniture which lay between the opposing parties. Sir George took out his watch, clicked it open, and told Erne to ring the bell and order dinner.

The three rooms were well lighted up, and, great as the distance was, old Compton saw in one instant that Mrs. George was very beautiful. And, as she came steadily and quietly towards them, dressed in a cloud of white, he saw at every step she took that she was more beautiful still — the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Sir George trod three steps forward, and said, "How d'ye do, George? I am glad to see you. And how do *you* do, my dear daughter-in-law? I am afraid you must find this country very cold after Australia."

Old Compton watched the father and the son as their eyes met. Neither of them moved a muscle. George *was* very *distingué*-looking; there was no doubt about that. Nay, more, he was in a way very handsome. His features had not lost their regularity, in spite of all his dissipation. "He is wonderfully true-bred," thought old Compton. "Half wild cat like his mother, and half bull-terrier like his father. His chance aint worth twopence. The will in the escritoire is the will. No new job for me."

The old man was right. There was no mistake about George's paternity to any such close observer as old Compton, though a stranger might have thought that there was no resemblance between them — no resemblance whatever between the thickset figure, the sleek bullet stupid grey-head, the square gladiator features, and the clear brown red complexion of Sir George; and the slender lithe frame, the more refined features, and the pale complexion of his son. In these respects there was *no* resemblance. George's physique was that of his wild, fierce gipsy-looking mother. But he had, in common with his father, a queer contemptuous trick of eye and mouth, which showed a close observer whose son he was in a moment. Old Compton saw it in both their faces, when their eyes met. If you had told him that those eager, fierce women, through the very force of their nature, as a rule reproduced some eighty per cent. of their own characteristics in their sons, but that a quiet and gentle wife would sometimes produce an almost actual facsimile of the father, in this case the old man would have rather pooh-poohed you. But, once begin to talk to the old lawyer about the breeding of racehorses, a matter he was well up in, and he would soon have showed you that trainers and stud-grooms now and then made fortunes by following, among horses, rules of breeding *practically* treated as being ridiculous among human beings.

Mrs. George Hillyar, in reply to her father-in-law, said that she *did* find it cold. That she liked getting near the fire best, for it warmed her. And then she asked Sir George whether he hadn't got a glasshouse full of flowers in full bloom, and whether he would show them to her to-morrow.

Her powers of conversation were not large, evidently. George was very angry at what he was pleased to call to himself her hopeless silliness. Yet the highest tact could not have done more, for Sir George, as he took her into dinner, said,

"I am afraid you are an innocent little babe in the wood, Gertrude."

"Yes," she said, "and I am so

terribly afraid of you. Don't scold me. I am not near so silly when I am not scolded."

"My poor little redbreast," said Sir George. "Who do you think would be likely to scold *you?* You may depend on it that I will not. You must trust me and get fond of me, my child. George, will you take the end of the table, if you don't mind sitting with your back to the fire. Get Mr. Hillyar a screen, Simpson. You'll be hotter than you were in Australia, George. You are sure you don't mind."

George, who didn't want for a certain unregulated sort of humour, looked at his father, and said quietly, "that he had not found himself in so comfortable a position for many a year;" which made the old man laugh not ill-humouredly.

Old Compton talked loudly to Erne and George, and raised a wall of sound before Gerty and Sir George. He was anxious for her to see what she could do; he was all for fair play. Erne saw what he wanted, and nobly assisted him, so that the other two were perfectly isolated. Gerty had some dim idea that she was to make herself agreeable to her father-in-law, and she began her little game. As thus—

"I don't think you at all odious now. I am sure, if they all of them saw more of you, they would not call you an odious tyrant."

"I am sure they wouldn't," said Sir George, who, though he might be cruel and unjust to his son, was so much of a gentleman that he was in a state of chivalrous terror lest he should lead the beautiful little idiot into committing any one. He said—

"Do you think you shall like England, my love?"

"I don't like it now," said Gerty. "I always want to be near the fire. When I get cold I cry, and that makes George cross."

"You will like it better in the summer, my love."

"I don't know whether we shall be here in the summer or not. Aggy said it would be no use for George to stay dawdling here, away from his work, if you weren't going to do something for him, or, at all events, to define his prospects. Therefore, I suppose, as soon as I am confined, and well enough to move, we shall go back again, unless you do something decided for us. George says you will see him hanged first; but I don't think that. I don't think so badly of you as I did. Are these pink cups ice-cream? I wonder whether I dare eat some. I have never seen iced cream before in my life. Perhaps I had better not; it might make me cry."

And so she went on, twittering like one of her own zebra parrakeets. But, in spite of her utter simplicity, Sir George did what every one else, young or old, rich or poor, did, who came near her; that is to say, he fell in love with her.

The other three got on amazingly well. Erne was as difficult to resist in his way as Gerty in hers. They were to go shooting on the morrow, and George, with the assistance of the other two, was refreshing his memory on the localities. They got on very well, indeed, and George became quite affectionate with Erne. They had been talking about a certain larch belt, as containing game, and old Compton had said—

"Confound the game. If you will take my advice, Mr. Hillyar, you will have it down, and let the sun in."

"Then I *am* to have Stanlake, at all events," thought George, flushing. "There is two thousand a year any way."

So the George Hillyars stayed at Stanlake, and Erne and George shot and hunted, and played billiards together, and Gerty sat crouched over the fire, and saw the sunny woods and crags of Neville's Gap among the burning coals. And day by day George saw Erne petted, caressed, and consulted, while he himself was treated with a calm politeness which was infinitely exasperating. Each day he began to see more clearly that a very large portion of the property was lost to him, and every day, alas! his dislike and jealousy towards Erne grew stronger and stronger.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: JAMES AND HIS SISTER FALL OUT.

Sir George Hillyar sent for Reuben to go to Stanlake and see after some waterman's work. And I was very glad of it; for anything, I argued, which took Reuben away from the bad company with which he seemed to be so suddenly and mysteriously involved, must be for the better.

He came down, as he went, to leave the key of his room with my father. Erne had come over to see us: to see Emma, indeed. *I began* to see that much, and was talking with her in the window. They turned and came towards us again when Reuben came in, and so we four were together once more, for the last time for a long while.

Reuben came whistling in, nodded a good-bye to all of us, and said to Erne, "I shall see you to-morrow, sir, I dare-say," and sauntered out.

"Say a kind word to him for us," said Emma; "go to him sometimes at Stanlake, and cheer him up a little. He can't reward you for any kindness, but I will answer for him that he is grateful."

Erne promised, and very shortly after Joe came clumping in, all radiant.

"Jim," he said, "Jim! Here, such a jolly lark on. I mean," he said, getting rather red, and looking at Erne, laughing, "that I anticipate considerable entertainment."

"What's up?" I asked, simply; for it was no use trying to get fine words out of *me* at that time without considerable preparation.

"Why," he said, "they are going to have the *Harvest Home* at the Victoria to-night, with Wright and O. Smith from the Adelphi. Come on, let's go."

"Of course," I said; or we should no more have thought of missing such a dainty treat as that in those times than of losing our dinner. "But we had better go early. We had a terrible fight for a place last time, remember, and you lost all your oranges, and a cotton handkerchief worth three halfpence, and that sort of thing makes the amusement come dear."

"I say," said Erne, suddenly; "I'll tell you what; *I'll go.* I've never been to the play in my life."

Joe and I were delighted at the idea. "But," I said, "you can't come dressed like that; you'd have to fight in a minute."

"Lend me some of your clothes and a cap," said Erne. "This is the greatest lark I ever knew. What do you think, Emma; hey?"

"I was wondering what Sir George would say if he knew where you were going, and how!"

"There is no need he should," said Erne.

"I should have thought there was," she replied, quietly. "Pray don't do anything so insane."

"There can't be any harm in it," said Erne.

"I should have said," replied Emma, "that there was the very greatest harm in a young gentleman dressing himself like a blacksmith, and going to the gallery of the Victoria Theatre. I confess *I* should think so. More particularly when that young gentleman has been so generously trusted by his father to associate with people so far below him in rank. I don't know why that young gentleman's father has shown such blind trust in him. It may be because he has such full and perfect confidence in him, or it may be that his great love for him has made him foolish. Whichever way it is, for that young gentleman to abuse his father's confidence so utterly as to go masquerading in a dress which he has no right to wear, in the lowest parts of the town, with two common lads, is a degree of meanness which I don't expect at all."

As she said this I saw Joe's magnificent, Byron-like head turned in anger upon her, and I saw a wild, indignant flush rise upon his face, and go reddening up to the roots of his close, curling hair; I saw it rise, and then I saw it die away, as Joe limped towards her, and kissed her. Whether she had

seen it, or not, it was hard to say, but she had guessed it would be there: she put her arm round his neck, and then drew his face against hers, saying,

"Ask my brother Joe, here, what he thinks."

"He thinks as you do, and so do I," said Erne, quietly. "If you were always by me I should never do wrong."

"Ask Jim what he thinks about it," said Emma, laughing. "Ask that great stupid, dear old Jim, how he would like to see his noble hero, with a greasy old cap on, sucking oranges in the gallery of the theatre in the New Cut. Look how he stands there, like a stupid old ox. But I know who is the best of us four, nevertheless."

The "stupid old ox—" that is to say, the Honourable James Burton, who is now addressing you—had thrown his leather apron over his left shoulder, and was scratching his head. I am afraid that I did look very like a stupid ox. But think that, if you had taken the cobwebs out of my brain, and wound them off on a card, you would have found that I was making a feeble effort to try to think that my brother and sister were two rather heroic and noble persons. After all, I only fancy that I remember that I was trying to think that I thought so. I am no fool, but that fierce flush on Joe's face had confused and frightened me. I saw very great danger. I had not seen that look there for a long time.

Erne gave up his project, and soon went away in the best of humours; Joe went to his school; and I was left alone with Emma.

Though I still had my apron over my shoulder, and might, for all I can remember, have still been scratching my head, yet still all the cobwebs in my brain were drawn out into one strong thread, stronger than silk, and I knew what to say and what to do. I turned on Emma.

"You were perfectly right," I said, "in stopping him going. You were right in every word you said to *him;* but you had no right to speak of Joe and myself as you did."

She folded her hands, sweet saint, as if in prayer, and took it all so quietly.

"It was not good to speak of your brother so," I went on, with heightened voice and an angry face. "You may speak as you please of me, but, if you speak in that way of Joe, before his face, you will raise the devil in him, and there will be mischief. You should measure your words. Let me never hear that sort of thing again."

I was right in every word I said to her. And yet I would give all my great wealth, my title, everything I have, except my wife and children, to unsay those words again. Oh, you who use hard words, however true they may be, when will you be persuaded that every hard, cold word you use is one stone on a great pyramid of useless remorse?

How did she answer me? She ran to me and nestled her noble head against my bosom, and called me her own sweet brother, and begged me not to scold her, for that she loved him, loved him, loved him. That Erne's name was written on her heart; but that he should never, never know it on this side of the grave; for she would devote herself to Joe, and be his sister and friend to death; and that she was so sorry for what she had said.

What could I do? What I did, I suppose. Soothe her, quiet her, and tell her I had been in the wrong (which was not altogether true). That is what I did, however; and so I had said the first and last harsh word to her. It cannot be recalled, but there is some comfort in thinking that it was the first and the last.

To be continued.

SUBSCRIPTION NO SECURITY.

In the discussions that have taken place respecting the Subscriptions and Declarations imposed upon all clergymen, and at Oxford on all candidates for the higher degrees, lay or clerical, two distinct things have been more or less confounded—the Formularies to which Subscription is required, and the requirement of Subscription. It is easy to dispense with the requirement, and to leave the Formularies untouched. The truth of the Formularies is one thing, the expediency of requiring Subscription to them is another.

The petition, which was signed last year by 106 members of the University of Oxford, all of whom were, or had been, Professors or Tutors and Fellows, asked for the abolition of Subscription as a test for Academical Degrees, but disclaimed all intention of interfering with the theological teaching of the University, and expressed a desire to preserve the religious character of academical education. The letter of Dean Stanley advocated a relaxation of the present Subscriptions and Declarations imposed upon the clergy, but left altogether untouched the question of revising the Formularies.

The distinction here insisted on is very lucidly expressed in a passage from the Life and Times of Bishop Burnet. The Bishop proposed *to leave the Articles as the Law of the Church, but not to require any person to bind himself beforehand by a Subscription.* "Churches "and Societies," he says, "are better "governed by laws than by Subscrip-"tions; it is a more reverent, as well "as a more easy mode of government." No one doubts the proposition in regard to society in general, or in regard to particular societies, save those which are concerned with theological opinion. No society requires teachers of Natural Science to subscribe to Articles embodying the doctrines of gravitation, of the reflection and refraction of light, and so forth. Judges and Magistrates are bound to administer the law of the realm, and are subject to penalties for wilful maladministration; but no one ever proposed that a provision should be added to the statute-book requiring Judges and Magistrates to subscribe a set of Articles comprising the leading principles of the law. The Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons require no subscription to medical Articles from their members. Even clergymen are not called on to make a profession of faith with respect to the principles of morality.

It is reasonable to ask why ecclesiastical bodies exact Declarations or Subscriptions from persons invested with authority in the Church, while other societies find it unnecessary to take such precautions.

Waiving this inquiry for the present, we will simply say that the *avowed* purpose of Confessions and Subscriptions is to prevent discord and promote agreement. The Convocation, which settled the Articles, says that they were designed "for the avoiding diversities of "opinions, and for the establishing "of consent touching true religion." History shows that the political object of those who imposed Subscription was, first, to expel from the Church ecclesiastics who held what were judged erroneous opinions; and, secondly, to prevent those who remained in the Church from holding such opinions. It is alleged that these ends can only be gained in one of two ways—either by exacting promises and taking engagements beforehand, or by penalties enforced in a Court of Heresy. We now propose to inquire whether, in fact, the peace and harmony desired have been secured by Subscriptions; and whether ecclesiastical authorities have, by Subscriptions, been enabled to dispense with constraints and penalties.

To clear the way, it will be useful to have before us a brief account of the imposition of the various Subscriptions and Declarations required in the Church of England.

Elaborate Confessions of Faith took their origin in Germany after the Reformation. "The common-place and "shallow argument," says Dr. Pusey, in his account of German Theology, "drawn from the variations of the evan-"gelical statements of doctrine against "the truth of their system . . . was "met [by the Reformers] not by the "easy task of retort upon the Romish "Church, nor by the obvious principle "that all human discoveries of truth "must . . . be effected by the slow and "toilsome passage through error, nor "by showing that these discrepancies in "collateral points . . . were consistent "with the truth and harmony of the "general system, but *by drawing still* "*closer the limits of the Church's pale,* "*and by excluding as heretics* all who "departed from the strictest letter of "the symbol." And then he goes on to describe vividly "the unhappy, un-"practical, and frequently presumptuous "polemics," which arose from a pertinacious resolution to exclude every conceivable deviation from uniformity of creed, and to require Subscriptions, Declarations, and Oaths, as a means of enforcing unity. We, in England, went more cautiously to work. Articles of Faith, forty-two in number, had been drawn up in the last part of the reign of Edward VI. They were revised in the early times of Elizabeth by the Convocation, and reduced to the present form; yet for some years they were not employed as a test. It would, indeed, have been dangerous to enforce Subscription. The greater number of the Articles were levelled against the old religion; and, in the early days of Elizabeth, it was calculated by Cecil that the Catholics formed two-thirds of the whole population of England. Some few were directed against the new Puritanic party, which looked to Geneva for guidance; and this party was rapidly increasing in influence and numbers. Elizabeth herself was disposed to temporize; her inclinations led her to the Roman, rather than to the Puritan, opinions, in all points that did not touch the supremacy. In vain, she was solicited by the Reforming Divines; in vain, she was twitted by the Spanish Ambassador as to the variations of the Protestants in regard to matters of Faith;—"he "should like to know what the religion "was to be; so far as he could hear, "there were as many opinions in "England as in Germany."[1] She remained firm to her conciliating policy. In 1566, the Puritan majority in the Commons sent up a Bill to enforce Subscription on all preachers; but the Queen quietly interfered and stopped the Bill. At the close of the Session, the Speaker took credit for the attempt; but Lord Keeper Bacon (specially instructed by Her Majesty) told the Commons roundly that "in the Bill of Religion, "*with which they meant to tyrannize over* "*consciences,* they deserved reproof."[2]

But the course of events rapidly weakened the Catholic party, and gave corresponding strength to their opponents. The vacillation of Philip, caused by natural temperament, by jealousy of France, by distance from the scene of action, and by determination to pull all the wires with his own hand, virtually deprived the Catholics of his support. The miserable fall of the Queen of Scots blasted their hopes for the future. The moderation of Elizabeth herself inclined them to maintain their allegiance. Lastly, the insurrections and conspiracies in favour of Mary, and the Bill of Excommunication launched by Pius V., compelled Elizabeth more and more to take part with the enemies of Rome. She at length consented to the Act of 1571, by which all beneficed clergy were obliged to sign the Articles, with a provision intended to exempt the Puritans from subscribing to those few which laid down principles relating to Episcopacy and civil supremacy which were repugnant to the tenets of Geneva.

The rule thus established for the clergy was, a few years later, extended to the University of Oxford. Leicester, who, when he thought the Catholic interest strong enough to assist his ambitious schemes, had offered to accompany English Bishops to the Council of Trent,[3]

[1] Froude, vol. vii. p. 82, cf. 66.
[2] Froude, vol. viii. pp. 328 sqq., 337.
[3] Froude, vol. vii. p. 328.

had now become leader of the Puritan party. He had been elected Chancellor of Oxford. In 1580 he addressed Letters to the University, which required them to ordain that all Academic Preachers should subscribe; and in the following year the requirement was extended to all Graduates and to all Undergraduates above a certain age.

Subscription to the Articles, however, was not found sufficient. Archbishop Whitgift perceived that these tests were not calculated to exclude the Puritan party from the Church. He, therefore, exacted from all clergymen a subscription to the three Articles afterwards embodied in the Thirty-sixth Canon, and thus bound them, first, to recognise the Royal Supremacy; secondly, to express their readiness to use all the offices of the Liturgy; thirdly, to assent to the doctrines contained in the Thirty-nine Articles. The Canon itself was not passed by Convocation till some twenty years later. And in 1616, King James sent letters both to Oxford and Cambridge, requiring them to adopt this additional test for all the higher Graduates. This order was obeyed.

It only remains to notice the well-known Uniformity Act of Charles II., by which all beneficed clergy, as well as all heads and fellows of colleges, professors, lecturers, and tutors, are required to declare their "unfeigned "assent and consent to all and every-"thing contained and prescribed in and "by the Book of Common Prayer."

It appears, then, that the same reasons which determined Parliament to exact subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles from the clergy, determined the Chancellor of Oxford to exact this subscription from all academics, lay and clerical, at every stage of their career; that the same reasons which led Whitgift and the clerical Convocation to require subscription to the three Articles from the clergy, induced James I. to require this subscription from all candidates for the higher degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, both lay and clerical, although (as has been often pointed out) the second of these Articles refers to the use of the liturgy and administration of the sacraments, and, therefore, can only concern the clergy; and, lastly, that the same reasons which induced the parliament of Charles II. to enforce the Declaration of the Act of Uniformity on all beneficed clergy, induced them to impose the same Declaration on all persons, lay and clerical, holding any beneficial place in the Universities.

It is plain, therefore, that it was intended to treat the Universities as ecclesiastical bodies.

Bearing these facts in mind, we now return to our question, and ask how far the purposes of those who imposed these multiplied tests were answered?

I. The first purpose was, as has been said, to expel dissentients, especially Crypto-Catholics, from the Church of England. At the accession of Elizabeth, the whole body of the clergy was attached to the old religion. Yet, even the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, though they involved repudiation of Papal jurisdiction, were not refused by any large number of the clergy. According to the report of the visitors, about 200 out of 9,400 beneficed clergy refused these oaths and lost their benefices. The enforcement of subscription to the Articles, thirteen years later, seems to have produced little result. "*Several* ministers," says Strype, were deprived for refusing to subscribe. Nor, again, does the test of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles appear to have purged the Church of Puritans; nay, even the three Articles of the thirty-sixth canon seem to have been accepted without much demur. This state of things presents a striking contrast to the effects produced by the stringent Declaration of the Act of Uniformity, together with the requirements of Episcopal ordination for all the Presbyterian clergy. Every one knows the story of Bartholomew's day, 1662, when about 2,000 beneficed clergymen of that persuasion resigned their benefices rather than conform.

With these facts may be instructively compared the history of the Comprehension Bill of 1689, as it has been

told by Lord Macaulay. By that Bill it was proposed to substitute for Subscription to the Articles a Declaration from clerics and academics that they approved of the doctrine, worship, and government of the Church of England, and would preach and practice according thereunto; and, further, to enable ministers to dispense, *conscientiæ causâ*, with certain forms in the Church services. The objections raised to the Bill in the House of Lords related, so far as appears, wholly to the latter provisions. "It "does not appear," says the historian, "that . . a single high churchman raised "his voice against the clause which "relieved the clergy from the necessity "of subscribing the Articles. . . . Nay, "the Declaration which, in the original "draught, was substituted for the "Articles, was much softened down on "the report. As the clause finally "stood, the ministers of the Church "were required to declare, not that "they approved of her constitution, but "merely that they submitted to it."

The inevitable conclusion is that it was not subscription to the Articles, but questions half ecclesiastical, half political,—questions regarding Church government and Church ritual, Royal supremacy and Episcopal ordination, which had the effect of expelling from the Church those who dissented from her principles. All inquiry confirms the remark of Lord Macaulay, that "the "easy manner in which the zealous "friends of the Church gave up her "confession of faith presents a striking "contrast to the spirit with which they "struggled for her polity and ritual."

II. If, then, Subscription had little effect in expelling those whom the rulers of the Church wished to expel, let us inquire, in the next place, whether it had the effect of so acting on the conscience as to produce a general reign of peace within the Church, and to supersede the need of external force and constraint.

It will be most convenient here to confine ourselves to the University of Oxford. We have seen that the Universities, Oxford especially, were treated as ecclesiastical microcosms; and, if we are able to trace the success or failure of Subscription in this smaller sphere, the results may be extended with tolerable certainty to the larger society. Anthony Wood's Annals supply an easy means of applying this test to Oxford, for the period between the first imposition of Subscription in 1580 and the Meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640.

First, it is to be observed that every Chancellor who held office during this period, excepting Laud, finds it necessary to write formal Letters, complaining of the "secret and lurking Papists," who still maintained themselves in the University; and to give orders that such persons should be "sought out, sup- "pressed, and *punished*," that "the Uni- "versity should be *purged*" of all such, and that "justly-suspected persons or "known Papists should not be suffered "in anywise to have the tuition and "leading of young scholars." Complaints and commands of this kind imply that Subscription, which had failed (as we have seen) to expel even "known Papists," was also ineffectual to produce even outward obedience and submission.

Further, it is to be observed that external force was freely used to constrain opinion during this period. In 1589, a commission of Nine was named to inquire the opinions of Thos. Crompton, when he wished to proceed to the Degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Crompton had already subscribed the Articles twice, perhaps thrice; but a judicial inquiry was deemed necessary. He made a public apology, was then allowed to proceed, and was elected a few years later to be one of the first burgesses to represent the University in Parliament. The whole proceeding indicates strong theological party spirit, and that in no wise quelled by Subscription. In 1591, Chancellor Lord Buckhurst issued the order already quoted, "to seek out, suppress, and punish" concealed Papists. It does not seem that external constraint was as yet superseded by an appeal to the conscience at Subscription; more especially when we find that in the next year one of the theses for disputation before Queen Elizabeth, was, "whether "it be lawful to dissemble in matters of

"religion." This ominous question implies that there were some at least who might take the affirmative side. In 1602, several persons were required to recant doctrines advanced in sermons; and one of them, refusing to produce his sermon, was imprisoned. So serious was the matter considered, that the Government issued a high commission, comprising the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor, and others, and they compelled the recusants to make public submission. Not long after, Mr. Corbet, a well-known wit, was, for his Good Friday sermon, so "rattled up by the preacher "on Low-Sunday (not without the "encouragement of the Reg. Professor "of Divinity), that, if he had not been "a person of great courage, he would "have been driven out of the Univer-"sity." About this time, indeed, public censures and punishments became the rule. The Arminian controversy was warmly carried on in Oxford. Subscription had no power to restrain it, and the penal powers of the University were vigorously put forth to supply the insufficient power of Subscription. The Articles were formally issued, with a Royal Declaration prefixed, commanding "all curious search to be laid aside." But in vain. Zealous preachers persisted in trespassing. Laud himself was twice summoned before the Vice-Chancellor for "preaching Popery." Humfrey Leech of Christ Church, "for "preaching scandalous and erroneous "doctrine," was silenced and discommuned. From 1610 to 1640 there may be counted no less than sixteen persons publicly censured for heretical preaching and teaching; and these not young men, hasty and impetuous, but Bachelors of Divinity, Canons of Christ Church, even a Professor of Divinity. They are sometimes summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, sometimes before a tribunal of Doctors, sometimes before the Professor of Divinity himself. Sometimes they are ordered to preach sermons refuting their own doctrines; sometimes to make submission in open Convocation on their bended knees; and in case of refusal they are liable to imprisonment and expulsion. These few particulars enable us to understand the despairing letter addressed, in 1631, by Dr. Duppa, the Vice-Chancellor, to the Chancellor. "Such," he says, "has been the height of our late "disorders both within and without the "pulpit, that, should I not express how "I am troubled with it, I might be "thought an insensible member of the "body which you govern." The impression derived from the annals of this period is not that of a Society in which external force had been made unnecessary by an appeal to the conscience, and in which subscription to Articles had produced an epoch of peace and concord.

Space forbids the continuation of this inquiry. Nor is it necessary. The troubles of the Civil War and the long supremacy of the High Church Party which followed the Restoration made the subsequent history of the Church, at Oxford at least, uneventful and otiose. And, though a pendant to the picture already exhibited might be furnished by an analysis of the history of the last thirty years, this could not be done without introducing the names of living persons, and referring to matters that cannot yet be spoken of without heart-burning and recrimination. But it is hardly possible to omit notice of the fact that at this very moment a Committee of seven clergymen are urging their brethren, "for the love of God," to subscribe to two new Articles, one of them (perhaps inevitably) couched in ambiguous language, the other affirming a dogma which was deliberately struck out of Cranmer's Articles by the first Convocation of the Church of England.

Indeed, Subscriptions and promissory engagements to believe have been so far from producing concord and preventing discord, that one is tempted to assert that open dissension or covert scepticism has been, and must be, in direct proportion to the stringency with which such engagements are enforced.

At Oxford we have seen the effects which followed the introduction of Subscription in the early years of the seventeenth century, and we might have described a similar course of events in

the nineteenth;—war, continued war, except in times of reaction and lassitude following on political excitement, when the united power of Church and State has borne down all opposition, and created a state of torpid acquiescence, which was called peace.

At Cambridge tests have played a much less important part in Academic History. The sagacity and moderation of her Chancellor, Lord Burleigh, refrained from imposing on Cambridge the tests imposed on Oxford by Leicester. No Subscription was there required till James I. exacted Subscription to the three Articles of the Canon; and this Subscription was, in the case of candidates for the inferior degrees, exchanged for a Declaration of *bonâ fide* membership in the year 1772, about the time when the Feathers' Tavern petition brought the question of Subscription before the House of Commons in a most infelicitous form. And even before the Act of 1856 extended the same relief to candidates for the higher degrees, the University itself had taken the matter into serious consideration.[1] Yet, though Subscription at Cambridge was introduced thus late, and relaxed thus early, it does not appear that heterodox opinion was so rife, or controversy so bitter, or external force so much employed, as in the sister University, which has never yet, except under compulsion, relaxed one turn of the rope by which all its members, lay and clerical, have been equally and indifferently bound.

In Germany, the Confessions of Faith were most complete and manifold, and the rigour with which promissory engagements were enforced was greatest. "Nothing," says Dr. Pusey, "could be "hoped from measures so little in uni- "son with the Reformation as the at- "tempt to re-establish a minute uni- "formity by the oppressive accumulation "of new formulæ of Faith, or by the in- "fliction of civil, sometimes the severest, "penalties for minute declensions even "from the human system." Strigel, he tells us, was imprisoned for three years for maintaining "that man was not "merely passive in the work of his con- "version;" Hardenberg was deposed and banished, and his followers excommunicated, for teaching "that the body "of Christ was distributed *with*, but not "*in*, the bread;" the physician Peucer was imprisoned for ten years for some equally shadowy deviation from Lutheran doctrine; the jurist Cracau died under the torture for a similar offence; Crell's whole congregation was banished or imprisoned, and Crell himself put to death for imputed Calvinism. These over-strained severities produced their natural result. The attempt to punish all differences of opinion caused men to shrink from attempting to punish any differences. The Symbolical Books lost reverence; Rationalism was pushed to its furthest limits; and for many years past theological inquirers, lay and clerical, have been allowed a liberty, or (call it) licence, of speculation greater and more complete than in any other country. Yet Subscription to the Symbolical Books has, in most parts of Protestant Germany, never been formally dispensed with. All clergymen, either at ordination or on appointment to clerical office, are required to pledge themselves to the doctrines embodied in the Symbolical Books of their respective countries; and in some countries the minute decrees of the so-called Formula of Concord are still retained as the test.

Happily, our Articles are less precise and rigorous. The vague comprehensiveness with which some dogmas are expressed, and the total omission of other dogmas, leaves a latitude unknown in most Protestant Confessions. But the enforcement of Subscription turns this very comprehensiveness to evil use. It not only allows communion between those who choose to differ without disagreeing, but it leads dissatisfied persons to put on words an interpretation which those words were never intended to bear. When our Articles were framed, the Puritan party was rising into importance; but the Catholics, as we have seen, were still powerful in England, and some of their tenets were still dear to the people. Hence the Confession of Faith was so

[1] See Report of Cambridge Commissioners, p. 44.

framed that those who incline to a Romanizing creed, still find shelter in some of the Articles, while those who repudiate high sacerdotal principles appeal confidently to the self-same documents. Arminians and Remonstrants defended their respective tenets with arrows drawn from the same quiver. Teachers, inclined to Lutheranism, claim the Articles as Lutheran ; while Calvinistic doctors appeal to them as undoubtedly Calvinistic. Touching the controversies of the present day, the Articles give an uncertain sound. Now, there might be advantage in this if men would agree to differ. But many men insist on so differing as to make their differences paramount ; and they maintain, each for himself, that they find these differences countenanced by the Articles. Precise and prolix Formularies involve greater evils, but those evils are less durable. For a time such Formularies do their work and exclude all dissentients ; presently, human nature revolts, and the barrier is broken down. But Articles which are comprehensive because they are ambiguous leave the hostile armies in view, and neither will acknowledge defeat. Hence arise recriminations and imputations of bad faith—cast out freely by one party, retorted as freely by the other.

These are not edifying spectacles. One who loves Christ and his true Church winces when he hears Bentham indignantly declaiming against the immorality to which young men are tempted by Subscription, and alleging that "the "stronger party says to the weaker: "*Stand forth and lie in the sight of* "*God, or give up the choicest advantages* "*of society, that we may engross them* "*to ourselves:*" or, when he finds the historian of Elizabeth remarking with refined sarcasm, that "the Thirty-"nine Articles, strained and cracked "by three centuries of evasive in-"genuity, scarcely embarrass even the "feeblest of consciences, and the cler-"gymen of the nineteenth century "subscribe them with such a smile as "might have been worn by Samson "when his Philistine mistress bound "his arms with the cords and withs;" or, when he follows the ingenious argumentation by which Dr. Hey attempts to show that, from the nature of veracity and the difficulty of interpreting ancient laws, subscription to our Articles must be regarded as a negative promise to abstain from contradiction, rather than a positive engagement to believe.

It is to Subscription, not to the Articles themselves, that these scandals are due. Leave the Articles untouched, and substitute for Subscription a simple and general form of Declaration; and these assaults, these sarcasms, this casuistry, these recriminations, will cease. For they gather strength from the fact that young men bind themselves beforehand to engagements, under which many of them at a more mature age feel galled and uneasy. In times of quiet orthodoxy little inconvenience is felt. But the moment that inquiry is set afoot and interest excited, sharp attacks revive, and these miserable disquietudes follow. And many a man, who, in tranquil times, subscribed thoughtlessly, because all around him were without thought, finds that in middle life the engagements he contracted by subscription are interpreted with a stringency heretofore unknown.

These are indications of the practical hardships with which it behoves statesmen to deal. The whole theory of promissory engagements to observe laws belongs to a by-gone age. Formerly, every petty detail of academic life was maintained by promissory oaths. A multitude of them was swept away by the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1656 (Wood, II. part 2. p. 671). But the oath to observe the University statutes was exacted from all Undergraduates till a very recent date ; and these oaths were defended at Oxford as strenuously as Subscription to Articles is defended now. It was a patent fact that these oaths were not observed, and could not be observed ; nay, the fact was recognised more than two centuries ago. But, instead of abrogating the oath to observe the statutes of the University (oaths in Colleges gave occasion to yet greater scandal, but were more difficult to deal with), and substituting a simple address

to the young men, the University employed her most eminent casuist to draw up an epinomis or qualification of the oaths, by which the youths were instructed that, though they swore to obey the statutes, the oath meant nothing more than that they must submit to punishment when they were found out. Now these oaths were wholly within the power of the University to alter or to abolish. And one would have thought that the natural course would have been to put the statutes of the University on the same footing as the laws of the realm; to require obedience without exacting any previous engagements. Yet no step was taken in this direction; and it was not till all such promissory oaths, on the part of the University and in colleges, were prohibited by the act of 1854, that they ceased to be exacted. The University of herself made no sign. Nor has she made any sign towards relaxing her requirements of Subscription. Subscription is a promissory engagement of like nature with these oaths; and Oxford clings to it with the same tenacity. Even while we write, she is petitioning against the moderate provisions of Mr. Dodson's Bill, which proposes indeed to abolish Subscription for the M.A. degree, but takes care that all offices hitherto tenable only by members of the Church of England shall henceforth be held only by members of that Church. When it is remembered that the vast majority of Masters of Arts are and will be clergymen, that in most colleges at least two-thirds of the fellows must be clergymen, that all heads of colleges save one or two must be clergymen, the fear of introducing a few nonconformist members of Convocation seems so extraordinary as to be almost absurd; especially when it is remembered that Presbyterians, and some others, who would not and could not declare themselves *bonâ fide* members of the Church of England, do at present subscribe the Articles; and, therefore, that the consequences which are expected from admitting persons to Convocation without the use of tests do already actually exist with and notwithstanding tests.

If for Subscription, lay and clerical, a simple and general Declaration were to be substituted we should be sensible of little or no change. Laymen would become free: clergymen would still be liable to prosecution for controverting the Articles or Liturgy. But, we repeat, the miserable recriminations incident to the present state of things, the qualifications and the casuistry, the sarcasms and invectives, the charges of evasion and bad faith, would lose their sting and fall pointless on the ear.

No Subscription is required from lecturers at the Royal Institution. Yet the lecturers do not offend the religious sensibilities of their hearers. If Subscription were abolished, why should academical lecturers offend their audiences? Why should preachers offend their congregations? It is not Subscription that prevents offence now; it would not be the absence of Subscription that would instigate teachers and preachers to give offence then. *They* would be withheld then, as other persons are withheld now, by the force of public opinion, by the known sentiments of their hearers, by the reluctance which good men feel to engage in strife without provocation or urgent need.

Would any stricter Court of Heresy be necessary? Not unless stricter Articles and more precise confessions were framed. If it were desirable, and if public opinion would suffer it, this might be done;—at all events, it might be done just as well after Subscription was abolished as before. But it may be assumed that things would remain as they are, the Articles and the Liturgy as the law, the Courts to enforce the law. But, since the abolition of Subscription would diminish the bitterness and rancour of theological disputes, it is not likely that the law would be so often appealed to, or the courts so often put in motion. Probably many doubtful and disputable points would be allowed to sleep; controversy would become less personal; inquiry would be freer and fairer; the essential things of religion, righteousness, love of truth, piety, would be less disturbed by the jarring discords of speculative strife.

Inferential theology would fall into the back-ground. The Bible would be studied more faithfully, more devoutly, more fruitfully. It might be hoped that many conscientious dissenters would no longer feel scruples in communion with their brethren of the Church; and that some good and able men would lend us their aid, both in the Universities and the Church, who are now kept apart by causes that could not separate men in heaven, and ought not to separate them on earth.

HENRY G. LIDDELL.

ON SLEEP AND DREAMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D., AUTHOR OF THE "CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND."

THERE are some things which baffle not only definition but even explanation. They are so simple that they cannot be resolved into anything simpler. They are so entirely things *per se* that we can only say they are what they are. It is the things we understand best—or, at least, think we understand best—which we can explain least; for it is their very simplicity which defies us. What is time? We cannot tell. What is life? It is a great mystery. What is sleep? We must confess our ignorance. Though we sink into sleep every twenty-four hours, though we spend a third of our whole time in sleep, and though, as Shakespeare says, "our life is rounded by a sleep," we do not know what sleep is. Some physiologists have gone so far as to declare that sleep is our normal state, out of which we only waken at intervals into a condition of abnormal activity, and then naturally sink back again into it; and that, therefore, it were wiser to inquire what is wakefulness than what is sleep. I suspect that both are normal conditions of all animal life: but what is the difference between them? There seems, at first sight, to be a great and easily-recognisable difference; but, when we come to examine it it eludes our grasp. It is not that the one is a conscious and the other an unconscious state, for we shall presently see that in the profoundest sleep there is consciousness. It is not that there is, necessarily at least, less activity during sleep than during wakefulness; for our dreams are often more brilliant than our waking thoughts, and the feats of the somnambulist rival the feats of the wide-awake athlete. In truth, there is almost nothing deemed peculiar to wakefulness which does not sometimes occur in sleep. In sleep we think and feel, we may be sorry or glad, we may smile or weep, we may be profoundly happy or petrified with horror. There have been cases of men reading aloud while they were fast asleep. Soldiers have continued their march, postillions have ridden their horses, seamstresses have proceeded with their sewing, and even, it is said, clergymen have written on at their sermons after sleep had overtaken them. In what, then, does sleep differ from wakefulness? Physiologists and psychologists alike have been forced to confess they cannot tell. There is a difference, but they cannot exactly indicate it.

The difficulty of distinguishing between sleep and wakefulness is increased by the fact that the one gradually merges into the other. There appears to be no well-defined line where wakefulness ends and sleep begins. Wakefulness imperceptibly gives way to sleep; sleep, in in like manner, yields to wakefulness. If there be any boundary between them, it is a debateable land—a dream-land—where lights and shadows, day-thoughts and night-thoughts, confusedly mingle. Sleep and wakefulness, in this respect, follow a general law. There are few sharp boundary lines in nature. Things which at their extremes are widely different approach till they meet and melt into one another. Who will separate between the organic and the inorganic, between the sentient and the insentient, between the living and the

dead? Every one may satisfy himself by personal experience how gradually wakefulness gives way to sleep. Any night he may make the experiment and watch the process. He will observe that his thoughts become more and more dissevered from outside influences—the sensational yields to the ideal—the laws of association act uncontrolled by material objects, everything becomes shadowy, and so he glides into perfect sleep; but he never discovers the moment when he sleeps, both because there is no such moment, and because the farther he advances into the region of somnolency the more the attention relaxes, till at last it is swept away by the dreamy thoughts which now occupy the brain. It is thus we have every possible degree of sleep, from the light sleep of the nurse—which the slightest movement of her patient will interrupt—to the deep sleep of the worn-out man, which almost nothing will disturb.

The most opposite causes seem to predispose to sleep. Heat creates drowsiness, and drowsiness leads to slumber. Cold—at least, severe cold—has the same effect. The traveller in Arctic regions is frequently assailed by a desire to sleep, so strong that he cannot resist it, though he should be quite aware that it will be the "sleep which knows no waking." Vacuity of thought is generally regarded as favourable to sleep, and yet intense thought, and even intense anxiety, have the same result. It is thus that felons not unusually sleep soundly the night before their execution. The explanation of this, however, most probably is, that the mind is worn out by the violence of its own emotions, and kind nature comes to its relief. Physicians tell us that anything which determines the blood to the brain induces sleep, and also that an excessive loss of blood has the same effect. From such opposite quarters does sleep come: but at the same time we must remember that it is a normal condition of our being; that it has a tendency to recur periodically; and that weariness is undoubtedly its great predisposing cause. When we are wearied and jaded with the duties of the day, by a kind law of our being, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" comes and lays us to rest.

Sleep introduces us to the region of dreams, and dreams have ever been a subject of mysterious interest. Almost all primitive peoples have regarded dreams as Divine intimations. It was God whispering within them. "In slumberings upon the bed," says Elihu, "God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." Homer frequently introduces the gods as inspiring dreams both good and bad; and in this he is followed by almost all the ancient poets, who so far only gave a poetic utterance to the popular faith. Philosophers, in more recent times, have adopted the belief of these ancient bards. Baxter, in his Essay on the Phenomena of Dreaming, after rejecting all the theories which represent dreams as originating in the mind itself, and debarred by his Christianity from calling into play mythological deities, resorts to the supposition that they are suggested to us by spiritual beings of some kind or other. In no other way, as he thinks, can they be accounted for. And, as dreams have thus been attributed to a supernatural origin, so have they very generally been regarded as possessing a prophetical character. The farther back we ascend, this belief becomes stronger, but it is far from extinct in the present day. In the courts of the ancient eastern kings there was always to be found an interpreter of dreams. Joseph held the office in the court of the Egyptian Pharaoh; and Daniel in that of the Chaldean Nebuchadnezzar: and, though the function has now declined from its pristine dignity, the "spey-wife" still explains to credulous maidservants the meaning of their dreams. Nor need we wonder that our dreams have thus been ranked with the supernatural. There is the gloom of night, and the mystery of sleep; and, when our eyes are closed upon the world, and we no longer hear the voices of our fellow-men, then mysterious voices whisper within us and weird-like shapes move before us; we visit strange countries, converse with old comrades, get a glimpse of things not yet come to pass;

and everything is so real, so life-like, and at the same time so unlike our usual thoughts, that we readily accept of any explanation which refers our dreams to the Divine.

But there has always been a sceptical philosophy in the world, which repudiates the supernatural, and traces all things to the operation of ordinary law. The Greeks, who speculated about everything, speculated about dreams, and had their ways of accounting for them. Democritus taught that all material things were constantly throwing off filmy *simulacra* of themselves, and that these assailed the soul, while it lay helpless in sleep, and formed the images of our dreams. The Latin Lucretius afterwards worked up this idea in his great poem. The Platonists, on the other hand, held that the mind itself might evolve dreams; and Cicero, whose tendencies were all toward the Academy, defends this opinion, in his interesting book on Divination. Many other old theories about dreams might be quoted; but, instead of getting ourselves entangled in these ancient speculations, I think it better to follow the track of modern thought.

One of the questions which has at all times been greatly agitated is—Do we always dream during sleep? This question is as old as the days of Aristotle; and equally illustrious names can be quoted on either side of the controversy. Hippocrates, Leibnitz, Des Cartes, Cabanis, Abercrombie, and Sir W. Hamilton, maintain that we always dream: Locke, Reid, Macnish, Carpenter, and Brougham, are of opinion that sound sleep is dreamless. In order to reach a satisfactory solution of the question, I shall endeavour first to answer it in this simpler and more definite form—Are we ever perfectly unconscious during sleep? I imagine that, when the question is thus put, few will hesitate to answer that we are never entirely unconscious even during the profoundest sleep. I question, indeed, how far utter unconsciousness is compatible with the existence of mind. I cannot think the mind is like a piece of mechanism, which may exist though it does not move: the essence of mind is thought; and therefore the cessation of consciousness seems to be tantamount to the cessation of mind. I therefore apprehend that even in swoons there must be some remnants of consciousness, though we may not be able to reach them. There must always be a feeble glimmer of light, if it is to be blown again into a flame: there must always be a trace of life, however faint, if reanimation is to take place. But there are more specific arguments which greatly strengthen these general ones. It is allowed on all hands that sensation is greatly blunted by sleep. The eyes are closed, the ears are partially stopped, the whole surface of the body loses some of its sensitiveness, and even the sensations which reach us from other parts of our system are not so vivid as when we are awake. The famished escape from the pangs of hunger; and those who are perishing for thirst forget for a little the agony of the parched throat. But, though sensation is blunted, it is not destroyed. If the sleeper has assumed an uncomfortable position, he feels the discomfort, and turns himself in bed. If a whisper fails to awaken us, a cry will; if we do not hear a step softly treading our room, we cannot help hearing if, perchance, the tongs rattle on the fender. A hand gently laid on the bed-clothes may not disturb us, but a hand somewhat roughly laid on our shoulder will make us quickly start up with confused thoughts about thieves. This proves there is sentiency, though it is not so sharp-edged as when we were awake. If there were no consciousness, no sentiency—(as Macnish in his Philosophy of Sleep unguardedly affirms)—a cannon might be exploded in our room without awakening us. Indeed, when once we were sound asleep, there would be no possibility of rousing us at all. It is because consciousness and sense remain that the connexion is maintained between the sleeper and the external world.

We have thus a basis for dreams. But a dream, in the usual sense of the term, is something more than a state of dull, sluggish, consciousness. It is a

lively train of thought, resembling our waking reveries, but at once more vivid and more incoherent. If the question be—Are such trains of thought constantly passing through our minds during sleep?—I think there can be no hesitation in answering in the negative. I do not see why we should not believe that in sleep, as in wakefulness, the mind is sometimes more and sometimes less active. In neither state is it ever entirely without thought and consciousness, and in both it is sometimes intensely busy, and at other times in almost perfect repose. In short, there may be every gradation of thought and feeling, from the highest consciousness down to the very verge of unconsciousness. There is reason to believe that in deep sleep the latter state is approached—thought lies still, and fancy, so lively at other times, folds her wings, and partakes of the universal repose. It is certain that those who sleep soundly seldom remember their dreams, and I apprehend that we remember our night-thoughts just as we remember our vivid day ones, and quickly forget all others. We shall be confirmed in this belief if we watch a person in profound sleep. The whole frame lies motionless, every feature is in perfect repose; there is nothing to indicate that thought is busy within; and energetic thought generally works its way out, and manifests its presence. It is very different in broken sleep, and in the transition-state between sleep and wakefulness, which, I suspect, is the true dream-land. The frequent changes of position, the shades of expression which pass over the countenance, as with men in a reverie; sometimes the mutterings, sometimes the uneasy groans—all indicate that thought is earnestly at work, giving pleasure or reflecting pain. This opinion is greatly strengthened by the following curious case, stated by Dr. Pierquin. It fell under his notice in one of the hospitals of Montpellier, in 1821. A young woman had lost, from disease, a large portion of her scalp, skull-bone, and *dura mater*, and a corresponding portion of her brain was consequently bare and open to inspection. "When she was in "a dreamless sleep," as he relates, "her "brain was motionless, and lay within "the *cranium*. When her sleep was "manifest, and she was agitated by "dreams, her brain moved and pro- "truded without the *cranium*, forming "*cerebral hernia*. In vivid dreams, "reported as such by herself, the pro- "trusion was considerable; and, when "she was perfectly awake, especially if "engaged in active thought or sprightly "conversation, it was still greater. Nor "did the protrusion occur in jerks, alter- "nating with recessions, as if caused by "the impulse of the arterial blood. It "remained steady while the conversation "lasted." This singular case is very interesting, as not only illustrating the action of the brain under the influence of thought, but also as leading to the inference that the mind is nearly quiescent in certain stages of sleep.

The facts of somnambulism are frequently quoted in opposition to the opinion I have maintained. The somnambulist may be in a sleep so profound that almost nothing will awaken him; he may show the current of his thoughts by his actions—by dancing, singing, climbing to house-tops, performing a hundred extraordinary freaks, for hours together, and in the morning have not the slightest recollection of his night's adventures. Such cases there undoubtedly are, but they must be regarded as abnormal, and as proving little regarding the phenomena of ordinary sleep. In ordinary sleep the body is generally motionless, in somnambulism it is active; and the same may be true in regard to the mind. Somnambulism appears, in some respects, to be like the mesmeric sleep, in which there is perfect agility of body, and a certain alertness of mind, though coupled with a subjectivity to every kind of hallucination and imposture. In truth, it almost looks like a misnomer to speak of these states as sleep at all—the mind seems simply to be in some degree detached from the senses, and thrown into a new frame of thinking, as an organ, by the different arrangement of the stops, may be made to emit a new set of sounds.

But Sir William Hamilton quotes his

own experience as evidence that the mind is busy with dreams during the soundest sleep. He caused himself to be wakened at different periods of the night and always found himself dreaming. It might be said in answer to this that Macnish tried the same experiment upon himself, and with the very opposite result; as he wakened he could not catch the least trace of a receding dream. But, though there were not such opposing testimony, the case of Sir William Hamilton would not be decisive. A person going to bed with the knowledge that he was to be operated on—aware that he was to be wakened at some period of the night, and that, to make the experiment successful, he must start from sleep as quickly as possible, and turn his eyes in upon himself, would not be likely to enjoy that deep sleep which dreams do not invade, but would almost to a certainty have his mind agitated and filled with thoughts about the business on hand, thus destroying the necessary conditions of a testing experiment. But, besides, could Sir William Hamilton be certain that the dreams which he found in possession of his brain when he awoke were not confined to the short period of transition from sleep to wakefulness? There are plenty of dreams on record—dreams which appeared long to the dreamers and embraced a multitude of scenes and circumstances—and which yet could not have occupied many seconds. And, moreover, as has already been said, the transition-period seems to be the most fruitful of dreams. But Sir William Hamilton acknowledges that on some occasions when he was thus suddenly roused, he was "scarcely certain of more than the fact that he was not awakened from an unconscious state," which corroborates the opinion that consciousness exists in very various degrees of activity. We may therefore rest in the conclusion that in sleep we are always conscious, though not always imaginative.

But how comes it that our night thoughts are so different from our day thoughts? Why should the same mind act so differently in sleep and wakefulness? These questions I think admit of a satisfactory explanation. The two chief characteristics of dreams are the substitution of ideas for sensations, and incoherency without any perception of it. Let us look at each of these characteristics.

Dreams are nothing more than trains of thought. We think when we are asleep as well as when awake, and these sleeping-thoughts we call dreams. But there appears to be something more than mere thoughts. We see, we hear, we smell, we taste, touch, handle. We pass through the streets of a great city, gaze at the noble buildings, admire the splendid equipages, hear suddenly the salutation of a friend, walk with him, talk with him, part with him; and every thing is as real to us, and as firmly believed, as if it were actual. How is this? How do we manage to impose upon ourselves? How do our thoughts contrive to cheat the conscious mind out of which they spring? To penetrate the mystery we must remember that the mind has two states of consciousness —sensations and ideas. Sensations are the pictures of outward nature, and ideas are the pictures of sensations. Sensations are the images of objects thrown upon the mind with every shade of brilliant colouring, but fading the moment these objects are gone; ideas are the photographic light-and-shade impressions of these left on the memory: and as, when photographs are placed in the stereoscope, the effect of reality is produced, so there are circumstances in which ideas, by a wonderful illusion, produce all the effects of sensation. We seem to see not mere pictures but the actual scenes. I have already shown, in a previous paper (see *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 30, April 1862), that even in our waking state ideas are sometimes mistaken for sensations, that we believe ourselves to see or feel what we merely imagine, and that all ideas as well as sensations bring their outward objects before the mind. When we think of anything it is always as of something outside of ourselves. What we think of—what we are conscious of—is not the thought itself, but its object. When

we think of objects of sight we mentally see them. We recollect the Cathedral of Cologne; that implies that its lofty towers, its proportions, its exquisite tracery are, more or less, definitely present to the mind. The memory revives the faded pictures of sensation. All our thoughts of visual objects are therefore visions—seen with the mind's-eye. In our waking hours these visions are dimly seen, because the visions of sensation by their greater brilliancy throw them into the shade; in reveries, however, they acquire considerable force; and in sleep, when sensation is in a great measure shut out, they startle us by their vividness, just as the stars whic where unseen during the day shine brightly in the darkness of the night.

If we reflect upon the limit which sleep imposes on our field of consciousness, we shall not wonder at the change which it produces in our thoughts. When awake we are constantly confronted by the outer world. Our eyes are open, and objects of sight fill our mind and modify all our other mental states. Sensation is the dominant element in our consciousness. But in sleep the mind is in a great measure isolated from the outer world. The avenues of sense are closed. The mind is left with its own thoughts; and these, though dim when in conjunction with sensations, are now bright, and, as they are, as I have already said, representations of outward things, we see in our own imaginings all the phantasmagoria of our dreams—towers and castles and towns, monsters and men, all named and all nameless things.

It is worthy of observation, however, that our dreams sometimes suddenly break down, from our ideas being unable to simulate violent sensations. Dr. Abercrombie tells us of a friend of his, a keen sportsman, who frequently dreamed he was in the turnip-fields with his gun. He saw his dog pointing; he saw the game rising; he took his aim and felt the trigger, but the fowling-piece never went off. It was because he could not realize in idea the sudden, sharp and loud report. In like manner, we frequently dream that we are falling off a precipice, but never that we have reached the ground, because thought fails to realize the fatal crash.

The other characteristic of dreams to which I alluded is incoherency. Our day thoughts are generally consistent with themselves and with the probability of things. When it is otherwise —when the mind loses its ballast; when hallucinations take possession of it; when thought abandons the usual track, and flies in the face of possibility —we say it is insanity. But all this takes place when we dream; which has led eminent physicians to speak of dreams as a temporary insanity. At one moment we are in England, and the next hunting tigers in the jungles of India; we are speaking to a friend, and while we speak he is metamorphosed into a totally different person, and we scarcely mark the change; we are placed in the most ludicrous and even unnatural circumstances,—but, instead of being surprised, it seems all natural and right. So far indeed does this go that at times we forget not only the difference between the *meum* and *tuum*, but even between the *ego* and the *non-ego*, and confound ourselves with other persons. There is nothing too fantastic, too monstrous, too improbable for dreams. Our imagination, when holding its high revels, abolishes space, annihilates time, jumbles together deities and demons, friends and foes, darkness and light, truth and falsehood, possibility and impossibility. Why should this potent power when emancipated by sleep be restrained within the narrow bounds of reason and sense?

We have here, then, two things to explain, the incoherence of our dreams, and the fact that we are, apparently at least, not aware of their incoherency at the time. I suspect that the same circumstance which gives to dreams their scenic effect creates their incoherence. When we are wide awake, and our mind is divided between sensations and ideas, its true balance is preserved. When sensations are shut out, its balance is lost. The one keep the other in their proper place. So long as the reality of things is ever staring us in the face, our

ideas are kept from wandering into absurdity; but, when everything real is removed, and our ideas are left to follow their own laws of association uncontrolled, a strange medley of sense and nonsense is the result. For, by the laws of association, not only does like suggest its like, but frequently things suggest their opposites, and thus the most incongruous scenes and circumstances are brought together. We are hurried along as on a steed without a bridle. There is nothing to correct our extravagances; nothing to keep the current of our thoughts within the bounds of probability; nothing to bring us back to reality when once we have wandered into the region of fables. But the wonder is not so much that we imagine all monstrous things, as that we believe them, and, in general, are in no way surprised at them. Even when awake, our thoughts sometimes run riot. What castles in the air do we build in our reveries! What insane thoughts sometimes enter sane minds! What an absurd tissue of the possible and the impossible is sometimes woven by froward fancies! But then we generally perceive the absurdity of our revelling thoughts, and do not for a moment believe them. Why do we believe them in our dreams? The reason is, when awake the world is ever before us, recalling us to the rigid truth so contradictory sometimes of our fond fancies; whereas in sleep the world is annihilated, and we see a new heaven and a new earth. When awake, sensation maintains its dominancy, and fancies are known to be but fancies; but, when sleep overpowers us, sensation becomes dull and indistinct, and our thoughts take the shape of outside realities,—they move before us as men and women; they tower up around us as mountains and battlements; they stretch out before us as woods and fields, and we believe what we see, by a law of our being, just as we do when awake. When men see spectres they generally believe in the outside reality till something occurs to destroy the belief.

But, when in our dreams we meet with a friend whom we know to be dead, why are we not at least surprised? It is because at the moment we do not recollect that he is dead—we simply see him before us, and we accept the fact. Memory may bring up before us the images of the departed without recalling their death; the train of thought may sweep onward, and the very rapidity and intensity of our mental action exclude reflections and reminiscences, which might otherwise occur. It is so when we are awake. Archimedes was not surprised at the tumult in the streets when Syracuse was taken, because he was otherwise so intently engaged that it did not occur to him what the tumult might mean. But, besides this, do we not often, when we are fully awake, sit and converse for hours together with the distant and the dead. We wander together to the old haunts, we re-enact the old scenes, or we lead them to our present places of resort, introduce them to our new associates, open up to them our future plans; and it must be remembered that our dreams are just our wayward thoughts, without any rigid reality at hand to tell us they are false.

But it is not always the case that we are not surprised at the metamorphosis and strange adventures of our dreams. We are sometimes both surprised and sceptical. In some of our dreams, beneath the appearance of reality, there is an under-current of unbelief; we know they are dreams. This is more especially the case with our morning lucubrations, which are also more rational and coherent than those which we have when sinking into sleep—which evidently arises from our approaching the land of wakefulness, and a stream of day thoughts mingling with our night ones.

If all that has been said is true, there is nothing extraordinary about dreams. They are referable to the ordinary laws of thought. They are night reveries, in which there is simply such a change in the character of the mental train as we should expect from the change of the conditions. Our day experiences furnish the materials out of which they are woven. "A dream," saith Solomon wisely, "cometh through much business." Let us reflect on what actually

happens. As we gradually pass into slumber, we are still thinking; but some of our sensations, especially the important ones of vision, are now entirely shut out, and others become dim and still dimmer; we pass from the world of sense to the world of ideas, and our ideas, being no longer eclipsed by the superior splendour of sensation, shine out with greater apparent brilliancy; the ordinary laws of association go on in full operation, idea suggesting idea, but no longer controlled by the presence of outside realities; sometimes a dull sensation reaches the mind, and either mingles imperceptibly with the current of thought, or alters altogether its direction; it creates a *hitch* in the dream,—and thus the mental theatre-show proceeds till we sink into deep sleep, where even fancy slumbers, or open our eyes at morn and look out upon these hard facts which banish the spectres of the night—for all ghosts disappear at cock-crowing.

The thoughts of the day, as I have already said, reappear in the visions of the night. The man of business is again seated at his desk, calculating his profits and his loss. The gay beauty is waltzing as vigorously as she did two hours before, and she hears yet again the soft speeches of her admirers. The mother who has lost a child watches by its bedside during its great agony, or visits its little grave, or perhaps dandles it once more on her knee, and listens to its prattle and rejoices in the bloom of the rosy cheeks. But sometimes dreams are perverse. There are women who have been bereaved of their husbands, who mourn over them all the day, and earnestly long to see them again in their dreams—to meet them, as it were, in the Shades; but the sleeping thoughts uniformly take a different direction. If the day reveals the dead, the darkness of night comes to bury them out of their sight. This may, perhaps, arise from the fact that the mind cannot dwell incessantly on the same subject without being worn out, and instinctively seeks for relief in change. Of course our natural dispositions also give their peculiar tinge to our dreams just as they give to our waking thoughts: and we are quarrelsome, loving, avaricious, or benevolent, according to the stamp which Nature has impressed upon us.

Though dreams are in general incoherent and nonsensical, yet there are many cases on record in which the most splendid conceptions have been furnished by them. Tartini is said to have composed his Devil's Sonata from the inspiration of a dream, in which the devil appeared to him and challenged him to a trial of his skill on his own fiddle. Coleridge declares he composed his splendid poetical fragment of Kubla Khan when asleep. Condorcet relates that, more than once, having retired to bed jaded with intricate calculations which he had left unfinished, he completed them in his dreams. Franklin states that he sometimes saw the bearing of political events more clearly during sleep than he had done when awake. Dr. Gregory mentions that thoughts sometimes occurred to him in dreams which were so good that he used them in his college lectures. Sir Benjamin Brodie tells us of a friend who had more than once invented an apparatus for an experiment he wished to make in a dream, and of another who had solved mathematical problems when asleep which had baffled him when awake. It is certain that events frequently recur to us in sleep which we had entirely forgotten, and probably should never otherwise have recalled. But this is easily explicable, for not only do our sleeping thoughts wander free and far from being unshackled by sense, but they become much more vivid. When we dream of those not seen for long years we see them with a distinctness of detail which our waking memory could never have reproduced. But, while there can be no doubt that some fine thoughts and remarkable reminiscences have issued from dreams, we must remember that this is a matter in which we are very apt to be deceived. While we dream we are in general vastly enamoured with our own ideas and arguments, but when we awake we find them silly and senseless in the extreme.

Though dreams essentially consist of trains of thought, many of them are determined by the presence of a sensation. Sir Walter Scott mentions a nobleman whose arm during sleep was accidentally exposed to the cold night air and became numb, and he awoke from a frightful dream, in which he supposed a corpse had seized him by the arm, and was dragging him from bed. Dr. Gregory, having had a hot bottle placed to his feet, dreamed that he was ascending to the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground burning beneath him. Dr. Reid, having had a blister applied to his head, dreamed that he was being scalped by Indians. During the threatened French invasion a gentleman in Edinburgh dreamed that the landing had taken place, that the volunteers were mustering, that the signal-gun from the castle was fired, and awoke. His wife awoke at the same instant, having had a similar dream; and it was discovered that the cause of both was the falling of a pair of tongs, acting upon the thoughts about invasion, which were then dominant in their minds. But there are cases on record in which dreams of any kind could be excited by merely whispering into the sleeper's ear.

If the account here given of dreams be true, we need not ascribe to them either a supernatural origin or a prophetic power. Yet many dreams are undoubtedly fulfilled: and it is easy to see why they should be. We anticipate a certain event, dream about it, and it comes to pass. A disease begins to develop itself in our system; it is still too obscure to be detected by the ordinary observer; but it affects the highly sensitive mind, and we have uneasy dreams about illness and death; and, when these occur, it is thought there has been a revelation of the future. It is the same circumstance which creates, what we call, presentiments. There are other dreams which fulfil themselves in a different way. An Italian merchant, travelling between Rome and Sienna, dreamt he was murdered, and in confession told this to a priest, and at the same time revealed the wealth which he carried about with him; the priest's cupidity was excited, and he fulfilled his dream. A Hamburgh apprentice, who was to be despatched on the following day to a distance with a considerable sum of money, had frightful dreams of robbery and murder, and accordingly, in passing through a village which lay on the edge of a wood, he revealed his fears and his errand to the magistrate, in presence of some workmen, and begged for a guide. The magistrate sent one of the workmen who had heard the story, and the poor youth was afterwards found murdered in the wood, and the guide had fled.

But by far the greatest number of those cases which appear prophetical undoubtedly arise simply from coincidences. Coincidences frequently occur betwixt our waking thoughts and future facts; why should it not be so with our sleeping ones? How many dreams prove false, compared with the few which prove true? In London alone, more than three millions of dreams must be dreamt every night; what marvel though one of these, which pointed to the future, should afterwards be realised, and if so, it is quite sure to be remembered, quoted, perhaps chronicled, while all the others are forgotten for ever. Do those who believe in these dreams as prophetical reflect as to what is involved in the belief? It involves that a miracle has been worked in their case. It involves that the Deity has specially interfered with the ordinary laws of Nature, to reveal perhaps some trifling event to them. No sound thinker, indeed no pious man, will readily admit such a supposition.

Dreams do enough without laying open to us the future. They fill with beautiful forms those night-hours which otherwise would be a solitary waste; they double our amount of consciousness, and thus in effect double our sum of enjoyable life. Who would not be a dreamer of dreams? From how much high pleasure should we be cut off if we were deprived of them! The beggar, who every night dreams he is a king, is not very far removed from royalty.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER XI.—CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

Dear Simkins,—On my return from a visit to Chandernagore, I found two letters full of your reflections on the question of the advisability of our keeping India. One had come through Bombay, and the other by Point de Galle, and I am anxiously expecting another round the Cape. The problems which you select for discussion are certainly rather antiquated. Some three months ago you gave me your opinion about the annexation of Oude, in a treatise that displayed profound political wisdom, which more than compensated for a slight want of familiarity with the details of your subject. At first I was surprised and gratified to find that you had turned your attention to an event so recent; but it gradually began to dawn upon me that the annexation of Oude, which you had undertaken to justify in the sight of God and man, was not that accomplished by Lord Dalhousie, in 1856, but the arrangement which was effected by Lord Wellesley, as far back as 1801. While reading your letters I seem to resemble the traveller, who, during a tour in Southern Russia, in the year 1819, came to a Cossack village, somewhere between the Don and the Volga. He found the population in a state of wild excitement and exhilaration. Bonfires were blazing, and oxen roasting whole. The gutters ran with raki and train-oil. Peasants who had never tasted anything daintier than a rushlight now had their fill of long sixes. It was evidently some great occasion. Perhaps the birthday of an archduke. Perhaps a victory over the Circassian. Possibly the return of an influential member of the tribe from a temporary sojourn in Siberia. The tourist inquired what had given rise to these demonstrations. "Haven't "you heard?" was the answer. "Na-"poleon has abdicated! The allies have "entered Paris! Our brethren are living "at free-quarters in a land flowing with "lard and tallow. Hourah! Alexander "for ever!"

Now, you are at least as much behind the world as these honest Cossacks. Some four or five years ago, when the financial state of our Eastern Empire seemed desperate to the most sanguine of political economists, there was some little talk about the inconvenience and danger of retaining our hold upon India. Men might reasonably question the advantage of a possession which cost more than it brought in. No one will thank you for leaving him an estate encumbered with mortgages, and entailing on him a yearly lawsuit; and the condition of such an estate was much that of our dominions in Asia, loaded with a debt of a hundred millions, surrounded by such litigious neighbours as Burmese and Afghans, thronged with tenants as turbulent and impracticable as Sikhs and Santhals. India might be the brightest jewel of the English crown, but she certainly was one of which the cutting and setting came uncommonly expensive. There was very little encouragement and satisfaction in the prospect of a budget which showed a pretty steady annual deficit of five millions; or, worse than that, in the prospect of an annual deficit of five millions without any budget at all. Until the appointment of poor Mr. Wilson, the public resources of India were administered on the most happy-go-lucky system that perhaps ever existed in any civilized country. That grand old Company displayed very little mercantile accuracy in the management of the finances. It would almost seem as if the Anglo-Indian government was ashamed of its commercial origin, and sought to rival the majestic profusion of ancient and time-honoured dynasties.

Then the work of conquest and annexation went on so briskly, there were so many independent princes to be turned into allies, and so many allies to be degraded into subjects, that our rulers had neither time nor inclination for the manufacture of financial statements. They found it easier to pay their contractors and their mercenaries with the first money that came to hand, and borrow whenever the treasury was not in cash—a contingency of by no means rare occurrence. Even if the powers that then were had been overtaken by a fit of economy, even if they had felt the paramount necessity of effecting a comprehensive and minute survey of the resources and expenses of the State, it is doubtful whether they would have found in the ranks of the Civil Service men endowed with the experience and knowledge which such a task would demand. As long as there were vast conquests to be organized and governed, mighty potentates to be cajoled into friendship or bullied into vassalage, justice to be administered, codes to be digested, no one cared to descend from the *rôle* of a governor, an envoy, a judge, a lawgiver, and assume the less splendid, but certainly not less useful, character of an accountant or an auditor. Who would condescend to the office of quæstor, when he might be a proctor or a pro-consul? Napoleon the Great acted on a very different principle. He knew well that a power which owes its origin to a period of general confusion, and its grandeur to successful and successive wars, can least of all afford to neglect the finances. Nothing short of the most rigorous economy, the most anxious and constant scrutiny into details, could have kept afloat through so many eventful years a Government at once revolutionary and aggressive, whose chief was hated by all the monarchs of Europe as a usurper and a *parvenu*, and by all the nations of Europe as a grasping and unscrupulous Jupiter Scapin. While with his terrible right hand he was dealing home-thrusts to the heart of Austria and Brandenburg, his left hand was for ever in his breeches-pocket jingling the francs and centimes. Unfortunately there was no Buonaparte in India. Things went as providence chose to order them—providence, that is to say, represented by Armenian stockjobbers and Hindoo contractors. The budget made itself as best it could. Acting Governors-general wrote home by one mail in a flurry to announce a deficit of forty lacs of rupees, and by the next mail informed the honourable Court that a slight error had been detected in the accounts, and that instead of a deficit there turned out to be a surplus. Unfortunately in far the greater number of instances the case was reversed, and instead of a surplus there resulted a very tangible and palpable deficit. By the year 1859, the prospects of India were so hopeless, as far as the financial eye could reach, that even those who could view our occupation of this country from other points than that of pounds, shillings, and pence, began seriously to doubt whether we were not paying too dearly for the privilege of governing and civilizing the East.

Now everything is changed. Mr. Wilson brought in the first Indian budget; and, before two years were out, the astonished world beheld the last Indian deficit. Three years ago a certain Governor of Madras prophesied that the vast resources of the country, fostered by judicious economy and administered by trained financiers, regulated and adjusted by means of an exact and sweeping annual estimate, would more than suffice to meet all demands. And yet we may well believe that even he would have been astounded could he have foreseen the state of things which it has fallen to his lot to announce. In 1859-60 the Revenue was Rupees 39,705,822, and the Expenditure Rupees 50,475,683. In 1862-63 the Revenue was Rupees 45,105,700, and the Expenditure Rupees 43,825,104. The questions which occupy our Eastern Chancellor of the Exchequer are no longer how this deficit is to be met, how that loan is to be negotiated; but whether an increased grant may be allotted to

education, whether an oppressive monopoly may be abolished with advantage, whether the surplus should be absorbed in repealing taxation, paying off debt, or advancing reproductive public works.

It appears, then, that we can afford to hold India; but how do we establish our right of tenure? There is no need to justify our occupation in the eyes of the world in general. The commercial interests of all nations imperatively demand that the Government of Hindostan should be in the hands of a great and enlightened power. As long as Bombay and Calcutta are free ports; as long as the navigation of the Ganges and the Indus is as safe as the navigation of the Elbe and the Rhone; as long as the tea-plantations in Assam are as secure as the sugar-plantations in Jamaica, and the cotton-fields of Central India a great deal more secure than the cotton-fields of South Carolina; so long the merchants of Marseilles, of Hamburg, of Baltimore, of Manilla will thank us for taking upon ourselves the trouble of keeping the Ghorkas out of Bahar, and the Burmese out of Silhet. Monsieur Thiers may grumble, and Monsieur Lesseps may rant, but almost every Frenchman of sense would be very sorry to see our commissioners and collectors succeeded by prefects and receivers-general. During the crisis of the mutiny we enjoyed the hearty sympathy of the civilized world; and we may say with pride, and without ingratitude, that that sympathy was not entirely disinterested. The Americans of the North, who see a parallel between their present position and that of England in 1857, bitterly complain that we have requited their good-will with our cold neglect. As far as India is concerned, we do our duty by the commonwealth of nations. It remains to inquire whether we do our duty by the inhabitants of India.

We are, as a nation, agreed that the greatest benefit we can confer upon our subjects is Christianity. Our heart's desire and prayer for India is, that she may be saved. Is that desire soon to be accomplished? Is that prayer in the course of fulfilment? Let us ask our missionaries who, with true Protestant honour and fidelity, publish to the light the results of their labours, be they great, or be they insignificant. The Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1862-63 contains the following summary:—

"Taking the statistics of the three
" presidencies of India, we find that,
" besides hundreds of thousands of lis-
" teners to the Gospel message, there
" were ten years ago 94,145 registered
" Christians, and that there are now
" 138,543."

That is to say, there is something less than one Christian to every thousand heathen, and this after European missionaries have been sixty years in the country.

As I know, by personal observation, nothing at all of the presidency of Bombay, and little of Madras, I will confine my remarks on the progress of Christianity to the North of India. The Report of the Church Missionary Society places the number of native Christians in the North India Mission at 8,523; that is to say, at barely one Christian to every ten thousand heathen.

Like brave and worthy Englishmen, the labourers in this ungrateful vineyard are not afraid of acknowledging their failure. Let us take the three Mofussil missions of Bengal. The Rev. S. Hasell, of Burdwan, owns in his report that, "but very few converts
" have been baptized from the Zillah
" itself."

The Rev. R. P. Greaves, in his annual review of the mission at Kishnagur, writes:—

" One of the most unsatisfactory cha-
" racteristics of the congregations in
" this district at present is their non-
" expansion. They are showing but
" little light, and producing but little
" good around. For a series of years
" they have been stationary, not to say
" stagnant."

The Rev. E. L. Puxley, of the Bhaugulpore and Santhal mission, furnishes a statement containing the following passage:—

"As to future prospects, humanly "speaking, I feel much less hope now "for the rapid conversion of the San- "thals than I did at the beginning of "last year. I was then new to the "work, and judged more by reason than "experience. The religion of the San- "thals is a religion which they cherish "as derived from their fathers, and to "which they cling with far greater "tenacity than I had expected. I can- "not help expressing my hope that I "am totally in the wrong concerning "our future prospects, and that events "may prove that my original opinion "was the most exact. We derive "courage from the thought of the "unseen things—God's power, and the "promises which are behind."

Gallant words these, and good words, but what a hopeless state of things do they imply! The cause of Faith must, indeed, be in a bad way when such men despair. To fight an uphill fight; to finish his course without joy; to sow where he cannot reap; to strew where he may not gather; to work honestly and stoutly to the end, and to work in vain; such is the fate of the English missionary in the Northern Provinces of India. It is idle to close our eyes against the fact, that with all the advantages of civilization and domination, we have hitherto succeeded in converting to our own creed only one in ten thousand of the subject-people. Why is the most pure and consistent of religions powerless against the most foul and fanciful of superstitions? Why is Truth worsted in the battle, though science and authority, the power of the intellect, and the power of the sceptre, are ranged at her side in close alliance? Why, under the very shadow of the Christian churches and colleges, do men cry aloud to Seeva, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushes out upon them? Why does Christ count his followers by units, while Vishnu numbers his worshippers by myriads? The failure is due partly to defects inherent in our system of evangelization; partly to overwhelming obstacles without, against which the most perfect organization would unsuccessfully contend.

The very excellence and perfection of our religion constitutes our first and most serious difficulty. The creed which our missionaries preach would be far more readily adopted if it were not so much too good for the men to whom they preach it. The days of wholesale conversion are long gone by. It is natural to regret the golden age when tribes of Huns and Vandals embraced, with easy unanimity, the faith of the empire which they had invaded—when strings of captive Danes were led from the field of battle to the nearest stream before the blood had dried upon the weapons of the victors. But we must not forget that our Christianity differs from the Christianity of the dark ages, at least as much as the belief of Socrates differed from the belief of Homer. Ours is an elevated and philosophic religion, adapted to the wants of an enlightened and progressive society: and a philosophic religion cannot be a proselytizing religion. The Church of Rome, in old time, offered very different attractions to converts of rank and power, and demanded from them a far easier test than do the Protestant missionary societies of our own day. The bounty was so high, and the discipline in her ranks so lax, that she found no difficulty in procuring recruits. St. Cuthbert's bishop knew well what he was about when he undertook to enlist the old northern rover.

"Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the Church by bridle and spear:
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tyndale part,
To better his will, and soften his heart.
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for his Faith than the lands which he wan;
The High Church of Durham is dressed for the day,
And the clergy are ranked in their solemn array.
There came the Count in a bearskin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm:
He kneeled before St. Cuthbert's shrine
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook."

Nor did the churchman demand any very marked outward manifestation of the good work that was going on within the breast of his convert. Sir Walter tells us how—

"—— E'en the good bishop was forced to endure
The scandal which time and instruction might cure.
It were dangerous, he deemed, at the first to restrain
From his wine and his wassail a half-christened Dane.
The mead flowed around, and ale was drained dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;
With Kyrie Eleison came clamorously in
The war-song of Danesman, Norweyan, and Fin."

He must have been a very thick-headed old Viking who could not appreciate the advantages of a conversion of which the only drawback consisted in a short rite followed by a long drinking-bout, and the practical result was a fat fief in Durham or Northumberland. If he had been required to give up habits of brutality and self-indulgence; to stint himself in mead and ale, and make Hilda an honest woman; to become charitable, devout, and unselfish; to have a decided opinion on the doctrine of the Real Presence, and an undecided opinion on the question of Eternal Punishment; to profess, and at the same time to profess with reservation, his belief that, if his ancient brethren in arms held that the Holy Ghost was not proceeding, but either made, created, or begotten, without doubt they would perish everlastingly—if such were the conditions exacted of him by his new teachers, he would probably be not quite so ready to renounce the pleasing prospect of tippling through all eternity in the congenial society of Odin.

As a general rule, the religion of a people is ceremonial in inverse proportion to their advance in knowledge and civilization. Among rude and degraded nations the outward and visible sign is regarded far more than the inward and spiritual grace. Ruskin has well said that the social and moral condition of the Alpine populations may be gauged by the amount of blood on the crucifixes at the cross-roads. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where the devout Roman Catholics are superior in intelligence to the devout Protestants. The preponderance of the spiritual element in the national religion of Scotland is, in no small measure, due to the canniness of her inhabitants; while poor Ireland still seeks after a sign as she sought after one in the days of St. Patrick. Weak human nature craves for a rite, until by thought and effort it has attained to the power of seeing God through, and not in, his creatures. Our Lord was not unmindful of this craving when He bade His disciples, in remembrance of Him, do as He had done on the last sad night in that large upper room within the city. The very simplicity which, to the educated mind, constitutes the chief grace and virtue of Protestantism, renders it distasteful to the Oriental. How can we expect that men glutted with the coarse and grotesque pomp of the Brahminical worship can be attracted by the unadorned ritual of our Church? How can we expect that men who have been encouraged by their priests to run riot in debauchery and crime can submit to bring their bodies into subjection, and their minds into true devotion? What is there in common between the faith of Heber and Martin and a creed which enjoins suicide and self-mutilation, prostitution and murder; whose monks are fakeers; whose knights-errant are Thugs; and whose temples are little better than consecrated brothels?

In these regions the Romish Church has always been more successful than our own, for she has ever been wont to construe with considerable latitude the boast of St. Paul, and to make herself all things to all men with a versatility more to be admired than approved. One day my servant came to me in high glee, and said that, as he was passing a church, a padre who was standing in the doorway had given him a gold mohur, stamped with a figure of the Queen, and told him to come to Poojah that afternoon. On inspection the gold

mohur turned out to be a gilt copper medal with the image and superscription of the Virgin Mary. I had the curiosity to visit the ceremony to which Abdool had been invited, and found it in all essential points neither better nor worse than an ordinary Hindoo festival. There were some huge idols, which the congregation appeared to appreciate under the titles of St. Christopher and St. Lawrence as readily as if they had been called by the more familiar names of their own mythology. No element of Heathendom was wanting. Torches were flaring, tomtoms rumbling, fanatics howling, policemen bullying, stray Europeans forcing their way through the throng by dint of Anglo-Saxon energy and blasphemy. Except that the incense was somewhat better, and the priests somewhat cleaner, I might have fancied myself in the Black Town during the Doorga Poojah. It was indeed a very different picture from that presented by a gathering of native Protestants — from the white-washed walls, the modest deal benches, the homely tunes, the plain black and white costume of the officiating clergyman, the row of dull brown prayer-books inscribed with the device of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

There can be little doubt that, if we would consent to return to the system of the Church in past ages, we might Christianize the Hindoos as fast as our clergymen could get through the Ministration of Baptism to such as are of riper years. If we were to entice the great chiefs by liberal grants of waste lands, and intimidate them with threats of fine and confiscation; if we were to attach no conditions to admission into the fold save the mere naked rite of baptism; if we were to permit the neophytes to indulge to their hearts' content in lust, and perjury, and bang, and litigation; if we were to wink at their marrying a plurality of wives during life, and burning their favourites after death; if we were to encourage them to smoke opium and abstain from beef, to class Krishna with St. John, and Cali with the Holy Virgin—I do not hesitate to assert that we might convert Maharajas by the dozen, and Zemindars by the hundred: and the populace would soon follow the example of their natural leaders. But, thank God, we have not so learned Christ. We do not profess to do evil that good may come; least of all, so certain an evil for a good so illusory. Better one true convert to ten thousand heathen, than a whole continent of mongrels, Brahmins in heart and in deed, and Christians only in name.

Our missionaries would succeed better if they were in certain respects inferior men. According to one theory very generally received, the nature of the land in India does not repay deep-soil ploughing; and the character of the people seems to resemble that of the soil which they till. In the moral world, as well as the agricultural, work may be done too scientifically. It is to be feared that we are using tools of too fine an edge. The men to impress and influence Oriental populations are not scholars and gentlemen, but devotees. The mass of the people of Hindoostan are of much the same grade intellectually and morally as the mass of the Western populations in the darkest centuries of the Christian era—those centuries which produced such an abundant crop of saints and martyrs. The peasant of Bengal could appreciate the self-humiliation of St. Paul of Thebes, the self-torment of St. Simeon of the Pillar; but logic and learning, argument and illustration, are yet, and will long be, to him but the dead letter. If an English clergyman chose to stand for twenty years at a stretch on the top of the Ochterlony monument, or take up his abode under a cocoa-nut tree in the Sunderbunds, he would have thousands of worshippers and millions of admirers; but the Bishop of Oxford or Doctor Guthrie might preach through all the cities in the north of India without making two dozen proselytes. In what terms can you appeal to the conscience or the good sense of men who canonize a bloated sensual scoundrel for no other reason than because he has never been

known to wash himself or to wear a rag of clothing? What can you do with people who see virtue and merit in the performances of a fakeer? The highest phase of earthly existence, according to the Menu books, is the contemplation for seven years of the divine essence as represented by the tip of your own nose. If our priests would conduct the service with their right foot held over their left shoulder, if our bishops would make their visitations by rolling along the Grand Trunk Road from one station to another, we should soon have converts enough and to spare; the high festivals of our religion would be among the most popular Poojahs of the year; our churches would reek with frankincense, and glitter with the offerings of wealthy baboos; and the doors would be too small to admit the same painted, drunken, perspiring, yelling mob which crowds the temples of Juggernauth and Tripety.

However, it is possible for those who recognise this defect in the native character to make a worthy use of their knowledge. From time to time there have been men who have not hesitated to sacrifice comfort, society, so-called respectability, to the chance of doing some great thing for the cause of Christ. Sleeping in native huts, living on native food, going afoot from village to village through the sun of June and the exhalations of September, talking of Jesus to the ryots in the field, to the women at the well, under the gipsy tent in the lonely jungle, beneath the eaves of the coffee-shop in the crowded bazaar, they have shown to the heathen, and shown not in vain, that a Christian apostle may equal a Hindoo eremite in endurance and devotion. Such a man need not fear the rival influence of the most punctilious Brahmin or the most disgusting fakeer. When once the people of the country have learnt to revere him as one who courts privation and suffering, his humility and disinterested zeal give him an unspeakable advantage over the ostentatious, self-seeking professors of the baser religion.

I speak not my own opinion, but that of men who have gained by long experience the most intimate acquaintance with the native population, when I say that our missionaries will never obtain a thorough hold on the Hindoo mind until they renounce that way of life which is considered essential to the health of the European in this climate. The barbarous people around us refuse to submit their belief to instructors who live in spacious houses hung with punkahs to cool the air, and muslin netting to keep off the musquitoes; who eat fish, and flesh, and fowl, and drink beer and wine; who bathe and change their linen twice in every twenty-four hours. *We* are well aware of the devotion of these our countrymen. *We* know that their poor little luxuries only render this country something less miserable and unwholesome to men brought up in the Sixth Form Rooms of Rugby and Marlborough, and the quadrangles of Merton and Balliol. But the people for whose sake they have come into willing exile understand none of these things. The man they go out to the wilderness to see must not be clothed in soft raiment. He must carry no silver in his purse, nor bread, nor change of coat; but, into whatsoever village he enters, he should abide in the house of the most worthy, eating and drinking such things as are set before him—boiled rice, and peas, and coarse river fish, and water from the tank; and then he need not fear lest he should find occasion to shake the dust off his feet for a testimony against that village. Our Saviour did not preach abstinence and self-mortification. He placed no merit in fasting or penance. But he knew that, when simple souls are to be won, it does not do to count the cost too closely. It was but seldom in those three years that the Son of Man had where to lay His head.

Certain societies of German Lutherans have obtained a remarkable influence over the people of the country. These men bear up the battle under the pressure of the most abject poverty, and a very good fight they make of it. At Chupra, the children of these goodfolk live on rice and curried lentils like the

young Hindoos among whom they are brought up. The parents are most thankful if the collector sends them a parcel of half-worn white trousers, or if the judge's wife looks up some frocks belonging to her little girl who sailed for England at the end of the last cold weather. Very touching are the stories which peep through the records of these small communities—how brother Friedrich was carried off by the epidemic of March; and brother Bernard, whom we had hoped to be able to afford to send to the hills during the rains, sank under a third attack of dysentery in the last week of August. But the lives of these men, and their deaths, are not without their due effect. Talking the vernacular languages with admirable fluency and precision; sympathizing with the sorrows and joys of the children of the soil; fearing nothing; doubting nothing; they go everywhere, and are everywhere welcome. A friend of mine was present at the baptism of a Brahmin of high rank, who had been convinced by the exertions and example of the German missionaries. The proselyte publicly renounced his religion in the presence of a large assembly of his friends and retainers amidst general and profound emotion. When, at a certain stage in the ceremony, he snapped with his own hands the Brahminical cord which hung about his neck, the sacred badge of his faith and grade, a long and deep moan of horror and wrath ran through the multitude. That very night the convert's house was burnt to the ground.

The searching and incessant oppression to which a native Christian is subjected by his countrymen at present forms an insurmountable impediment to the efforts of our missionaries. Among the hardy nations of the North of Europe, persecution which stops short of extermination would seem to be the most favourable condition under which a young religion can develope itself. But the mild and flexible nature of the Hindoo shrinks from an ordeal which would only add zest to the religious emotions of a Scotchman. The Free Church nowhere counts among its votaries so large a proportion of the population as in the districts where, at the period of the secession, the secular authority was in the hands of violent opponents of the movement. In a village, where the attendance at the worship of the Establishment is exceptionally thin, the chances are that you will be told, on inquiry, that the father of the present laird, honest man, had always steadily refused to grant a site for a Free Kirk. But it may be questioned whether even an ardent Free Kirker would not think the most unpremeditated discourse, from the mouth of a preacher of his own choosing, dearly purchased at the cost of the suffering undergone by a converted Hindoo. The poor fellow is exposed to a subtle and constant social tyranny, which might well break a heart of sterner stuff than his. The words, "loss of caste," convey to an English gentleman's mind no more terrible idea than that of marrying his laundress; while to an English lady they imply the consequences attached to an elopement with her music-master. But they have a far more ominous sound in the ears of a Hindoo Christian. In the dark hour of obloquy and outrage he does not possess the sweetest and most effective of consolations, the sympathy of those who are the nearest to him, and who should be the dearest. The Covenanter who gave testimony to the death before his own hearthstone looked boldly down the barrels of the Southron carbines, because he was secure of the respect, the love, the compassion of his neighbours; because his widow would cherish the memory of her goodman with proud sorrow; because his children would never tire of telling how their sire played the man in the time of the great troubles. But the Hindoo martyr has no more bitter foes than they of his own household. His parents disown him. His wife is taught to loathe him. His very children rise up and call him cursed. It would be vain for him to ask his new masters to suffer him to go and bury his father, for the unconscious form of the sire would almost shrink on the

funeral pile from the defiling touch of the outcast son. He has not with whom to eat or drink; with whom to sit down or stand up; with whom to go on a journey or rest at an inn. If he offers to smoke or chat with the loungers in the bazaar, the meanest coolies would refuse to squat in the same circle as the Christian. It is hard to be unable to appear in public without being hailed as an eater of pig, and a wearer of hats, by men with whom he lived, but a month ago, in intimate converse. It is hard to be pelted through the street of the village in which he was born and nurtured with showers of dried mud and broken pottery, and unsavoury and most ungrounded assertions concerning his female connexions of many generations back. Such a trial would be severe enough for the most strong-willed Teuton; but to the native, whose childish mind, singularly tenacious of associations, dotes upon "dustoor" or custom, this sudden breach of all the ties of family and social life is especially painful.

A native convert of rank and wealth may perhaps have no cause to dread personal violence, but his position is none the less most trying and melancholy. It is not too much to say, that the condition of an English barrister or clergyman who had turned Brahmin would be enviable compared with that of a Brahmin who had turned Christian. If it was to be announced in all the daily papers that a peer of the realm or a bishop of the Church intended to submit on a certain day to the rite of circumcision, and publicly to testify his adherence to the Mahommedan faith, we should only have a faint idea of the horror, the scandal, the indignation occasioned by the baptism of a rich and high-born Hindoo. In fact, it may be questioned whether a swell who had adopted the Brahminical creed would not find his position in society improved by his conversion; whether his betel-box and turban would not be considered essential ingredients in every evening party of note; whether the beauties of the season would not treat him to the nautch of his adopted country as he puffed his bubbling hookah among the cushions of many a back drawing-room in May-fair. The native society of India, however, has not yet arrived at such a pitch of civilization as to consider singularity synonymous with fashion, and the proselyte must be prepared to surrender everything which he once held dear—the company of his equals, the respect of his inferiors, social distinction, home affection. Unless he is ready to own whosoever shall do the will of his Father which is in Heaven as brother, and sister, and mother, he must go through the dreary remainder of life uncheered by friendship and unsoothed by love.

The penalty attached to conversion is so awful, the loss of status and reputation so certain, that the majority of converts belong to that class which has little or no reputation or status to lose. The missionaries acknowledge with grief the inferior character of many among their congregations. Small as the flock is, they scorn to reckon the black sheep among the valuable stock. Mr. Greaves, of Kishnagur, says: "By "withdrawing unwise and indiscriminate "temporal aids from our Christians, we "shall be able much better to discern "the wheat from the chaff. Among "our people there are not a few on whom "it is worse than useless to spend our "time, labour, and money. They never "have been Christians, but in name. "The pity is that they ever received the "name." Hence arises the unfortunate prejudice against native Christians, so general in Anglo-Indian society. It is a positive disadvantage to a servant who is looking for an engagement to give himself out as a Christian. I well remember hearing some members of the Civil Service discussing the identity of a Hindoo. One of the number, a most religious and estimable man, made use of the following expression: "The fellow "I mean was an awful blackguard. He "turned Christian;" and the sentiment appeared so perfectly natural that it passed without comment either from the speaker or his audience.

There remains one stumbling-block in the path of them who would bear to the Hindoo the good tidings of great joy—a stumbling-block which we have placed there with our own hands, and which we do not seem in a hurry to remove. How can the heathen appreciate the blessings of English Christianity while the practice of English Christians is what it is? Here is a peasant who, under a Hindoo landlord, has lived on the produce of a plot of ground which has been in his family for generations, who has paid a moderate rent, fixed by custom more revered than any law, and has learnt under the mild and equitable rule of his countrymen to respect himself as an independent yeoman. The estate is purchased by an Englishman, who, bragging all the while of Anglo-Saxon energy and public spirit, twists to the ruin of his tenant some one clause in a law which was compiled for his protection; and before twelve months have passed the poor fellow is a homeless pauper. With what face can an Anglo-Saxon missionary preach to that man in the name of the Teacher who warned His followers to lay not up for themselves treasures upon earth? Here is a village, whose inhabitants, time out of mind, have grown indigo for a Hindoo capitalist with profit to themselves and satisfaction to their employer. An Englishman buys the factory—an Englishman, strong in the consciousness of the great principle of the development of the resources of India—and within a few short years the thriving little community finds itself changed into a society of poverty-stricken hopeless serfs, bound to their new masters by indissoluble bonds, forged by unscrupulous shrewdness and selfish foresight. Let an Anglo-Saxon evangelist go down to that village, and stand under the ancient peepul-tree at the hour of the evening meal, and proclaim that our God is love, and that our most cherished virtue is that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly, and seeketh not her own! Here is the widow of a poor shepherd who has been butchered by the wanton violence of a European loafer, and whose cries for vengeance are answered by the statement that the murderer was as respectable, as humane, as singularly amiable, as the murderers of natives always are in the eyes of some of our countrymen, and by the complaint that those brutes of niggers have such delicate spleens. Go to her and tell that our religion is too pure to take count of murder, because we hold that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause is in danger of his immortal soul!

In vain do the missionaries preach the gospel of love, and humility, and self-sacrifice, as long as the *Bengal Hurkaru* preaches the gospel of national hatred, national insolence, and national cupidity. In vain do one class of our countrymen call the converts "Christian brethren," as long as another class persist in dubbing them "damned niggers." To undertake the great charge of governing an alien population, and to fulfil that charge by abusing our subjects as if they were our most bitter foes; to coin their sweat into rupees, and speak of them all the while in private and public as a pack of treacherous, worthless scamps; to revile those who protect them; to hunt down and fling into jail any poor missionary who may strive to interest the people of the mother country in their behalf—a worthy comment this upon the words of Him who bade us love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them who requite that good with hate!

Even in those cases in which the errors of Hinduism have been extirpated by a liberal education there seems to be little or no disposition to admit the truths of Christianity in their place. The most ignorant and debased ryot is a more hopeful subject for the missionary than a young Brahmin loaded with prizes won at a Christian colllege, who talks like Samuel Johnson, and writes like Addison, and will descant by the hour upon the distinction between Original Grace and Prevenient Grace. For the Hindoo mind is singularly acute and subtle, and dearly loves to disport itself in the intricate mazes of Western controversy. The cultivated native is

irresistibly attracted by the curious and complicated theological problems which at present occupy so much of the attention of all our most earnest men. He regards the doctrines of Eternal Punishment and verbal inspiration much as the Christian schoolmen regarded Plato's doctrine of ideas; that is to say, as a training-ground for the intellect, as an excellent field for mental gymnastics. While the mass of the people, like the Jews of old, desire a sign, the upper classes seek after wisdom as eagerly and insatiably as the Greeks of Athens and Alexandria. The missionaries have not failed to observe this trait. The Rev. James Vaughan, of Calcutta, writes:—"Perhaps the saddest feature of all "which strikes us in dealing with the "educated classes is the extent to which "European infidelity influences them. "Newman and Parker have long been "household words with them. German "and English rationalism also wonder-"fully strengthen their position of un-"belief; and now they triumphantly "point to a mitred head, and cry, "'Behold, a bishop of your own "church cannot believe the Bible as "inspired!'"

The nature of the process by which the weeds of Brahminism are rooted out and cleared away does not prepare the ground favourably for the reception of the seed of Christianity. The most effective spell with which to exorcise the demons of the Hindoo mythology is physical science. A native who has taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, or who has learnt at the Presidency College all that can be taught him by a crack Cambridge Wrangler, must regard the astronomy and geography of his old religion with a contempt which will very soon include that religion itself. But, when he has surrendered his ancient creed because the priests of that creed are at strife with the European astronomers, is he likely to accept a new creed whose priests are at strife with the European geologists? Until our clergymen make their peace with Huxley they must not expect to meet with any success among the educated Hindoos. To aggravate the evil, the leading Anglo-Saxon journals are furious partisans of orthodox geology. The *Bengal Hurkaru* seems unable to make up its mind which is the most heinous crime—to express sympathy with an evicted Bengalee peasant, or doubts on the extent of the Noachian Deluge. The doctrines of Sir Charles Lyell are but one degree less damnable than the doctrines of Sir Charles Wood, and the name of Professor Owen is only less execrable than the memory of Lord Canning. So that there occurs the extraordinary phenomenon of a Hindoo journalist praising the leading geologists of the day as men of profound learning and acute insight, and an English journalist sneering at them as shallow, conceited, impious blockheads.

It is most unfortunate that the present Governor of Madras should have so warmly and openly espoused the cause of the clergy against the geologists. When a man who, from his position and ability, holds so great a place in the eyes of India, goes out of his way to proclaim that the dearest interests of the Church are incompatible with the newest theories of Science, his subjects naturally enough trust him to the extent of believing that it is impossible for them to serve two masters between whom such an antipathy exists, and hasten to make their choice between Science and the Church. And how can men who have but just cast off one faith, because the tenets of that faith are inconsistent with Physical Truth, accept another faith whose tenets are declared, by the Englishman who but lately held the highest rank in our Eastern dominions, to be inconsistent with what is held to be Physical Truth by the most eminent savans of the day? What is now passing among the upper classes in India is an admirable illustration of that glorious simile by which a great and good man rebukes those who stake the truth of religion on the event of a controversy regarding facts in the physical world. "Like the Israelites in "their battle with the Philistines, they "have presumptuously, and without "warrant, brought down the ark of God

"into the camp as a means of ensuring "victory;—and the consequence is, that "when the battle is lost, the ark is "taken."

The struggle which must be gone through before a man can expel a crowd of false, but cherished, opinions, and abandon a host of idle, but familiar, ceremonies, is so intense and painful, as to leave the mind languidly incredulous, and, for a time at least, incapable of new and prolonged exertion; and the exertion of ascertaining, sifting, and accepting the varied and involved doctrines of English Protestantism, is no slight one. For Protestantism insists that her doctrines shall be judged separately on their own merits, and finally swallowed in the lump—a process which requires a peculiar conformation of intellect, which, unfortunately, is rare indeed. If we put the Bible into the hands of a man who was brought up a Brahmin, and now has no faith at all, can we, humanly speaking, be confident that such a man will evolve from the pages of the Sacred Book exactly the creed which we profess? Will he, after an unprejudiced study of the Word of God, be absolutely certain to light upon all the doctrines held by the Church of England, and miss all the doctrines which she eschews? Will he, without fail, hit off exactly that theory of the Eternity of Punishment which will put him out of danger of the Council—exactly that distinction between the conversion of the Godhead into flesh and the taking of the Manhood into God which will put him out of danger of hell-fire? Rome has this immeasurable advantage, that she can say to the weary, wounded soul: "I am the true and ancient "Church, whose authority has descended "in unbroken stream from the rock on "which Christ himself built. Do not "trouble yourself to weigh and investi- "gate this rite and that tenet. Perform "faithfully whatever I bid; believe "humbly whatever I enjoin; and it can- "not but be well with you. Come unto "me, all ye that labour and are heavy "laden, and I will give you rest." Beautifully, indeed, has this idea been expressed by one in whose conversion she may well take pride:—

"What weight of ancient witness can prevail
If private reason holds the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory, that forbids the sight.
Oh, teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And seek no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame!"

The immediate prospects of missionary enterprise in India are, indeed, discouraging; but it does not follow that there is no hope for the future. However little we may have succeeded in doing towards introducing Christianity, we have done a great deal towards driving out Brahminism. The fresh air of European civilization circulates freely through every pore of this vast community. That gross and grotesque system of religion which has prevailed through so many ages of semi-barbarism, cannot hold its ground in the face of our art and science, our energy and good sense, our liberal views and purer morality. The gigantic edifice of class exclusiveness is shaken to the very foundation. The Government School had already done much, and the railroads seem likely to complete the work. A Brahmin who travels from Burdwan to Calcutta cheek by jowl with a butcher, in order to see his son go up to receive a prize at the Presidency College in company with the offspring of a sweeper, is likely to go home with some new ideas on the question of caste. Striking symptoms of the great change which is working itself out in the minds of men meet us at every turn. The ladies of one of the most ancient and respected Hindoo houses in Calcutta lately exchanged visits with the families of the

leading English public servants; and at the Agricultural Exhibition of Alipore a day, or rather a night, will be set apart for the native women who can prevail on their lords to trust them away from the Zenana amongst Christian prize-cattle and steam-ploughs. A school has been set up for female children, to which Brahmins, of high consideration among their fellows, have promised to send their daughters; and the more enlightened natives are agitating for the abolition of the time-honoured custom which condemns the Hindoo widow to life-long solitude and retirement, than which the genial and exciting martyrdom of the Suttee would be hardly more terrible.

The missionaries have noticed this state of things, particularly in the more immediate neighbourhood of European influences. Mr. Vaughan says: "I have "at different times preached east, west, "north, and south of Calcutta, and the "same grand features strike one every-"where. Hinduism is dying; yea, is "*well-nigh dead*, as respects the hold "which it has upon the minds of the "people. It is no longer the battle-"ground. During the whole tour, I "have hardly met with a man who "stood forth as its champion!"

It is not too much to say that an educated Hindoo almost inevitably becomes a Deist. Even the great sect of Dissenters who began by professing to extract a rational religion from the sacred books of the Veda, soon gave over playing Niebuhr, and confined their belief to the pure and eternal God. The introduction of western learning has produced upon the Hindoo religion the same effect that was produced upon the ancient classical creeds by the progress of civilization. The leading men of old Rome preserved as much of the outward forms of Paganism as their social standing and comfort might demand. They canvassed vigorously for the offices of Pontiff and Flamen. In their parliamentary harangues they used the Immortal Gods copiously enough for purposes of allusion and appeal. They never hesitated to accept a legacy on account of the sacrifices and ceremonies with which it might be saddled. They drove triumphal cars along the Via Sacra, and annual nails into the wall of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. But, in secret, their allegiance was given to the Academy, the Porch, the Garden, or the Tub. When the day came to dine their brother augurs, it may be doubted whether the conversation ever turned on the mysteries of the art. It would be much if the master of the feast uttered the name of some favoured deity by way of preface to the first toast, as he dashed along the tesselated pavement a libation of wine drawn from a cask which remembered the Marsian war—if, indeed, any good liquor had succeeded in escaping the notice of Spartacus the Contraband. When Lentulus and Atticus entertained their colleagues of the Sacred College, the talk ran fast and free concerning the nature of pain and pleasure, the Acatalepsy of Arcesilaus, and the Cataleptic Phantasm of Zeno. The Wheel of Ixion, or the Elysian Fields, were matters which concerned such men as little as the Jewish Sabbath or the prophecies of Isis. In the same manner, a Brahmin is unwilling to surrender the estimation which he holds in the eyes of his countrymen in virtue of his religious rank and dignity. That he may not shock his weaker brethren, he continues to perform the family rites, to wear the prescribed dress, and abstain from the forbidden meats. At the great festivals he keeps open house, and fills his corridors with garlands and torches, and hires the crack dancer from Rajpootana for five hundred rupees and a pair of Cashmere shawls. But at heart he cares for none of these things. His creed is drawn, not from the rolls of the Veda, but from the pages of Locke, and Adam Smith, and Buckle. As Cicero said of the augurs of his day, it is hard to conceive how one Calcutta Brahmin can look another in the face without a smile.

And herein lies the best hope for those whose desire is set upon Christianizing India. Not in our lifetime, nor mayhap in the lifetime of our sons, will the good work come to its accom-

plishment. It will require many a decade to batter down the stronghold of tradition, and cut away the barriers of caste. When that end is attained; when a new generation has arisen that knows not Vishnu; when men who have emancipated themselves from the trammels of Brahminism rear up sons who know of those trammels only by hearsay; then, if that crisis finds us still in possession of the reins of government, we may trust that the majority of cultivated Hindoos will not be averse to accept the creed of their rulers.

To educate, to enlighten, to strike off the fetters of custom and superstition, this is the grand duty the fulfilment of which we must further by all honest means. Colleges and railroads, libraries and newspapers, national justice and moderation, national charity and conscientiousness—such are the forces with which the battle of Truth is at present to be fought. The time will surely come when we may bring up our reserves with happy effect; but that time is not now, and to anticipate the favourable moment would be to secure us nothing save disappointment, chagrin and despondency. Let us not despair because India is not yet ripe; because, being men, we must stoop to human means; because the wind bloweth where it listeth, and not where we list. The world is so ordered that we cannot Christianize the heathen of Bengal as the Apostles Christianized the heathen of Greece and Asia Minor. To none of us is given the working of miracles, nor prophecy, nor discerning of spirits, nor divers kinds of tongues. We must labour in the way in which it is given us to labour, or not at all. And at those times when our soul grows faint within us, when the toil seems excessive, and the end remote and doubtful, we may comfort ourselves with the thought that, though there be differences of administrations, there is the same Lord, and, though there be diversity of operations, it is the same God that worketh all in all.

Yours ever,

H. Broughton.

INAUGURAL LECTURE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,

(*Delivered before the University of Cambridge, February 3rd,* 1864).

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

In an inaugural lecture on Political Economy, I can hope to do little more than give a general description of the laws or truths which the science professes to expound. I shall endeavour to point out the only method of investigation which will enable us satisfactorily to prove the principles of this science. I also hope to remove some of the popular prejudice which too often is felt towards Political Economy.

Political Economy, as you are doubtless aware, is most usually defined to be the science which investigates the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth. A moment's consideration will at once show you that this definition is much too vague. The words employed in it are so general that, unless a distinct signification is given to them, this so-called definition only serves to convey a somewhat misty idea of the scope and aims of the science. For instance, it is not too much to say that almost every discovery in physical science has exerted a very decided influence both upon the production and the distribution of wealth. This fact may be illustrated by a profusion of examples. Numerous philosophers, amongst whom Watt achieved the most signal success, gradually succeeded in applying the expansive force of steam as a motive power of almost universal applicability, and we all know that, as the steam-engine has thus been, step by step,

brought to its present state of perfection, an influence of stupendous magnitude has been exerted upon the production and the distribution of wealth. This question, therefore, is at once suggested : Is it intended that Political Economy, because it investigates those laws which determine the production and distribution of wealth, should explain all those discoveries which have enabled the steam-engine so powerfully to promote the efficiency of man's industry ? Now, it must be manifest that Political Economy cannot embrace such investigations as these; for, if it did do so, it would be almost an encyclopedia of human knowledge. It therefore becomes necessary to place some restrictions upon the meaning of the general terms which are employed in the ordinary definition of this science. We are able to obtain this necessary restriction, if in a treatise on Political Economy all the physical circumstances which affect the production and distribution of wealth are assumed to be known. Thus, Political Economy must not be permitted to encroach upon the domain of chemistry in order to discuss whether this or that manure may be the most efficient fertilizer, although the national wealth and the general economy of a nation may be greatly influenced by cultivating the land in such a manner as to raise the maximum of produce. Political Economy assumes the ascertained results of chemistry, and then undertakes the important task of showing how the interests of different classes of the community will be affected, and how also the price and value of various commodities may be changed by any discovery in agricultural chemistry which may cause an increase in the productiveness of the soil. If, therefore, we bear these considerations in mind, we are able to enunciate a more precise definition, for we can now say that Political Economy investigates the production as well as the distribution of wealth, the physical facts which affect this production and distribution being assumed. Let not my hearers suppose that the limitation which is thus imposed upon the scope of our science detracts from its utility and importance, by restricting it within a too narrow frame. It will soon be found that within this boundary problems are to be solved and questions discussed almost unlimited in number and of surpassing interest and importance. This will be immediately perceived if we take a single example, and dwell for one moment upon some of the salient features in the material condition of such a country as England.

The wonderful progress in the wealth of our country has been vaunted so frequently that it has become as familiar as a household word. During the present century the inventions of Watt, of Arkwright, and of many others who have become immortalized in the annals of physical discovery, have so powerfully aided the development of the material resources of this country that we have around us, on every side, abundant proofs of the vast accumulation of national wealth. But to this glowing picture there is a gloomy and sorrowful background. A large section of the people still live in depressing poverty, which too frequently brings acute physical suffering, and which stints the development of those intellectual faculties which give the highest nobility and greatest happiness to man. Here, then, is one problem amongst countless others for Political Economy to solve ! Why does not constantly increasing wealth bring with it a happier distribution ? How is it that the rich, and those who have already enough, are still becoming richer, whilst at the same time the poverty of those who are miserably poor remains undiminished ? This is a problem which Political Economy can readily explain. Before a cure can be effected the remedy must be known ; and, if Political Economy by discovering the remedy should assist the cure, this one great purpose achieved ought to make the science welcomed and respected by every one who has a particle of sympathy for his fellow man. I will not here further stay to vindicate the utility and importance of this study ; I shall presently have to dwell on this topic

again, when I refer to the antipathy which is sometimes expressed towards Political Economy by those whom we should scarcely expect to participate in an ignorant popular prejudice; but as I have now, and as I hope with sufficient exactness, defined the scope and objects of the science, I will next proceed to consider the method of investigation which ought to be pursued in order to establish its principles.

A discussion as to the philosophic method which ought to be applied to any science must always be reduced to an inquiry as to whether its principles can be most successfully and completely established by a deductive or by an inductive method of investigation. I need scarcely tell you that the majority of the most distinguished writers on Political Economy—such as Hume, Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and Mill, as well as J. B. Say, who is, certainly, the most accomplished of French political economists—have all treated the science deductively. The late Richard Jones, the successor of Malthus at Haileybury, is almost the only political economist of any eminence who has advocated the adoption of the inductive method. His works are fragmentary. Public attention has, however, been again directed to them, from the fact that they have been lately collected and edited by Dr. Whewell. He, of course, can speak with almost unequalled authority on every question concerning inductive philosophy; and he has expressed a most positive opinion that Mr. Jones has adopted the correct method, and that all those writers who produce systematic treatises on Political Economy, based on deductive reasoning, are in error. I will endeavour, as briefly and as candidly as I can, to state the leading arguments which are advanced by these rival schools; and I will then, with confidence, leave you to judge between them.

Even if I had the time this would be scarcely the proper occasion to describe the general points of difference between the deductive and the inductive method of reasoning. I had, perhaps, better attempt to show, by an example, how the principles of Political Economy must be established according as the one or the other method is adopted. Suppose, for instance, we wished to enunciate any general maxim with regard to the effect of protective tariffs on national wealth. The political economist who should reason deductively would start with the simple hypothesis—that man prefers a larger gain to a smaller one. From this first simple hypothesis various principles can be established; and, at length, a sufficient number of principles will be laid down to demonstrate the proposition that a protective duty must be detrimental to national wealth. If, however, Political Economy is treated as an inductive science, an entirely different method of investigation must be adopted. The proof of a general principle must then be based upon experience, or, in other words, must rest upon a collection of particular facts. Thus, it may be said, A and B are two countries which have no protective duties; C and D, on the other hand have protective tariffs. A and B advance in wealth much more rapidly than C and D; therefore it follows that protective duties diminish the wealth of a nation. But mark how this method would be at fault, if it were to be found that another country E, whose tariff was quite as protective as that of either C or D, should advance in wealth as rapidly as either of the two free-trade countries A and B. Those who have not studied Political Economy no doubt generally reason in this inductive way, when they talk about economic questions; and consequently they may, at any time, be placed in the dilemma which has just been suggested. The English free-trader, for instance, will confidently say that the remarkable progress of this country in wealth since 1848 exemplifies the advantage to be realised by the abolition of protective duties. The American protectionist may meet him with an opposite experience, and may, with a similar show of reason, assert that his own country with a protective tariff has advanced in wealth as rapidly as England.

It is easy to understand that, in all those departments of knowledge in which experiments cannot be applied, reasoning upon the experience of special facts will lead us into inextricable difficulty, such as that we have just pointed out. Any phenomenon, such as an advance in national wealth, is due to a great variety of different causes. Thus, from many other circumstances which will produce such an effect, we may select three: a tariff free from protective duties; an improvement in the means of communication; and a large expanse of fertile land always available, to supply an increasing population with cheap food. The two first of these three causes have been in active operation in England for the last fifteen years, and have exerted a most powerful influence in augmenting the national wealth. The last two of these three causes, namely, improvements in the means of communication, and an almost unlimited supply of fertile land, have produced an equally powerful effect in advancing the national wealth of America. It therefore appears that any phenomenon concerning the wealth of a nation is due to a great variety of causes, all acting simultaneously, and many of them exerting opposite influences, and thus tending to counteract each other; hence it follows, that it is possible correctly to ascertain what is the precise effect due to any one of these causes, by observing a phenomenon which it has only partly contributed to produce, unless it were possible to select two instances, which should resemble each other in every respect, with the exception that the cause whose effect we are endeavouring to ascertain, should be absent in the one instance and present in the other. Experience and observation would conclusively solve the problem of protective duties if two countries could be found whose whole economy was identical with the exception that the one had a protective and the other a free-trade tariff. If it should be observed that the latter country advanced in wealth more rapidly than the former, t would be legitimate to conclude that protection impeded the production of wealth. In all those sciences in which the inductive method has achieved such brilliant results, the skilful investigator can create an experiment exactly adapted to evolve the truth or principle he is seeking. The chemist, for instance, if he wishes to ascertain the effect of oxygen on any combination of elements, can easily take two compounds exactly similar in every respect, except that oxygen is absent in the one and present in the other, and if he finds that the former compound is more combustible than the other, he can at once conclude that oxygen assists combustion. But, as we have before said, a political economist has none of these resources at his command. He cannot manipulate nations at his will—he cannot freely take away or add this or that circumstance to a society, and observe the consequences which ensue. But, although I have been anxious to point out that the principles of Political Economy must be ascertained by deductive reasoning from some simple hypothesis, that they cannot be established by arguing up, as it were, from special facts, yet let it not for one moment be supposed that the political economist ought to be a mere abstract thinker, isolating himself as a closet student from all the social phenomena with which he is surrounded, and the laws of which it is his business to explain. Those political economists who have committed this error—and they are not a few—have done much to impede the progress and to diminish the influence of their science. The general public are prone to say, "We have little concern with the speculations of these men, who live in a high abstract region of their own. We want political economists, not to indulge in ideal investigations, but to throw some light on the facts of every-day life." To this desire, which is so frequently either tacitly or explicitly expressed, a political economist is certainly bound to pay particular deference. The principles of his science will never receive general acceptation, unless they are illustrated and also verified by those facts concerning the economy of a nation, with which

various sections of the community may happen to be most familiarized. I shall therefore endeavour to enforce the principles which it will be my duty to expound by showing how they explain the economic phenomena of every-day life.

Political Economy requires to be popularized, perhaps, more than any other branch of knowledge. No science is more frequently talked about; none is so intimately connected with the business of life; and yet, perhaps, none is so imperfectly understood. Those who discourse on geology and mathematics usually have some knowledge of these sciences; but you can scarcely listen to a conversation at a dinner-table, you can scarcely read an article in the daily press, or peruse the speech of a statesman, without finding that some glaring economic fallacy is unconsciously asserted and recklessly repeated. For instance, it is impossible for the slightest progress to be made in the science without understanding the nature and functions of capital; and there is not a more fundamental proposition concerning capital than that it is a fund from which the wages of the labourers are paid. Capital is the result of saving—consequently any circumstance which promotes the saving of wealth will *pro tanto* increase the capital of the country, and will, therefore, also augment the wage-fund of the country. It therefore follows that the remuneration of the labourer is increased by a saving of wealth, which tends to augment capital. Yet how few there are who clearly understand this simple truth. How often, for instance, have we heard it said that he is the best friend of the poor who spends his money freely, and thus does what he can to make trade active. The spendthrift will always receive the homage due to a popular favourite. His improvidence is half excused because people fail to see that he cannot both consume his wealth and at the same time distribute it amongst others. On the other hand, the individual who, with prudent foresight, accumulates wealth, and thus by increasing the capital of the country augments the wages of the labourer, is not unfrequently disliked because he is supposed to be selfish. He is treated as an enemy to the poor, because people fail to understand that wealth saved as capital is intended to be employed productively, and is, therefore, destined to be distributed in wages to productive labourers. It is all the more extraordinary that fallacies as simple as the one we have pointed out should be repeated by generation after generation, when it is remembered that few sciences have a more distinguished literature than Political Economy. Adam Smith's great work, which was the first systematic treatise on the subject, was published eighty years since, and it is so perfect a model of clear exposition and felicitous illustration, that the progress the science has made since then has scarcely detracted from the interest or advantage with which this immortal work may still, and will perhaps for ever, be read. Some important truths in the science Adam Smith certainly failed to comprehend. Chief amongst these was the doctrine of rent, the true theory of which was in after years worked out by several investigators, amongst whom were Anderson, Malthus, and Ricardo. The latter's name will be for ever associated with the theory which has thrown such important light upon the speculations of modern political economists. The leading proposition of Ricardo's theory was that rent is not an element of the cost of raising agricultural produce. It is curious to remark how often Adam Smith seemed to be on the point of grasping this great truth. In fact, it affords another illustration that a discovery which immortalizes the name of one man has always been more or less dimly seen by other great men who have gone before him. It seems almost certain that the theory of rent which is associated with the name of Ricardo would have been enunciated by Hume, and would, if he had lived a few years longer, have given another proof of his remarkable genius. Adam Smith and Hume were intimate friends through life, and each felt the greatest respect for the other's intellect. "The Wealth

of Nations" was finished in 1776, and Adam Smith was anxious that the first to peruse his work should be his old friend Hume. The great metaphysician was then in his last illness. He, however, although on his death-bed, read his friend's work with all the avidity and interest of one in the prime of intellectual power, and it is a singular illustration of Hume's prescient genius that he instinctively detected the chief error which subsequent writers have pointed out in "The Wealth of Nations." Although he expressed genuine and almost unbounded admiration, yet he said to Smith, "I cannot help remarking that many of your speculations are vitiated, because you have failed to perceive that rent is not an element of the cost of raising agricultural produce." Although later writers have corrected various imperfections and errors in "The Wealth of Nations," yet I believe that he who intends to study Political Economy cannot do better than commence with this book. It is easy to point out those chapters which may, with advantage, be omitted; but the work, from its almost perfect style, will always possess a peculiar fascination, and the student may thus be induced to take a permanent interest in the science which, in the hands of less happy writers, has too frequently been made unattractive.

I would, for these reasons, strongly advise that the greater part of "The Wealth of Nations" should be carefully read; yet, when the student has obtained a certain familiarity with the elementary principles of the science, I should recommend him at once to commence a diligent study of the great work of Mr. John Stuart Mill. This is, undoubtedly, the most complete and the most perfect treatise that has ever been written on the science. Its excellence, its merits, have now received almost universal recognition. It has been translated into most European languages, and the French, who have many eminent writers on Political Economy of their own, have adopted Mr. Mill's work as the standard book on the science. It is not alone because I wish to make you sound political economists that I shall urge you to study Mr. Mill's work. I have confidence that, if you take him as your guide in one science, he will soon become your instructor in those other departments of knowledge which his genius has so greatly illustrated and adorned, and I full well know that, if you become his disciples, you will have a master who will not only teach you with consummate skill, but, who will also animate you with the best aspirations and with the noblest sentiments. If it be true, as Lord Bacon has said, "that a knowledge of the speculative opinions of the men between twenty and thirty years of age is the great source of political prophecy," the existence of Mr. Mill will show itself by no slight or ambiguous traces in the coming history of our country; for no one has contributed more to shape the opinions of those among its younger men who give the greatest promise of future eminence and distinction.

And now that I have given you a few brief hints as to the course of study which I think you may with most advantage pursue, I will next proceed to guard you against a misconception which is repeated with unceasing pertinacity, and which is the source of much of the antipathy that is so constantly expressed towards Political Economy. "Hard-hearted and selfish" are the stereotyped phrases which are applied to this science; and a political economist exists vaguely in the haze of popular prejudice as a cold, calculating being, whose only desire is to make nations and individuals rich, and who has no sympathy with those higher motives and those tenderer feelings which most ennoble man. It will not be difficult to show that those who indulge in these animadversions upon Political Economy, would not talk more foolishly if they should be pleased to pronounce that the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid was hard-hearted, and that he who should expound the principles of Chemistry must necessarily lose sight of those mental qualities which no chemical analysis will ever explain.

We can readily trace the origin of the general misconception which exists with regard to the objects and aims to be attained by Political Economy. It is known to be a department of knowledge which is concerned with wealth; hence it is supposed that Political Economy embodies the precepts and rules for making nations and individuals wealthy; and it is then further concluded that the person who propounds and investigates these rules must believe that the accumulation of wealth ought to be the main object both of a nation's and an individual's existence. Let us proceed to disentangle this remarkable confusion of ideas. In the first place it must be remembered that Political Economy does not enunciate rules or precepts. It is a science, and not an art. A science affirms principles or truths; it states what will happen if a particular thing is done. It is a law of physical science, that a cubic foot of water, raised to a certain temperature, will be converted into a certain number of cubic feet of steam. In the same way, it is a principle established by the science of Political Economy that, if a proper division of labour is adopted, the productiveness of that labour will be greatly increased. An art, on the contrary, is a collection of rules or precepts giving instructions how a particular thing is to be done. The mechanical art would lay down rules as to the best mode of constructing a machine; and in the same way you might have an art of Political Economy, which would propound rules as to the best mode of becoming rich. Since, therefore, Political Economy is a science, and not an art, its sole object ought to be to ascertain what will be the effect upon the production and distribution of wealth of any particular cause which may be brought into operation; and Political Economy departs from its proper sphere, if it ever lays down rules, as if it were an art, and affirms that this ought to be, or that ought not to be, done. The proper business of Political Economy is not to advocate the doing, or abstaining from doing, this or that particular act; its sole object ought to be to explain the influence which any circumstance may exert upon the production and distribution of wealth. Various other results not connected with wealth may ensue, but the investigation of these belongs to other departments of knowledge. As an example, let us consider what Political Economy has to do with the discussion of such a question as a compulsory system of national education. The legislature might propose to extend to all employments those provisions of the Factory Act which prohibit children of less than ten years of age being employed, and which compel those who are at work between the ages of ten and thirteen to attend school a certain number of hours per day. It will be most important to know what would be the effect of such a measure upon the cost of producing commodities, and upon the wages of those whose labour was subject to these restrictions. It would be the appropriate business of Political Economy to make these investigations; but suppose, when they have been made, that it should be conclusively proved by the principles of Political Economy that these restrictions increased the cost of producing commodities, and also diminished the aggregate wages received by the labourer, who may happen to have a certain number of his own children employed. Political Economy would consequently show that this compulsory system of education would offer some impediment to the production of wealth, and would also lessen the aggregate remuneration received by those labourers who have children to send to work. It would, however, be extremely irrational thence to conclude that Political Economy was opposed to the introduction of such a system of education. This science is only concerned with the question in one of its aspects; it has only to investigate the effects which may be exerted upon the production and distribution of wealth. Other consequences of far greater moment than a slight hindrance to the production of wealth may be secured if the labouring

population of this country were better educated. The political economist may be amongst the warmest advocates of compulsory national education, for he may with reason say, Although my science tells me that the production of wealth may be in some slight degree impeded, and the wages received by some labourers may be to a small extent diminished, if very young children were compelled to spend a certain time at school, yet I full well know that these advantages will be abundantly compensated by any improvement in the education of the people.

Again, let us take another example, and let us consider in what way Political Economy was concerned with such a question as the emancipation of our West Indian slaves. It must be at once evident that slavery could not be suddenly abolished in a country in which there was previously scarcely a single free labourer, without exerting a very decided influence upon the production and the distribution of wealth. It, therefore, became the appropriate business of Political Economy carefully to explain this influence. The principles of this science in the hands of a skilful investigator would have enabled him to predict that the negro race, degraded by slavery, would not, as free labourers, continue industrious, until new tastes and desires were implanted in them, as they gradually advanced towards civilization. It would, therefore, follow that the emancipation of the slaves would denude the West Indian Islands of labour, and would, therefore, for a time at least, prevent the production of wealth, by rendering the cultivation of the land almost impossible. It would also belong to the province of Political Economy to show that this destruction of the industry of the West Indian Islands would, by diminishing the supply, increase the cost of such a commodity as sugar, for the growth of which these islands possess such peculiar natural advantages. After these politico-economical investigations had been made, it would have been easy to show that the emancipation of the slaves would, temporarily, cause an immense loss of wealth. The cultivation of fertile islands would cease, their commerce would be ruined, the cost of slave-grown commodities would be increased to the English consumer, and West Indian proprietors, in spite of the compensation which the English Government most justly proffered them, would be reduced from great affluence to comparative poverty. But, although Political Economy might have predicted all these results, would any one have had a right to assert that Political Economy was opposed to the emancipation of the slaves? As has been before said, this science expresses no opinion, enforces no rule; all that it professes to do is to trace the effect which any cause may exert upon the production and distribution of wealth. Political economists did this successfully with regard to that great measure of emancipation, which is the most glorious amongst English achievements; but, although they fully recognised the loss of wealth which would, at any rate in the first instance, ensue, yet many of them were amongst the foremost to urge that this loss of wealth should be freely borne, rather than the greatest wrong that the strong have ever inflicted on the weak should any longer stain the English name, or pollute the English character.

I trust these examples will sufficiently prove that ignorance and an entire confusion of ideas are exhibited by those who assert that Political Economy inculcates selfishness, and takes a low view of human nature. And, now that I have alluded to this very common prejudice, I will next proceed to consider another misconception. I have learnt from experience—in fact, I may say that I have learnt from recent experience—that it is very commonly supposed that Political Economy must be connected with party-politics, because the word "political" is employed to designate this science. The remarks which have just been made may, perhaps, be a sufficient refutation of this opinion: I will, however, say a few words upon it, because this error is not confined to those who are uneducated. The science, as has been so often

repeated, is alone concerned with the production and distribution of wealth. For instance, it would be foreign to the purpose of Political Economy to discuss what the national expenditure ought to be. This is a question for the politician to decide; but, if a certain revenue has to be raised, Political Economy has the important duty to perform of showing which are the best taxes to be imposed, by pointing out those imposts which will least impede the production of wealth, and will at the same time introduce the least possible inequality in its distribution. Again, as another example, I would take the Navigation Laws, the question upon which protectionists and free-traders fought their last great battle in this country. On each side of this question, which evoked such angry party feelings, there were no doubt arranged political economists of the greatest eminence. If these laws were maintained merely as a financial measure, they must have been condemned by all political economists, because it was easy to prove that such restrictions must interfere with the production of wealth. Adam Smith stated, with remarkable clearness, all the arguments in favour of free-trade, and little has since been added to strengthen his condemnation of all protective duties considered as financial measures. But, although he spoke so strongly in favour of free-trade, yet he entertained the opinion that the immediate loss of wealth which was caused by the "Navigation Laws," was more than recompensed by the encouragement which they gave to our navy, and he, therefore, expressed a very decided opinion in favour of maintaining these laws. Adam Smith might, therefore, have been claimed as a supporter by the protectionist party, when the Navigation Laws were discussed in 1849, although he had, with unrivalled clearness, enunciated the whole theory of free-trade, and had also explained the fallacies of protection. Political Economy, even when kept within its proper limits, is so comprehensive a subject, that I am sure I cannot do adequate justice to it from this chair. You may, therefore, feel assured that I will never touch on the domain of party-politics. I make this promise, not because I shrink from the responsibility of my political opinions. On suitable occasions, I shall never fear to avow them; but I should be forgetting my duty if I did not strictly keep within its appropriate sphere the science which I am placed here to teach.

In conclusion, I will only earnestly entreat those Undergraduates whom I have the pleasure of addressing diligently to study Political Economy. Some of you may, perhaps, by wealth and rank, inherit political power. Your position, proud though it may be, will, in after life, trouble you with many melancholy reflections, if want of knowledge should prevent you from exercising that political influence which was placed within your reach. Others may intend to become the ministers of religion. You, in performing your mission of Christian charity and benevolence, will be brought face to face with terrible poverty: I therefore warmly urge you to make yourselves acquainted with that science which will explain to you how poverty is caused, and what are the most efficient remedies for its alleviation; for you may depend upon it that philanthropy unguided by the principles of Political Economy has, too often, been a futile and a misdirected effort. But, whatever may be the position in life you may aspire to occupy, I still ask you, with the same confidence, to study Political Economy; for we must all be equally interested to understand how the materials which have been so bountifully supplied by nature are fashioned into wealth, and how that wealth can be distributed so as best to minister to human wants and human enjoyments.

THE MIST ON THE MOOR.

There's a cottage on Conistoun Moor to the west,
And a wife sits sewing and singing there;
And she rocks her babe in its cradle to rest
With lullaby words to a lullaby air.

"While baby is young, she shall slumber and sleep,
"And soft dreams alone around baby shall fall:
"When baby is older, she'll watch and she'll weep;
"For to her cares will come, as they come to us all."

There's a footstep comes nearing the lone cottage-door:
That step to the wife is the welcomest sound:
And scarce has he cross'd o'er his threshold before
Two arms round the forester's neck are wound.

"O Harry, your brow is hot and dry!
"And, O sweetheart, but your hands are cold!
"A driving rain and a starless sky
"Make a dull, dull night on the lonely wold.

"But change your hose that is dripping and wet;
"And a glass of good ale, sweet and warm,
"Will make, I warrant, my Harry forget
"The starless sky and the driving storm."

He has sat him down by the ingle-nook;
He has drunk his glass of sweet, warm ale:
"But why has my husband so eerie a look?
"And why are his cheeks so wan and pale?"

"Oh dark may the night be, and lonely the wold;
"And a man may be weary and wet to the skin;
"But it needs more, wife, than the wind and the cold
"To quell the heart of a man within.

"But sit thee, dearest, down at my feet,
"And rest thy bonnie face here on my knee;
"And I'll tell thee what's making my heart to beat;
"What's making the red from my cheek to flee.

"I had left the road to save me an hour,
"And struck up the brae to the moor instead;
"But scarce had I reach'd old Conistoun tower
"When the sky broke in thunder and rain overhead.

"And the forkèd lightning, blinding and blue,
"Made the far-away peaks of the hills appear
"As jagged and black and plain to view
"As at summer-noon when the sky is clear.

"I stood by the wall, till the storm went by,
"On the side that looks down over Thornton-moss;

"And over the marsh-land a mist rose high,
"And I watched it come trailing and trailing across.

"The mist was grey in the dim twilight,
"But the nearer it came, the blacker it grew;
"And I saw in its folds a terrible sight,
"As plain with these eyes as I now see you.

"There was Croft the miller, and farmer Brown;
"The squire's young boy, and keeper John;
"Your father and brothers from Appleby town,
"And the Bensons of Croft Fell, father and son.

"There was cousin Will, that went over the sea
"Three summers ago—how comes he here?
"And Ned, that has never cross'd hands with me,
"Since high words pass'd last May was a year.

"I scann'd them all from top to toe;
"I counted them over from end to end:
"There was every kinsman whose face I know,
"And every neighbour that calls me friend.

"And one by one they pass'd me by,
"Dreamlike, as still as still could be,
"With a look of wonder in every eye;
"And every eye was turn'd on me.

"Ay, one by one they pass'd me by,
"Shadowy, dreamlike; and last of them all
"Came a black-pall'd coffin, borne shoulder-high;
"Had I stretch'd out my hand, I had touch'd the pall.

"And a creeping shiver all over me ran;
"And I thought of my bairnie, and thought of thee;
"For my friends and my kin were there, every man—
"So that coffin, sweet wifey, was meant for me!"

You may hear her heart beat in the still midnight;
You may see the big tear on each pale cheek;
She is clasping his hands in her own tight, tight;
And she stares in his eyes, but she cannot speak.

"Hist! there's a noise at the window—hark!
"A mocking laugh or a cry of pain!
"Let me open the door and peer into the dark:
"Hush, wife! listen: I hear it again!"

Wistfully into the night they peer:
The wind sighs shrill through a drizzling rain:
There's a wife will be weeping ere long, I fear,
By a coffin of deal-wood, neat and plain.

D'Arcy W. Thompson.

TWO MONTHS IN ROME.

A COLD, dark street, as deep and narrow as a well, and lighted apparently, at rare intervals, by farthing candles; a few muffled-up forms, grumbling and hungry (for there is not the ghost of an inn to be seen), by the side of a vehicle, consisting, as it would seem, of two old yellow post-chaises cemented together, its bare pole stuck helplessly out and waiting for fresh horses. The horses arrive; the grumblers are absorbed into the vehicle; the big boots of the old conductor stow themselves into some mysterious corner above; the postilion mounts; and away, jingling and whip-cracking, creaking and groaning, between the rare farthing candles into the bosom of the night. The street was the town of Orvieto—the vehicle was the *diligence* from Florence, or rather Ficulle—and the grumblers were the passengers for Rome.

In all the world there is nothing more pleasant than a night journey behind four, or rather six, horses. I suppose that night, in that cold cramped corner of the *coupé*, was the happiest of my life. On, for hours and hours, in a sleep which is not rest but something far more delightful—that strange mixture of excitement and repose which is to be had in this and in no other way, and from which every feverish fitful waking is not to the gloom of a curtained chamber, but to the stars of a November night; lulled by the monotonous motion into a kind of apathy to which nothing could come amiss, and all that happened—even the periodical descent of the big boots and their translation into the supernal regions—seemed part of a delicious dream; on for hours, rattling merrily down transient slopes, or climbing painfully (these *diligence* horses are certainly immortal) intermediate hills; on, while the large bright stars wax larger and brighter (you are kept awake for an hour or so wondering at their marvellous size); and behind all—the background of your dreams—(if your destination is what mine was then) the shadow of a coming joy.

Social institutions, with their usual felicity, have provided that no one shall see the sun rise but those who cannot appreciate it. This is much to be deplored. "Stars fade out and galaxies, street-lamps of the city of God."[1] But, before they fade, they put on all the beauty of despair, and shine, in that hour and in that sky, with a lustre so broad, bright, and intense, that you look at them bewildered, and only after a time perceive that in the unearthly depth of their deep blue setting there is a strange look where it nears the horizon, and that a faint white radiance is gradually melting it away. And so, on that morning, I almost forgot, for a while, that day was about to dawn on the scene which, of all others, I had most longed to see; forgot for a while that in the coming brightness was not only the dawn, but Rome.

At last, it was day. The big boots, which had so long been a dream, became a fact; the six horses, which had been a sound, became a jingling, rattling reality; around us, a country undulating with low hills and grassy meads; and far away, in the south-east, a long sharp line of blue mountains, behind which, in one spot more luminous than the rest of the orange background, a few gold clouds were heralding the sun; the hills of Præneste and Tibur, of Anio and sweet Bandusia, the very "arduous Sabines," which Horace loved and sung. We opened the window, and let in some of that golden wine which, since we entered Italy, had done duty for air. Fresh, ever cold, but not ungenial, and as if still mindful of yesterday's sun—pure and sparkling as Bandusia's self—it chased away the night's fatigue. It is strange that in such air human life should be short and sickly. Look at

[1] Carlyle.

our new postilion, mounting to his perch in a dress (for as we approach the great city we put on all our finery) of the tawdry-magnificent order—he is the feeblest, most languid-looking of men; and at the two or three remaining posts between here and Rome, the haggard countenance and tottering gait of each succeeding driver testifies to the poisonous breath of that mephitic soil. But will these long weary hills never culminate, and show us the city of our dreams? For full an hour we have been straining our eyes to see it, and have seen nothing but great melancholy hillsides. At last, between high banks of brushwood, the road begins to wind downwards, and before us lies a wide sunny landscape—not a plain, but a succession of gentle ridges; and gazing eagerly forward we see on the furthest of these what looks like scattered buildings, and along the same ridge to the right of them—a Dome! Yes, that is St. Peter's; and with that view of Rome, or very little more than that, till you get there you must be content; for no clearer idea of what Rome is will gladden your eyes this day. Still the same monotonous road—the same unending rise and fall; and ever and anon, grown nearer now, the distant buildings, and the Dome. But to your left, southward of the lovely Sabines, and cut off from them by an opening through which your vision sounds the blue distance and finds it fathomless, another mountain range appears, more delicate in form and colour—they are the hills of Frascati and Albano, of Tusculum and Cicero. Suddenly you cross a bend, just seen and lost, of a noble river; noble, not for his size (though he is not small), but for the sturdy and resolute rush between high banks of his yellow waves; and you know that you have seen the Tiber, and that he is worthy of his fame. Now you are very near the city; but there is nothing to show it, except on the right, by the roadside, that one old solitary marble tomb. Now you are between white walls shutting in suburban-looking villas, with here and there some cypresses and pines; and at the end of this road a high majestic gate, with a great statue on each side of its arch. In a moment more you are through the arch; the *diligence* comes abruptly to a standstill, and you are in Rome. The sun, flaring and streaming into your narrow den, half blinds and consumes you (though it is November) as you look round in eager curiosity, and ask yourself whether this indeed be Rome. You are in a bright "Piazza," with a fair large fountain in the midst, splashing and sparkling round the base of a tall obelisk, and many groups of marble statues circling it round, and on one side of it a high and terraced garden; and at its opposite end the bright Piazza emits, like rays, three long narrow streets, soon lost to view in the dazzling sunshine; and of these the central and the brightest ray is the famous Corso. Altogether, you would say, a pretty little modern town. Not a ruin visible; not a sign to be seen as yet that this is really Rome. The Pope's "douaniers" keep you waiting here as long as they decently can, in the absence of any reason for doing so, then mount behind your vehicle, and at a solemn pace you drive into one of the streets aforesaid, and in due time into the court of a most business-like and unclassical-looking post-office. There, by the help of your "*lascia passare*," and a fee to a corrupt official, you are set free, and landed, by short twistings and turnings of labyrinthine streets, at your hotel.

It is my custom in a foreign town to prefer an hotel frequented by foreigners to those which my countrymen delight to honour; first, for the sake of novelty; secondly, for that of economy—not mere saving, but, on the whole, better treatment for my money; and thirdly, because I think that if the practice were universal, it would tend to remedy a great evil—the self-isolation of Englishmen. Patriotism, when it means dislike of foreigners, is a heinous and contemptible vice. And so, being established at the "Hôtel des Etrangers," as we will call it, though that was not its name, I looked out to survey the situation. It

was a small piazza—or, more properly speaking, a deep square hole, let into the dense mass of buildings. In the centre, a small obelisk, supported by an elephant, of cunning workmanship; one side is the hotel itself; another, the great blank façade of a church; another, a college of priests. At one of the opposite corners, close to the church, a dark archway, and a French sentry, with other French soldiers lounging, evidently a part of the Army of Occupation. At the other corner, the piazza opens to admit a small street, and the opening shows the great round battered side of some huge building, black with age, and torn and stained exceedingly, and crowned by a low, lead-covered dome. Ugly and uninteresting enough all this, you think at first. But you think rather differently when you find that within that dark archway has been held for ages, and is still held, the Court of the "Holy Office," the terrible Inquisition; and that in that very place the ministers of the God of Love and Truth tortured Galileo, till he declared that the sun went round the earth; and that the great black round is the side of perhaps one of the very greatest of all human works—the Roman Pantheon. Stroll, when you are rested, into the adjoining piazza, and judge of it for yourself. In sorrowful and awful state, defying dirt, squalor, crowding-houses, and papal belfries—defying the insult and neglect of centuries—contemptuous of criticism, and victorious over decay—it stands there, still triumphant, with the Consul's name upon its brow. Enter, and look upward; have you ever seen such a cupola? They have stripped it of its bright bronze to adorn some miserable Papal folly; but still it puts to shame all rival structures, and bends over you with a solemn majesty, not unmixed with love, though the love is probably intended rather for Raphael than for you. The only decent treatment which the Pantheon ever received from the Popes was when they buried Raphael there.

The next day, after an hour's amusing contemplation of the queer little piazza, I sought the ruins of old Rome. I was not without misgivings. Were they all like the Pantheon, locked in the deadly, isolating embrace of the modern city,—each a scarce discoverable oasis in a sea of ugliness and dirt? I had seen Athens and the Parthenon, and they had satisfied me utterly; without alloy or impediment, there had sunk into my heart the spirit of heroic decay. Would it be the same with Rome? I consulted the map, and walked, as it seemed, in the direction of the Capitol and the Forum. A few dark, narrow streets, then a flood of sunshine, and an oblong piazza, shut in by low, mean-looking houses, and one or two flaunting churches; but, in the midst of it, something strange. A wide space, many feet below the level of the piazza, fenced round and grass-grown, and filled with pillars of grey granite, still standing, but broken short off at the waist; and at one end of it a noble column, soaring far into the sky, and wreathed from foot to head in multitudinous folds of spiral sculpture, with some history of strife and triumph. One great grey pillar, broken, but as fresh in every grain of its enormous bulk as when first it left the quarry, and wearing still on its surface the very polish which it wore—I was about to say in life—lies prostrate in the street itself, in solid, imperturbable, imperishable grandeur. It is the Forum of Trajan; or, rather, it is a fragment of his Forum, excavated and rescued by some Pope with a glimmering of taste. The Forum itself must have covered this whole region far and wide, and lies dead and buried, it is to be feared, for ever. Another street or two, and you come out upon an open space, which looks, at first sight, about the size of a village common, with a broad, straight road through the midst of it, bordered on either hand by thin, unhappy-looking streets, but the rest all gashed about in great uneven pits and mounds, yet desolate and grass-grown, as though it were long since the spade had touched it; and standing up from among the pits and mounds, which are railed off and fenced carefully round, a ruined

column or two of rare workmanship—in one place three, clamped together with iron, and supporting the fragment of a cornice; to your right, a pit somewhat larger than the rest, out of which rises an old arch of russet stone, all battered and decayed, but richly decorated; and behind the arch, a few columns, in detached groups, and of various orders, bearing always on their graceful heads some remnant of a frieze; and, looking down, you see that the floor of the pit is covered with fragments, scattered loosely along, or half buried in the mould, of fluted pillars, marble steps, and stone carvings, of rare device; and behind all, looking gloomily over it, a low, overhanging precipice, its dark face pierced and caverned and undermined with the toil of successive ages, and wearing indignantly upon its sullen brows great staring structures of the mansion-house order and mediæval taste. The rock is the hill of the Capitol, and the pits and mounds, the scattered columns and the arch, are the Roman Forum. Why, it is absolutely heart-rending. This is not ruin; it is ghastly and death-like desolation—"interesting," no doubt, especially to artists and architects (for every one of those scattered relics laughs to scorn the puny attempts of modern men), but to those who, from their very infancy, have wondered at and loved old Rome, sorrowful and painful beyond words. If she had perished utterly—swept out of existence by the waves of time like the structures of children upon the sands—it would have been easier to bear. But here—flung out, as it were, contemptuously from the modern city—you come suddenly upon her corpse, so marred and disfigured that by no effort of fancy can you picture her as she lived, and yet with trace enough of beauty left to show that she must have been glorious and beautiful beyond most earthly things.

But let us follow the straight road between the unhappy-looking trees. Except that small arch of fair proportions, which spans it a little way further, there seems nothing worth noticing on either hand; but, looking closer, you see, on the left, a noble old portico, sunk, like the rest, below the present level of the ground, and which Theocracy, with ravenous piety, has seized and made to do duty as the front o. an ugly church. Further on, great fragments of arches, or rather half-domes, of mere brick, but lined with that simple and grand device which gives half its beauty to the cupola of the Pantheon; and you are told that it is the Temple of Peace. You pass under the graceful little arch—the arch of Titus—still rich with the petrified spoils of Jerusalem; and you find that the long low hill on your right, all green and terraced and desolate, except where among dark cypresses a villa or a convent flashes out in the sun, is the Palatine, and that the artificial-looking mounds and grassy terraces are all (to be seen from here) of what was once a scene of almost unearthly splendour—the palace of the Cæsars. You may wander on that hill for days, and (especially if you are an artist) with ever-increasing delight: for from its broad plateau the views over what the guide-books call "Rome and its environs" are rich in a mournful beauty of the choicest kind; but beyond a few huge brick walls, all streaming with creepers and dark with tangled vegetation of flowery shrubs and trees, you will come upon no record of the proud and gorgeous past—except in the villa which Napoleon has bought, where they have dug down to a few old vaulted chambers, and where they turn up relics at the rate of a bust in a year. But ever in your walk you will see strewn about you fragments of rich marbles of all countries and all hues: they say that the very dust on which you tread, when it is analysed, is a powder of gems, and gold, and precious stones. But we are forgetting our straight road. After threading the arch, it dives gently downwards; and there, at the end of it, in an open space of greensward, with an orchard on either hand and here and there a cypress, stands the colossal curve of the Imperial folly—the most pathetic, and almost the grandest, ruin in the world. It was vaster than I had ex-

pected, more wrought upon by Time, and more rich in the infinite beauty of detail which, as the art-critics say, "characterizes the works of that great master." Two things are most notable in the Coliseum :—the awful desolation of the present, and the ease with which you realize the past. Standing in the grass-grown arena, which the bright morning sun had coaxed into a melancholy smile, there came before me, with a vivid and fearful distinctness, the whole scene as it was on some great festal day,—the myriads that lined the mighty walls, a flashing and palpitating multitude, tier above tier, far up into the deep blue sky; and about me, where I stood, the rush of chariot wheels, the gleaming swords, the dust, the smoke, the blood, the terrible spring of the lion —I could stand it no longer, and turned to leave the place. This was what I saw in imagination. What I saw in reality was a few haggard-looking figures moving slowly from one to the other of a few stone shrines ranged round the arena, and kissing them with muttered prayer. It seems that by a sufficient number of such gyrations you may escape the consequences of almost any amount of sin. These are the only gladiators—these the only games—exhibited there now. Spectators still look down upon them from the vast amphitheatre, in multitudes countless as of old: but the multitudes are the creeping plants, and waving trees, and tangled masses of mournful vegetation, which feed and flourish on its decay.

But if this is your first visit to Roman ruins, you must not linger here. Call one of those light open carriages, the "cabs" of Rome (you will soon see one, with a driver whose appearance will probably be that of a most consummate villain—a robber and murderer of the blackest dye—but who will turn out to be the gentlest, kindest, most amiable, and most honest of human beings), and drive out under that old arch—the arch of Constantine—standing there all neglected in the shadow of the Coliseum, and with a look as if of protest against the neglect, to the Appian Way. For a mile or so you pass along a dull road, mostly between stuccoed walls, apparently of gardens, when suddenly the driver with the delusive countenance pulls up, and asks you whether you would like to see the tomb of the Scipios. You look about in astonishment, and at last discover a small door in the stuccoed wall, over which is scrawled "Sepulcra Scipionum." To pass that would be downright profanity. So you ring the little bell, which is the usual key to Roman "lions," and which is answered by a little urchin, who takes you up a few steps to a door in a great mound which looks like a heap of garden-stuff. The urchin lights two "dips," and you dive into a dark cave of no great depth—"Sepulcra Scipionum." There is no doubt that it is the very vault; but the Scipios and their urns have disappeared together, and you and the little urchin have it all to yourselves. Only here and there in a dark corner there is a loose stone with a Latin inscription, which you reverently stoop down to read. "Fortis vir sapiensque—that is all that Rome had to say in praise of one of her very noblest men; the rest is mere genealogy, and short concentrated narration. That is all; but would you have preferred anything else? for instance, a funeral oration *à la Française.* The inscriptions are only copies, charitably left there by the Popes, the originals, with a great sarcophagus, having been taken to the Vatican; but for me this did not lessen the pathos of the place. "Fortis vir sapiensque;" you cannot improve upon that; and you are all the wiser for having seen it. That single inscription explains the subjection of the world.

You drive under the grand old perishing arch of Drusus, which artists love to libel, and out upon the Appian Way. Miles away, even to the very foot of the Alban mountain, wearing Frascati like a diamond on its purple breast, basking in the mild bright sun and fanned by the soft sweet air, you pass between the sepulchres of mighty men. They are for the most

part mere mounds of earth, or piles of grass-grown brick, the very graves of graves. On some, larger than the rest, you will see a myrtle thicket, or an olive grove. On either side, as you pass along, the wild flowers on the low banks are strewn with fragments of pillars, and rich stone carvings—a hand, or a foot, or a fold of marble drapery; and here and there scientific men, who have lately—rather too lately — taken pity on the old road, have ranged upon a wall a row of busts, or some choice specimens of delicate architecture, like the rows of defunct carnivori nailed to the side of an English gamekeeper's cottage. What a place to come to, you think, day after day, and forget the irksome and wearisome present in the glorious and heroic past. As to St. Peter's, and the hundred vulgar-looking churches behind you, you despise them utterly. Modern Rome, half seen in the distance, is at this moment a nuisance—a small troublesome thing, like the rent in the camlet cloak. You wish that you had time to go further, and explore more thoroughly; but now you must be tending Romewards, for the day is short, and the Sabines are beginning to look as Horace loved to see them, "when the sun had changed "the shadows of the mountains, and un- "yoked the wearied oxen, bringing on a "lovely time in his departing car." Only, on your way home, stop at the great round tomb on your right, the only one whose stone masonry has survived the assault of time; stop, I say, and get down from your carriage, and walk round it, and do homage to that which, as an Englishman, you are above all things bound to revere—a "successful man." For the man who built that tomb twenty centuries ago did what none else could do—resolved, and fulfilled his resolution, that, come what come might, in spite of the lapses of ages and the shock of elements, the memory of Cecilia Metella should not die.

The *table d'hôte* at the Hotel des Etrangers is a curious scene. As the diners take their places — Germans, French, Russians, Italians, Americans, Greeks, even Turks, and a few English —you hear a confused Babel of tongues, in which all are talking of what they have seen that day in Rome, or hoped to see the next. I observed that very few of them spoke of the ruins. Churches, pictures, sculptures, palaces, villas, were the staple of the conversation. One old gentleman was an exception. He was from the north of Italy, where he had been long a fixture among his olives and olive-branches, the the latter too numerous to allow of his leaving home. At last he had grown desperate, and started alone, resolved to realize the dream of his life, lest perchance the end should overtake him before he had seen Rome. He had been since seven o'clock that morning among the ruins, and was happy. He needed no guide—he had known all that was to be known of them from his infancy, and was a "Murray" in himself.

As yet I had no sort of idea of what Rome—Rome in the aggregate—was like. The place from which to get this is the Janicular; for the other hills are mere mounds to this, and the city lies at its feet. Like all the other sights of Rome, there is nothing in the world so easy. From the crowning beauty of Acqua Felice—from St. Pietro in Montario, which marks the spot where St. Peter suffered, and where a brotherhood of miserable monks keep up, through all the day and half the night, in a low monotonous chaunt, unintermitting prayer—from St. Onofrio, where Tasso died, and the church is full of rare frescoes, and the gloomy old cloister is warmed by the bewitching smile of one of Leonardo's very human Madonnas; but perhaps best from the Villa Corsini —you may see her as she is, beautiful exceedingly, and "interesting" beyond compare. Close under you she lies, a sea, or rather a lake of densely packed roofs, out of which rise in plentiful profusion the domes of some four hundred churches, all flashing and glittering in the midday sun :—a lake, of which the opposite shore is the Sabine range—the sunny slopes and shadowy dells of sweet Lucretilis and his train—and whose

northern limit the great restful round of the castle of St. Angelo, whose guardian angel stands dark against a blue mountain distance, as buoyant and graceful as if it were indeed a messenger of heaven, floating down upon the old city on some errand of peace and love. There she lies before you—papal and mediæval Rome. But where is *the* Rome, *our* Rome—the Mistress of the World? At first there is hardly a sign of her to be seen. After a time you make out, standing like a majestic rock in the sea of modern houses, the great leaden dome of the Pantheon, and here and there a column, so graceful that modern hands could not have made it; and more to the right, where the city ceases, a torn and rent brick ruin or two, and a green terraced hill on which you descry with difficulty, among mournful cypresses, other brick ruins crested with dark trees and thick-growing brushwood; and over the hill a great shattered round of dark red stone, which is the upper half of the Coliseum seen above the Palatine. Further on, long lines of old aqueduct, apparently interminable, stretch out across the sunny plain, till they lose themselves at the very base of the Alban hills; and, straining your eyes still more, you may trace, running straight as an arrow, the long sorrowful track of the Appian Way. With one bold curving sweep of his steady current—you may see from where you stand the very swirl of his sand-coloured waves—the Tiber cleaves the great city in twain, and veiling his face for a moment, as if in sorrow, when he passes the Palatine and Aventine, and the scanty records of the great old days, you see him not again till he gleams in a long reach of sunny water, far out on the lonely Campagna, reflecting its calm and verdant shores.

If, standing on this Janicular Hill, you happened to look behind you, you will have seen, a little to the left, peering over the green shoulder of the hill itself, an object which might be the dome of St. Paul's, cleaned up and enlarged. And if the next day you drive across the bridge of St. Angelo, and under the mighty round of the Castle, eternally vexed by the drumming, fifing, fanfarronade, and pop-gunnery of Gallic occupation, and along the dirty, odoriferous street before you, you will come all at once upon a vast piazza, which two massive colonnades, like arms, encircle, and over which presides the colossal façade of the greatest and most famous of all Christian churches. You leave your carriage, and walk straight up the midst of the piazza, irresistibly impelled towards the broad white steps and the great façade above them. It is of no great beauty, but of an exquisite colour—the colour (if such a thing could be) of sunlight without its radiance—and from its very size, "imposing." Surely, I began to think, it is very grand; yes, it is magnificent; it is— There was a pause and a revulsion of feeling, for at that moment there came before me, as in a vision, the front of the Pantheon. Well, but after all, it is St. Peter's, and it is very fine; and, at all events, there is nothing to be said against that broad, radiant, gently-sloping stair, which to walk on is a pleasure, and which, feeling "small by degrees and beautifully less," you are now ascending; and passing under the arched portico, you put aside with a nervous hand the heavy leather curtain, and stand in St. Peter's. Of course it is superb. A church so great and high, so rich in marble and gold, just in proportion and harmonious in colour, you never have seen or even imagined before. And then how wonderfully bright and new! This St. Peter's? Why, it must be a church built last year "by subscription;" or else we have been dreaming, and Michael Angelo died but yesterday. So bright and new, and with the climate of eternal spring: for St. Peter's is a city rather than a church, and has a climate, and government, and manners and customs of its own. You might walk about it for a whole day, and scarcely have seen it all. There is much in it to offend your eyes: gigantic white Popes in all directions, standing obtrusively out, and breaking the harmony of colour

and form; monuments with no merit but size; little windows which would disgrace a Scotch conventicle; and a structure of ginger-bread in the centre, which looks as if it could be flattened down like an opera hat, and be all the better for the process. But, when all is said, it is a house of prayer and praise grandly conceived and nobly executed; and standing there, at the high altar, while your eye wanders over the rich mosaics of the cupola, and soars upwards to where the blue mist gathers over the distance of infinite height, you wonder perhaps what the great Emperor, who found Rome brick and left it marble, would have said, if he had been told that then, at that very time, contemporary with him, Cæsar Augustus, there lived a man over whose grave, in his own Rome, there would one day be raised a temple costlier and more vast than any which he had designed, and that the man was a fisherman of Galilee. Musing thus one evening, about the time of vespers, I saw approaching along the marble floor a man of respectable and responsible appearance, and having about him an air of extreme good sense and shrewdness. To my intense astonishment, he turned suddenly toward a high stone chair on the left, which I had not before observed, supporting a hideous black image, sitting bolt upright with two fingers in the air, and, going directly up to it, imprinted a kiss on the toe of its right foot. I had scarcely recovered from the shock of this incident, when I saw that other persons, of every age and condition of life, were performing the same ceremony. Sometimes a little group of peasantry would kneel before the image, and then troop past it, each man kissing its toe, after carefully wiping off with his hand the kiss of his predecessor. I found that this image was originally Jupiter, but, having been turned into St. Peter by the pious authorities, had been subjected from time immemorial to this process, to which, as the King of gods and men, it was probably accustomed, but which St. Peter himself would have been the first to repudiate. Every Roman newly married couple, after the nuptial knot is tied, proceed to clench the arrangement by this operation, and instead of a breakfast you are asked to a toe-kissing; which is less irksome, and not much more ridiculous, than the solemn flutter, chalky cake, and wearisome discourses "on this occasion," of an English wedding.

At this hour of vespers there rolls from one of the side chapels, far out among the marble recesses of the great church, the sound of a deep-toned organ and rich human voices; and in the chapel itself your senses are rapt into an Elysium of devotion by the strains of divine music, and the subtle perfumes of sweet incense, and the proud beauty of some star-throned Madonna. But if, in an unlucky moment, you chance to look at the functionaries who perform the service, your devotion is apt to vanish in an irresistible inclination to laugh. The persistence with which they turn their broad backs to the congregation; their periodical and perfunctory antics; their gaudy "vestments," reminding you strongly of side-scenes and foot-lights—are to me, whatever they may be to others, the reverse of devotional. There may be proselytizing virtue in the gorgeous ceremonial which surrounds the milk-white hind; but she must mend it in these respects if she would have those who are born with a keen sense of the ludicrous to worship at her shrine.

Externally, the Vatican is to St. Peter's as a wen to the cheek of a beautiful woman. If it had been built for an International Exhibition in London, it could not have been more ugly. Internally, as all the world knows, it is decorated in a style worthy of the poor fisherman who lies hard by, and who is represented by the present proprietor. It has only some forty pictures, but every one of these is a gallery in itself; and it is so rich in sculpture as almost to defeat its own object. The interest and beauty of the statues is such that, while you are examining one of them,

you are irresistibly drawn off to another; the final result being that you have totally failed to carry away any distinct impression, except the glorious face and form of the Apollo Belvedere, which will haunt you to your latest hour. As I stood before it, I felt that I was the enemy of but one man in the world; and he was the man who "restored" the right hand. Would not mutilation left alone have been preferable to those great white stiffened fingers; as if he were a pedagogue who had just boxed the ears of a schoolboy, and not a god in the calm majesty of draconticide? "Can't you let it alone?" is a question to be addressed, not only to pragmatical politicians, but to these ruthless restorers. If only some drastic Pope would fulminate through all the galleries of Rome a decree that every "restored" statue should at once be reduced to its primæval condition, the loss of limbs and features that would ensue would be an incalculable gain for Art. Or why should not the French General do it? They manage these things so neatly in France. "Restorations are and remain abolished" would have a racy, effective sound.

In the Vatican you will see the Sistine Chapel, interesting not for itself, but for the work done in it by the great high priest of Roman art, who built St. Peter's without pay. And if you like to sit for half an hour on the green benches, with your head thrown back till your neck is almost broken, you may make out with difficulty on the ceiling many noble designs; and if you like to strain your eyes out of their sockets, you may decipher some of the details of the Last Judgment, which is at least as grotesque as it is grand, and which the great painter must have drawn (he has introduced one or two of his good-natured friends in situations the very last which they would wish to have occupied), with reverence be it spoken, in a vein of magnificent pleasantry. But this is a rough sketch, and I am not going to write a disquisition on Roman art. One remark only I will make, and it shall not be very profound. These sculpture galleries, so beautiful that they are worshipped by a concourse of pilgrims from every climate under the sun, are mere products of the random delving of the gardener's or the builder's spade—things unnoticed by history, and of no account in their own time. What must have been the power and splendour of that art of which these are but the refuse, or at best but average specimens? What must have been the array of which the Gladiator, the Apollo, and the Laocöon, were the rank and file? What must have been the feast of which these are the crumbs, fallen from the table of the old city, and now the glory of the new?

She is a strange weird city, this Rome. There is something about her mystical and wholly unintelligible. You begin after a time to look upon her with a certain fear, because of the mysterious infinity of her enchantments. At first she seemed but a poor place compared with what you expected—a moderately-sized, comprehensible city enough, with a great deal, no doubt, to be seen, but which could be seen in a fortnight, or thereabouts. A fortnight passes; and, though you have been lionizing from morning till night, you find that you have done almost nothing. And still, the more you see, the more there remains to be seen; and gradually the place becomes larger and more wonderful in your eyes. It seems to possess a self-expanding power. In vain you attempt to fathom the depths of its interest and beauty. It becomes unfathomable, incomprehensible, inexhaustible. Art-galleries, churches, ruins, palaces, villas;—art-galleries, which to pass once swiftly through would take you many weeks, and which to see but very imperfectly is the most for which you can hope to find time;—churches in countless numbers, rich beyond imagination in gold, and marble, and precious stones (stripped for the most part from the dead body of the old city), and rare frescoes, and sculptures above all price;—rambles for hours on some old historic hill where your steps are on porphyry and serpentine, and the great brick walls

and arches, remnants of some palace or temple, are dark with shadowy copsewood, and crowned with melancholy trees; and where you catch, from time to time—between the rents of ruin—a blue mountain distance, or a tract of sunny plain; villas, where fountains sparkle among the ilex-groves, and mountain summits, touched with snow, look down between the stems of tall Italian pines, and where, when you are tired, you may rest in halls of marble filled with forms of divinest beauty, created when sculpture lived and Greece was free;—the city itself, with its fountains, its obelisks, its piazzas, its columns, its network of streets where the sun scarcely finds an entrance, but where the antiquary may wander in a chronic rapture of discovery—its quaint courtyards, with their marble basins, and broken statues, and old houses that strike the stars—for every day a new pleasure, for every pleasure too short a day. "Il est impossible de s'ennuyer à Rome," said the Frenchman, and felt that he had exhausted praise.

But, with a self-expanding, Rome has also a self-contracting power. She is the most enigmatical, most paradoxical, most convenient city in the world. Her streets are a maze, in which you cannot lose yourself if you will. Her attractions are infinite, but the trouble they give you is infinitesimal. She is the greatest possible city in the smallest possible compass—an ocean in a nutshell. What you have to see there is endless: but you see it with a strange facility, and you wonder the more to find that you have never seen it all.

Decidedly, whenever you are able, you should wind up your day's work upon the Pincian Hill. A fairer scene it would be hard to find. If you look down from the stone balustrade on its summit, when the sun begins to fall, you will see hundreds of carriages, all bright with flashing harness and gay apparel, begin to ascend the winding road below you, and come out on the gravel terrace where you stand. No wonder that in long procession they climb this Pincian Hill. The deep blue overarching sky comes down so close upon its level plateau, all glowing with tropical plants—aloe, and cactus, and palm—and garden-walks winding among dark ilex-trees, that it seems to touch them; and the loungers in the carriages, tired with sight-seeing or jaded with last night's ball, drink new life in the air that meets them—pure and fresh from the Sabine mountains—looking down over the woods upon the brilliant throng. Music plays to them through all the afternoon among the rare exotics, that seem perfectly at home in that soft dry air. Rome is at their feet, with its jangling bells, its sea of houses, and its great dome of the Pantheon standing out against the calm horizon line of the Campagna; opposite, the darkening side of the Janicular Hill, outlined with feathery pines; and to the north, seen under arches of ilex, the forms of distant hills so delicate and yet so clear that they would have driven Claude to despair. With the setting sun the carriages wind downwards again, as they came, along the zigzag road, between the palms and pines; and in a few minutes you are left alone upon the beautiful hill. But you must not leave it yet, for there ensues what you should stay to see (nowhere else will you see it to such advantage), a single combat "à l'outrance"—a combat which, strange to say, instead of a feverish excitement, will fill you with a delicious calm, and feed your eyes with beauty of colour such as you never looked upon before. It is the battle of day and night, with Rome for the victor's prize.

Walking in the streets of Rome I should say that every other person you meet is either a priest or a French soldier; the form of government being, as the world knows, a clerical despotism founded upon red pantaloons. It is not exactly the polity which one would have selected with special regard to the welfare of a people: but I am not a political traveller, and had no time to examine the institutions under which the Romans have the happiness to live. This I know, that there is no city on

the Continent where life is so pleasant and comfortable as in Rome; and for the degree of municipal merit which this may imply, let us give due credit. I was told that the place was full of brigands and thieves; and, especially, that I ought not to walk after ten o'clock at night unless in the most frequented streets. But I soon came to the conclusion that my watch was as little likely suddenly to leave my pocket in Rome as in London; and that the advice as to nocturnal excursions was not more valuable for one than for the other. Whether you would rather be stabbed with a stiletto, or stifled by the garotte process and jumped upon afterwards, is a mere matter of taste.

Among the municipal arrangements of Rome, there is one of very old date which appears to have been regarded with peculiar satisfaction by its authors, but of which I confess that I cannot approve,—the coronation of pagan columns with Christian saints. The plan has been to set up some noble fragment of the ancient city, to crown it with an Apostle, and to make it inform the public, by doggrel verses on its base, how having been dedicated by one Pont. Max. (pagan) to some mythological celebrity, it was taken in hand by another Pont. Max. (Christian) and dedicated to some holy man; and that it feels happier and more respectable in consequence. Saint Paul and Saint Peter, placed respectively at the head of long histories of battles, sieges, blood, and rapine, which enwreath the columns of Antoninus and Trajan, look singularly out of place. In front of Santa Maria Maggiore there is a fluted pillar of wonderful grandeur and beauty, which has been dragged by some Pope from the Temple of Peace, surmounted with a statue of the Madonna, and made to proclaim, in execrable Latin verse, the praises, not of the Madonna but of the Pope who placed it there—"Te, Paule, nullis obtricebo seculis." No bathos could be more complete. The obelisks are dealt with in a similar manner; and the same well-meant zeal has converted in all directions heathen temples into Christian churches; the result being that both are spoiled. Michael Angelo knew this well; and, being ordered to turn the Baths of Diocletian into a church, left the Baths of Diocletian just as they were, with only enough alteration to save appearances, and by so doing succeeded in preserving a splendid relic of antiquity for the benefit of future times.

The French is not the only occupation of Rome—there is also the English. In the cold months they swarm in the old city, rejoicing in the unwonted sight of the real, living sun. As you walk through the Piazza d'Espagna and look up those magnificent steps where the obelisk soars up in the clear blue sky, and the beautiful church which crowns them "stands up and takes the morning," you are startled to find yourself practically in Belgravia. It is long before you can recover the bewilderment caused by the prevalence, in such a scene, of the fresh, open countenances which you have been accustomed to associate with supreme architectural ugliness. There is a building just outside the People's Gate, to which, every Sunday morning, crowds of carriages, as well appointed as in Hyde Park, are seen approaching; and the little French soldiers at the gate thrust their hands further than ever into their red pockets, and gather in small bright-eyed knots discussing "les Anglais," as the carriages, one by one, in endless succession disgorge their comfortable-looking contents. It is the English church, at the door of which you observe that two Papal gendarmes are posted, apparently lest the panther should kick over the traces. In all the galleries three-fourths of the visitors are English; and they generally express their opinions as loudly as if they were valuable. I was standing one day before Guido's famous "Beatrice," absorbed in the surpassing folly of attempting to carry away some recollection of it on paper, and during all the time interesting scraps of "Chatham's language" were buzzing about my ears. "Sweet pretty thing, isn't it?"—"Don't much like it."—"Charming!"—"H'm! it is and it isn't."—"Best thing I ever saw of

Guido's."—"One of the most celebrated pictures in Rome;" the last being a sentence read aloud by Paterfamilias, for the benefit of his daughters, from the ubiquitous Murray. "Avez vous le Guide à la Rome? Pitty—pas grande—practical—*you* know." This was an utterance which I overheard one day in Piale's library. He *did* know, and with a "come along old fellow, got lots to do," English Jones and English Smith, honest, patriotic fellows, who would stand no nonsense from foreigners, went off and did it. Also I remark, that for one Englishman in Rome, there are some ten English women—for which phenomenon let those account who can. "Could you tell me, sir, which are the *Samnite* and which the *Allban* hills?" asked one of these fair girls, unexpectedly addressing me at an open window of the Villa Albani. Her enjoyment of Rome from a historical point of view must have been perfect. At Florence and at Naples it is the same—the British Lion prowls conspicuous in all places. "Je crois qu'ils aiment les beaux arts," said a French friend of mine, in patronizing explanation.

Two months are but a short time in Rome; but, if you are not an idle millionaire, or an artist, come to study under Raphael or Guido when he had better have studied under nature, or an invalid sent abroad for his health when he had better have stayed at home, you will probably have to think at the end of that time of returning to the ugliness and comfort of the place from whence you came. And, when the time for your last look at Rome is come, climb again the Janicular, and pass out at the Porta San Pancrazio, and ring the bell at a large white arch some hundred yards beyond. It is the "park gate" of a noble villa, approached by a long, winding gravel road, rising and falling in gentle undulations, reminding you strangely of England, though the woods are of ilex and Italian pine. There is the smooth, serpentine carriage-drive, the gates at intervals, and the gradual darkening of the shady trees as you come nearer to "the Hall." But even as you pass along you catch, between the trees or sloping lawns, some exquisite Italian distance, or vignette of the Great City, with the Apennines at her back, or St. Peter's sunning himself in solitary state. An iron gate and sunk fence divide the "park" from the gardens, as you have seen it a hundred times at home; and, as you drive up to the bright little "Casino," a stately, pleasant-looking matron meets you, and shows you through the rooms. The Casino is all Italian outside; but within it you are in England again. The snug parlours—the comfortable furniture—the small dining-room, in which the Prince and Princess liked best to live—the little boudoir, with its feminine graces and comforts, which have not been touched or altered (you are told) since last *she* sat there, three long years ago, in one of her last days on earth. The Prince—the owner of the place—is never seen there now, your guide tells you, and you are not surprised. For how could he face the winding walks, the terraced flower-garden, the cool retreats, the long vistas among the stately pines—the peace, the comfort, and the beauty of the Paradise that was made for him by his long-loved English bride? There are no gay doings there now; no social gatherings on the flowery parterres—no sounds of festive laughter about the bright fountains, or from the depths of the shadowy glades—no midnight dances, with their long line of carriages rolling up from the slumbering city, and under the moon-lit trees. "Senza Signora, mai allegrezza," your conductress says, with a sigh. You mount the spiral stair, and come out upon the roof. It is a perfect, consummate panorama. Just under you is the flower-garden, with its statues and its steps, its trim walks and its neat box-edges. Westward, the ilex groves of the villa, with their gravel walks, their mossy avenues, their fountains, and their shades, secluded and shut in by a deep wood of tall Italian pines, in close, magnificent array. To the north, a long perspective of fair, open country, bordered by blue mountains; and near

you, St. Peter's, in isolated grandeur, filling a hollow of the hills. Eastward, all Rome lies stretched before you—Rome in her glory and her grief, her beauty and her despair. Beyond, the Sabines, with Tibur and Præneste hanging high upon their gentle breasts; then that fathomless interval of pure, clear distance; then the crested hills of Alba, sparkling all over with gem-like villas; and before you, to the south, where the glistening, snake-like stems of the great pine-wood come suddenly to an end, the soft, undulating bosom of the Campagna gleams for a while through their dark leaves, and then, with one great bound, stretches far away, till your eyes cannot follow it, dissolved in the mellow rays of the descending sun. You stand entranced and amazed; but before long your eyes are caught by a solitary flower-bed cut on the green slope of the lawn, and upon it, in colossal letters of close-trimmed myrtle, each casting a long shadow in the declining day, you read the single word "Mary." It is the only record which that Eden contains of her who made it. Rome herself—old Rome, lying there with centuries of shame and sorrow upon her face, is not so deeply touching. You will never forget your last day in Rome. To-morrow you must brace your mind to look back again upon the plain, uncompromising visage of dear old, practical, sensible, money-getting England; fortunate, if you escape the hurricane which, be sure, is crouching, like a tiger in his lair, in some mysterious ocean ambush between you and sunny Marseilles. H.

A GOSSIP OVER MY PORTFOLIO.

It is the beginning of autumn, the gathering in of the full fruitage of the year. The young life which in April began faintly to stir in the larch's tasseled sprays, and the sycamore's buds, has grown lusty and vigorous, and nature is stippling her woodlands with gold and crimson. But no true autumn day is this; rather like one borrowed from young March, as he comes in with blustering port, rough, and surly, and strong. A dull, leaden sky, charged with rain, is overhead, but a keen east wind keeps back the rain, blowing in straight from the German Ocean, pregnant with the salt spray and the bitter coldness of the sea. And the wind makes sea-music too among the topmost branches of the elm-trees on my lawn, rocking the rooks to sleep in their high nests; or, if they sally out for an adventurous flight, blowing them wearily about the sky, so that it is all they can do with the strongest cleaving of their wings to steer homewards again. There is nothing to draw one out of doors. See, the wind has died away, and the rain begins to pour down in torrents.

It is essentially, then, a fireside day. The day for a novel, a history—more than all, for some book of wild sea-adventure: just the day, in fact, to read of hair-breadth 'scapes, of shipwrecks, of the solitary raft, a speck of human lives, and human interests and sorrows, alone amidst the limitless level of the greedy waves, drifting on, it may be to safety, it may be to death. For the wild wind in the tree-tops makes a fitting accompaniment to such a narrative, imitating, as it does most exactly, the breaking of the sea upon a level shore. And the dull booming roll of the surge seems to strike mournfully and forebodingly upon the reader's ear, unconsciously infusing a vivid reality into the story he is perusing.

But this will not be our recreation to-day; for, to tell the truth, we have no such means of gratifying our strong wish to change our mental horizon. Mudie's book-parcel has not yet come in, and, as for our own shelves, we have thoroughly exhausted them—at least, in respect of the light reading they contain. Some naturalist tells the story of a pet sea-

anemone to which he gave a blue-bottle fly for dinner. In the course of a few hours he saw the fly floating on the top of the water, and tried to take it out; but, lo, it was the mere empty husk or eidolon of a fly, which the anemone had rejected, having thoroughly sucked out and exhausted all the nutriment that was in it. And such we take to be pretty nearly the case with the books of travel and light reading generally on our shelves. There are the books to be sure, but the pabulum they contained is clean sucked dry, and to us they are but a congeries of paper, and print, and binding. There are books, indeed, of which one never wearies, which seem to enjoy a perpetual youth, a dewy freshness, as of the Eden dawn; and what better companions on a dull day than these? But such books, for the most part, require a strenuous attention, an effort; one must bring one's whole heart and mind to the perusal, and these to-day I cannot give; for, however much one may love to climb, there are seasons when the mind can only saunter through the green fields of literature, happy in gathering a simple flower here and there, however flat and tame the general prospect. And under this aspect alone, as wiling away many an hour which would otherwise have dragged heavily, as administering a harmless opiate to the care-worn mind, or the restless spirit, good works of fiction are no slight boon to the world at large. To-day I should feel it impossible to read anything else. Who can fathom the strange influence which the weather exercises upon us? It would be no uninteresting or unprofitable task to trace this influence in the case of authors and their works; to see how the history or the poem grew into life under summer skies, or in the warmth of winter firesides, when the snow lay in drifts against the casement and the keen blast howled mournfully outside. Chatterton, writing under the mild beam of a summer moon, and Shelley when the wind blew strongly from the west, both acknowledged this influence upon their spirits and their compositions. Crabbe tells us that he wrote best and quickest when the snow lay thick upon the ground; it braced him for his work. Yet fancy reverses the picture, and deems that the poet's eye should roll with a finer phrenzy under the glow of a summer sun, or in the shadow of green leaves.

Not being in the humour, then, for study, or work of any kind, but only desirous of some light employment which may amuse the fancy, without making any demand upon the intellect, I turn over the sketches in my old portfolio. Here I shall have just the sort of occupation I require. Many a ramble by peaceful lake, or wild mountain-side will be brought back to me: scenes fading, alas! too quickly, from the horizon of memory. And this, doubtless, is the great charm which drawing has for the hundreds who never desire to exhibit their pictures in public, or to see H.M.R.A. or any other mystic initials after their name; and who do not even care for fame of a humbler sort amongst their friends and acquaintances. Quiet, self-withdrawn, observant seekers of the beautiful and the good, it is enough for them that the dew glistens on the grass, that the sun shines, that the sky is blue. Their pleasures are simple, and therefore their pleasures are continuous. A weed gives them enough matter for meditation, and more than enough for delight. Nature is one vast harmony, and their ears are never closed: a gallery full of the most brilliant tints, and they go in and out as they list, and see with keener eyes than their fellows. The simplest curves of a leaf, or the bloom of a petal, gives them as much pleasure as most men would experience in the Trosachs or amongst the Devonshire valleys. The purple of the horizon in the flattest country, the dash of shadow upon the meadow, or glow of sunshine upon distant hills,—these, amongst the commonest sights of the commonest landscape, fill them with joy. And withal, the current of their lives runs so calmly, so peacefully! one might almost be tempted to apply to them the Psalmist's words, "They come not into misfortune like other folk, neither are

they plagued like other men." The keenest thrusts of trouble never seem to strike them down. The arrows of envy or malice glance off from them, harmless. The little annoyances of daily life do not annoy them. And in great trials, too, they show bravely. Their grief is less petulant than the grief of others. Is it that they feel less deeply? No, it is because (strange as the paradox may seem) they feel more deeply, that they sorrow less. Living much amongst realities, they are less amazed when they stand face to face with real trouble and affliction, with the last great reality—Death—than those who live with the phantoms of the world, and are ever chasing phantoms of fashion, and wealth, and pleasure. In their solitary communings with Nature they have learnt deeper lessons than those merely of the palette and the brush: they have seen fairer visions than of green leaf or purple tree-trunk; have heard finer harmonies than the rising wind makes, or the restless surge, or singing bird of sweetest note. There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them without signification,—to the attentive ear. And in these men the imagination is generally healthy and strong. Their eye stops not at the outer husk and sensuous appearance, but pierces through and through, observing all, taking note of all. And while Fancy's idle dart glances off from the hard armour of *seeming* in which all things are wrapt, for disguise or for security, the weapon of Imagination is of the finest temper, and can penetrate to their heart, to the root and origin of their *being*. At any rate, the true lover of Nature, the naturalist, the sketcher, finds somewhere a charm, cradled in the heart of creation, which is of mighty force to assuage vain regrets for the past, to drive away the small troubles of daily life, and to throw a brilliant lustre upon the hopes and the aspirations of the future.

I open my portfolio. The first sketch I meet with is taken from a steep hill, which commands a wide stretch of level country, not particularly well wooded, or watered, or mountained, but simply pretty; such as are any hundred miles of our midland scenery. The hill, whose broken ground, with a few felled trees, makes the foreground of my sketch, is wood-covered almost to the top, and gashed with ravines, each with its little brook leaping from rock to rock under the interweaving boughs of the moss-grown trees. For there is much moss on the ground and on the tree-trunks and boulder-stones, chiefly, I suppose, from the moist atmosphere which fills the deep wood-clad ravines. Indeed, when the hot midday sun shoots down in long golden arrows, through the quivering leaves to the ferns which nestle in the hollows by the brook-side, a damp, fragrant steam goes up from the earth, as it were in a hothouse or a South American forest. But from the breezy hill itself, crowned with a circlet of tall pines, the eye wanders delightedly over miles and miles of fresh bright scenery, meadow and arable land, and hedge-row timber, and undulating ground, and woodland, and around all the ring of purple horizon, which make up nine-tenths of our beautiful English landscape. Now, here was a scene with which I was very familiar, having traversed that hill hundreds of times; perhaps three or four times a week for some years; but which I had left a long while ago. But never had I appreciated the living beauty of that scenery in my daily walks, as now I appreciate the remembrance of it in looking at my rough, unfinished sketch; and, filled as my heart is with that fondly remembered loveliness, a strange regretful longing seizes me to go and stand once more on that pine-crowned hill, and to stamp upon my mind for ever the thousand details which I now know to be so beautiful, but which in the hurried strides of my daily business walk I had overlooked and disregarded. And I ask myself sadly, may it not be possible that I should look back with a too late regret hereafter on many kind thoughts and lovely deeds (beautiful details in the moral landscape which surrounded me!) which I was too hurried and hasty, too much preoccupied within,

to recognise before, but which might have filled my temporary sojourn here with a light and a glow it sadly needed, and have exercised an influence of good upon me which might have borne a fairer flower, and a finer fruit? It is difficult, I suppose, for most men to find beauty in their immediate neighbourhoods, especially if they are men of business, and not mere saunterers. The familiar is seldom beautiful, simply because we do not look for beauty in things upon which our eyes are accustomed to dwell; as, for instance, in the faces of those who are constantly about us. A busy man seldom looks about him much in the country through which his business takes him. He turns his thoughts inwards, or talks to his companion. But let him tourise out of the beaten track, if it be only to a place twenty miles distant, and of course he makes it his business to use his eyes, and his business is then his pleasure. It is sad that this should be the case; it is sad that dwellers in pretty country places, and amidst the grandest scenery in the world, should miss much of the joy and peace which beautiful scenery was meant to infuse. But that this is very much the case with most, even lovers of the beautiful in nature and art, will scarcely be denied by those who have thought at all about the matter. I suppose that the world is too much with us, as Wordsworth says; the world of our own interests, and cares, and hopes; and that, even where selfishness has utterly abdicated its throne, the memory of former sorrows may linger amid the fair scenes we know so well, and cloud their beauty with a present shadow: as, when a fair face we loved to look upon has once been darkened with a frown, it is never so fair to us thereafter, even though the frown has passed away.

Possibly it is for this reason that artists seldom take out their sketch-books at home. The amateur, indeed, generally thinks he must go amidst wild scenery, into Wales or Scotland, or the Lakes, to find any subject for his pencil at all; haply forgetful that the artist makes the picture and not the view, and that the tyro might spend a day in the wildest pass of an Alp, and be much less profitably and successfully engaged than if he had spent a careful hour in copying a stone and a nettle or two at his own gate. But, when artists forsake the simple and the familiar, it is oftener through fear than from contempt. For it is far easier to wash in "an effect" than it is to draw, leaf by leaf and vein by vein, the commonest herb which grows in the field. Who has ever painted a meadow in June, just before hay harvest, when the tall grass sways in billows under the soft west wind? There can be no more beautiful or rewarding subject; yet I have never seen it well worked out on canvass or on paper. Perhaps it is too laborious: perhaps it cannot be drawn at all, but only indicated with a few sweeps of the swiftest brush. At any rate, it is as easy to draw the ever changing waves of the sea as to catch and fix the gentle sway and undulation of the rippling grass, green at the root as emerald, but touched here and there on the surface with the russet of the sorrel, stippled into warmth by the red clover, specked with patches of white from tall daises, and sheeted with the golden glow of countless buttercups, whilst the floating clouds overhead dapple it with soft shadows which follow all the undulations of the ground, and throw into prominent effect a sunlit crown of white hemlock flowers on their waving spray, or the red glow of the honey-scented clover bloom.

And now, looking at the sketch I hold in my hand, I am at the seaside; standing on a boulder-strewn beach, beneath an undercliff of sandstone, seamed with blue cracks from which water drips and oozes, and patched with lichenous growth here and there. One half of the cliff is blazing in the sun, the lower half is purple, in shade; and the sea and the sky—both liquid azure, unclouded and unrippled, meet behind the red bluff headland glimmering in the noontide heat. There is the strip of sandy beach on which we stand, then a line of shale and ironstone, and large smooth boulders, and then the sea; zone beyond

zone of various and multitudinous life, from the strangely beautiful forms only revealed to us by the dredge, or an occasional hurried glimpse of them in their rock pools at low tide, up to the common limpets and crabs and sand-hoppers of the beach itself where the wave breaks, hissing and bubbling like champagne, and spreading out into a thin transparent film. A low line of rock runs out far into the sea, into deep water, the glory and delight of the swimmer, far beyond the surf, beyond the harsh raking of the pebbles which the retreating wave drags back. That used to be our bath. Oh, pleasant memories of summer time which this sketch recalls! of days that sped like hours upon that pleasant shore; of mornings with the dredge, or the fishing-rod, or sketch-book, and of evenings spent over the miscroscope, perhaps with a friend whose tastes were akin, and of the cigar and quiet contemplative talk in the verandah at night, when the ripples of the sea we overlooked were flakes of silver in the moonlight. I must look and remember no more, or I shall be packing up in a hurry, and starting for—well, we will say the North Devon coast. And this would never do. Ulysses is fast bound by duty, and may not leave his ship; and though the soft south winds, and sunshine gleams, and whispering trees of autumn beckon him, like sirens, to that pleasant shore, he will close his eyes, nor hearken any more to their song; but sail on his accustomed way, haply not the less mindful of their beauty, even when he seems to disregard it most.

Here is a figure-piece. What can it mean? A man, young and stalwart, clad in a coarse blouse like a labourer, who walks painfully on and on, with clenched teeth and fixed eyes, bearing in his arms a heavy burden,—a woman—a lifeless corpse. Behind, striving almost in vain to keep up with his irregular footsteps, runs a little child with large awe-struck eyes and wan wet cheeks, who yet stops every now and then in her running to gather wild flowers by the wayside. The landscape is not such as we know; the flowers which the child carries in her little hand are strange to our eyes. When I say that the sketch is drawn with Pre-Raphaelite skill, I, of course, at once disclaim it as my own. But you can verily see that the man who carries the corpse staggers and trembles in his walk, and is convulsed from head to foot by some strong passionate agony; staggers under a sudden blow rather than from the weight of his burden, so fragile as it is, so thin and wasted. And no unskilful hand could have limned that face and figure of the little child, laughing and weeping at once, under the spell of a great awe, and pleased with every fresh flower-toy which meets her eye. The sketch is inscribed, "A Funeral at the Diggings, Australia, 185—." Often have I looked at this drawing, and with a sad heart worked out the sad story which it shadows forth: episode of that wonderful romance-life of which the latter half of this nineteeth century is so full. I picture to myself two loving and faithful hearts which have agreed to share this world's mingled good and evil together; gentleman and lady, or labouring man and lass, it matters little which; poor they are in worldly wealth, of course, but rich in love, in health, in hope. I like to dwell upon that early life of theirs, opal-hued, nor chilled as yet even by the shadow of the coming storm. It is in itself so sweet, so pure, so tinged with the freshness of the Eden-dawn, and with the brightness of the Paradise-glory, the alpha and the omega of man's happiness. I picture them, him in his manly strength, her in her wifely trustfulness, sailing forth beyond England's horizon to a far off land, where there will be bread for them and their children; to work out man's primeval mission, and to multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. A year is gone by, and a little one is born to them. Two, three, four years more, and the wild current of human life has set in towards the gold fields, a fierce, tumultuous tide hurrying them with it. I see them in their little tent. I trace

them in amongst the vast crowd of civilized and savage folk;—the world turned topsy-turvy: Oxford graduates keeping a hedge school, or peddling small wares; coarse, bearded "roughs" eating turtle and drinking champagne. I hear the child's baby-laughter amid the crash of a thousand cradles. But, at last, to the little tent we are watching come want and sickness. Through the thin canvass we see a dim light which burns throughout the long night; we hear the husband's despairing groan, the child's wail, the dying wife's gentle, cheering voice,—ah, what agony it hides! the prayer learnt, what ages ago it seems, in the peaceful English village church. Then the dim light goes out, and there is silence, and there is darkness. Oh, lift up the wan corpse, stricken man! clasp the lifeless form close to thy bosom, where it may rest no more on earth; veil it decently; bear it away from the crowd, the noise, the struggle, the lust of gold; bear it far off into the still and solemn woods; bury it away from thy sight, and bury thy heart and thy joy with it in the grave for ever! Gather bright flowers, little Innocent, sole mourner at thy mother's funeral; they will serve to strew thy mother's lonely grave in the dark and silent depths of the Australian forest!

The next drawing which I take out of the portfolio places us, in imagination, at evening time upon the brow of a gentle declivity that overlooks a small village nestled in the hollow of the sloping hills. You can hardly call the hollow a valley; it is not deep, or wide, or grand enough for that. It is simply a hollow scooped out of the undulating chalk-hill—may be, by the rush of some vast primeval current or tidal river. And in this hollow, sheltered from the rude east winds which sweep so wildly over the high lands just above, there has grown up a little cluster of thatched cottages around a grey flint-built church; each cottage surrounded by its little garden, and shut in with orchard hedges. The square, massive church-tower,—dark purple against the amber-lighted evening sky—rises out of a ring of tall elms, in which the rooks love to build. And this abundance of wood in which the village nestles, gives it a home look, as contrasted with the bleak, bare downs that surround it on all sides. And the hollow, with its church and roofs, is purple grey, with a soft, floating mist of smoke rising up from the cottage chimneys: for fires are lighted now, and the evening meal is set ready for fathers and brothers, who have toiled long and wearily with scythe or with sickle in the summer heat. And the merry voices of children, whose school-work is over for the day, float upon the still air up to where we stand, softened by distance, and very musical and sweet. And in the fair, unclouded sky, with its faint gleams of light in the west; over the silent churchyard and its low, green graves; throughout all the little hollow amid the sloping hills, there is a calmness inexpressible, and rest, and peace.

I put back the sketch into its place, and close my portfolio. I have gathered food for thought therein, and must, by myself, digest it.

But, in a few last words, let me impress on all who take an interest in looking at drawings, and would gladly themselves learn to draw, but fear "they have no talent that way," that, to draw well, that is to say, to copy form correctly, is in the power of all who have ever learnt to write. The faculty itself is merely a mechanical one, and only demands, as indeed do all mechanical arts, perseverence and attention. The use of that faculty, like the use of penmanship, will, of course, be variously applied, in accordance with the taste and ability of those who have acquired it. One person only uses his pen to indite "elegant epistles" of friendship or affection; another is more reflective, and keeps a diary; a third enriches the world thereby with master-pieces which the world will not willingly let die. And so, with the pencil and brush we may aim at mere prettiness, or embody thoughts. We may wish to occupy idle hours, or to carry away with us a remembrance of pleasant times and pleasant

places. And the mere act of sketching from nature, whatever the result may be as a work of art, cannot fail to be productive of benefit both to mind and body. It takes us from the throng of cities, from the corroding cares and irritations of daily business, and sets us in some pleasant spot, where the eye is never filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; leaving us free to meditate, and "to delight in all that in which God delights; that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself."

LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[The author of "Caleb Williams" enjoyed the acquaintance—and, at various periods, the correspondence—of almost every contemporary of literary celebrity. Methodical to a passion, endowed with the most indefatigable industry, he not only kept every letter of importance that came into his hands, but carefully transcribed his own when he considered that he had written anything worthy of preservation. The result has been the accumulation of a very extensive and interesting body of documents in the hands of his descendants, the more important portion of which, it may be hoped, will one day be given to the world. To it belong the letters now published, selected from a larger number proceeding from the same pen. It is not much to describe them as superior in every respect to such of Coleridge's letters as have hitherto found their way into print, since, from causes on which it is unnecessary to dwell, these have, for the most part, been little calculated to exhibit his powers to advantage. Those now published constitute, in their editor's opinion, a much more entertaining and lively body of familiar correspondence than, from the general character of Coleridge's prose style, he had been in any way prepared to expect. Though printed with but few alterations or omissions, they will not, he thinks, be found to contain a line to disturb the opinion entertained of Coleridge by those most profoundly impressed with the pre-eminence of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart.

R. Garnett.]

Wednesday, *May* 21, 1800.

Dear Godwin,—I received your letter this morning, and had I not, still I am almost confident that I should have written to you before the end of the week. Hitherto the translation of the Wallenstein has prevented me, not that it engrossed my time, but that it wasted and depressed my spirits, and left a sense of wearisomeness and disgust which unfitted me for anything but sleeping or immediate society. I say this because I ought to have written to you first; yet, as I am not behind you in affectionate esteem, so I would not be thought to lag in those outward and visible signs that both show and verify the inward spiritual grace. Believe me, you recur to my thoughts frequently, and never without pleasure, never without my making out of the past a little day-dream for the future. I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month; if I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey I return to Cumberland and settle at Keswick, in a house of such prospect that if, according to you and Hume, impressions constitute our being, I shall have a tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. But, whether I continue here or migrate thither, I shall be in a beautiful country, and have house-room and heart-room for you, and you must come and write your next work at my house. My dear Godwin! I remember you with so much pleasure, and our conversations so distinctly, that, I doubt not, we have been mutually benefited; but as to

your poetic and physiopathic feelings, I more than suspect that dear little Fanny and Mary have had more to do in that business than I. Hartley sends his love to Mary.[1] "What, and not to Fanny?" "Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll *have* Mary." He often talks about them.

My poor Lamb, how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think: he has an affectionate heart, a mind *sui generis;* his taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct; in brief, he is worth an hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells—one wearies by exercise. Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, yet is rich with colours, and I both see and feel it. In Bristol I was much with Davy,[2] almost all day. He always talks of you with great affection, and defends you with a friendly zeal. If I settle at Keswick he will be with me in the fall of the year, and so must you: and let me tell you, Godwin, that four such men as you, I, Davy, and Wordsworth, do not meet together in one house every day in the year—I mean four men so distinct with so many sympathies. I received yesterday a letter from Southey. He arrived at Lisbon after a prosperous voyage, on the last day of April; his letter to me is dated May-Day. He girds up his loins for a great history of Portugal, which will be translated into Portuguese in the first year of the Lusitanian Republic.[3]

Have you seen Mrs. Robinson[4] lately—how is she? Remember me in the kindest and most respectful phrases to her. I wish I knew the particulars of her complaint; for Davy has discovered a perfectly new acid by which he has restored the use of limbs to persons who had lost it for many years (one woman nine years), in cases of supposed rheumatism. At all events, Davy says, it can do no harm in Mrs. Robinson's case, and, if she will try it, he will make up a little parcel and write her a letter of instructions, &c. Tell her, and it is the truth, that Davy is exceedingly delighted with the two poems in the Anthology.

N.B. Did you get my attempt at a tragedy from Mrs. Robinson?

To Mrs. Smith I am about to write a letter, with a book; be so kind as to inform me of her direction.

Mrs. Inchbald I do not like at all; every time I recollect her I like her less. That segment of a look at the corner of her eye—O God in heaven! it is so cold and cunning. Through worlds of wildernesses I would run away from that look, that *heart-picking* look! 'Tis marvellous to me that you can like that woman.

I shall remain here about ten days for certain. If you have leisure and inclination in that time, write; if not, I will write to you where I am going, or at all events whither I am gone.

God bless you, and
Your sincerely affectionate
S. T. Coleridge.

Mr. T. Poole's,
N[ether] Stowey, *Bridgwater.*

Sara desires to be remembered kindly to you, and sends a kiss to Fanny, and "dear meek little Mary."

Monday, *Sept.* 22, 1800.

Dear Godwin,—I received your letter, and with it the enclosed note,[1] which shall be punctually re-delivered to you on the first of October.

Your tragedy[2] to be exhibited at Christmas! I have, indeed, merely read through your letter; so it is not

[1] Mrs. Shelley.

[2] I like him [Godwin] for thinking so well of Davy. He talks of him everywhere as the most extraordinary of human beings he had ever met with. I cannot say *that*, for I know one whom I feel to be the superior [Wordsworth probably is meant], but I never met with so extraordinary a *young man.* (Coleridge to Wedgwood, Cottle, p. 431.)

[3] The letter is printed in the first volume of Southey's correspondence, edited by his son, where, however, the passage respecting the projected history is omitted.

[4] The celebrated Perdita. She died in the following December.

[1] A loan of ten pounds.

[2] "Antonio."

strange that my heart continues beating out of time. Indeed, indeed Godwin, such a stream of hope and fear rushed in on me, as I read the sentence, as you would not permit yourself to feel! If there be anything yet undreamt of in our philosophy; if it be, or if it be possible, that thought can impel thought out of the usual limit of a man's own skull and heart; if the cluster of ideas which constitute an identity, do ever connect and unite into a greater whole; if feelings could ever propagate themselves without the servile ministrations of undulating air or reflected light; I seem to feel within myself a strength and a power of desire that might dart a modifying, commanding impulse on a whole theatre. What does all this mean? Alas! that sober sense should know no other way to construe all this, than by the tame phrase, I wish you success! That which Lamb informed you is founded on truth. Mr. Sheridan sent, through the medium of Stewart, a request to Wordsworth to present a tragedy to his stage; and to me a declaration, that the failure of my piece[1] was owing to my obstinacy in refusing any alteration. I laughed and Wordsworth smiled; but my tragedy will remain at Keswick, and Wordsworth's is not likely to emigrate from Grasmere. Wordsworth's drama[2] is, in its present state, not fit for the stage, and he is not well enough to submit to the drudgery of making it so. Mine is fit for nothing, except to excite in the minds of good men the hope "that the young man is likely to do better." In the first moments I thought of re-writing it, and sent to Lamb for the copy with this intent. I read an Act, and altered my opinion, and with it my wish.

My wife is now quite comfortable.[3] Surely you might come and spend the very next four weeks, not without advantage to both of us. The very glory of the place is coming on; the local genius is just arraying himself in his higher attributes. But, above all, I press it because my mind has been busied with speculations that are closely connected with those pursuits that have hitherto constituted your utility and importance; and, ardently as I wish you success on the stage, I yet cannot frame myself to the thought that you should cease to appear as a bold moral thinker. I wish you to write a book on the power of words, and the processes by which human feelings form affinities with them—in short, I wish you to *philosophize* Horne Tooke's system, and to solve the great questions—whether there be reason to hold that an action bearing the semblance of predesigning consciousness may yet be simply organic, and whether a series of such actions are possible—and close on the heels of this question would follow the old, "Is logic the essence of thinking?"—in the words, "Is thinking possible within arbitrary signs? or how far is the word arbitrary a misnomer? are not words, &c., parts and germinations of the plant, and what is the law of their growth?" In something of this order I would endeavour to destroy the old antithesis of words and things, elevating, as it were, words into things, and living things too. All the nonsense of vibrations, &c., you would, of course, dismiss.

If what I have here written appear nonsense to you, or common sense in a harlequinade of *outré* expressions, suspend your judgment till we see each other. Yours sincerely,

S. T. Coleridge.

I was in the country when "Wallenstein" was published. Longman sent me down half-a-dozen—the carriage back the book was not worth.

Monday, *Oct.* 13, 1800.

Dear Godwin,—I have been myself too frequently a grievous delinquent in the article of letter-writing to feel any inclination to reproach my friends when, peradventure, they have been long silent. But, this out the question, I did not

1 "Remorse." Many years afterwards, when Lord Byron had an interest in Drury Lane, he generously procured the representation of the piece, which met with great success.

2 "The Borderers."

3 Mrs. Coleridge had been confined ten days previously.

expect a speedier answer; for I had anticipated the circumstances which you assign as the causes of your delay.

An attempt to finish a poem[1] of mine for insertion in the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," has thrown me so fearfully back in my bread and beef occupations, that I shall scarcely be able to justify myself in putting you to the expense of the few lines which I may be able to scrawl in the present paper—but some parts in your letter interested me deeply, and I wished to tell you so. First, then, you know Kemble, and I do not. But my conjectural judgments concerning his character lead me to persuade an absolute passive obedience to his opinion, and this, too, because I would leave to every man his own trade. *Your* trade has been, in the present instance, *first* to furnish a wise pleasure to your fellow-beings in general, and, *secondly*, to give Mr. Kemble and his associates the power of delighting that part of your fellow-beings assembled in a theatre. As to what relates to the first point, I should be sorry indeed if greater men than Mr. Kemble could induce you to alter a "but" to a "yet" contrary to your own convictions. Above all things, an author ought to be sincere to the public; and, when William Godwin stands in the title-page, it implies that W. G. approves that which follows. Besides, the mind and finer feelings are blunted by such obsequiousness. But in the theatre it is Godwin and Co. *ex professo.* I should regard it in almost the same light as if I had written a song for Haydn to compose and Mara to sing; I know, indeed, what is poetry, but I do not know so well as he and she what will suit his notes or her voice. That actors and managers are often wrong is true, but still the trade is *their* trade, and the presumption is in favour of their being right. For the press, I should wish you to be solicitously nice; because you are to exhibit before a larger and more respectable multitude than a theatre presents to you, and in a new part, that of a poet employing his philosophical knowledge practically. If it be possible, come, therefore, and let us discuss every page and every line.

[1] "Christabel."

Now for something which, I would fain believe, is still more important, namely, the propriety of your future philosophical speculations. As to your first objection, that you are a logician, let me say that your habits are analytic, but that you have not read enough of travels, voyages, and biography—especially men's lives of themselves—and you have too soon submitted your notions to other men's censures in conversation. A man should nurse his opinions in privacy and self-fondness for a long time, and seek for sympathy and love, not for detection or censure. Dismiss, my dear fellow, your theory of collision of ideas, and take up that of mutual propulsion. I wish to write more, and state to you a lucrative job, which would, I think, be eminently serviceable to your own mind, and which you would have every opportunity of doing here. I now express a serious wish that you would come and look out for a house. Did Stuart remit you 10*l.* on my account?

S. T. Coleridge.

I would gladly write any verses, but to a prologue or epilogue I am absolutely incompetent.

Wednesday, *March* 25, 1801.

Dear Godwin,—I fear your tragedy[1] will find me in a very unfit state of mind to sit in judgment on it. I have been during the last three months undergoing a process of intellectual exsiccation. During my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game, and since then I have continued the hunt, till I find myself, unaware, at the root of pure mathematics, and up that tall smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at the very summit, am I climbing by pure adhesive strength of arms and thighs, still slipping down, still renewing

[1] I think, but am not certain, that this tragedy was entitled "Abbas."

my ascent. You would not know me! All sounds of similitude keep at such a distance from each other in my mind, that I have forgotten how to make a rhyme. I look at the mountains (that visible God Almighty that looks in at all my windows)—I look at the mountains only for the curves of their outlines; the stars, as I behold them, form themselves into triangles; and my hands are scarred with scratches from a cat, whose back I was rubbing in the dark in order to see whether the sparks from it were refrangible by a prism. The Poet is dead in me; my imagination (or rather the somewhat that had been imaginative) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candlestick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame. That is past by! I was once a volume of gold leaf, rising and riding on every breath of fancy, but I have beaten myself back into weight and density, and now I sink in quicksilver and remain squat and square on the earth amid the hurricane that makes oaks and straws join in one dance, fifty yards high in the element.

However I will do what I can. Taste and feeling have I none, but what I have, give I unto thee. But I repeat that I am unfit to decide on any but works of severe logic.

I write now to beg that, if you have not sent your tragedy, you may remember to send Antonio with it, which I have not yet seen, and likewise my Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," which Wordsworth wishes to see.

Have you seen the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," and the preface prefixed to the first? I should judge of a man's heart and intellect precisely according to the degree and intensity of the admiration with which he read these poems. Perhaps, instead of heart I should have said taste; but, when I think of the Brothers, of Ruth, and of Michael, I recur to the expression and am enforced to say heart. If I die, and the booksellers will give you anything for my life, be sure to say, "Wordsworth descended on him like the Γνωθυ σεαυτον from heaven; by showing to him what true poetry was, he made him know that he himself was no poet."

In your next letter you will, perhaps, give me some hints respecting your prose plans.

God bless you, and
S. T. Coleridge.

Greta Hall, *Keswick.*

P.S.—What is a fair price—what might an author of reputation fairly ask from a bookseller, for one edition, of a thousand copies, of a five-shilling book?

I congratulate you on the settlement of Davy in London. I hope that his enchanting manners will not draw too many idlers about him, to harass and vex his mornings.

Greta Hall, Keswick.

Dear Godwin,—I have had, during the last three weeks, such numerous interruptions of my "uninterrupted rural retirement," such a succession of visitors, both indigenous and exotic, that verily I wanted both the time and the composure necessary to answer your letter of the first of June—at present I am writing to you from my bed. For, in consequence of a very sudden change in the weather from intense heat to a raw and scathing chillness, my bodily health has suffered a relapse as severe as it was unexpected * * *

I have not yet received either Antonio, or your pamphlet, in answer to Dr. Parr and the Scotch gentleman[1] (who is to be professor of morals to the young nabobs at Calcutta, with an establishment of 3,000*l.* a year!). Stuart was so kind as to send me Fenwick's review of it in a paper called the *Albion*, and Mr. Longman has informed me that, by your orders, the pamphlet itself has been left for me at his house. The extracts which I saw pleased me much, with the exception of the introduction, which is incorrectly and clumsily worded. But, indeed, I have often observed that, whatever you write, the first page is always the worst in the book. I wish that instead of six days you had

[1] Mackintosh.

employed six months, and instead of a half-crown pamphlet, had given us a good half-guinea octavo. But you may yet do this. It strikes me, that both in this work, and in the second edition of the "Political Justice," your retractations have been more injudicious than the assertions or dogmas retracted. But this is no fit subject for a mere letter. If I had time, which I have not, I would write two or three sheets for your sole inspection, entitled "History of the Errors and Blunders of the Literary Life of William Godwin." To the world it would appear a paradox to say that you are at all too persuadable, but you yourself know it to be the truth.

I shall send back your manuscript on Friday, with my criticisms. You say in your last, "How I wish you were here!" When I see how little I have written of what I could have talked, I feel with you that a letter is but "a mockery" to a full and ardent mind. In truth I feel this so forcibly that, if I could be certain that I should remain in this country, I should press you to come down, and finish the whole in my house. But, if I can by any means raise the moneys, I shall go in the first vessel that leaves Liverpool for the Azores (St. Michael's, to wit), and these sail at the end of July. Unless I can escape one English winter and spring I have not any rational prospect of recovery. You "cannot help regard-" ing uninterrupted rural retirement as a "principal cause" of my ill health. My ill health commenced at Liverpool, in the shape of blood-shot eyes and swollen eyelids, while I was in the daily habit of visiting the Liverpool literati—these, on my settling at Keswick, were followed by large boils in my neck and shoulders; these, by a violent rheumatic fever; this, by a distressing and tedious hydrocele; and, since then, by irregular gout, which promises at this moment to ripen into a legitimate fit. What uninterrupted rural retirement can have had to do in the production of these outward and visible evils, I cannot guess; what share it has had in consoling me under them, I know with a tranquil mind and feel with a grateful heart. O that you had now before your eyes the delicious picture of lake, and river, and bridge, and cottage, and spacious field with its pathway, and woody hill with its spring verdure, and mountain with the snow yet lingering in fantastic patches upon it, even the same which I had from my sick bed, even without raising my head from the pillow! O God! all but dear and lovely things seemed to be known to my imagination only as words; even the forms which struck terror into me in my fever-dreams were still forms of beauty. Before my last seizure I bent down to pick something from the ground, and when I raised my head, I said to Miss Wordsworth, "I am sure, Rotha, that I am going to be ill;" for as I bent my head there came a distinct, vivid spectrum upon my eyes; it was one little picture—a rock, with birches and ferns on it, a cottage backed by it, and a small stream. Were I a painter I would give an outward existence to this, but it will always live in my memory.

By-the-bye, our rural retirement has been honoured by the company of Mr. Sharp, and the poet Rogers; the latter, though not a man of very vigorous intellect, won a good deal both on myself and Wordsworth, for what he said evidently came from his own feelings, and was the result of his own observation.

My love to your dear little ones. I begin to feel my knee preparing to make ready for the reception of the Lady Arthritis. God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

TUESDAY EVENING, *June* 23, 1801.

SATURDAY NIGHT, *June* 4, 1803.
GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—I trust that my dear friend, C. Lamb, will have informed you how seriously ill I have been. I arrived at Keswick on Good Friday, caught the influenza, have struggled on in a series of convalescence and relapse, the disease still assuming new shapes and symptoms; and, though I am cer-

tainly better than at any former period of the disease, and more steadily convalescent, yet it is not mere *low spirits* that makes me doubt whether I shall ever wholly surmount the effects of it. I owe, then, explanation to you, for I quitted town, with strong feelings of affectionate esteem towards you, and a firm resolution to write to you within a short time after my arrival at my home. During my illness I was exceedingly affected by the thought that month had glided away after month, and year after year, and still had found and left me only *preparing* for the experiments which are to ascertain whether the hopes of those who have hoped proudly of me have been auspicious omens or mere delusions; and the anxiety to realize something, and finish something, has, no doubt, in some measure retarded my recovery. I am now, however, ready to go to the press with a work which I consider as introductory to a *system*, though to the public it will appear altogether a thing by itself. I write now to ask your advice respecting the time and manner of its publication, and the choice of a publisher. I entitle it "Organum Verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in the Business of Real Life;" to which will be prefixed, 1. A familiar introduction to the common system of Logic, namely, that of Aristotle and the Schools. 2. A concise and simple, yet full statement of the Aristotelian Logic, with reference annexed to the authors, and the name and page of the work to which each part may be traced, so that it may be at once seen what is Aristotle's, what Porphyry's, what the addition of the Greek Commentators, and what of the Schoolmen. 3. An outline of the History of Logic in general. 1st Chapter. The Origin of Philosophy in general, and of Logic *speciatim*. 2d Chap. Of the Eleatic and Megaric Logic. 3d Chap. Of the Platonic Logic. 4th Chap. Of Aristotle, containing a fair account of the Οργανον—of which Dr. Reid, in "Kaimes' Sketches of Man," has given a most false, and not only erroneous, but calumnious statement—in as far as the account had not been anticipated in the second part of my work, namely, the concise and simple, yet full, &c. &c. 5th Chap. A philosophical examination of the truth and of the value of the Aristotelian System of Logic, including all the after-additions to it. 6th Chap. On the characteristic merits and demerits of Aristotle and Plato as philosophers in general, and an attempt to explain the fact of the vast influence of the former during so many ages; and of the influence of Plato's works on the restoration of the Belles Lettres, and on the Reformation. 7th Chap. Raymund Lully. 8th Chap. Peter Ramus. 9th Chap. Lord Bacon, or the Verulamian Logic. 10th Chap. Examination of the same, and comparison of it with the Logic of Plato (in which I attempt to make it probable that, though considered by Bacon himself as the antithesis and the antidote of Plato, it is *bonâ fide* the same, and that Plato has been misunderstood). 10th Chap. Descartes. 11th Chap. Condillac, and a philosophical examination of *his* logic, *i.e.* the logic which he basely purloined from Hartley. Then follows my own Organum Verè Organum, which consists of an Ευοτηκα of all *possible* modes of true, probable, and false reasoning, arranged philosophically, *i.e.* on a strict analysis of those operations and passions of the mind in which they originate, or by which they act; with one or more striking instances annexed to each, from authors of high estimation, and to each instance of false reasoning, the manner in which the sophistry is to be detected, and the words in which it may be exposed.

The whole will conclude with considerations of the value of the work, or its practical utility in scientific investigations (especially the first part, which contains the strictly demonstrative reasonings, and the analysis of all the acts and passions of the mind which may be employed to the discovery of truth) in the arts of healing, especially in those parts that contain a catalogue, &c. of probable reasoning; lastly, to the

senate, the pulpit, and our law courts, to whom the whole—but especially the latter three-fourths of the work, on the probable and the false—will be useful, and partly instructive, how to form a commonplace book by the aid of the instrument, so as to read with practical advantage, and (supposing average talents) to *ensure* a facility and rapidity in proving and in computing. I have thus amply detailed the contents of my work, which have not been the labour of one year or of two, but the result of many years' meditations, and of very various reading. The size of the work will, printed at thirty lines a page, form one volume octavo, 500 pages to the volume; and I shall be ready with the first half of the work for the printer at a fortnight's notice. Now, my dear friend, give me your thoughts on the subject: would you have me to offer it to the booksellers, or, by the assistance of my friends, print and publish on my own account? If the former, would you advise me to sell the copyright at once, or only one or more editions? Can you give me a general notion what terms I have a right to insist on in either case? And, lastly, to whom would you advise me to apply? Phillips is a pushing man, and a book is sure to have fair play if it be his *property*; and it could not be other than pleasant to me to have the same publisher with yourself, *but*—. Now if there be anything of impatience, that whether truth and justice ought to follow that "*but*," you will inform me. It is not my habit to go to work so seriously about matters of pecuniary business; but my ill-health makes my life more than ordinarily uncertain, and I have a wife and three little ones. If your judgment leads you to advise me to offer it to Phillips, would you take the trouble of talking with him on the subject, and give him your real opinion, whatever it may be, of the work and of the powers of the author?

When this book is fairly off my hands, I shall, if I live and have sufficient health, set seriously to work in arranging what I have already written, and in pushing forward my studies and my investigations relative to the *omne scibile* of human nature—*what* we *are*, and *how* we *become* what we are; so as to solve the two grand problems—how, being acted upon, we shall act; how, acting, we shall be acted upon. But between me and this work there may be death.

I hope your wife and little ones are well. I have had a sick family. At one time every individual—master, mistress, children, and servants—were all laid up in bed, and we were waited on by persons hired from the town for the week. But now all are well, I only excepted. If you find my paper smell, or my style savour of scholastic quiddity, you must attribute it to the infectious quality of the folio on which I am writing—namely, "Scotus Erigena de Divisione Naturæ," the forerunner, by some centuries, of the schoolmen. I cherish all kinds of honourable feelings towards you; and I am, dear Godwin,

Yours most sincerely,
S. T. Coleridge.

You know the high character and present scarcity of "Tucker's Light of Nature." "I have found in this writer (says Paley, in his preface to his 'Moral "and Political Philosophy') "more "original thinking and observation upon "the several subjects he has taken in "hand than in any other, not to say "in all others put together. His talent "also for illustration is unrivalled. But "his thoughts are diffused through a "long, various, and irregular work." And a friend of mine, every way calculated by his taste and private studies for such a work,[1] is willing to abridge and systematize that work from eight to two volumes—in the words of Paley, "to dispose into method, to collect into "heads and articles, and to exhibit in "more compact and tangible masses, what "in that otherwise excellent perform- "ance is spread over too much surface." I would prefix to it an essay containing the whole substance of the first volume

[1] Hazlitt. The abridgment was made, and published in 1807.

of Hartley; entirely defecated from all the corpuscular hypothesis, with more illustrations. I give my name to the essay. Likewise I will revise every sheet of the abridgement. I should think the character of the work, and the above quotations from so high an authority (with the present public, I mean) as Paley, would ensure its success. If you will read or transcribe, and send this to Mr. Phillips, or to any other publisher, (Longman and Rees excepted) you would greatly oblige me; that is to say, my dear Godwin, you would essentially serve a young man of profound genius and original mind, who wishes to get his *Sabine* subsistence by some employment from the booksellers, while he is employing the remainder of his time in nursing up his genius for the destiny which he believes appurtenant to it. "Qui cito facit, bis facit." Impose any task on me in return.

FRIDAY, *July* 10, 1803.
GRETA HALL.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—Your letter has this moment reached me, and found me writing for Stuart, to whom I am under a positive engagement to produce three essays by the beginning of next week. To promise, therefore, to do what I could not do would be worse than idle; and to attempt to do what I could not do well, from distraction of mind, would be trifling with my time and your patience. If I could convey to you any tolerably distinct notion of the state of my spirits of late, and the train or the sort of my ideas consequent on that state, you would feel instantly that my non-performance of the promise is matter of *regret* with me indeed, but not of *compunction.* It was my full intention to have prepared immediately a second volume of poems for the press; but, though the poems are all either written or composed, excepting only the conclusion of one poem (equal to four days' common work) and a few corrections, and though I had the most pressing motives for sending them off, yet after many attempts I was obliged to give up the very hope—the attempts acted so perniciously on my disorder.

Wordsworth, too, wished, and in a very particular manner expressed the wish, that I should write to him at large on a poetic subject, which he has at present *sub malleo ardentem et ignitum.* I made the attempt, but I could not command my recollections. It seemed a dream that I had ever *thought* on poetry, or had ever written it, so remote were my trains of ideas from composition or criticism on composition. These two instances will, in some manner, explain my non-performance; but, indeed, I have been very ill, and that I have done anything in any way is a subject of wonder to myself, and of no causeless self-complacency. Yet I am anxious to do something which may convince you of my sincerity by zeal: and, if you think that it will be of any service to you, I will send down for the work; I will instantly give it a perusal *con amore;* and partly by my reverential love of Chaucer,[1] and partly from my affectionate esteem for his biographer (the summer, too, bringing increase of health with it), I doubt not that my old mind will recur to me; and I will forthwith write a series of letters, containing a critique on Chaucer, and on the "Life of Chaucer," by W. Godwin, and publish them, with my name, either at once in a small volume, or in the *Morning Post* in the first instance, and republish them afterwards.

The great thing to be done is to present Chaucer stripped of all his adventitious matter, his translations, &c.; to analyse his own real productions, to deduce his province and his rank; then to compare him with his contemporaries, or with immediate prede-and suc-cessors, first as an Englishman, and secondly as a European; then with Spenser and with Shakespere, between whom he seems to stand midway, with, however, a manner of his own which belongs to neither, with a manner and an excellence;

[1] I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping.—*Table Talk*, p. 310.

lastly, to compare Dante and Chaucer, and inclusively Spenser and Shakespere, with the ancients, to abstract the characteristic differences, and to develop the causes of such differences. (For instance, in all the writings of the ancients I recollect nothing that, strictly examined, can be called humour; yet Chaucer abounds with it, and Dante, too, though in a very different way. Thus, too, the passion for personifications and, *me judice*, strong, sharp, practical good sense, which I feel to constitute a strikingly characteristic difference in favour of the *feudal* poets.) As to information, I could give you a critical sketch of poems, written by contemporaries of Chaucer, in Germany; an epic to compare with his Palamon, and tales with his Tales, descriptive and fanciful poems with those of the same kind in our own poet. In short, a Life of Chaucer ought, in the work itself, and in the appendices of the work, to make the poet explain his age, and to make the age both explain the poet, and evince the superiority of the poet over his age. I think that the publication of such a work would do *your* work some little service, in more ways than one. It would occasion, necessarily, a double review of it in all the Reviews; and there is a large class of fashionable men who have been pleased of late to take me into high favour, and among whom even my name might have some influence, and my praises of you some weight. But let me hear from you on the subject.

Now for my own business. As soon as you possibly can do something respecting the abridgement of Tucker,[1] do so; you will, on my honour, be doing *good*, in the best sense of the word! Of course I cannot wish you to do anything till after the 24th, unless it should be *put* in your way to read that part of the letter to Phillips.

As to my own work, let me correct one or two conceptions of yours respecting it. I could, no doubt, induce my friends to publish the work for me, but I am possessed of facts that deter me. I know that the booksellers not only do not encourage, but that they use unjustifiable artifices to injure works published on the authors' own account. It never answered, as far as I can find, in any instance. And even the sale of a first edition is not without objections on this score—to this, however, I should certainly adhere, and it is my resolution. But I must do something immediately. Now, if I knew that any bookseller would purchase the first edition of this work, as numerous as he pleased, I should put the work out of hand at once, *totus in illo*. But it was never my intention to send one single sheet to the press till the whole was *bonâ fide* ready for the printer—that is, both written, and fairly written. The work is half written *out*, and the *materials* of the other half are all in paper, or rather on papers. I should not expect one farthing till the work was delivered entire; and I would deliver it at once, if it were wished. But, if I cannot engage with a bookseller for this, I must do something else *first*, which I should be sorry for. Your division of the sorts of works acceptable to booksellers is just, and what has been always my own notion or rather knowledge; but, though I detailed the whole of the contents of my work so fully to you, I did not mean to lay any stress with the bookseller on the first half, but simply state it as preceded by a familiar introduction, and critical history of logic. On the work itself I meant to lay all the stress, as a work really in request, and non-existent, either well or ill-done, and to put the work in the *same class* with "Guthrie," and books of practical instruction—for the universities, classes of scholars, lawyers, &c. &c. Its profitable sale will greatly depend on the pushing of the booksellers, and on its being considered as a *practical* book, Organum *verè* Organum, a book by which the reader is to acquire not only knowledge, but likewise *power*. I fear that it may extend to seven hundred pages; and would it be better to publish the Introduction of History separately, either after or before? God bless you, and all

[1] Godwin exerted himself actively in the matter, as appears by the correspondence of Charles Lamb.

belonging to you, and your Chaucer. All happiness to you and your wife.

Ever yours,
S. T. C.

P.S. If you read to Phillips any part of my letter respecting my own work, or rather detailed it to him, you would lay all the stress on the *practical.*

TUESDAY, *March* 26, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—Mr. Grattan did me the honour of calling on me, and leaving his card, on Sunday afternoon, unfortunately a few minutes after I had gone out—and I am so unwell, that I fear I shall not be able to return the call today, as I had intended, though it is a grief even for a brace of days to appear insensible of so much kindness and condescension. But what need has Grattan of pride?

"Ha d'uopo solo
Mendicar dall' orgoglio onore e stima,
Chi senza lui di vilipendio é degno."
Chiabrera.

I half caught from Lamb that you had written to Wordsworth, with a wish that he should versify some tale or other, and that Wordsworth had declined it. I told dear Miss Lamb that I had formed a complete plan of a poem, with little plates for children, the *first* thought, but that alone, taken from Gesner's "First Mariner;" and this thought, I have reason to believe, was not an invention of Gesner's. It is this—that in early times, in some island or part of the Continent, the ocean had washed in, overflowing a vast plain of twenty or thirty miles, and thereby *insulating* one small promontory or cape of high land, on which was a cottage, containing a man and his wife, and an infant daughter. This is the *one* thought; all that Gesner has made out of it—(and I once translated into blank verse about half of the poem, but gave it up under the influence of a double disgust, moral and poetical)—I have rejected; and, strictly speaking, the tale in all its parts, that one idea excepted, would be original. The tale will contain the curse, the occasions, the process, with all its failures and ultimate success, of the construction of the first boat, and of the undertaking of the first naval expedition. Now, supposing you liked the idea (I address you and Mrs. G., and as *commerciants,* not you as the philosopher who gave us the first system in England that ever dared reveal at full that most important of all important truths, that morality might be built on its own foundation, like a castle built *from* the rock and *on* the rock, with religion for the ornaments and completion of its roof and upper stories—nor as the critic who, in the life of Chaucer, has given us, if not principles of *æsthetic* or taste, yet more and better data for principles than had hitherto existed in our language)—if (we pulling like two friendly tradesmen together, for you and your wife *must* be one flesh, and I trust *are* one heart) you approve of the plan, the next question is, Whether it should be written in prose or in verse, and if the latter, in what metre—stanzas, or eight-syllable iambics with rhymes (for in rhyme it must be), now in couplets and now in quatrains, in the manner of Cooper's admirable translation of the *Vert-Vert* of Gresset. (N.B. not *Cowper*).

Another thought has struck me within the last month, of a school-book in two octavo volumes, of Lives in the manner of Plutarch—not, indeed, of comparing and coupling Greek with Roman, Dion with Brutus, and Cato with Aristides, of placing ancient and modern together: Numa with Alfred, Cicero with Bacon, Hannibal with Gustavus Adolphus, and Julius Cæsar with Buonaparte—or what perhaps might be at once more interesting and more instructive, a series of lives, from Moses to Buonaparte, of all those great men, who in states or in the mind of man had produced great revolutions, the effects of which still remain, and are more or less distant causes of the present state of the world.

I remain, with unfeigned and affectionate esteem,

Yours, dear Godwin,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Godwin replied to Coleridge's letter as follows:—]

March 27, 1811.

DEAR COLERIDGE,—I am much gratified by your yesterday's letter, as I shall always be by every approach to a coincidence of sentiment on the part of a man of your originality and learning. I published my sentiments respecting the welfare and happiness of the human species, from a heart filled with a sincere conviction of the truth of the tenets I delivered, and which was no longer able to keep them pent up within itself; and it gives me a pain which few men can comprehend, when I see such persons as Southey[1] and others who, I am told, are also honest and philanthropical, treat my efforts not only with disdain, but with something like abhorrence. Thank God! I have never had the persuasion as to the singleness of heart of that man, with which you have been impressed: otherwise nothing can be more disheartening than to see the few, who are able, and ought to be willing, to co-operate for general good, doing their utmost to destroy their kind. Indeed, I am convinced that (separately from the uncontrollable hostility of fighting religious creeds) this cannot be; and of consequence, that the man who does not understand me and my intentions, wants the chord in his own bosom, which (if it existed) could not fail to vibrate in unison with mine.

I like exceedingly the plan you have sketched of a first mariner. Mrs. Godwin and I have read it together; and she has no other fear respecting it, but lest you should take it in too high a key, and put into it the metaphysics and abstrusenesses in which you are so eminently at home. There should not be a sentence—not even a line—in a book intended for children, of which a child might not fairly be expected to conceive an idea. In answer to your queries of the form, I conceive a short essay which is to be illustrated with various plates, ought to be in verse: further than this I dare not go; I think the author who does not consult his own genius unshackled, and inquire within himself what style, and what scheme of harmony most naturally springs out of his conceptions, can scarcely be expected to do well.

I am bound to add, that the encouragement which my limited means and infant trade allow me to afford to intellectual application and industry, would, I am afraid, be wholly beneath your attention. If love and a crust would tempt you to co-operate in my little scheme for refining and elevating the circle of juvenile studies, it is well, but

> "If these be motives weak, break off betimes!"

Such as I have (and I will not absolutely say, with the Apostles, "silver and gold have I *none*") I tender unto you.

Mrs. Godwin desires me to express the great pleasure with which she read your letter, and her best wishes in your favour.

I remain, with great regard,
Yours,
W. GODWIN.

FRIDAY Morning, *March* 29, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—My chief motive in undertaking "The First Mariner" is merely to weave a few tendrils around your destined walking-stick, which, like those of the woodbine (that, serpent-like climbing up, and with tight spires embossing the straight hazel, rewards the lucky schoolboy's search in the winter copse) may remain on it, when the woodbine, root and branch, lies trampled in the earth. I shall consider the work as a small plot of ground given up to you, to be sown at your own hazard with your own seed (gold-grains would have been but a bad saw, and besides have spoilt the metaphor). If the increase should more than repay your risk and labour, why then let me be one of your guests at Hendcot House. Your last letter impressed and affected

[1] Southey's dislike of Godwin was to a great extent personal. He never forgave his second marriage.

me strongly. Ere I had yet read or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read them, religious bigotry, the but half-understanding your principles, and the *not* half-understanding my own, combined to render me a warm and boisterous anti-Godwinist. But my warfare was open; my unfelt and harmless blows aimed at an abstraction I had christened with your name; and at that time, if not in the world's *favor*, you were among the captains and chief men in its admiration. I became your acquaintaince, when more years had brought somewhat more temper and tolerance; but I distinctly remember that the first turn in my mind towards you, the first movements of a juster appreciation of your merits, was occasioned by my disgust at the altered tone of language of many whom I had long known as your admirers and disciples—some of them, too, men who had made themselves a sort of reputation in minor circles as your acquaintances, and therefore your echoes by authority, who had themselves aided in attaching an unmerited ridicule to you and your opinions by their own ignorance, which led them to think the best settled truths, and indeed *every* thing in your "Political Justice," whether assertion, or deduction, or conjecture, to have been new thoughts—downright creations! and by their own vanity, which enabled them to forget that everything must be new to him who knows *nothing;* others again, who though gifted with new talents, had yet been indebted to you and the discussions occasioned by your work, for much more of their development, who had often and often styled you the great master, written verses in your honour, and, worse than all, now brought your opinions—with many good and worthy men—into as unmerited an odium, as the former class had into contempt, by attempts equally unfeeling and unwise, to realize them in private life, to the disturbance of domestic peace. In all these there was such a want of common sensibility, such a want of that gratitude to an intellectual benefactor, which even an honest reverence for their past selves should have secured, as did then, still does, and ever will, disgust me. * * * To this add that business of review-writing, which I have never hesitated to pronounce an immoral employment, unjust to the author of the books reviewed, injurious in its influences on the public taste and morality, and still more injurious on its influences on the head and heart of the reviewer himself. The *prægustatores* among the luxurious Romans soon lost their taste; and the verdicts of an old prægustator were sure to mislead, unless when, like dreams, they were interpreted into contraries. Our reviewers are the genuine descendants of these palate-seared taste-dictators. I am still confined by indisposition, but mean to step out to Hazlitt's—almost my next door neighbour—at his particular request. It is possible that I may find you there.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Godwin,

Yours, dear Godwin, affectionately,

S. T. Coleridge.

[Through unavoidable causes, Part VI. of "A Son of the Soil," which should have appeared in the present number, is deferred by the author till next.—*Editor.*]

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